

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



No. DXXXIII.—JULY 1921

*THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS AND THE
REMEDY*

IN mid-June, as I write, the industrial position in this country can only be described as appalling. A million colliery workers—not all of them miners by the way—are leisurely balloting as to whether they shall accept a wage which leaves no profit to their employers and is to be supplemented, if they return to work at once, by a gift of 10,000,000*l.* from the public funds. Very little coal has been brought up since the end of March, and works are being closed right and left because the managers cannot get the requisite fuel. Some have tried oil as a heat-generator, but this is only available to a very limited extent. In the cotton trade the mills have been closed for nearly a fortnight owing to a wages dispute, and about half a million people engaged in the first two processes have been idle, and should the stoppage continue it will eventually deprive millions of their livelihood. Moreover, cotton is our largest export industry, representing, according to last year's Board of Trade returns, considerably over 400,000,000*l.* In normal times the cotton industry, after providing for our home requirements, represents about one third of

our total exports of all manufactures. At the time of writing there are certain indications that a settlement will be arrived at.

Although at one time cotton had an unenviable reputation for wages disputes, between 1894 and 1915 there was only one general stoppage of seven weeks in connexion with a wages dispute, and one of four days on a question of principle regarding the management of the mills. I presided at every joint meeting to deal with disputes during that long period, and any intervention was strongly resented by both masters and men. Since I resigned the position of President of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' Associations a change has taken place in this respect, very much to the detriment of the industry. I earnestly hope that the impending settlement will be effected by the parties themselves.

I write fully about the cotton industry, as it is the one I am most conversant with. In addition to coal and cotton, there are the woollen industry and engineering in the throes of labour disputes.

It is extraordinary that the public seem to take both the actual position and its possibilities as calmly as if they were in the regular order of nature. No Asiatic could be more fatalistic than the people of the United Kingdom appear to be. It is in some respects, no doubt, a fine trait in the British public that they can take accumulated trouble so placidly—the war having taught them something in that respect—but in my view the placidity may be carried too far, and there is certain to be a rude awakening. When difficulties arise they should be grappled with promptly and fearlessly.

Another matter upon which I feel strongly is Government intervention in labour disputes. I will here quote from a letter I wrote to the Prime Minister dated September 8, 1920 :

The appalling condition of industrial unrest is causing the greatest anxiety to those who are responsible for carrying on the staple industries of the country. These industries are all interdependent, a dislocation of any one of them affecting more or less the whole; the coal industry in particular is vital to them all. Having had an extensive experience during the past thirty years of both national and international industrial affairs, I have done my utmost to use it in the national interests, and have never lost an opportunity of placing before the Government and the nation the practical advice which this long experience has enabled me to offer. May I remind you that you and your predecessor have had at your disposal a body of experienced leaders of industry, thirteen representing Capital and thirteen representing Labour, to which all labour disputes which had reached a deadlock could have been referred; this Industrial Council is the ideal tribunal for discussing and deciding such matters. Instead of availing yourself of the accumulated wisdom and experience of these practical men, you have personally entered upon negotiations with Labour, thrusting Capital aside; and the direct result of this has been to destroy discipline among the workers and seriously to irritate employers. Instead

of promoting harmony your methods have resulted in giving way, without proper investigation, to extreme demands, and the settlements arrived at have always borne in them the seeds of fresh demands and fresh crises. In this way Labour in other industries than those directly affected has been induced to count upon the weakness of the Government and trust to its over-riding employers.

Herein is the crux of the serious industrial position which obtains to-day. The Industrial Council referred to was appointed by the Government in 1911 and has never been used since war broke out; had it been called in, the industries could have been promptly mobilised for war. The Whitley Committee was appointed near the end of the war; this body made recommendations that had been in existence in the cotton and other industries for many years, and as a rule the minor industries follow the lead of the large industries. The Industrial Courts Act was passed in 1919, and contains too much of the bureaucratic element to recommend itself to either Capital or Labour. Considerable confusion exists in the public mind as to these and other bodies that have been created during the last few years, but there is no doubt that the Industrial Council of 1911 is the one that will recommend itself as the most practical body that has been brought into being for dealing with deadlocks in labour disputes, which I fear are almost certain to arise from time to time. I am strongly of opinion that every country should have a similar Industrial Council representing Capital and Labour equally, the members being selected from those holding, or who have held, controlling positions in great industries or representing great trade unions. If a Council of this kind were generally accepted it could deal with deadlocks in labour disputes as they arise, and bring statesmanship, experience and judgment to bear upon them, and so just grievances would be remedied and exorbitant demands resisted.

As showing the sort of Council I have in mind I append a list of those who were appointed in 1911 :

Employers' Representatives.

Mr. George Ainsworth, Chairman of the Steel Ingot Makers' Association.

Sir Hugh Bell, President of the Iron, Steel and Allied Trades' Federation, and Chairman of the Cleveland Mineowners' Association.

Sir G. H. Cloughton, Chairman of the London and North Western Railway Company.

Mr. W. R. Clowes, Chairman of the London Master Printers' Association.

Mr. J. H. C. Crockett, President of the Incorporated Federated Associations of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. F. L. Davis, Chairman of the South Wales Coal Conciliation Board.

Mr. T. L. Devitt, Chairman of the Shipping Federation, Limited.

Sir Thomas R. Ratcliffe Ellis, Secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Colliery Owners' Association, and joint Secretary of the Board of Conciliation of the Coal Trade of the Federated Districts, etc.



DAVE JORDAN CUTTING
FELLING A DOUGLAS FIR, NEAR NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

Wood and What We Make of It

BY

CYRIL HALL

*ILLUSTRATED BY THIRTY-TWO
REPRODUCTIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND NUMEROUS TEXT CUTS*

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
LONDON AND GLASGOW



Two men cutting a large Douglas fir tree near New Westminster, B.C.

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Acknowledgments

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smelted with coal or coke? And is not coal the remains of forests of ages past? Perhaps you think that concrete can have no connection with wood, in which case I can assure you that it has. Fire—and hence coal—is necessary in the making of cement, which is one of the ingredients of concrete, and the cement itself has for one of its ingredients alluvial clay or mud, which is pretty sure to contain disintegrated particles of wood—trees that have decayed, pulverised, and have been carried down by the winds and rains of time.

Let us turn from the multitudinous applications of wood to the trees which supply our need of it. We know well enough what a dull, miserable, sinister thing is a landscape without trees, and of how poets have sung throughout the ages of sylvan glades and shady glens. And well they may have done so, and may they continue to do so, so long as poetry remains a part of human thought and expression. Trees arouse some emotion in the breasts of all of us; it may be indistinct, intangible, so that we hardly recognise it, or it may be sweet, or poignant, or bitter; but whatever we feel or fail to feel, it is there. Come, let us take a few peeps into the hearts and thoughts of our fellow-creatures, and see the visions that come to them when we whisper 'trees.'

First, the lover,—but no, perhaps we had better leave him severely alone. Well, then, the philosopher. Ah! here's a picture that will take more time to dissect than we can afford, but what a wonderful picture it is! The battle of life, the growth of the

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tree, the growth of things little and big—things that we can't understand, things that frighten our ignorance—the teeming inexhaustible multitudes of living, growing, fighting things that are here for a purpose beyond our ken. An emblem of Life is the tree in this vision. Another picture—your own—you, the boy who spent his holiday in the country, and, facing odds in the shapes of a gamekeeper and a board with TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED, explored with dauntless courage the big wood behind the squire's mansion. Do you not remember how startled you were when the cock pheasant, a glorious fellow in regal robes of red and blue and sun-shot gold, rose with a terrific whirr-r, and warned his queen with a 'cack-cack, cack-cack' that was more terrible than the subsequent shout of the keeper? Do you not remember the scrunch of dry leaves under foot and the murmur of wet ones overhead—all the strange sounds and scents of that wonderful day? And how you marvelled at the temerity of the tiny field-mouse that sat still and stared at you; and how you laughed at the ludicrous rabbit? And how you heard a strange noise overhead, and standing very still, looked up and saw the jolliest little fellow that ever wore a russet coat. (I know him well enough, mischievous Master Squirrel; while I write he is backwards and forwards past my window a dozen times an hour, each time with one of my best and primest walnuts from the big tree by the orchard. The wind is shaking them off, and Master Squirrel is making

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hay, or rather harvest—not while the sun shines, for it doesn't, as though discountenancing theft—while opportunity, in the shape of my absence, serves him well. Incidentally he is doing a great deal more work than you or I will ever do, young man. Master S. weighs about eight ounces, my prime walnuts about half an ounce each ; Master S. carried each one about 100 yards ; ergo, to do as much work as Master S. you or I, who weigh, we will say, eight stone, would have to carry a walnut weighing seven pounds —Master S. carries his in his mouth—a distance of about eleven miles in an hour ; or, to put it another way round, nearly three-quarters of a hundredweight one mile in the same time.) And somehow we are back in our vision. The wood in some unaccountable way made you think of the end of the holidays, of going back to school, of how nice it would be to live in a wood always, and then of what your father had said about duty an evening or two ago. Again you were startled, I think, by a new noise—not the pheasant this time ; no, nor the squirrel, nor the mouse, nor the rabbit, nor the hare, nor the sleek blackbird, nor the gorgeous jay, nor the magpie, looking, with his long spreading tail, a far finer fellow than he really is ; nor the '*take two sheep, Taffy, take*' of the plump wood-pigeon, nor the fox that passed so stealthily that you saw him not, nor scarcely heard ; nor the creature formidably big and like a giant squirrel that chased the smaller squirrels from the trees, at whose coming every creature was quiet, and

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which, as you afterwards learnt, was the bloodthirsty marten. No, it was not these that startled you, was it? But a sudden, sharp, painful, and very rapid rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat, for all the world like the drawing up of a Venetian blind. Then you saw the source of the noise ; and what a sight was that first glimpse of the great green woodpecker ! You had no idea that his back was such a vivid green, or the top of his head such a brilliant crimson.

But some of us, I think, would have sterner pictures shown to them. One man I know would think of the trees upon which he gazed once when he was very poor and friendless. He was a settler in one of our great colonies, and the trees had to be felled before he could put plough to earth. Another sees a picture of a tropical forest, of huge luxuriant growth that hindered his weary footsteps, hears the buzz of frightful insects, sees again the glitter of gorgeous wings. The big game hunter feels the thrill of excitement as memory recalls the tiger's eyes of fire shining in the thicket, or the crash of the elephant as he plunges into the jungle clearing. The trooper of the French Foreign Legion would think of his first mirage—of the awful journey through the Algerian Sahara when, hopeless, despairing, almost dead of thirst and exhaustion, he saw green boughs of palm-trees waving before him. We might go on indefinitely thinking and talking of our associations with trees ; for to every one of us the trees bring living memories. Why ! you know what a number of the

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old romancists laid the scenes of their adventures among the trees of the forest. Were not the haunts of Robin Hood and his merry men the greenwood glades of Sherwood and Barnsdale forests? And does not the tree or the forest have a vital influence on the fairy tales and folk-lore of all times? Did not remote ancestors hold mystic rites among the trees? And did not *their* remote ancestors skip and sport among the branches? Small wonder that we love the trees and think of them with something of the reverence of past days, as epitomising all that is good and noble in life. And if you like to give thought to these things, the humblest chair or the plainest table can bring to you the essence of the tree that provided it. I once knew an old old man who regarded with profound admiration and affection a couple of rather clumsy and ugly old chairs. They were of a fine rich red colour, a little lighter than good old Spanish mahogany, and the wood had a wavy grain. My old friend would pat his chairs gently and fondly; and, in spite of the stiff uprightness of their backs and the amazing hardness of their seats, would draw them forward for the accommodation of honoured guests. One day I asked him why he seemed so fond of them. 'Well, you see,' he said, 'I made them myself out of an old apple-tree. Yes, and I planted the apple-tree when I was a boy—a fine cropper it was too—but it grew too big and took up too much room in the little orchard yonder, so I had it down. And the missus, she wanted to use it for firing, but I wouldn't have

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none of that, and it lay in the ditch there for a year ; and what might ha' happened to it there's no bounds,¹ till I took it into my head to make a chair, which I did (being handy with my tools from a boy), which there they are, sir, two of them !'

I am sure that his apple-wood chairs helped the old fellow to forget the feebleness of his own rheumatoid limbs and to look back to the days when he was as strong and as straight as the trees which he cared for and loved, to the days when he was a wood-reeve ; and when, as he and his trees grew old together, they taught him, so I think, something of their beauty and dignity and usefulness.

Quite near to where I live there is a big wood. As a matter of fact, there are several big woods, although the proverbial crow would find it less than a fifty-mile journey to a great midland city ; but the biggest is very big indeed. It covers an area of many square miles, and right in the very middle of it (so they say) lives a little old man in a little old house. Some day you and I must explore this wood and find out whether the little old man is not a myth, as I half suspect he is. A wood is about the pleasantest place in which we can find (or lose) ourselves on a summer's afternoon. A very ancient ballad runs—

When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leeves both large and longe,
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre fforest,
To hear the small birds' songe.

¹ Kentish, meaning 'no knowing.'

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‘Shawes’ and ‘shradds’ have disappeared from our language since those lines were written, somewhere in the sixteenth century, and the writer of them would not be able to recognise the ‘fayre fforest’ in which he walked and sang, wherever it may have been; but let us walk together in the big wood, the one which harbours the little old man. Here the leaves are as large and long as those in the ballad, and the small birds’ song is no less sweet. But there is something in our wood which was not in the songwriter’s—there is the knowledge of subsequent generations. Five hundred years of learning and understanding of men have given the trees in our wood a very wonderful something which the trees of the sixteenth century had not: the power to tell us the stories of their lives. Come, as we have to spend a good many pages in company with trees and their products, let us get them to tell their life histories while we walk among them in our wood. They say that the mysterious little old man is a great botanist, that he knows his friends the trees inside out and upside down, so to speak. We might get him to lend us his learning and his microscope to make the trees speak truth. What! Did I hear you mutter *botanists be blowed*? Well, well! Blow them if you like; you will do them no harm. Indeed, I rather fancy that they will take any attention as a compliment, even though it be impolite. But we must have our tree-lore, indeed we must; we will dip into the wood, and as we walk among the trees we

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will get them to disclose something of their inner history.

This timber that we see all around us—this timber that has so many disguises that often we cannot recognise it—what is it all? Where does it come from? Mighty questions these to be answered in a single chapter! Do you think that if we gave our lives to finding the answer we should ever be able to cry ‘Eureka!’ with Archimedes? I do not think so; for what is hidden from the greatest philosophers and physiologists is hardly likely to disclose itself to you or me.

Although we cannot know all of the wonderful processes that make the birth and life and growth and surging activity of a tree, or for that matter of any other *living* thing—be it as humble as the creatures that swarm in a single drop of stagnant water, or as highly organised as ourselves—there is much that wise men have shown us; much that is marvellous and awe-inspiring; much that will lead us to an intelligent answer to some part of our great question. Let us take this acorn—a pretty thing beloved of pigs, and (when it happens to have grown on a particular variety of oak-tree) by the ladies of Turkey. We know that our acorn is the seed of the oak; we know that, given favourable circumstances of warmth and moisture, and immunity from accidents, such as the premature eating of the acorn by a rat or a squirrel or other creature, or the boring away of its vitals by insects, there is no reason why it should not grow

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into a healthy tree. A thing that is growing, or is capable of growth, must, we know, be a living thing. Do you ever think of this pretty polished brown acorn as a living, breathing, struggling unit of life? It is one of countless billions which Nature in her superbly extravagant bounty showers upon the earth every autumn—a little insignificant, unheeded thing that owes its life to the mysterious protoplasm that gives to you also, not merely the power to live, but to walk and think and enjoy things, to be infinitely more complex and wonderful than the lordly oak or its humble seed. But, I can hear you say, how and why does the acorn grow? How does it become a great tree, in course of years to have acorns of its own? Let us learn what we can of this problem, even though in the next few pages we shall be allowed no more than to touch the hem of Nature's skirt.

You must know, first of all, that the oak-tree belongs to the great class of plants called exogens, or exogenous plants. This is a hard word, meaning a good deal more than appears from its derivation. *Exo* means *outside*, and *gens* is the root of a word meaning *to be produced*; we have it in *genesis* and in *generate*, and literally exogenous means *growing outwards*. An exogenous plant is one which grows by successive layers of cells placed on the outside of a permanent centre, and is branching in habit. Also, what concerns us more closely just now is that the seeds—as the acorn—of such plants contain two sharply defined parts, or cotyledons, the books call

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them. If you cut in half an acorn, or a bean, or a poppy seed, you will find inside the pith-like substance beneath the shell the embryo, the germ which is eventually to grow into the tree or plant as you know it. The embryo consists of the two parts we just spoke of—the cotyledons ; on one side of one of the parts is a little shoot. This is called the radicle, and will develop into the root. (Radicle is a very simple word : *rax*, *radis*, a root, gives us both *radicle* and *radish*—the hot thing we eat.) Between the two cotyledons, and connecting them together, is another little shoot called the plumule—a pretty word which comes from *pluma*, a feather or plume. The plumule forms the stem of the young plant, and holds out the plant's primitive leaves—the cotyledons of the embryo—when they emerge from the shell of the seed and timidly begin life on their own account.

So much for the parts of the seed. There is nothing to suggest a resemblance between the tiny thread-like root, and the tiny plumule and the quivering, helpless, unprotected seed-leaves of the newly-burst seed, and the massive grandeur and dignity of the oak which it will become some day. It will live, perhaps, for a thousand years, and will weigh hundreds of tons. For what nourishment it takes from the earth that nursed it when it was a lowly acorn, and feeds it still, it will repay with full measure in the form of bushels upon bushels of its fallen leaves. But for man's axe and the shattering sword of lightning, there is scarcely an enemy that can harm it after about twenty years of

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growth. Far more wonderful than this transformation is the fact that inwardly the embryo of the seed from which it sprang is the same as any other seed. Is it not astounding that the white contents of the acorn should become an oak eventually, and not a chestnut or walnut-tree, the seeds of which appear to be made of just the same stuff? Suppose that it were possible—fortunately it is not, nor ever likely to be—for a clever chemist to make a seed. He would take one as a pattern, and analysing it would find that it consisted of certain proportions of constituents A, B, and C. Thus far, indeed, he can go. Let us suppose something more: that the chemist takes these constituents and mixes them in the right manner and the right proportions, and has added to them an artificial protoplasm, the living, moving, ever-changing substance which is the basis of life. When he has done this the chemist has produced a seed which will grow; but he could never tell how it would grow, or what it would become. Why the acorn becomes an oak and the sunflower seed a sunflower, is a mystery which no wise men can fathom; a mystery which the Good God who holds the key of all life, who made all things what they are, shall disclose in His own good time.

If we put our acorn in the ground, and had the power to watch the processes it underwent, to watch it grow, in fact, we should see something that would certainly startle us out of our self-conceit, and give us a wider conception of the immensity and grandeur of

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the common things of our world. But first let us see what is this ground, what is this soil in which our acorn falls and grows, that feeds and nourishes the nodding grass as well as the noble tree. This handful of soil that I have grubbed up with my fingers—of what is it made? Do you know? Tiny grains of rock worn down by the hard and grinding hand of Time, disintegrated particles of quartz and limestone and clay—you know that soil contains these things as well as vegetable or organic matter, the changed remains of the leaves the trees throw down with such gracious prodigality, and water and the nitrogen which has been ‘fixed’ to prevent it from floating away. All this is common knowledge, and you know it, or ought to know it. Is there anything else in my handful of soil? Is there not something that we cannot see, unless we are fortunate possessors of powerful microscopes; something far more vital to the existence of trees and plants than the things just mentioned? What! There is nothing else? My dear friend, have you never heard of soil bacteria? This handful of soil is literally swarming with them, unthinkable tiny living units, so tiny and so plentiful that we cannot realise how small they are any more than we can realise the vastness of the sun or the planet Jupiter. There may be a million or more—they are counted not by ones and twos, or even tens and twenties, but by thousands and tens of thousands—in the soil I am holding; and each one is a living, breathing, feeding organism performing its allotted

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share of the world's work. When the primroses clustering round the old tree's bole wither and die ; when the tree itself shakes off its summer coat and stands gaunt and naked against the winter winds ; when the hapless mouse falls victim to the fierce talons of owl or kestrel ; when any or all of these things happen they merely mark a stage in the great pageant of life. Nothing is destroyed, nothing lost ; the primrose flower, the autumn leaf, the carcass of the mouse is merely changed. Life in one form gives place to life in another. We say that *decay* takes place. The fallen leaf is attacked by hordes of the invisible microbes in the soil and pulled to pieces ; warmth and moisture assist in the process of decomposition, and in course of time the character of the leaf is changed. It is a leaf no longer ; true, the beautiful skeleton remains, to make us marvel at the exquisite art which Nature puts into her handiwork, but the rest has vanished from our sight. The bacteria swarms have resolved it into half-a-dozen constituents which the leaf borrowed from the soil to enable it to grow. They have stored or 'fixed' the fickle nitrogen which forms the stable diet of all plants. By and by they will lend it to the tree again to enable it to put forth new leaves.

The discovery of living organisms in the soil is without question one of the very important ones of modern times. Science helps us every day to a better understanding of our earth, ever teaching us how we may most usefully control its forces. And it is certain

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that sooner or later man will have 'harnessed' the soil bacteria to the chariot of progress. Just what these infinitely little organisms are, how they do their work and why, science has not yet discovered. We do not even know whether they belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom, so that there would be some risk in choosing them as a subject in a game of 'twenty-questions.' But enough has been discovered about them already to set aside all doubt as to their useful influence on the growth of plants. The number and activity of the bacteria contained in the soil are largely responsible for its fertility ; and it may not be very long before the barren wastes of the earth are made to bring forth good fruit by the introduction of a few bottles of bacteria taken from fertile soils.

We have left our acorn ; let us get back to it and watch what happens when we put it in the complex soil. We say that it germinates. Roughly, this is what happens. The warmth and moisture of the soil, aided by the bacteria, bring about a very marvellous change in our acorn. When it left the tree its parts were all ready for development, as we have seen, but it was inert ; one might almost think that it did not want to live and grow to be a big tree. What, then, have the warmth and moisture and bacteria done to it to encourage the cotyledons to creep out of their shell and survey the world ? They have changed the mealy part of the acorn surrounding the embryo into a different substance altogether. The process of fermentation has been set up, and myriads

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of minute organisms which were latent in the grains of starch composing the acorn have suddenly started into life and ceaseless activity. These living organisms which have been urged into growth and division and multiplication by the changes brought about by the soil bacteria are themselves changing the complicated starch cells or grains of the acorns, breaking them up and resolving them into simpler constituents. Organic ferments play a very important part in many of the manufacturing arts. As yeast they are cultivated by every baker in the country. They help to convert the grains of barley into the malt used for making beer; they change the starch and sugar of the grape into alcohol and carbonic acid. And in the acorn the ferments are helping to grow an oak-tree by encouraging the embryo to begin its campaign of life and activity. The little plumule and the cotyledons and the radicle become infected by the struggle of the organisms around them. Living organisms—you can call them germs if you like—take charge of the embryo, and break up its cells, and bring together chains of new ones, and add to these and pull them down again in a most amazing manner, which it is quite beyond my power to explain clearly to you. In a word, however, the wonderful and mysterious protoplasm or life-giving cells are brought into sudden and tempestuous activity; and the little radicle pushes its way downwards in the earth, and the plumule and its cotyledons push their way upwards towards the light. The tiny plant is a living,

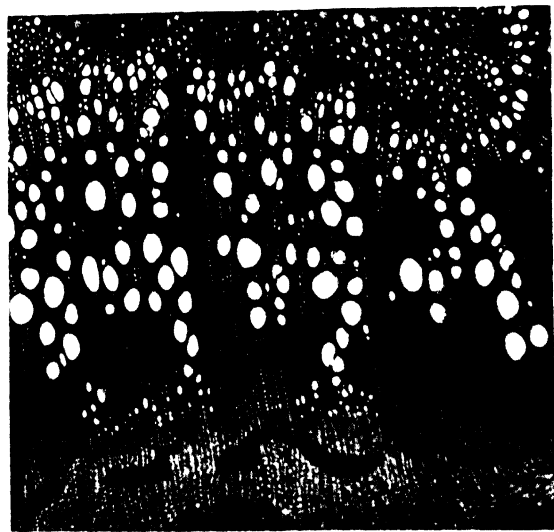


FIG. 1. Cross section of young oak showing cellular growth.
 (Magnification 1000x)

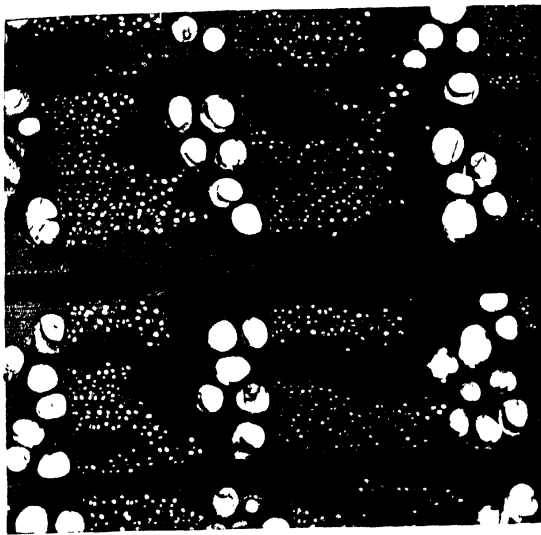


FIG. 2. Cross section of mature oak showing fibrovascular bundles.
 (Magnification 1000x)

MICROPHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUNG AND MATURE OAK WOOD SHOWING CELL GROWTH AND ARRANGEMENT OF VASCULAR BUNDLES

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pulsing, growing thing ; breathing—respiring is the word to use—oxygen as you do, and exhaling carbonic acid gas ; and, since nothing can grow without nourishment, it is feeding ravenously on the chemicals into which the ferments have changed the starch of the acorn.

In a few days the little cotyledons—the plumule and its two seed-leaves—will have forced themselves above ground ; and as soon as they make acquaintance with the bright light of day another change will take place : a change in the functions of the plant more marvellous, if that be possible, than the change from inert, sleepy acorn to the actively growing baby oak. So long as the cotyledons were beneath the surface of the ground, the ferments in the acorn supplied it with food which they had so prepared as to render it easily digestible. The parent tree had, in fact, stored up in the acorn, all ready for the use of the embryo, a certain amount of nutritious organic compounds, nicely suited to the taste of the rapidly multiplying cells of protoplasm. If you have anything to do with poultry or canaries or other birds, you will know that chicks do not require to be fed for about twenty-four hours after they are hatched. Just before they leave the shell the yolk of the egg, or part of it, is drawn into their little bodies, and they are thus supplied with a preliminary meal which serves to give them warmth and energy until they are able to feed themselves. It is just the same with the germinating seed. By the time the cotyledons have forced them-

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selves above the ground the food reserve of the fermented acorn has come to an end, and the young plant has to start on its own career of foraging for food. If, however, it were left entirely to its own resources our baby would have a short and weakly career. It could not thrive ; certainly it would never grow into a great oak-tree. Fortunately there is a friend waiting to help it as soon as it has got through the ground. A good friend is this, for he never forsakes the trees throughout their long periods of existence—a good friend indeed to every living thing on earth ; and you and I, as well as the ancient oak and the bursting acorn, have to own him master, from which you may guess that he is none other than the sun himself. It is the sun, or the light that he diffuses, that helps to feed the plants ; and we may pause for a minute to consider in what manner it is that he does this. Certainly we shall not find that it is the least interesting part of the life history of our tree. Plants that are grown in the dark—there are a few exceptions—are not green in colour, but a whitish-yellow ; but they turn green almost immediately they are brought into the light. Obviously, therefore, the light is the cause of the change. You may prove it for yourself by a common but interesting experiment. Go to a chemist and ask him to make you an iodine solution. If he asks you what you mean, you may show your superior knowledge by telling him to make a strong solution of iodide of potassium and distilled water, then to add some crystals of iodine, and finally to

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dilute the mixture until it is a clear brown colour. Next you will want a strip of tinfoil and a sharp knife. What you have to do is to cut in the tinfoil any design or arrangement of letter you like—your name, perhaps, though the words CHLOROPHYLL or ASSIMILATION would be more appropriate. These words must be cut in the silver paper so that the letters are blanks, like those of a stencil-plate. Now take the stencil you have made and wrap it round a leaf of a tree so that the word is on the top side, and leave it for two or three days. The longer you leave it the better for the purpose of our experiment. When your patience is exhausted pick the leaf, take off the foil, and dip the leaf first into boiling water and then into methylated spirit. These agents will bleach it, so that it appears white. Now wash it in cold water, dip it in the iodine solution, and you will witness a very remarkable development. The part of the leaf that was covered with tinfoil will become a pale yellow colour. The iodine stains it but does nothing more, whereas the letters which were formed by the blanks in the tinfoil, through which the light could reach the leaf, will appear to be printed on the leaf. You will have a leaf with whatever you cut on the tinfoil written in clear blue letters on a yellow ground.

So much for the experiment, which shows that light has an important influence on the leaves of plants. For an explanation of the phenomenon of the blue letters you must appeal to your chemistry master, for there is no space to speak of it here. What

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days when war was still confined, in the main, to the relatively cleanly practice of hitting your enemy over the head, wherever you could find him. It must at least be open to doubt whether war will work more handsomely in an age which seems to have almost exhausted the resources of the chivalrous school, so that it has to develop mainly along such lines as gas, liquid fire, and canards.

If these expenses seem heavy, those of the opposite course are not light, though they can be stated more shortly. They are what we should have incurred if in the Great War we had refused to use asphyxiant gas and had simply left its use to the enemy. I do not know that in that case we should certainly have lost the war. Conceivably we might have kept our plume so fastidiously clean and yet won. But the risk was so great that no one whose word weighed for anything felt that he could ask his country to run it. 'They love not poison that do poison need.' Our best soldiers hated it like vitriol-throwing, but they could not resist. Could they resist in the case of full-strength poison-gas projected in print? Could they expect their country, in that seat of war, to go into action in a white robe of candour, with nothing else on, like a maskless man going forth to war against a host rich in Phosgene and all her abhorred sisters?

I have no confident judgment to offer. A man may ruminate on these things and try to blink no part of the truth and to exaggerate none, and still may end up without crying out from the housetops how we are all to save our souls, and our liberties. Provisionally, by way, as it were, of a diffident interim report, I feel somewhat drawn to the League of Nations. It does seem to offer the world at least a small patch of flat ground, to stand and take breath on, off the slippery slant that has such a queer mess at the bottom of it.

C. E. MONTAGUE.

*THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS*¹

A TALE is often the first key which unlocks the mind of a child. Often, also, it is the last voice that penetrates the fastnesses of age. Through all the intermediate stages of life it is generally in a story that men and women seek distraction from oppressive realities. A story supplies that variety of diet which contributes to mental health. The most robust appetite for information sometimes rejects solid fare. It loses what Edward Biscuit, speaking of Sir Roger de Coverley, calls its 'roast-beef stomach,' and craves the lighter diet of a tale. So it is that at every period of life from childhood to age, in almost every country and at almost every stage of history, stories have supplied a recognised need of human nature. But the light reading of one generation often makes heavy reading for the next. This is certainly true of the great mass of the fictitious narratives which were composed in verse or prose for the entertainment of our medieval and Tudor ancestors. As literature, very few passages can now be read with real pleasure. But as stages in the growth of the modern novel or historical romance, as well as for a variety of other reasons, they possess an enduring interest.

Story-telling is ancient as time itself. The simple tellers of tales of wonder, of legend and tradition, of old-wives' fables, which passed from lip to lip with all the freshness of oral transmission, are the remote ancestors of modern novelists. It was on their material, as cosmopolitan as it was venerable, that the early writers of romantic fiction tried their prentice-hands, adapting their forms to the changing needs of society. Generation after generation elaborated the instrument, adding new notes, enlarging its compass and variety. Every stage in the protracted development of the novel is represented. Each ebb and flow of the tide, now of idealism, now of realism, has left its mark. Of all these experiments in form and method of literary expression our contemporary masters and mistresses of fiction are the heirs. They can boast an ancient lineage. They were born in one of the seven cities which claim the honour of Homer's birthplace. They were nourished and taught their letters by French nurses.

¹ The substance of the following pages is founded on a short-hand note of an address given to the English Association by me as President, on May 27, 1921.

They were doctored by Arabian physicians, schooled by wise men from the further East, tutored by Italian and Spanish masters. They started on their careers as minstrels in the halls of the great, or as wandering preachers to the poor in open streets and alehouses, before they settled down to paint, etch or photograph their scenes from real life, or to chronicle the improbabilities of their Kingdoms of Nowhere.

To-day the river of fiction pours itself, in ever-increasing volume, into the ocean of print. It has travelled far from its fountain-heads. It has left behind it the knights-errant on their overridden horses, the damsels on white palfreys, the green giants, dragons, and enchantments of medieval romance. It has emerged from the forests, where Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and Little John ply their adventurous trade. It has passed beyond the borders of Arcadia, where princes and princesses, bedizened with ribbons, masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses, discoursing languorous music on oaten reeds. No Italian castles now stand upon its banks, echoing with the mysterious footfalls of bandits and monastic villains. The scented mists of moonshine in which Edwin and Angelina vowed eternal constancy are dispelled in the broad light of common day. The river has reached the level plain of ordinary life. It flows among familiar fields and through the heart of great cities. In the headlong rush of its youthful career it had no leisure to mirror the inner workings of the human mind or the manners and morals of contemporary society. All these are now more or less faithfully reflected in the broad, slow-moving, and sometimes muddy stream. But the scenery of its upper waters can never lose its charm for lovers of the picturesque in literature.

The stage of literary history at which fictitious narratives in verse or prose were first developed among the Greeks and Romans on the one hand, and among the younger nations of Northern Europe on the other, is strikingly contrasted. The Golden Ages of Athens and of Rome knew nothing of the novel or romance. Long before the birth of either, the language of both countries was matured, their literary style perfected, their finest literature created. Material was not lacking. It was offered to a novelist in as rich an abundance as it was used by dramatists or satirists. At Athens the subordination of women bred a Xanthippe and slavery produced its Dromios. At Rome, under Nero, the luxury and licence of society, the note-book of a fashionable physician like Musa, the scandals of such health resorts as Baiæ or Sinuessa, the *causes célèbres* which exercised the ingenuity of lawyers, the crowd of picturesque adventurers who fringed the borders of great cities, must have afforded abundant scope for novelists. The humorous realism of Petronius proves the richness of the opportunity. But he had neither predecessor nor successor. Imagina-

tion flowed in other channels. In the crowded days of their glory the Greek States and the Roman Republic found scanty room for either leisure or privacy. Society did not demand the composition of fictitious narratives for popular entertainment. National and civic interests absorbed the energies of the people. They lived out of doors. Public disputations, the stage, spectacular shows, or Milesian tales supplied their recreation. Romantic fiction was a late development. It grew out of literary degeneracy and political decay. It was not till public activities were suppressed by a suspicious government—not till the sacred flame of the passion for liberty was burning low—not till society, losing its old interests and ideals, was growing more leisured and more private—that the imagination of Africa and Asiatic Greece devised new forms of literary entertainment in the ideal extravagances of romance.

Very different has been the growth of romantic fiction in France and Norman England. With its development their literary history begins, instead of ending. Under the late Byzantine Empire it was in the dreary sands of versified romance that the majestic stream of the imaginative literature of Greece was dispersed and disappeared. It is with the metrical romance of *Roland* that the profane literature of France in the vernacular language begins. In our own profane literature the first work in English prose which is still widely read is Sir Thomas Malory's romance of *Morte d'Arthur*. In both France and England romantic fiction belongs to the spring and not to the late autumn of national life. It is not the child of decrepitude; it is the first-born of youth. It did not grow out of the decay of literature and of liberty; on the contrary, it accompanied and fostered the progress and expansion of both. It did not wait for the maturity of language or the perfection of literary style. It was one of the first exercises in which the English tongue was trained to literary expression and a standard of prose composition established.

Few of the conditions which checked the growth of romantic fiction in Greece or Italy retarded its development in our own country. Neither in public interests nor in drama had romance any serious rival. Except at the great festivals of the Church, when the Creation of the World or the Passion was enacted on the stage, there were no dramatic representations. The rigour of a northern climate prohibited the open-air life of the cities of Southern Italy or Asiatic Greece. The severity of winter enforced longer hours of comparative leisure, spent within doors in such privacy as the Middle Ages allowed. Amusements were few. Social intercourse was rare. The nation was in the childlike stage—credulous, athirst for tales of wonder or of incident. In their monotonous isolation, splendid or squalid according to their

means, and weary of one another's company, men welcomed the arrival of some professional wayfarer. Pilgrims with their licensed exaggeration, friars with their tales of the Saints outwitting the Devil, gleemen, jugglers and all the tribe whom 'Piers Plowman' denounces as 'Satan's children'—even pedlars and itinerant drug-sellers with their lively patter were distractions and diversions. They were links with the outside world, the newspapers of the day, purveyors of rumour and gossip, carriers of idle fables, transmitters also of not a few new thoughts and fresh ideas. Above all, perhaps, the minstrel met a social need. He was the circulating library when there were as yet no readers. But he was more than a medieval Mudie. He was the publisher of the Middle Ages. Through him the work of the *trouvères* reached the public. As he drew his bow across his *vielle*, or swept the strings of his harp, and in droning chant prayed audience for some romance of chivalry, the bickerings and boastings of the common hall were silenced: the hoarse murmur of the marketplace or the rough chatter of the alehouse was hushed. It gives a modern touch to the scene to remember that he interrupted his performance to make a collection, resented the small value of the coins thrown into his cap, and for a largess was ready to improvise praises of the prowess or beauty of local potentates.

At the end of the eleventh century, when France was beginning to assume her domination over the vernacular literature of Europe, a new world was in the making. As in the heroic age that was passing, so in the dawning age of chivalry, there was leisure. In both it was filled by the art of minstrelsy. When, in the Anglo-Saxon epic of *Beowulf*, the hero sits in Heorot, the splendid hall of King Hrothgar, the minstrel sings the deeds of famous men. When men are 'festid and fed,' says the medieval romance of *Alexander the Great*, they would fain hear some love-lay, some tale of knighthood or feat of arms, or stories of the Saints. The office of the minstrel, though he had fallen from his high estate, remained. No longer the tribal historian and genealogist, he had become a popular entertainer. His themes had profoundly changed. The epic had passed into the romance. No visible gap of centuries separated the two, as in the literature of Greece. New literary records were required to satisfy the tastes of the world that was in the making. The old *chansons de geste*—the songs of feats of arms, which clustered around Charlemagne and his Paladins, and of which *Roland* is the oldest and purest example—could not meet the new needs. Though they continued to be multiplied throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, they belonged, in structure and in character, to the age that was passing. They were composed exclusively for singing. Their background is historical: their substance is legend. Their prodigies of valour

may be wildly incredible; Charlemagne may, like Joshua, make the sun stand still; his sword, like that of Roland, may be invincible; a snow-white stag may guide his army through the passes of the Alps. Yet, in spite of these and similar marvels, they convey a vivid impression of truth to life. They depict a lawless, ferocious, pious race, living in a rude, simple society. Apart from the architecture of the Palace of Aix-la-Chapelle there is little trace of either arts or refinements. Religion is rudimentary. Love is a natural instinct, as brutal as it is strong. Hunting is a necessity as well as a recreation. War is the business of life. It is true that the motive of the fighting is more impersonal and complicated than it is in epic poetry, and that men fight for ideas—for the Cross, for France, for their oath of fealty. But, apart from this greater complexity of motive, *Roland* is more akin to the *Iliad* than it is to the coming romances of chivalry. The *chansons de geste*, in their pure forms, are survivals of a stage of society, of a phase of national history, of a type of national character which are already extinct. Travellers are often arrested by the sight of some Druidic monolith standing among the rich, smiling, highly cultivated fields of France—a grim sentinel of a past civilisation. With something of the same aloofness the *chansons de geste* appear among the ornate, brightly coloured romances of chivalry as rude relics of a bygone age. Their successors are the historians; their truest descendant is Froissart.

A new world was being born. It is not enough to say that society grew richer, more luxurious, more refined and artistic. It changed profoundly in structure, ideals and thought. It changed in structure. The dependence of followers upon chieftains assumed the legal form of fental lord and vassal. The prosaic interests of life ceased to be common enterprises. Divisions of labour multiplied, and out of them classes were formed. Idlers despised workers. Warriors disdained traders. Codes of conduct, conventions of behaviour, niceties of speech strengthened the new barriers. On the one hand, they helped to transform class distinctions into castes; on the other, they helped to soften manners, to refine and humanise life. In this direction they were the manifestation and expression of the changing ideals of society. The spirit of chivalry was astir. It was born of the same horror of the violence and savagery of the world which had bred the Peace of the King or the Truce of God; like them it was in close alliance with religion. By subtler means, and with wider application, it aimed at similar objects. Chivalry was a generous recognition of the human tie between strength and weakness. It was the civil as well as the military code of Christianised feudalism. It defined the rules of knightly conduct in both war and peace. The man who gained admission to the order of Knighthood had been trained as page and esquire not merely to use his weapons skilfully, to

sit his horse surely, to fly his falcon or hunt the deer. He had been also trained to service, to obedience, to courtesy and reverence towards women. The ceremony of admission was religious. The sword which was girt upon his thigh was the sword of righteousness; the bathing of his body symbolised his purification from evil thought and action. He swore, and confirmed his oath upon the sacraments, not only to uphold his honour in any perilous adventure, to pursue the infidel, to abjure ease and safety. He swore also to speak truth, to maintain right, to protect women, to succour the poor and the distressed. Lamentably as practice fell short of ideal, the ideal itself was invaluable. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when many of the medieval romances were being framed, chivalry was a living force—especially when it had behind it the ecstasy of devotional feeling which inspired the Crusades, and the delirium of the spirit of adventure which they in turn engendered. Nor must it be forgotten that it was the afterglow from the sunset of chivalry which illumined the pages of Spenser and quivered to the beat of the drum of Drake.

Society had changed in structure and in ideals. It was also changing intellectually. The great swelling undercurrent of new thoughts was gathering strength and volume. On one side, there were the insatiable thirst for knowledge, the eager curiosity, the craving to recover the old springs or to discover new sources of intellectual and imaginative enjoyment. On another, there were the dim yearnings and unsatisfied longings of religion, its mystical idealism, its spirit of rebellion against the harshness and ugliness of the realities of life. On yet another, there was the growing awe of the supernatural. Into the mind of medieval Europe were flowing the ideas and beliefs of many civilisations other than its own. This vast influx carried with it Pagan and Oriental mythologies which were irreconcilable with the Christian faith. The Bible forbade polytheism: it fostered belief in the dualism of the powers of good and evil. Passed through the crucible of an inspired revelation, the greater gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome emerged as emissaries of Satan. As the medieval world realised their ubiquity and influence over human destinies, its sense of the omnipresence of diabolic agencies deepened, and it shuddered at the power of wizards, witches, magic, spells and enchantments. Yet, on the other side, the minor deities of earth and air and water, of mountain, wood and mine, retained their milder sway, and joined the creations of their own native superstitions and fancies to swell the graceful rout of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

It was with romances of chivalry that a host of literary craftsmen, some known, many nameless, strove to satisfy the changed needs of society. Patronised by the great, and notably by our

own Anglo-Norman rulers, they had, by the dawn of the thirteenth century, fashioned the framework of the three great groups of romance which their successors expanded, amplified and embellished. This great output of literature, practically all of which was originally in the French language, formed the stock-in-trade of our medieval minstrels. For centuries it constituted one of the chief sources of entertainment and eventually of the light reading of our medieval and Tudor ancestors.

Every literary textbook quotes the line from *Les Saisnes*, in which Jean Bodel, the thirteenth-century *trouvère*, who died a leper, divides romances of chivalry by their subject-matter into the three *matières* of 'France,' of 'Bretaigne,' and of 'Rome la grant.' Of these three groups, the oldest, from the use made of the existing *chansons de geste*, is that which deals with Charlemagne and his Paladins, with France and the deeds of Frenchmen. But the same methods which the romance-writers applied to the old songs of feats of arms they almost simultaneously applied to the heroes of classical antiquity and to the legends of King Arthur and his Table Round. The change in society may be illustrated from the transformation of the structure and character of the *chansons de geste*. The new romances are not written exclusively for singing: they are composed also for recitation and reading, in prose as well as verse. The austere simplicity of the older forms is overlaid with a riot of romantic fancy; their compactness of structure is lost. The romances are swollen to a prodigious length, in which incident is threaded to incident, adventure strung to adventure, and encounter piled on encounter. Descriptions clog the action. History ceases to be an object and becomes a pretext. War is a pastime pursued in the capricious spirit of knight-errantry. Women hold a new and assured position. It is the adoration of these new deities which inspires the most perilous adventures. Love becomes a romantic passion, elevated by constancy and tinged with tenderness, dissected with some of the delicacy of observation which characterises its famous 31 Rules, and distinguished by not a few of the casuistries that influenced the decisions of its still more celebrated Courts. Religion plays an essential part. It contrasts a Galahad with a Tristram, opposes to the licence of the Court the ideal of chastity and the asceticism of the cloister, and closes the blare of trumpets with a hymn. At every stage in the drawn-out story complications are created, solved, increased, or continued by the intervention of fairies or the machinations of magic.

Admittedly the romances of chivalry violate many of the canons of literary art. It is not so much that their incidents are wildly improbable or frankly impossible. By generations which stood so close to the Norman Conquest that defect might well be pardoned. Men who had almost seen the son of the tanner's daughter

of *Falaise* win a kingdom at a blow might be excused for suspending their critical faculties and thinking that the marvels of fiction could not transcend the miracles of fact. Other faults which the romances show are natural to the stage of literary development at which the stories were written. They have little unity of design. They rarely attempt delineation of character. Instead of development of plot they give us accumulation of incident. For growth they substitute accretion. Again and again they miss their own points and fail to utilise the situations they have created. They become wearisome from repetitions and surplusage, which are probably more obvious to readers than they would be to hearers. As general pictures, they are false to the realities of medieval existence. But unreal and artificial though they are, they are true to the life which a large section of society aspired to live, and which a few individuals may have actually attained. It is this truth to ideals which makes them one of the golden keys to the tumultuous heart of the Middle Ages and of Tudor times.

Even when the critical brain wearies of romances of chivalry, the eye is irresistibly fascinated by their blaze of colour. Over the shadowy figures of a Charlemagne, an Alexander the Great, or a King Arthur, the romance writers have worked intricate patterns, embellished with all the ornaments that the fertility and quaintness of medieval fancy could devise, embroidered with episodes of the romance and constancy of love, adorned with pictorial pageants of fighting, sport and adventure, enriched with elaborate scenes of feasting in magnificent halls, bright with the jewels and sumptuous robes of gay lords and ladies. The imaginative treasures of the known world have been ransacked to furnish variety of colour. Here are intermixed brilliant silks from the Far East, gold and silver threads from classic literature, sombre skeins from the superstitions of Northern Europe, tissues glowing with the lyrical passion of Provence, and here and there rough strands from the hair-shirts of cloistered penitents. The fabrics woven by these medieval craftsmen are not so much literature as gorgeous tapestries, set in the richly decorative framework of feudalism and chivalry.

The influence which romances of chivalry exercised for centuries over successive generations of our ancestors was prodigious. They had no rivals in the shape of newspapers. Except among an infinitesimal minority of the people, they had no educational competitors in schools or colleges. They coloured the medieval and Tudor conception of history and biography, of science, geography and natural history. They opened to the unlearned the treasures of classical antiquity, and made *Medea* and *Jason*, *Hector* and *Helen*, household words. They educated the vulgar in the faiths of other nations. They were powerful popular preachers

of the Christian religion. How many anxious souls, perplexed by the war of dogmas, may have found solace in the simple creed of Roland or the theology which Oliver expounded to the giant Ferumbras? They elevated the manners of successive generations, inspired their ideals, warmed their enthusiasms. They stimulated discovery by their revelations of the wonders of the mythical East—its castled elephants, its unicorns, its ivory-gated cities, its vines of gold and grapes of pearl, its cliffs studded with diamonds, its dark valleys tenanted by the mysterious basilisk. Their chief actors passed into the proverbial currency of speech as the representatives of particular vices and virtues. Scenes and actors from their stories have been painted on the walls of castles and convents, carved on the panels of doors or on the capitals of pillars, traced on the compartments of treasure-chests, woven into famous tapestries, preserved in the popular names of the features of natural scenery. On their manuscripts were lavished the loving skill of illuminators and binders. They were among the choicest treasures bequeathed in medieval and Tudor wills. They figure largely in the catalogues of monastic libraries, and in the book collections of all sorts and conditions of men and women, from Captain Cox of Coventry to Mary Queen of Scots. For many years they were the principal products of our printing presses. They appear in the sales recorded in the day-books of booksellers like John Dorne of Oxford (1520). Their influence provoked a literature of protest to which a Rabelais and a Cervantes did not disdain to contribute. They kindled the imaginations of poets and dramatists. Though Chaucer might caricature them, he was steeped to the hips in their lore; when sleep forsook him, it was to a romance that he fled for relief; and it was from romances that he and a long list of writers, from Spenser and Shakespeare to Tennyson and William Morris, have quarried some of their choicest treasures.

Each of the three groups of French romances is represented in our own vernacular literature. But their influence and popularity varied. Least to the liking of an English audience was the 'matter of France.' The old songs of deeds of arms were favourites in the halls of the great, if the number of them that were included in the bequest (1317) to Bordesley Abbey by Guy Earl of Warwick may be taken as proof of popularity. Yet vernacular versions of them are rare. A fragment of the *Song of Roland* exists. But it almost seems as if the songs that chiefly appealed to the English people are those which, like *Sir Otuel* or *Sir Ferumbras*, celebrate the prowess of Saracen knights or giants against such Paladins as Roland or Oliver. Much more popular were the expanded romances of chivalry, which had travelled far from the form of the original *chansons*. Of these *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, valued by John Bunyan, in his unregenerate

youth, above the Book of Books, was the chief favourite. The choice was not undeserved. The story of Sir Bevis, who wooed Josian, the fair daughter of the King of Armenia, tamed the giant Ascapart, and slew the dragon of Cologne, is one of the best. In the century of translations, Caxton translated and printed the *Lyf of Charles the Grete*, which tells, among other feats of arms, the death of Roland at Roncesvalles. He also gave us a version of the *Four Sons of Aymon*, perhaps with a *flair* for the taste of a horse-loving people. The true hero is not Renaud of Montauban, but his black horse Bayard,¹ whose leap is commemorated on the Meuse at Dinan, whose whinnys may still be heard in the forests of the Ardennes, and who supplied to his famous namesake, the fearless and stainless knight, the proud retort that a Bayard of France yields not to a German cart-stallion. *Ogier the Dane*, the 'Ancient Knight' who returns from Avallion in France's hour of need, supplied the groundwork for the ballad of *Thomas the Rhymer*, and lives for us in Morris's *Earthly Paradise* (August). Through *Macaire*, the original of *Sir Triamour*, they gave us the dog of Montargis, and a cant name for a Frenchman. To yet another of these romances we owe a far greater debt. It was by the aid of Oberon, the son of Morgan le Fay and Julius Caesar, that *Huon of Bordeaux*, who survives in the Tudor version of Lord Berners, achieved his enterprise of fetching 'a hair from the Great Cham's beard.' But the permanent contribution of the Charlemagne group to English literature is not large. It is summed up in the proverb 'a Roland for an Oliver,' in Ganelon who takes his place by Judas Iscariot as the type of traitor, and in Oberon the King of the Fairies.

The temporary influence on English thought of the romances of Greece and Rome was greater, and can scarcely be exaggerated. They helped to sweep us, with the Latin nations, into the movement of the Early Renaissance. Through vernacular versions they made the heroes of classical antiquity familiar to a wider public than has ever known them since, turned the sympathies of the English people against the Greeks, strengthened their belief and pride in the Trojan ancestry which they shared with France. Curious and interesting though these romances are as products of the medieval mind, their lasting hold on literature has been slight. They gave us the once popular phrase of 'honest Trojan.' But their most permanent gift has been the episode of Troilus and Cressida, originally told by Benoît de Sainte-More in his huge *Roman de Troie*, which was successively seized upon by Boccaccio, Chaucer, Henryson and Shakespeare.

¹ The name is given by Langland, in his *Piers Plowman*, to the horse that was carried off by Wrong: 'He borwed of me Bayard—he broughte hym home neuere' (i.e. he borrowed my horse and never brought him home).

There remains the third group which centres round King Arthur and the Table Round. Its fame was world-wide: it reached, as Dante tells us, the far-off walls of Rimini. In our own country its vast popularity is attested by the number of vernacular versions of the different branches of the story. But even here, though the 'matter' is that of 'Bretaigne,' and though British hands helped to mould its structure, its oldest forms, whether in verse or prose, are Norman-French. Many literary craftsmen, some known, more uncertain or anonymous, contributed to build up, enlarge and embellish the story. Every stage in its growth bristles with controversy. If a man would speak with convincing authority on its origins, he must have reached the age of Methuselah in their study. He must be a second Mezzofanti in his knowledge of languages and dialects. He must be a philologist, a palaeographer, a master of half a score of kindred sciences. Even so equipped, he is a bold man and a hardy who attempts to ride by the Way Perilous, so dour and hard-bitten are the warriors who guard its critical passages. Humbler wayfarers will be content to take the story where Sir Thomas Malory left it in 1470.

It was a huge literature in French and English which Sir Thomas Malory, translating, transcribing, extracting, condensing, omitting, and perhaps adding, welded into that masterpiece of English prose, the romance of *Morte d'Arthur*. His choice of this particular group of romances of chivalry may have been influenced by motives partly of patriotism, partly of religion. But assuredly it was also guided by a true literary instinct. The Arthurian group has in it the elements of vitality. It alone has the compactness of a plot, for through it runs the quest of the Holy Grail and the sin of Lancelot. In fuller measure than in either of the other groups its actors stand out as human beings, the tragedies of whose lives are eternal verities of human nature. In the shadowy legends on which had brooded the passionate, idealistic, imaginative Celt, is preserved more of the mystery, the aspiration, the emotional suggestion, the touch of strangeness, which are, and always must be, the soul of romance. Through it run also the inward spiritual meanings, the capacity for allegorical interpretation, the mystical symbolism, which remain living and lasting influences, because each successive generation can appropriate them to its special needs and circumstances.

Morte d'Arthur was completed in 1470. We waited 270 years for the first novel of real life which is still read. It was not till 1814 that the first historical romance was published which continues to hold the field. Our wonder at the long delay is increased the more familiar we are with the fresh, simple, adequate beauty of the English prose in which Malory tells his story.

ERNLE.

THE CIRCULATING BOOK VAN

THE Circulating Library of the Victorian Era has passed into a highly developed form. Those of us who remember the scramble for the latest three-volume novel, which was invariably out, inwardly thank the organisers of the well-equipped establishments of to-day with intelligent librarians and a good probability of getting what one wants, whether it is the last and most up-to-date novel or a recent treatise on economics. Surely this reveals an advance in education in the so-called ignorant upper-middle classes.

But these libraries are for the well-to-do and for them alone. Their cost precludes the mass of the population from benefiting from them, and we have to consider that we have nowadays a more or less educated democracy that thirsts for literature of all sorts and kinds. In the great towns and cities that democracy is fairly well catered for. There are large public libraries to which every citizen has a right to apply. In the country it is different. The small local libraries are for the most part very small and local, and many villages possess no library at all. Schemes for supplementing these libraries have been on foot for years in various advanced counties in northern England, but since the passing of recent legislation the work is tending more and more to be carried out by Education Committees and Authorities. The work is new, it is only just making its way as it goes along. The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust is lending a hand in its development not only in the direction of giving grants to local authorities, but still more in guiding the authorities' work and librarians, and trying to create a sort of standard by means of conferences and by the collection of experience of every sort and kind. On urgent request it is going to publish a standard catalogue of books, which will have great value. As this work has immense interest for all who are specially concerned with Adult Education on the one hand, and with improving the conditions of rural life on the other, it may be interesting to tell something of what is being done in a large Scottish county where the population is sparse and the schools often very isolated. This county adopted the clause in the new Act which allowed of its carrying out library work from the

first, and it has therefore had a little experience to go upon. It is, by reason of the scattered nature of the population, a county where such work is specially required. The usual plan for Rural Libraries is to send out books from a central depot in boxes containing forty to fifty volumes each to the schools or institutes within the area concerned, and this was the plan at first adopted. But the librarian soon became dissatisfied with the system, useful as it was. The boxes were constantly delayed in transit in a very annoying way. The reading (carefully recorded by 'readers' cards') was good in some instances, not good in others, and he felt that he was not supplying the real needs of the localities from want of sufficient knowledge. He had no opportunity of coming into personal relation with his clients and hearing their requirements by word of mouth. A personal tour round some of the centres showed him how essential this was if the work was to be successful and a real love of reading stimulated. The problem was a difficult one but it did not seem insoluble. The scheme ultimately adopted was to buy a one-ton Ford chassis with part of the Carnegie Grant and fit it up with movable bookcases running down the middle and facing either way. There is also room to carry the books, so to speak, round the corner. These bookcases are fitted with shutters and the whole car has doors on either side which open easily. The car has also a door at the end with a step, the use of which will be explained later. It is of course of no use while the car is being run as a library. There is the usual seat in front for the librarian who drives it and for another person. This car perambulates the county, which is divided into fifteen or twenty districts, one or two of which are taken each week. Thus it is anticipated that each district will be visited every three or four months. To visualise what happens one must picture the librarian starting forth from his depot at the county town laden with his wares, which comprise about a thousand volumes, half of which are suited for adults and half for children. That is to say, the shutters on one side open up a vista of books on agricultural life, travel, biography, novels of course, and whatever seems most attractive to young men and maidens as well as to their parents. The other side is devoted to children's stories, tales of adventure, many fairy tales, and accounts of foreign countries simply told. Then there are a few books specially adapted for teachers; for, though the teachers have their own special library to which they subscribe, this is a means of conveying books instead of sending them by post.

Now let us picture the car arriving at a village: the village is reached early in the morning, for the librarian has a long day before him and perhaps eight or ten calls to make. The first call is probably at a school. The teachers have had a postcard to let

them know when the call would be made, and they have their return books ready. They do not require to call in every book as in the days of box distribution, but they have ready as many as possible of those that have been in circulation for three or four months. These are brought into the car to take the place of those issued, excepting in the case of the invalids which are torn or damaged and set apart for going into hospital. Then comes the great work of selection. The teacher chooses some senior boys and girls to help him in carrying in the books, their numbers are taken down by the librarian, but all other clerical work is done later on in the office. The excitement when the van arrives at an out-of-the-way little Highland school may be imagined. All the children as well as the master or mistress crowd around, the children shyly pointing to what they want, or *sotto voce* suggesting fairy tales to the teacher. The teacher has often to tell a tale of total lack of 'interesting reading' for the district; the school is frequently quite isolated, far away even from a church, much less a shop. A few Family Treasuries or tattered school library books are all that remain of an original gift of books like that of the late Mr. Coats, who so beneficently provided a small library and bookcase for every school that asked for it. In such cases, where there is no village institute, or indeed a village at all, it is not difficult to imagine what it means in the dark winter months to have a regular supply of new and interesting volumes coming into a parish. The teacher usually acts as distributor for the 'grown-ups' as well as for the children; he or she says on laying hold of a book 'This will just suit old David who is ailing,' and 'This will be the kind of book that Mrs. Thomson likes.' The minister profits as well as the humblest herd-lad. If the school is near a river or even a burn, there is almost always the question 'Have you something about Fishing?' Lord Grey's treatise on Fishing is more in demand than anything he has ever written on politics! 'Please send us illustrated books on natural history' is a frequent demand on the part of the teachers. 'The lack of suitable reading matter for the children makes them unable to appreciate books as they grow older,' he or she often adds. The librarian is always ready to try to fulfil every serious need of the teacher. If the book wanted is one that he has in the library he will send it; if too expensive for him to supply, he will get it through the Students' Central Library, for, under the Rural Libraries' Scheme as designed by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, every county library has the right of access to this invaluable institution in Tavistock Square, where only the more expensive books which students may require are kept. But somehow the librarian will help, and all this he carefully explains. In fact he becomes the adviser and friend of the reader

as well as the mere custodian of books, and this is where the system is differentiated from the old book-box plan. The aim is to get into living touch with the readers, and to find out what they want as mental sustenance just as the enterprising food-purveyor does for the body.

To come back to our journey. The next call may be at a village with a large school demanding a variety of books for the young folk, and with continuation classes which require books of a more advanced sort, while in addition there may be in the village an institute or reading-room. After the wants of the school including the adolescents are supplied, the librarian proceeds to the latter and turns the face of his van that applies to the adult readers. He finds the reading-rooms in every sort of condition. Occasionally they are being well and efficiently worked, sometimes through the help of the Y.M.C.A. But often enough they have gone more or less derelict. There are a good many books, very likely, but many of them date from the days when Boston's *Fourfold State* or Sibbes's theological treatises were considered the only proper pabulum for working-class readers. Still there are perhaps some good, if somewhat dull histories like Alison's *Europe* or Hume and Smollett's *History of England*. Probably at some time of special energy a number of good standard novels—Scott's, Trollope's etc.—have been purchased, but these are very likely in a state of tatters, leaves being missing and pages torn. The duty of the librarian is to get the 'committee' (for there almost always is a committee somewhere) brought together and inspired with the idea that something practical can be done, without much in the way of funds, but with work and good-will. Just now we have the 'atmosphere' for this sort of work, and there are always men, whether teachers, ministers, shopkeepers or others, who have been through the war and who know what a boon the camp libraries were. A suggestion to add some women to the committee is usually well received. It is pointed out that the worst and dirtiest of the books should be thrown away, but those that can be doctored are to be sent to headquarters, while a liberal supply of the right sort is promised quarterly. Suddenly the 'dead' library becomes a living reality and everyone has an interest in saying what he or she wants. It all entails a good deal of voluntary labour, but beginning with the teachers who have been invaluable, that is always forthcoming. If localities are sufficiently populous of course they have to pay their librarian locally. Church Guilds etc. sometimes come in and amalgamate their books with the main stock, for most people realise that little sectional collections of books are a waste of useful material.

So much for the journey, and one can imagine that there is a good amount of work for an energetic young librarian, and that he requires to have a good many qualities beyond those of the ordinary trained official well versed in methods of cataloguing. He requires to have infinite tact and that most important gift—the gift of managing men and women. Above all he has to care for his work. But the other knowledge is most essential too, for he has to see to the rather complicated system of readers' cards and card-catalogues, whereby he knows exactly what a book's 'life' has been, when rebound as well as bought; he has to know how many times each book has been issued in each centre in order to gauge its popularity and to discover generally what sort of reading is done and which localities are really 'living' and which require 'working up.' The books asked for individually are surprising. Einstein is in great demand, all sorts of books on Economics, isolated books such as for a young man going to Peru, many on the Colonies and Dominions, plenty of books for people getting up papers for Literary Societies and so on. Some of these of course have to be procured specially from the Central Library. Books on education for teachers are circulated to the extent of about 3000 a year, and the value of these is great, because who is able to purchase the books he ought to require if he is to be the educator of others and abreast with the educational movements of the day."

As to the numbers of books in a library such as is described, for a rural population of say 70,000 or 80,000, there ought to be 30,000 or 40,000 volumes. The library I have in mind has so far about half that number, but it must increase its stock as it is endeavouring to deliver at the rate of about 1000 books a week. If, say, 60,000 books were delivered in the course of a year, as on an average each book sent out is read by two readers at least (i.e. it has two local issues), the books issued would number 120,000, or between one and two books for each individual man, woman and child in the county.

"Thus if the object of a library is to be used, we have it here in the best form and one that contrasts forcibly with the ordinary stationary library. No doubt we must have libraries of reference of a very different type. But for the mass of the population which requires to be taken out of the somewhat drab surroundings of everyday life into a region of imagination and adventure, which requires to be shown how to appreciate the beauties of the natural world and given an interest in the works of man, surely nothing is better than to have a library constantly in motion, i.e. to bring an adequate supply of books to the reader's very door. And this is what the book van tries to do.

To this scheme other educational work may easily be attached.

It may be recollected that the car was described as having a door placed at the end which was unused while the van was just a library. When the sliding book-shelves are removed four chairs may be screwed into their places, and now the van can be adapted as a car which will convey little companies of four or five lecturers or musicians or dramatists who will be able to bring interest and instruction to the small rural centres. This may not be work which at present comes under the Education Authority, but the financing of it is an easy matter, and as there are certain bodies which are experimenting in this direction, particularly on the musical side, it is likely to develop. A travelling cinematograph worked from the car engine is also being discussed. In any case the whole scheme is a really educative one, and one which may help in making country life happier and better as well as assisting in the intelligent reading of books. In one form or other we shall probably hear more of it in the near future.

It is not to be wondered at that the Committee on Adult Education reported so strongly on the necessity of libraries for rural districts. If the reading habit is acquired at school (and in most modern schools each senior scholar borrows for himself one book each week) it is necessary that means shall be provided for allowing the readers to carry on this reading in after-life. The scheme described is a really practical way of helping them to do so. But books are not enough in themselves. We want the living human element that should surround them. If we can get at this by means of revivifying local institutions, by bringing men and women of education into touch with the rural population and realising its needs, by interesting the people in the history of their own locality, in the natural life around them, in the pleasures that music and art may bring them, it is well worth while to develop the library on these larger lines. And this is what we are trying to do

E. S. HALDANE.

*DOES CONTEMPORARY SCHOLARSHIP DO
JUSTICE TO JESUS?*

I HAVE lately read, with deep interest and with warm appreciation of its many merits, the first volume of *The Beginnings of Christianity*, edited by Drs. Foakes Jackson and Kirsopp Lake. The book is obviously a monument of sound scholarship and patient research. I would say more on this point did I not feel that it ill becomes one who knows little to praise the industry and the learning of those who know much. The book is also to be commended for its transparent candour and its earnest attempt to be strictly impartial. I use the word 'attempt' advisedly. I do not think the attempt has succeeded, and I doubt if such attempts can ever be wholly successful. 'He that is not with me is against me.' It is impossible to be absolutely impartial when the question to be answered is one in which one happens to be interested. In matters of sentiment, as of opinion, one has one's choice between *for* and *against*, but one cannot remain for more than an instant at the point of complete neutrality. The citizen who is not prejudiced, however slightly, in favour of his own country, is pretty sure to be prejudiced, subconsciously perhaps but not the less really, against it. It is the same with the religion which one has inherited. Indifference may sometimes pose as impartiality, but genuine impartiality in the sphere of religious sentiment and thought is beyond one's reach. This leads me to say that the only criticism which I will allow myself to pass on this book is that the Editors, in their laudable desire to do full justice to Judaism in general and Pharisaism in particular, and to free themselves from any suspicion of pro-Christian bias, have overstepped the line of strict impartiality and done less than justice to the originality of the thought of Jesus and the revolutionary character of his teaching.

• Having no learning I will accept without demur every statement and every conjecture in this book which belongs to the region of scholarship proper, the region of textual criticism and historical research. The boundary of that region is of course indefinable. Indeed it partakes of the nature of a borderland rather than of a boundary line. While passing through that borderland, the reader, even if he has hitherto been the most docile of pupils, may

be pardoned if he occasionally adopts an attitude of reserve. Beyond the borderland he enters a region in which scholarship proper counts for less than criticism, in the larger sense of the word, the criticism which is the outcome of imaginative sympathy, of spiritual insight, of psychological experience, these having as their background the intuitive judgment and the common sense of the plain unsophisticated man. Here the reader instinctively begins to think for himself. And it is right that he should do so. A great scholar is not necessarily a great critic. It is one thing to interpret a text or other historical document, and another thing to interpret the sayings of a great teacher, to follow them out into their consequences, logical and practical, to determine their lateral bearings, and to trace them back towards their source in the teacher's subconscious self. The gifts and aptitudes which go to the making of the scholar do not coincide, and do not necessarily coexist, with the gifts and aptitudes which go to the making of the critic; and the course of study which fosters the former may possibly tend, in some slight measure, to atrophy the latter. For these reasons, while gratefully accepting the information with which the Editors of this book have provided me, I hold myself free, within certain limits, to interpret that information for myself.

There is one momentous judgment which the Editors have delivered with an air of authority, I might almost say of finality, which may well impose upon their readers, but which is not justified by the reason that they give for their decision.

In what way [they ask] did the teaching of Jesus differ from that of his contemporaries? Not—and the nature of much modern writing makes it desirable to emphasise the negation—not by teaching anything about God essentially new to Jewish ears. The God of Jesus is the God of the Jews, about whom he says nothing which cannot be paralleled in Jewish Literature.

From the tone which our authors adopt one would imagine that there could be no appeal against this judgment. Here I must join issue with them. No amount of learning can justify them in taking up a dogmatic attitude towards one of the most intractable of all problems—for what is more difficult than to determine what a great teacher believed in his heart of hearts? When scholars lay down the law on matters of general interest, they should remind themselves that theirs is a Court of First Instance only, and that their judgments are therefore liable to be revised and perhaps reversed. So highly do I value the right of appeal in these matters, and so little am I impressed by the argument with which these learned judges support their ruling as to the identity of the God of the Jews with the God of Jesus, that, though I am a 'layman' and an outsider, I propose to carry this particular case to a higher Court.

'The God of Jesus is the God of the Jews, about whom he said nothing which cannot be paralleled in Jewish Literature.' The second statement in this sentence may be true; but even if it is, it does not prove the truth of the first. What Jesus said about God is not the only indication of what he believed about him. Other sources of evidence are at our service—the attitude of Jesus towards the Jewish Law being one of them—and it may well be that when these have been studied with a view to determining the 'sovereign dogmas' of the creed of Jesus, they will throw light on the words that he used about God, and help us to discover turns and shades and depths of meaning in these, to which we might otherwise have been blind. Let scholars tell us, if they can, what Jesus said; but let them allow us 'laymen' to join with them in the attempt to interpret his sayings. If Christendom were to-day to give birth to a great reformer, who would re-interpret for us the teaching of Christ, transfigure our vision of God, enlarge and spiritualise our conceptions of life and destiny and duty, and in general re-illuminate our bewildered thought and re-vivify our flagging faith, it would probably be possible for a band of scholars to find parallels to all that he said in the vast literature of Christianity, especially in the non-theological part of it—in the writings of its devotees, its poets, its mystics, and its saints. But it would be a mistake to regard those more or less isolated utterances, or, in the case of the mystics, that more or less isolated literature, as belonging to the main current of Christian belief and thought. And it would be a mistake to argue that because our reformer said nothing about God which could not be paralleled in Christian literature, the God whom he worshipped was therefore no other than the God of Christendom, that hybrid deity, half-tribal and half-cosmic, or again half-human, half-supernatural, who has been worshipped, with much confusion of thought, by the plain, unlearned, unreflecting believer, in all lands and in all ages.

Let us go back from the present day to the beginnings of Christianity. There is a strain of poetry in the Jewish soul, narrow perhaps but fervent and deep, which has always been liable to break out in unexpected places, and which may well have broken out, here and there, in the writings of the more large-hearted Rabbis. And there is something spontaneous and up-surging in poetry which is ever tending to liberate one from bondage to tradition, convention and custom—in the name, on the one hand, of what is primitive, on the other hand of what is ideal. Under its influence, which is as a rule short-lived, a man will subconsciously repudiate theories which he consciously holds and rules of life which he consciously obeys or professes to obey. In dealing with

the semi-poetical, and therefore emancipative and 'unorthodox,' sayings of the Rabbis, it is well to bear this characteristic feature of poetry in mind. One feels that those sayings were the products of something akin to inspiration, sayings which had broken loose, as it were, from the control of those who uttered them, rather than aphorisms which had been deliberately charged by their authors with a new philosophy of life. They stand apart from the main body of Rabbinical teaching, and there is no place for them in the general scheme of things which those who uttered them, in common with their less inspired and more conventionally minded brethren, held to be divinely true. To assume that these exceptional utterances were typically Jewish, is to take too much for granted.¹ As well might it be said that the more daringly mystical writings of Tauler, Eckhardt and Ruysbroek were representative of the central current of religious belief and sentiment in mediaeval Christendom, and that the ultra-mystical conception of God coincided with the orthodox conception.

What was the Jewish conception of God? In a sense it was unique. Alone among the peoples of the earth, the Jews worshipped a deity who was at once cosmic and tribal, or at best national. Their God was the God of the Universe, and yet he was in a very special sense the God of Israel. And the narrower aspect of his being was ever tending to obscure and even obliterate the wider. How the Jews conceived of their own relation to this

¹ The charge is sometimes brought against the Jews that their religion and their morality began and ended in legalism, that they worshipped God as the Lawgiver, and that obedience to the Law was for them the sum total of morality. This charge may be too sweeping. Mr. C. Montefiore, in the chapter which he has contributed on 'The Jewish Spirit,' thinks to rebut it by telling stories of Rabbis who had freed themselves from some of the fetters of legalism. In all the stories—there are three—the limitations of legalism are discernible, but it is the more spiritual and less formal side of legalism which is presented to us. This however is by the way. The answer to Mr. Montefiore's argument is that one swallow does not make a summer. Nor, for the matter of that, do two or even three. No doubt there were individual Rabbis and individual 'lav' Jews who rose superior to the narrow limitations of their creed. But what of the Jewish people as a whole? Were they not legalist to the core in the days which preceded the final Dispersion? And are they not still legalist to the core so far as they have kept the faith of their forefathers? On the latter point the testimony of such a book as *The Promised Land*, which describes the daily life of a Jewish family in Poland, seems to be conclusive.

There is one important matter in regard to which the Editors and Mr. Montefiore seem to hold conflicting views. Mr. Montefiore alludes to writings by 'Rabbis of the first century.' But the Editors say that 'the Rabbinical writings are none of them earlier than about 200 A.D.' Which of these statements is correct? If the latter, there would surely have been time for Rabbinical thought to have been affected in some degree by the leaven of Judaeo-Christian teaching. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. Mr. Montefiore says that 'the general tendency of the 300 years between 50 B.C. and 250 A.D. is unquestionably in the direction of conceiving God as more merciful, fatherly and gracious.' May not this change have been due in part to the unacknowledged influence of Jesus?

curiously hybrid deity, the Editors of this book have set forth in the following words :

That God reigns over all, but in a special sense over those who recognise his rule, is one of the favourite themes of the Psalms. This point was taken also by the later Jews, and is often emphasised by the Rabbis. God's pre-eminence does not depend on the attitude of his own creatures, but it cannot be considered perfect till it is recognised by men. Thus, down to Abraham, it might be said, God reigns in Heaven only. By his faith Abraham made him King on the earth too, for in him God had one subject; so also did Jacob at Bethel when he declared that Jehovah should be his God. But the reign of God was thus far confined to individuals, until at Sinai the Israelites said 'All that the Lord hath spoken will we do and obey' and became a nation in which God reigned. The reign of God is thus in the Old Testament, the Apocalyptic books, and the Rabbinical literature, a present reality, so far as he is owned and obeyed by individuals and by the people as a whole. The Jews not only hoped and prayed for this reign, but they lived under it, for its nature is not political but religious. They held that at the present time the Sovereignty of God is recognised only by Israel, imperfectly by it and in different degrees by different individuals; but think in the future there will be a 'good time' in which the universal and complete sovereignty of God will be acknowledged by all mankind and his revealed will obeyed perfectly.

In this conception of God national pride and egoism reach, as it seems to me, their high-water mark. God is conceived of as dependent, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, first on one person, then on one family, then on one small nation, for his *locus standi*, so to speak, on earth. Through the codified Law which he gave to the Chosen People he declared his will to mankind. Where that Law was accepted and practised he reigned on earth. Where it was not accepted his writ did not run. But 99 per cent of mankind had never heard of the Jewish Law, and could not therefore be expected to practise it. Yet because they did not practise it they and the lands which they inhabited were outside the Kingdom of God. It might have been expected that when the Law was delivered to the Chosen People, they would have been directed to make it and its Divine Author known in all parts of the world. But no such direction was given to them, and they were not conscious of any obligation to evangelise the Gentiles. They kept the Law, and with it God's grace and favour, to themselves, and they seem to have had little or no desire to share their privileges with the rest of their fellow-men. It is true that, as the Editors remind us, they, or at least some of their Rabbis, looked forward to the 'good time' in which the universal and complete Sovereignty of God would be acknowledged by mankind. But in the first place 'the realisation of the Sovereignty of God was not expected to be the result of missionary enterprise but of the self-determined will of God.' And in the second place there was a strong strain of selfishness in this anticipation of

the 'good time.' In the words of Mr. C. Montefiore 'there was a desire and a hope that all men should recognise and worship the God of Israel, and this not only, or even not so much, for their own sakes as for the glory of God and the glory of Israel.' Nor was this desire felt to be incompatible with another which was openly selfish, the desire 'that vengeance and condign punishment should befall the idolater and the oppressor' of Israel.

Was this the God whom Jesus worshipped? I doubt it. I cannot think that either the restriction of the Sovereignty of God or the exclusion of the greater part of mankind from God's favour was in keeping with his own profound faith in the goodness of his Heavenly Father. In the Sermon on the Mount, when he tells his audience not to be anxious for the morrow as regards either food or raiment, he gives the following reason for their trusting themselves to God's loving care :

Behold the birds of the heaven that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toll not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Elsewhere he says to his disciples :

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Are we to suppose that God feeds the birds of the heaven, clothes the lilies of the field and directs the movements of sparrows in Palestine only? Surely not? God's loving care of his creatures extends to all parts of the world. Are we then to suppose that God feeds the birds, clothes the lilies and cares for the sparrows in Gentile lands, but has no care or thought for the human inhabitants of those lands? Are we to suppose that he numbers the hairs of Jews only? To ask such questions is to answer them. If they mean anything, these sayings mean that God is in close and intimate relation with all living things, at all times and in all parts of the world; that he is the breath of all their beings, the life of all their lives. Such a conception of God is nearer in spirit to the higher pantheism of India than to the rigid monotheism of the Jews.

But we need not concern ourselves exclusively or even mainly with what Jesus said about God. It is the subconscious faith of his heart, the faith which he did not formulate but which determined his general outlook on life and his general attitude

towards its practical problems—it is this obscure region of his inner life which there is most need for us to explore. And there is, as it happens, one source of evidence which throws light on its semi-darkness. I refer to the feud between Jesus and the Pharisees. This feud is one of the central features of the Gospel story. I am not sure that it is not the central feature. Whatever may be uncertain about Jesus, it is certain that he hated Pharisaism, and it is certain that he was hated by the Pharisees.

Let us see what this has to tell us as to the inner faith of Jesus. Of all the Jewish sects or parties in the time of Jesus, the Pharisees were the truest exponents of the main tradition of Judaism and were in closest touch with its essential spirit. That this was so is proved by the part that they played when the final Diaspora or Dispersal of the Jewish people came. 'In their hands,' say the Editors of this work, 'lay the future of Judaism.' In A.D. 135 the political nationality of the Jews was finally annihilated. The Pharisees then took the leading part in reorganising the Jewish people, as a non-political people, by means of the Mishnah, or code of Rabbinic law. That they were able to do this shows that they were and had always been Jews of the Jews. 'For he alone can save a nation, when its nationality is in danger of extinction, who can tell it what it stands for, who can interpret it to itself.'

That being so, we may safely assume that the God of the Pharisees was the God of the Jews. But was the God of the Pharisees also the God of Jesus? I am very sure that he was not. In all the weighty matters of life, and especially in what to a Jew was the weightiest of all—the practice of the Law, Jesus was in open conflict with the Pharisees. Is it conceivable, then, that his conception of God should have exactly coincided with theirs? What is the value of one's conception of God if it does not (to repeat my own words) determine one's general outlook on life and one's general attitude towards its practical problems? And if it does determine these, and if we find that A and B take opposite views of life and conduct, we may surely argue that there is at least a divergence between their respective conceptions of God. But if the God of the Pharisees was not the God of Jesus, it stands to reason that the God of Jesus was not the God of the Jews. Things which are identical with the same thing are identical with one another. But if A, though identical with C, differs widely from B, it is certain that B is not identical with C.

Such reasoning as this is perhaps too conclusive to be convincing. So let us get to closer quarters with this all-important problem. The God of the Jews, and therefore *a fortiori* of the Pharisees, was first and foremost their Lawgiver. He was also their Ruler, but he did not become their Ruler until they had

accepted his Law and promised to obey it. He was also their Judge, but he did not become their Judge until they had begun to regulate their lives by the Law. He was also their Executioner, but he did not begin to execute judgment on them until they had disobeyed the Law. It was through the Law that he revealed his will to them. It was through the Law that they knew him so far as knowledge of him was possible. In their attitude towards the Law we discern their attitude towards God. As they conceived of the Law so they conceived of God.

How did the Jews conceive of the Mosaic Law? As a body of law which had been codified by God himself, and all the rules of which were therefore binding on the faithful. But here difficulties arose. No code of law, however elaborate, can possibly foresee and provide for the ever-changing conditions of man's existence. With the gradual evolution and growing complexity of social life, with the advance of knowledge—both scientific and practical, with the acceptance and application of the lessons of experience, with the consequent progress of the race or of a people in what is called 'civilisation,' new cases of doubt and difficulty are ever presenting themselves to the legalist, and his loyalty to the Law which he has inherited is more and more severely tried. How did the Pharisees deal with such cases? The Sadducees demanded strict adherence to the letter of the Law. The Pharisees had the good sense to see that this was impossible. What was to be done?

We shall best understand how the Pharisees attacked this problem by contrasting their solution of it with that which we owe to Jesus. This has been done for us by the Editors of *The Beginnings of Christianity*, and I cannot do better than quote their words:

Jesus . . . accepted the Law as the basis of righteousness. According to himself, he demanded a higher standard than the Scribes; according to the Scribes he was destroying the Law. The difference was one of interpretation, and can best be understood by his treatment of the Law on the Sabbath and on Divorce. The difficulty of a strict observance of the Sabbath was the cause of many discussions among the Rabbis, and the Pharisees had introduced many rules intended to make it easier. But, as always happens with attempts to remedy oppressive legislation by amendment rather than abolition, these Pharisaic efforts resulted only in making the yoke of the Sabbath heavier. Jesus went to the heart of the matter by appealing from the letter of the Law to its purpose, and defined this as the advantage of man. 'The Sabbath was for man's sake.' . . . However difficult of application it may be, the verdict of Jesus remains unshaken in principle, not merely on the Sabbath but on all other laws. Their moral claim to allegiance is ultimately based on their advantage to men; and the supreme duty of legislators is to test the code entrusted to them by this standard. . . . Jesus' treatment of marriage and divorce illustrates the same principle, though its application in his hands led to different results. Accord-

ing to Mark he excluded divorce altogether on the ground that a man and his wife were created as one flesh and that the Mosal permission to divorce was due to sin and not to the original plan of man's creation . . . It may seem at first sight strange that Jesus relaxed the law of the Sabbath, and not that of divorce, but in each case he was appealing to their original meaning and relation to human life. . . . These are the clearest examples of Jesus' treatment of the Law: it was not an antinomian abrogation, such as the Jewish Christians attributed to Paul; nor was it a rigid adhesion to its letter, such as the Sadducees advocated. It was similar to its treatment by the Pharisees so far as it was 're-interpretation'; but it was of a wholly different type. The Pharisaic re-interpretation, which is a phenomenon common in all ages, endeavoured, consciously or unconsciously, to modify the Law, while appearing to confirm it. Their treatment was based on two facts—they could not fulfil the letter of the Law, but they desired to seem to do so. It therefore introduced a chain of subtle modifications and explanations, each small in itself, which taken together sometimes reverses the meaning of the Law *ex animo scriptoris*. *The treatment of Jesus, on the other hand, was based on the mind of the divine author of the Law.*² When the letter of the Law interfered with instead of furthering the purpose for which it was written, it was the purpose not the letter which took precedence; and inasmuch as this purpose was the benefit of mankind, a principle incontestably correct, though undoubtedly difficult, was laid down.

This is well put; but do the writers fully realise how vast a revolution in religious thought and faith was implicit in the simple words 'The Sabbath was for man's sake'? I cannot think that they do; for if they did they could scarcely fail to realise that the God of Jesus was *not* the God of the Jews. They tell us that 'Jesus' treatment of the Law' 'was not an antinomian abrogation of it.' The Scribes, who devoted their lives to the study of the Law, said that it was; and I am inclined to think that they were right. The attitude of Jesus towards the Law was no mere departure from the orthodox attitude. It carried with it an entirely new conception of the 'Knowledge' which leads 'to life'; and thus, as we shall see, carried with it a new conception of God. 'There is much,' say the Editors, 'for scholars to admire in the Rabbinical teaching of the Law. At its best it is the recognition that Knowledge is one of the roads to Life.' I wish we had been given examples of Rabbinical teaching of the Law 'at its best.' There may be much in that teaching for scholars to admire; but I doubt if there is much for ordinary men. Knowledge is indeed one of the roads that lead to Life; but not the knowledge which the Scribes exalted. Knowledge of reality, knowledge of the real meaning and purpose of life, the knowledge which delivers from bondage to illusory aims and false ideals, the knowledge which Buddha held to be necessary to salvation, the knowledge which was behind Jesus' own interpretation of the Law, does most assuredly lead to Life. But

² The italics are mine — E.H.

knowledge of a Code of Law in all its meticulous complexity is more likely to lead in practice to hair-splitting and quibbling and casuistical evasion than to the right conduct which is the outward expression of a healthy inward life. Leaving it to the Rabbis to delude themselves and their disciples with this sham and futile knowledge, Jesus based his own solution of the riddles of the Law on the tacit claim to possess the highest conceivable kind of knowledge—knowledge of the mind and will of God.

This tacit claim was pregnant with two momentous consequences—the abrogation of the Law as a law, and the transformation of the current conception of God. In his treatment of the problem of the Sabbath and the problem of Divorce, Jesus resolved the Law into its own first principles. In taking upon himself to do this he claimed by implication the right to be a law unto himself. Such a claim, if allowed and pressed to its logical conclusion, involved nothing less than the ultimate supersession of the Law. St. Paul saw that the Jews had no monopoly of right doing and clean living. There were righteous men among the Gentiles, men who had never heard of the Law, and who yet obeyed its moral precepts. How was this to be accounted for? What had guided those Gentiles into the path of righteousness? Not the light of the Law, but an inward light, the light of conscience or moral intuition.

For when Gentiles which have no law do by nature the things of the law, these, having no law, are a law unto themselves: in that they show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness therewith, and their thoughts one with another accusing or else excusing them.

It was as the champion of conscience against legal direction that Jesus confronted the Pharisees. It was also as the champion of a new conception of God. In resolving the Law into its own first principles, Jesus placed himself, as it were, by the side of God, undertook to read God's mind, to examine the Law from God's point of view, and to deal with it as God would have wished it to be dealt with. In dealing with the Sabbath he even went so far as to suggest to God (if I may so word it) a new point of view, for according to the Fourth Commandment, which was presumably given to Moses on Sinai, the Sabbath was instituted, not for the benefit of man but in order to commemorate the Rest of God. What was it that emboldened Jesus to do all this? Was it not the conviction that he was guided by the Spirit of God, guided from within rather than from without, guided by a light which made the guidance of the Law unnecessary, and which therefore provided for the ultimate abrogation of the Law, *as a law*, for its resolution into the living principle which was at the heart of it, the principle which was em-

bodied in the two Great Commandments, the principle of devotion to God and service to man? But the God who guides man from within, who guides the Gentile as well as the Jew, whose light lighteth every man, is a national God no longer, but the God of the whole wide world. Subconsciously, then, if not consciously, Jesus provided for the supersession of the Law by the Inward Light, and for the supersession of the God of Israel by the All-Father, the God of the Universe, the God who is really, not nominally, cosmic, the God who does *not* make favourites, who does *not* take sides.

I will now briefly summarise the contents of this paper. The Editors of *The Beginnings of Christianity* have told us, with an air of judicial authority, that the God of Jesus was the God of the Jews. I have given reasons for thinking that this judgment ought to be sent for revision to a higher Court. I have contended that when we are trying to determine the religious beliefs of a great teacher, the words which he used about God are not our only available source of evidence; that there are other sources at our service which have even more to tell us, and which it is for criticism, as distinguished from scholarship, to explore. In the case of Jesus an exhaustive study of those other sources of evidence would probably fill many volumes. I have contented myself with pointing out that in the attitude of Jesus towards the Jewish Law, as to which there seems to be no dispute, there was implicit a conception of God which was not merely unorthodox, but, in the fullest sense of the word, revolutionary.

As time goes on, we shall think less and less, when we are trying to read the heart of a prophet or a reformer, of what he actually said about God, and more and more of his general attitude towards the great problems that confronted him. 'Men discover themselves,' says Bacon, 'in trust, in passion, *at unawares*.' They believe what they do believe, not what they think they believe, still less what they say they believe. The New Psychology, of which we have heard so much of late, with its interest in and insight into the Unconscious, is still in its infancy, and some of its present pretensions are untenable; but it has a great future to look forward to. For one thing, it will open up new fields and new vistas to critical thought. Scholarship proper will continue to occupy itself with the written and the spoken word, and it is right that it should do so. But criticism, in the larger and deeper sense of the word, will turn more and more to the study of the 'buried life,' the mysterious underworld in which our beliefs originate and are gradually shaped, and from which they rise up into our consciousness, their buried life being still their real life, in that the very efforts which we make to become conscious of them tend to stimulate them into fresh activity, just

as the pumping up of water from a deep well sets in motion all the waters in its subterranean reservoirs. The real faith of a great soul (if I may make an abrupt change of simile) is like an iceberg, which towers up grandly into the sunlight, and impresses us with a sense of majesty and beauty, but which could not do so if it were not that nine tenths of it are submerged.

In the last sentence of their book the Editors tell us that they 'have given unqualified statement to their own opinions, chiefly in order to make easier a fuller discussion of the questions involved.' If this is the spirit in which they have written, they will, I am sure, forgive me for having presumed to contribute my quota to the 'fuller discussion' of one of the questions on which they 'have given unqualified statement to their opinions,'—a question on which, as it seems to me, unqualified statement is inadmissible, in that of all the questions discussed it is perhaps the most important and the most difficult.

EDMOND HOLMES.

A TERRIBLE TRAFFIC IN HORSES

THE foal is broken in, and from that moment his health and strength are spent in the service of man. When health and strength are worn out in that service, his life is done. Cart horse, carriage horse, hunter, pit pony, war horse - no matter what his breed or service—he works with man, and there is between them an interdependence that exists between man and no other creature. The horse must put forth his strength and obey. His master must pay him with food and personal care. Such are the mutual relations between horse and man.

At last the horse is worn out. He has given his work and received his wages. The contract is worked out. Man has right to service that the horse can no longer give. The horse has right to discharge of merciful death.

Has man the right to deny that discharge? Has he the right to extort gain from that remnant of life? Has he the right to sell his worn-out servant to sea-voyage, hunger and thirst, and cruel killing?

The traffic in horses for butchery abroad is extort of gain from remnant of suffering life. Sold to this traffic they are no longer servants of man, with right to food and care. They are so much meat, to be conveyed, kept alive till that meat is wanted, and slaughtered, with the least possible expense. Suffering will not lessen the value of the meat.

Some are sold before they are quite worn out. With a little more work left in them, a little more flesh on their bones, they will fetch a better price. Some work out their last ounce of strength in countries where neither law, nor public opinion, protects them from ill-treatment. Some are sold directly for slaughter. Their suffering, at work or at slaughter, is of no account to anyone.

By hundreds, every week, old English horses are sold to this traffic. Everywhere dealers, and their touts, are on the lookout to buy them. They watch the R.S.P.C.A. inspectors, to see when they warn a man that his horse is old, unfit, or uncared-for. They advise the man to sell his horse before he gets into

trouble over it, and make a bid for it. They know when a horse is injured, and offer a better price for it than the knacker can afford. They can patch it up to pass inspection, or 'substitute' it for a decent horse that has been passed. Not a horse grows old, diseased, or is injured, without the knowledge of these human cultures.

I have just visited a town where the R.S.P.C.A. inspector condemned two old horses belonging to two tradesmen. A tout told a dealer, and he hastened to forestall the knacker. Both horses were sold to him, and both were shipped from Goole.

This traffic has developed a whole science of villainy in England. A White Paper, published recently by the Ministry of Agriculture, is the report of their inspector, sent to investigate the condition of English horses arriving at foreign ports. He suggests 'substitution' as a possible explanation of some very unfit horses that he saw. This means that dealers take fit and unfit horses to a port. They offer the fit horses for inspection, and when they have been passed, withdraw them and substitute the unfit. No matter how lame or injured, these horses will fetch a price, for butchery, worth such risk and trickery. And this has happened since the Act of 1914 has been in force. The fact is that this traffic in live horses, for butchery abroad, is enormously profitable to all concerned in it. As long as that profit exists nothing will stop the export of the horses. Twice legislation has tried to stop it by restriction and inspection. Twice the public has believed that the scandal was ended. Nothing can end it, except legislation to make the live export less profitable than slaughter on this side.

And the horses cannot be sorted on this side: those for work exported alive, and those for butchery slaughtered here and exported as dead meat. The market is on the other side. There, miserable old horses, branded for death and taken into the country for slaughter, are made to work again before death: and some good horses, worth £2/ at the present rate of exchange, are sold for slaughter. Distinction and separation, on this side, are impossible.

France has asked the English Government to appoint eighteen veterinary inspectors to inspect carcasses of horses to be slaughtered on this side. The reason is the shortage of fodder in France. Carcasses of some unfit horses, slaughtered on this side, are exported to Belgium. There is no longer a tax on imported dead meat. But head, trachea, and lungs have to be exported with each carcass for veterinary inspection. This prevents the export of meat under good conditions, and would prevent efficient freezing or chilling. I asked the Government Port Veterinary Inspector at Antwerp if Belgian inspectors could not examine the

carcasses in England. He and other Belgian officials answered that such a suggestion must come from the English Government. At our Ministry of Agriculture I asked the same question. They answered that if the Belgian Government insisted on Belgian inspection, they could invite their inspectors to examine the meat on this side. This is a necessary preliminary to the export of our horses as dead meat. But it will not prevent the live export while that is more profitable.

A very false impression prevails in England about this traffic. This impression is that, since the Act of 1914, the export is no longer of worn-out horses, or for butchery; that only horses fit for work are exported, and that they are sold for work.

The facts are that the traffic is still in worn-out, or partly worn-out, horses; and still mainly for butchery. During the year 1920, 20,623 English horses were landed at Antwerp. In winter from 400 to 500 arrived in a week. Of these about one-third are totally unfit for anything but butchery, and from three-fourths to nine-tenths are sold for butchery. A very few of those sold for work are really fit, and part of a legitimate traffic. The rest are partly worn-out and sold for work again.

The distribution of horses varies according to the season. The main export is in winter. In summer the export is inconsiderable, and more are sold for work than for slaughter. English horses are also exported to France, Holland, and other countries. Antwerp does not receive half the whole export.

I have the Belgian official 'distribution for slaughter' of English horses, landed at Antwerp, last November. During that month 2122 English horses were slaughtered at eighty-nine different places.

There have been two great campaigns against this traffic. At first England sent all sorts of worn-out and unfit horses without any regard for their condition or the conditions to which they were sent. Lame, blind, skeletons, all were sent, and at Antwerp they had no food. From the quarantine stables they went all over Belgium, and I know that some fell and died of starvation. Through the efforts of some Englishmen and some Belgians a Bill was passed forbidding the export of any horse that could not travel without suffering. Water was provided at the docks, and some food at the quarantine stables. Everyone thought that these measures ended the horrors of the traffic.

A few years before the war I was in Antwerp, and some English residents said to me 'You ought to see the condition of the English horses who pass our house.' We went to the docks, and met the procession of English horses. They were tied together, three abreast. Some were lame, some mere skeletons. At the end of the long procession were lorries conveying those that could

not walk. From that moment I resolved to do my utmost to stop that shameful traffic. I had the good fortune to meet Monsieur Ruhl, a Belgian gentleman who devotes a fortune and his life to animal protection, and with him I watched the traffic at docks, quarantine stables, slaughter-houses, and on the roads, by day and by night. We reported what we saw, other people joined in our fight, and in 1914 another Bill was passed: 'That no horse incapable of being worked without suffering should be exported alive.' Then the war ended the traffic.

In 1919 I heard that it had begun again, and that the conditions to which the horses were sent were as cruel as ever. I sent details of these conditions to the Ministry of Agriculture in November 1920, begging them to ask the Belgian Government for certain regulations that would lessen the sufferings of the horses. These regulations were suggested by Monsieur Ruhl, mainly for prevention of hunger and thirst and cruel methods of slaughter. The Ministry of Agriculture answered that they could not seem to accuse a friendly nation of cruelty, and that their jurisdiction over the horses ended as soon as they were landed at a foreign port. They also expressed their confidence in the efficiency and conscientiousness of their veterinary inspectors at the ports.

Last February I went to Belgium to see the actual conditions of the traffic. Certainly the condition of the export is improved; sometimes as many as 400 carcasses of unfit horses slaughtered in England reach Antwerp in one week. But three causes of suffering are inseparable from this traffic in live horses for butchery.

The first cause is the sea-voyage. The conditions on the boats that I have seen are good for fair weather. On some the horses are between decks, and on some on the top deck. There are movable supports between the horses and in front of them. But if a boat is caught in a storm nothing can prevent a massacre.

In November 1919 a boat from Goole reached Antwerp with 110 horses, dead or fatally injured, in a heap on the deck. The inspector, who had to kill the injured, told me that he could scarcely reach the living among the dead and was covered with blood. One day last December ten horses arrived dead, or so injured that they had to be killed at the dock, and five had to be conveyed to the slaughter-house in floats. On the 7th of last April a boat arrived at Antwerp, from Leith, with a cargo of twenty-four horses. Three were dead. There had been no gale. Why did these horses die between Leith and Antwerp? I saw an old cart-horse lying dead at the dock. Ought he to have died on the North Sea in winter?

Some horses are badly bitten about the head. I saw one with all one side of his face bitten. Some have raw wounds through

rubbing against the wood. When horses of value are exported proper care is taken, and such accidents can be prevented. But when hundreds of old horses are exported, and mainly for butchery, such accidents will happen.

The second cause of suffering is hunger and thirst. The horses are supposed to drink on landing and at the quarantine stables; but the dealers are afraid of colic, and I fear that many horses are not allowed to drink. I saw some being unloaded and led away before the water tub was filled, and we have several times found the troughs in the quarantine stables dry or with very little water in them: too little for a horse to drink. On arrival at these stables each horse has about 5 lb. of hay. At 5 p.m. another ration of 5 lb. is given, but most of the horses are sold before five o'clock, and their feeding afterwards depends on the good-will of the butchers. I have often seen them standing in slaughter-house stables without straw, food, or water. I have seen an old horse, on its way to a country slaughter-house, jerk to one side, and fall on its knees, to snatch at a bit of grass. And when I have tried to give some grass to a lame horse, dragged along by two others to whom it was tied, I have had to drop it, because the others came upon me so ravenously.

Since we began this last agitation, horses may not go more than about twelve miles on foot. Some that left Antwerp by rail on a Monday evening, last February, reached Brussels on Wednesday evening. They had had no food or water during those forty-eight hours. In their struggles they had broken the wood of the box, and one was fallen. It was an accident, but such accidents are liable to happen again. A few months ago a butcher bought four horses at Antwerp, and they were sent by rail to La Louvière. They were forty-eight hours on the way. At La Louvière the butcher found all four dead in the box.

The third cause of suffering is cruel methods of slaughter. The greater number of our exported horses are killed with the blunt hammer. They often receive several blows before they are stunned. I met sixteen of our old horses at the Ghent slaughter-house where all are killed in this fashion. Not long ago Monsieur Ruhl saw two English horses, there, each receive five blows on the head before they fell. In country slaughter-houses round Antwerp they are generally stabbed.

We met some of our old horses at a country station and walked beside them along the road. They were fastened together like a gang of convicts, and they were famished with hunger. After their landing the day before they had each had a pittance of hay. Then they were sold and loaded in a horse box. They were stiff with age and tiredness. From time to time they halted while one was untied and led away to be killed with the knife, then the others toiled on again.

These were old English horses who had worked in England till they were worn out. And this goes on every week ; it is going on now. And it will go on as long as it is more profitable to the dealer to sell the live horses for butchery abroad.

In a cab near a station in Antwerp I saw an old horse. When a tramcar passed he plunged on to the pavement and fell down. I asked if he was an English horse, and they said ' Yes.' During many nights I heard neighing and kicking in a stable near my bedroom. A greengrocer had bought a rather vicious well-bred English mare, probably ruined in the breaking. To daunt her he tied her head up night after night so that she could not sleep. He harnessed her to a long cart loaded with sacks of potatoes, and beat her because she could not start. She went out before light and came home after dark. She had open wounds, and I saw a man put earth on them to hide them. I went to the president, secretary, inspector, and veterinary inspector of the S.P.C.A., and to the Police Commissioner about this horse, but I could not get the cruelty stopped. At last Monsieur Ruhl and I went into this stable to kill the horse with a killer as the only means of ending its suffering. But it was not there. It had been sold to another town, and as it was during the occupation I could not trace it.

Many ponies come to Antwerp : probably from the mines. Some of these are regularly supplied to the Veterinary College at Brussels for vivisection, for the instruction of students. Try to realise what this means. A life of toil in a mine. Slow death by vivisection in Belgium.

The facts we have reported have roused enormous indignation in England. The report of a veterinary inspector sent to Antwerp while I was there ' horrified ' our Government. The Act of 1914 is totally inadequate. Inspection has failed even to enforce that Act.

At the Albert Hall on May 21, with one great shout of ' Aye ' the great crowd assembled called on the Government to stop this traffic by the only adequate measure, a tax of 20/ on the live export.

Nothing but a tax, in some form, on the live export can make it less profitable than slaughter on this side, and so prevent it. Certain safe exemptions would protect the main legitimate traffic. For the rest, any traffic that involves the possibility of the export of horses to the sufferings I have described ceases to be legitimate. It must be sacrificed to the ending of this infamy.

I will end with a letter from Monsieur Ruhl :

I send you my best wishes for the success of your crusade in England.

Tell your countrymen that it is a shame for England to allow her poor worn-out horses to be inhumanely deported to all possible risks and accidents.

Never was a law more scandalously infringed than the law forbidding to export horses *unfit for work*.

As you know, a large third of the exported horses are *unfit for work*, and notwithstanding, in spite of the law, they are every week exported,

And Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men !

Whenever I see your old horses, numbering from 400 to 500, walking lamentably, in a long procession, through the streets of Antwerp, or hanging their heads sadly in search of food in the stables of our slaughter-houses, I cannot help saying to myself 'Those are the faithful servants of old England '

Is it not a shame for your powerful country, who boasts of her love for her horses, to expose them to the misery of a painful voyage on the sea, to the torture of hunger several days before slaughtering, and finally to a cruel death ?

Is it worthy of England ?

A. M. F. COLE

THE PUBLIC UTILITY OF MUSEUMS

THE immense importance of the statement made by Viscount Harcourt during the recent debate in the House of Lords increases in value the more it is considered, namely, 'that he had lately found amongst some papers that his father (Sir William Harcourt) forty-seven years ago had pressed upon the Director and Trustees of the British Museum the desirability of having guide lecturers, and that he had had the good fortune to have the support of Mr. Disraeli, who in a thoroughly Disraelian phrase described the British Museum as 'that vast and yet limited repository.' But although Mr. Disraeli was at that time Prime Minister, they failed between them to obtain any lecturers, and the failure continued for nearly forty years until Lord Sudeley took up the running.'

What this shows which is so vital is that even at that date, nearly fifty years ago, these great authorities saw that the public utility of our museums was a subject which deserved special consideration. They were evidently impressed by the fact which had begun to make itself felt, that the increase of education, though at that time small and infinitesimal compared with what has since taken place, was beginning to alter entirely the intellectual requirements and feelings of large classes of the community.

The practical position was therefore that there were new classes who, without having the opportunity, the time, or even the ability of making a study of any special branch of science, nevertheless desired to take an interest in its progress and wished to possess additional knowledge of the world around them, and of the principal facts with regard to it, or at least some portion of it. These great authorities saw that such requirements could be easily obtained to a considerable extent and in a very convenient manner by inaugurating a system of popular guide lecturers in all our museums and galleries. It is most unfortunate that Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Disraeli's desires were not carried out.

Can there be any doubt that what forty-seven years ago was a craving for knowledge amongst only a limited number of people, has by this time, owing to the large developments of education, become an urgent national requirement which must be

satisfied? Such is undoubtedly the case, and it has been proved unmistakably by the experiments made during the past ten years, in which period I have succeeded, by constantly calling attention to the subject, in getting a limited system of popular guide lectures set on foot which has already realised satisfactory results. We are able to point to the fact that 350,000 visitors have, notwithstanding the war period, when many museums and galleries were closed, gone round with the guide lecturers. This is a great commencement, but is nothing to what remains to be done.

The position we have now arrived at seems to be this, that at last our great national asset of over 80,000,000*l.* in value, invested in our museums and galleries, shows signs of becoming appreciated, and that the country is beginning to realise the enormous benefit to the population which can arise from it if this asset is fully utilised.

In considering the public utility of museums, it is necessary to remember that actually 180 years have passed since museums began to be looked upon as national institutions for the furtherance of both *Research and Instruction*, and yet that it is only now that their enormous power in helping in this great work of education is being seriously taken up in addition to research.

It is interesting to notice how they were originally started. The earliest records shew that one institute 300 years B.C. was certainly so called a Museum in accordance with its etymology, but it was only used as a temple or haunt of the Muses, founded by Ptolemy Soter at Alexandria as an academy of learned men devoting themselves to philosophical studies and the improvement of knowledge.

After that similar buildings were from time to time occasionally used for assembling together rare objects brought from different parts of the world by private individuals and certain great monarchs; and once were used, by the liberality of Philip and Alexander, for supplying Aristotle with abundant material for his researches, but there is no evidence of the existence of any permanent collection of national objects among the ancients.

With the revival of learning in the Middle Ages the collecting instinct sprang into existence with considerable vigour, and a museum, by this time meaning a collection of miscellaneous objects, antiquities as well as national curiosities, often associated with a gallery of sculpture and painting, became fashionable in the establishment of many wealthy persons of superior culture.

There is in existence a wonderful work published in 1656 by John Tradescant giving a list of many of the old collections of rarities. Many of these were only curiosities and of no practical use but to show an example of the great and private collection were occasionally in advancing science: it is worth mentioning

that Linnæus was greatly indebted in his early studies to the valuable zoological museums which it was one of the ruling passions of several of the Kings and Queens of Sweden to bring together.

The earliest instance of the association of individuals into a society in our country was the Museum of the Royal Society in Crane Court in 1681, and also in the same century the Ashmolean at Oxford, which was the first museum of antiquities in England. The great teaching bodies, the Universities, were slow, however, in acquiring collections, and whilst public museums gradually came into being in the last century, private persons with leisure and means still continued to devote themselves to some special subject and to amassing material for study.

The British Museum, established in 1753 by Act of Parliament for the '*Learned and Curious*,' is really the point from which both in England and on the Continent there has been gradual recognition of the truth that scientific knowledge can best be secured by the development of museums, and the understanding that they were in future to be used not only for Research but also for Instruction. Of these, the first great and well-acknowledged primary duty of museums is Research, and for this purpose to act as great repositories for the collection of unique specimens for students. This branch has been to a certain extent satisfactorily carried out, but much more development is required to perfect its organisation. The lack of this helpfulness in research work is clearly shown in many cases. There appears to be no reason why these improvements should not all be carried out forthwith by the new Scientific and Industrial Research Department (with which is incorporated the National Physical Laboratory). It has the necessary capital and authority to carry out research wherever required.

We now come to the second great national use of museums which I desire specially to consider, namely, Instruction in the fullest meaning of that term, Education, and the Intellectual recreation of the public. There are three distinct classes who have the right to benefit: (1) adult students, (2) the intelligent public, and (3) schools. So far as students are concerned, museums have vindicated their existence and, as I have already said, have proved their usefulness, a great deal having been done in the training of professional people in research, and it only requires expansion.

In regard to (2), the intelligent public who have enormously increased in number owing to the spread of education, the museums have until lately hardly been used, the public being unable to obtain much information and only wandering listlessly and aimlessly about the galleries. Many desirous of obtaining

knowledge of the world around and of bygone history would like to understand how special gifts and aptitudes have belonged to different countries at different times. The only way in which they could obtain such knowledge at the museums until the system of popular lectures was started ten years ago, was by the dreary process of reading labels and guide-books.

It has already been shown that this movement of popular guide lectures, even in the limited way in which it has been worked, has, notwithstanding the war, proved a great success, and no less than 350,000 visitors have accompanied the lecturers. They have been able to realise how splendidly ideal is the educational apparatus contained in our museums and galleries.

These great institutions can be made fascinating and most interesting places if seen intelligently, provided the valuable information they contain is given in a popular manner free from all technicalities. It appeals also to numbers of workers in industrial life who find great benefit from studying the triumphs of the past and thus gathering wisdom for their own work.

Everything depends upon the lecturers being well selected and on their being enthusiastic and able to impart knowledge in a convincing and encouraging manner, for the benefits derived can be seriously marred if the lectures are not given properly or if the lecturers are disturbed or not happy in their duties.

As the development of this system is now being carried out, the status and position of the guide lecturers deserve special attention and ought to be put on a proper footing. So far the directors of the various institutions have been very lucky in the men they have selected, but their salaries, having regard to the high price of living, are not sufficient. Their duties oblige them to be able to lecture in all the galleries of each museum, which necessitates very hard work in getting up their subjects, and as they average in most cases over four hours a day lecturing it is a very trying physical strain.

The organisation must be treated in a liberal spirit, and it is important that the lecturers should be well and liberally remunerated so long as they do their work efficiently, but the utmost care must be taken that their posts should depend upon their fitness and if, from any cause, they cease to give satisfaction and lose their power of attracting visitors, they should be changed. A minimum salary of 100*l.* ought to be paid to those fully employed, and they should be treated similarly to teachers who do the same high-class description of work. It must not be forgotten that the success of the whole movement depends upon the way in which the lectures are given, if you are to obtain full and increasing intellectual return for the nation's invested capital.

Combined with the lecture system and working as a kindred subject is the necessity of creating and inducing a popular desire for reproductions of the various unique treasures in the exhibits at low prices, so that they can be purchased, to be hung up in their homes and shown to their friends, reminding them of what they have seen and inciting them to obtain further knowledge of them. Fortunately the carrying out of this system can be done without cost; indeed a considerable profit can be obtained, amply sufficient to defray the cost of the popular guide system, when taken together as a whole.

When the House of Lords passed the Resolution that the Government should take immediate steps to extend the employment of guide lecturers and the sale of pictorial illustrations to all museums and similar institutions which are under government control or influence, I stated 'that I was willing to leave the matter in the hands of the Treasury, as I was confident that no permanent outlay of money was necessary.' This, however, has to be carried out properly, and it has to be done in a right way so that the sale of reproductions as photographs or picture postcards may be on a large scale, and in a commercial spirit.

I have quoted on two occasions in the House of Lords letters from Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, who is the greatest authority we have on the matter, and has worked this system with the thorough approval and assistance of the Trustees. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as Chairman of the Standing Committee, has shown his great interest in the matter by speaking in the House of Lords on several occasions in favour of the whole system.

The extract of the last letter from Sir Frederic Kenyon which I quoted in the House was as follows :

With regard to the guide lecturers, the longer experience we have of their work the more am I satisfied as to their value, both educationally (which is the most important point) and also economically. The lectures of the guides deal day by day with one or other department of the Museum, and they refer their hearers to the publications of the Museum if they wish to pursue the subject further. I would not go so far as to say that the whole of the increase in the sales of our publications within the Museum is due to the stimulus given by the guide lecturers, but I have no doubt that it contributed largely to it, and the profit from the sales certainly exceeded greatly the cost of the guide-service.

It is impossible to have a statement more convincing and at the same time absolutely trustworthy.

All the authorities connected with the Museum work, both as Trustees and Directors, are I know by personal experience most favourable, and are anxious and willing to carry out a great extension of this movement both for guide lecturers and for the sale of reproductions if they could possibly do so. The matter

is, however, by no means free from difficulty, and I foresee considerable trouble in its being adopted on a large scale with success without an infusion of what may be called the 'commercial spirit.'

In the first place the directors have an enormous amount of work which precludes them without proper assistance from devoting much attention to this subject, however important it may be. It is absolutely necessary in these circumstances for them to appoint in each institution one of their subordinate officers who, in addition to his ordinary duties, could throw himself fully into this special work and take a real active interest in its success and with a determination to see it properly carried out, acting, of course, with the assent and approval in all large matters of his director. The difficulty will be, however, how to infuse into such an official an enthusiastic desire to carry out this additional work and responsibility unless he can see some reason for doing so. What is required is that such an official should have a direct incentive to throw himself into the work, and if a bonus or increase of salary could be given according to the results obtained by his energy, the desired end would be obtained.

The duties necessitate constant consideration of how best to attract the public, and are a matter of idea, imagination, and initiative. How best to create a real incentive in the mind of this special official attending to this publication work would be a simple problem in commercial life, but it is a very different matter in a Government Department and requires most careful consideration.

From the experience of the sales at the British Museum during the last year, when no fewer than 480,000 picture postcards, besides photo reproductions, handbooks, and guidebooks were sold, they are now about to put up another sales counter which will largely increase the output, so that they hope in the near future to sell actually 1,000,000 postcards. Surely, if this can be effected, what ought to be aimed at in every institution is to dispose of at least on an average one article to every visitor entering the institution, and that this should be a minimum. What a vista of success in the cause of education does not this imply!—and yet it is easily possible.

A popular explanatory lecture stimulates the purchase of these publications, and the two subjects are kindred and must be worked together.

One instance out of many which can be started everywhere is the plan which has been adopted at the British Museum, that after each lecture a visitor can purchase at the counter for one shilling a packet containing fifteen picture postcards and a small printed statement of the different exhibits which had been explained to him. This obviates the necessity of taking notes at the time,

and affords a delightful reminiscence of the visit, and it should be generally adopted.

Fortunately, in the British Museum the Director had the assistance of a gentleman who had a natural hobby in this direction, and threw himself heartily into the sale of publications. Owing largely to his enthusiasm his sales department was well organised and made thoroughly attractive, showing a real desire to push the goods. Clearly this plan must be carried out everywhere, and if the people selling do not succeed they must be changed for those who can do so. It is merely a matter of effecting sales, and is a quality which can be seen at all mercantile shops in full force.

It would be invidious to name any special museum, but it is well known that there are many in which the sales department of publications is conducted in a totally different manner, and in which the expenses are out of all proportion to sales. It is estimated that at least 2000*l.* is thus thrown away which might easily in a short time be turned from a loss into a profit balance of at least 5000*l.* In any case, if my estimate is over-sanguine this work can be largely extended without throwing any additional charge on the public funds.

In some buildings the sales counter, instead of being in front so as to be the first thing for the public to see on entering the building and the last on leaving, is hidden away in a dark corner. Does not the railway bookstall show this point to advantage? There you see them pushing their goods, in the best possible position for selling, and the same principle ought to guide all public institutions. No one can visit the British Museum without being convinced that the great success which is acknowledged to have been obtained there in helping forward the cause of education by the disposal of these handbooks, guidebooks, and reproductions, is due entirely to the clever and intelligent steps which have been taken to carry out the system in its best possible form. The greatest care is taken in the first place that the articles for sale are selected by the keepers of the various departments as being reproductions most likely to be of service and to attract the public.

In the case of photographs, a small number of selected specimens are printed off in large quantities, somewhat as a speculation but so as to offer them at a low price and actually ready for sale, not requiring to be specially ordered, as at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The great educational advantages obtained by the sale of photographic reproductions of all our leading unique collections are being greatly intensified by the sale of cheaper picture postcards, which are sold for 1*d.* each plain, and 2*d.* coloured. The processes by which the printing is carried out have improved enormously of late years, and the colour processes have obtained

a very high state of perfection, which no doubt will be still further increased so that picture reproductions will by degrees be obtained with colouring which even the greatest experts will not complain of. The day seems to be not far off when, if this great advance is carried out on a large scale at all museums and picture galleries, we shall see scattered throughout the country in every home, however small, reproductions of beautiful works of art, which will be worthy of the increased culture and art training which the nation is endeavouring to reach.

Whilst these are made for the general intelligent public, there is no doubt that careful photographic reproductions of pictures desired by students are more difficult to obtain. To overcome this great necessity, immense credit must be accorded to Mr. Robert Witt, Trustee of the National and Tate Galleries, who, following the footsteps of so many great private benefactors of past years, has privately founded a collection which is of enormous value in helping the studies of those working in the field of art. This gentleman has created a library of photos of pictures and drawings in his house at 32 Portman Square. It contains more than 150,000 photographs and reproductions, and represents the work of over 8000 artists and draughtsmen with full explanatory notes. The wonderful and remarkable thing in this connexion is that Mr. Witt has seen his way to allow any serious student on application to have the great advantage of making use of this collection. In the world of Art the benefits derived from this collection are looked upon as untold, for it enables the widest acquaintance possible to be obtained, in a quick and easy manner, of all the great Masters. Does not this splendid work of Mr. and Mrs. Witt in the highest degree of reproduction give additional proof of the desirability that these unique and priceless reproductions should be supported by the admirably cheap system of the picture post-card which all can easily obtain?

Reproductions must also not be confined merely to photos and picture postcards. There is a considerable field open in statuary and metal work. Many of the beautiful pieces of statuary might be copied and casts taken of such a size as would be suitable for museum and art schools and be able to be sold at low prices. Copies of sections of the frieze of the Elgin Marbles have at various times been sold, and there is known to be a considerable demand for specimens from schools, etc. Without going further into this matter, there is no doubt that, given the desire, there is an immense deal which could be developed in the business of reproduction which would help very materially to increase the profit from this department.

So far I have alluded only to the museums and galleries in the Metropolis, but it must be remembered that the field is very

much larger. Steps have to be taken to induce our national museums and galleries at Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cardiff to carry out all the principles which have been dilated upon. In addition to this there are between 150 and 200 provincial museums which are anxious to see their way to become of far more use to the public than they are at present. Many of these are doing splendid educational work on a small scale, and although they are not all large enough to warrant the employment of separate guide lecturers to carry out the work, it is often done by the curator himself, or some member of his staff, and occasionally, when they cannot spare the time, is done by volunteers. The greatest praise is due to many special instances of devotion to this cause, but space does not allow me to refer to them individually.

In some of them, however, the curators are being paid salaries which, with the present high prices, are absurdly small compared with the other officials employed in the district. It cannot be too often pointed out that the success and usefulness of these museums is wrapped up most intimately with the position and acquirements of the gentlemen in charge of them. They are in nearly all cases men of considerable ability and education, showing continually indomitable and conscientious industry, and it is pitiable to think how often in instances that I know of the necessities of a man of education and refinement render the position almost impossible.

In connexion with this whole subject it is greatly required that steps should be taken on every possible occasion to make known the popular lecture system and how it is carried out, so that it may become generally known throughout the country. At present not one man in a hundred is aware that any such happy educational and interesting way of spending an hour is in existence. Advertisements are expensive, but nevertheless, when the sale of reproductions warrants it, steps ought to be taken.

Then, again, in every institution plans should be adopted for advertising it by way of notice slips of programmes being given to all who visit the gallery. There is also a simple plan which might be carried out, of putting a small notice on every article sold. Why should not the picture postcard itself have a few words stating that free popular lectures are given daily? The exact words and place of putting them could be easily worked out. A clever and zealous publication officer constantly thinking how to make his work succeed would easily scheme out some plan of this sort.

I have now dealt with students and the intelligent public, and it only remains to say a few words in regard to schools. It is acknowledged on all hands that it is of enormous value for children in their classes at schools to have the opportunity of

going as often as feasible to the museums, where they would be able to see and hear more of the actual things about which they are taught. Teachers declare that it at once doubles the value of education and is a very great boon. It stimulates the intelligence, sharpens the brain and removes the horrible monotony and fag which permeates all classes. Seeing is believing. Everyone, old and young, appreciates the blessing it is when the eye is allowed to follow the brain, and how in all cases we find that if we are able to see the actual subject face to face, it is very much more interesting and easier to understand. Very little progress has been made in this matter during the past few years. The I.C.C. are fully alive to the necessity and advisability of carrying out this system. Unfortunately, the negotiations with the British Museum have been discontinued and very little is being done.

Then again, apart from our public schools, surely all schools of every branch and denomination and all preparatory schools in and near London ought occasionally to send their children for instruction to the museums. In the boys' and especially in the girls' schools, undoubtedly it should be a part of their finishing education to attend a certain number of lectures at the National Gallery, if not a number of other museums. Ought not parents to insist on this?

In America the education of scholars in museums is considered a very important subject, and Americans carry out the system with far greater insistence than we do. It is only too true that from that country we have a great deal to learn in regard to the manner in which all their museums are made to help in the way of education—not only of the general public but in school life. If this question of the public utility of museums can be vigorously pushed forward it would be of enormous benefit and become of real interest and help alike to thousands of our fellow-men. It would not only make life and leisure attractive and happy to the average man but at the same time it would stimulate a real sense of ownership in national property.

SURETY

MARLBOROUGH

THE legend of Napoleon is his own creation. That of Marlborough is the work of his political enemies. It is true that Archdeacon Coxe, a hundred years ago and a hundred years after Marlborough's death, wrote a faithful account of his political and military career. But his story is long, and the modern reader is apt to put him aside as a Dryasdust. The correspondence afterwards published by Sir George Murray is interesting chiefly to the professional soldier and diplomatist, so that even a writer as keen as Lord Stanhope could find in it 'scarcely anything of historical interest.' But in the pages of Coxe and of Murray Marlborough's genius can be seen by a discerning eye. It fascinated the attention of Frank Taylor, one of the Oxford men who, in the period of the South African conflict, were attracted by military studies.

With a rare grip of the realities of war, Taylor set out to write Marlborough's life for the Englishmen of to-day. He had all but finished his work when it was stopped by his premature death in 1913. His sister, Miss G. W. Taylor, has given seven years to the preparation of his manuscript for the press, changing nothing, but hunting out and verifying the passages he has quoted from a multitude of sources and securing for the maps so necessary to a military history the help of Mr. Cribb, the best of our present-day English cartographers. She has called the book *The Wars of Marlborough* rather than the *Life*, for while its account of the campaigns is all but complete—there is only a brief gap of a few days at the close of the siege of Tournai—the story of Marlborough's early life, though it deals fully with everything of importance, is fragmentary and has been relegated to appendices, and the narrative does not go beyond Marlborough's dismissal in 1711. As it stands, Taylor's is the best interpretation of Marlborough's career, bringing out at once the strength of the man and the weakness of his position. It shows how Marlborough's achievement was his own and how much of what it should have been was thwarted by others. Every historian at setting out on the labour of years must say with the Psalmist, 'Establish Thou the work of our hands.' Though Taylor did not live to put the

finishing touch to his book, the prayer, thanks to a sister's devotion, is fulfilled. His work is his monument.

With Taylor's guidance and with the aid of the various Laves and the published letters, the attempt may be made to appreciate the greatest commander who has ever led British troops in a European war.

Bred up as a churchman, John Churchill when a mere boy became page to the Duke of York at the Court of Charles the Second, where, after the fashion of the age, loose living was the rule. His own sister was the Duke's mistress. While still a boy he chose the Army as his profession. In the Army the Cromwellian tradition of efficiency survived and young Churchill learned his business and practised it with distinction at Tangier and in the army of Turenne. Of course he was entangled in the gallantries of his environment, and of course as he was the handsomest, the most charming, and the most daring of all that gay circle, and as poor as a church mouse, there was bound to be scandal. At twenty-seven he fell in love with Sarah Jennings, a Court beauty, penniless like himself. They were married, and he was for the rest of his life the most devoted of lovers and the most faithful of husbands. Sarah was a woman of spirit to whom the Christian virtue of humility was unknown. She was the bosom friend of the Princess Anne, upon whom she trampled as readily as upon her husband.

When James became King, Churchill rose rapidly and became a general and a peer. In the army which suppressed Monmouth's rebellion he was second in command and first in energy. He steadfastly refused to become a Roman Catholic. He never concealed his attachment to the English Church and his aversion from James's policy of Romanising England. He was one of those who had secretly assured William of their support. Yet he was the principal officer in the army with which James set out to meet William. At the critical moment he rode from James's camp to William's and thereby sealed the triumph of the one and the ruin of the other. To him was in large measure attributable the success without bloodshed of the 'Glorious Revolution.' A cynic has said that the last man we forgive is the one to whose help we owe everything, and that the last injury we forget is the ingratitude of him for whom we have made sacrifices. These feelings are perhaps the explanation of much in the subsequent relations between William and Marlborough.

When William went to Ireland it was upon Marlborough that he had chiefly to rely for the defence of England. When he came back it was Marlborough who conducted the campaign in the South of Ireland, with Cromwell's efficiency but without Cromwell's ruthlessness. In two campaigns in the Low Countries

Churchill so distinguished himself that William said 'No officer living who has seen so little service as my Lord Marlborough, is so fit for great commands.' But William was afraid of him and preferred Dutch Generals obviously and palpably his inferiors. This was bitter to a man of Marlborough's spirit. Queen Mary and the Princess Anne were estranged and the Churchills were hand and glove with the Princess. William was not loved, and all the men who had invited him to England were beginning to regret James, to doubt whether William's reign would endure, and to take steps, in view of the possibility of a restoration, to make their peace with James. William understood the position and like them was anxious for security. For a long time he winked at the intrigues with his exiled rival. The moment came when he felt that he must act, and he sent to the Tower a batch of the intriguers, among them Marlborough, the strongest and most dangerous and therefore the last to be released when William, with great good sense, saw that the measure had produced its effect and that the crisis was over. Yet the tension continued. In 1694 Marlborough was one of several Englishmen who sent word to James that an English expedition then preparing was destined for Brest. Marlborough's was by no means the first intimation given to James, who had already received the information from Lord Arden. The expedition was defeated and its leader, Tollernache, killed. This message to James was probably of all Marlborough's acts that which he most regretted. No wonder that William soon afterwards wrote to Shrewsbury who suggested that he should employ Marlborough with the Army. 'I do not think it for the good of my service to entrust him with the command of my troops.'

After Queen Mary's death in 1694 the relations between William and Anne became better, and the time came when both William and Churchill could forgive and forget. In 1698 William made Churchill Governor of Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester, and said to him 'My Lord, teach him to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments.'

The whole of William's life had been resistance to the aggression of Louis the Fourteenth. The will of Charles the Second of Spain, by which the Spanish Empire was left to the Duke of Anjou, and the acceptance by Louis of the bequest for his grandson, opened a fresh struggle, of which William foresaw the magnitude. His own powers were failing, and he chose Marlborough as his coadjutor, and, when after his accident he saw his end approaching, as the executor of his policy. Then began Marlborough's career as a commander.

Few men who have greatly served their country but have sinned greatly. In the historian's account the sins disappear

except in so far as they may have marred the work. Marlborough's had dropped into the past before his career as a commander began. Those who set up to be Marlborough's judges confine their attention to the period before his reconciliation with William, and ignore the greatness of character and of achievement revealed during his period of command. If William could blot out from his mind the errors of Marlborough's past the historian of to-day should be not less large-minded.

Jomini wrote of Napoleon, 'He seemed convinced that the first means of doing great things was to set himself above all to breaking up and ruining the enemy's army, certain that states or provinces fall of themselves when they no longer have any organised forces to protect them.' This reliance upon battle as the best means of effecting his purpose is the essence of Marlborough's generalship and Jomini was mistaken in supposing that it originated with Napoleon. The truth as regards all wars is expressed in the words of the late General Colin, a far deeper thinker than Jomini: '*La pensée de la bataille domine toutes les opérations de la guerre.*'

To appreciate Marlborough we must bear in mind also the words of Napoleon at St. Helena: '*on se faisait une idée peu juste de la force d'âme nécessaire pour lutter, avec une pleine méditation de ses conséquences, une de ces grandes batailles d'où vont dépendre le sort d'une armée, d'un pays, la possession d'un trône.*'¹

The European situation when the war began in 1702 was as serious for the allies as that which existed in August 1914, except only that events in those days moved more slowly. Europe had for a whole generation been overshadowed by the tremendous power of France, of which the frontiers since the accession of Louis the Fourteenth had advanced from the Moselle to the Rhine, while a great province had been wrested from the Spanish Netherlands and annexed. A galaxy of great Generals and a long succession of victories had made French militarism as formidable as that of Prussia in our own times. The French troops were thought the best in Europe, and the French army was by far the largest. To this great force were now added the naval and military resources of Spain. Immediately on the death of Charles the Second French troops had occupied the duchy of Milan, so that the Duke of Savoy was obliged to join their side, and Eugene's campaign of 1701, brilliant though it was, had hardly improved the position. French troops had also occupied the Spanish Netherlands, now Belgium, and, as the Elector of Cologne, who was also Prince-Bishop of Liège, was on Louis's side, the French military frontier coincided with that of Holland from the sea to the Rhine, which river it then followed as far as Bonn. The

¹ *Mémoires de St. Hélène.*

French had all the fortresses on the Meuse except Maestricht, which was Dutch.

Marlborough, Captain-General of the British forces, was appointed also deputy Captain-General of the Dutch army. But the Dutch law required him to be accompanied by field deputies, political personages, 'who, ignorant of our profession, followed the opinion of their Generals, who knew nothing but defensive warfare.'² Over the Prussian, Danish, Luneburg and Hessian contingents he obtained by negotiation sufficient authority. His purpose was to beat the French army, but in those days it was difficult to force an enemy to fight against his will. The match-lock and the pike, which had necessitated complicated evolutions, had but recently been replaced by the flint-lock and the bayonet. Simpler forms more suited to the new weapons were not invented in Marlborough's lifetime. The infantry marched ten or more abreast, and the six ranks in which they had been accustomed to fight were about this time reduced to five or to four. To change from the march to the battle formation was a complicated business taking several hours, during which the enemy if he wished could fall back to a flank as easily as to the rear.³

The permanent separation of an army into Divisions, which gave such flexibility to Napoleon's operations, was not introduced until half a century later.

When Marlborough first joined the army at Nymegen, Boufflers with a French army of about the same strength was in a strong position a dozen miles away on the right bank of the Meuse, receiving his supplies by great convoys from Brabant, the region of Brussels. Marlborough meant to bring him out of his strong position and to fight him in the open. So he crossed the Meuse and marched due south towards the route of the French convoys in a direction which would put his army between Boufflers and Brussels. Boufflers thereupon immediately marched south, crossed the Meuse and marched towards Brabant. At the end of a week Marlborough's army was encamped within two or three miles of the road along which Boufflers must pass unless he changed his plans. Marlborough drew out his army to attack the French at dawn as they continued their march. But at dawn the Field Deputies came and pray'd him to desist, notwithstanding they had the evening before consented. My Lord was very much chagrind at the Disappointment; for, in all human Probability, we should have given the Enemy a fatal Blow; so my Lord not being willing to do any Thing this first Campaign without their Approbation, with great Reluctance complied, and returned with the Army; however he desired they would ride out with him to see the Enemy pass the Heath, which they did, and were surprised to see their great Hurry and Confusion, and confessed a great Opportunity was lost by their Means.⁴

² Eugene to Marlborough August 19 1707 (Cove, ii 130)

³ Colin, *Les Transformations de la Guerre* p 168. ⁴ Kane (ed. of 1745), p 25

After three weeks of manœuvring during which Boufflers would not risk a battle, Marlborough cleverly drew the French on to a ground where his own army was drawn up ready to fight, and where the French, with a defile behind them, were obliged to form for battle. A cannonade began, but the Dutch General on Marlborough's right, when ordered to attack, kept his troops still for so long that darkness came on. Next day the field deputies vetoed an attack, and Boufflers having spent the day reconnoitring the position thought it prudent to withdraw his army in the night. The battle which Marlborough had thus repeatedly offered, from which Boufflers as often shrank, and which the field deputies prevented being fought, decided the campaign, for Marlborough now kept the bulk of his army between Boufflers and the Meuse, while with the remainder he besieged and took one after another the fortresses on that river from Venloo to Liège. This success seemed magnificent and Marlborough was rewarded with a dukedom; but it was not his notion of war. In 1703 he proposed to drive the French out of the part of Belgium which they still retained, and which they had covered by a fortified line, running from the sea to Antwerp and thence in a great sweep to Namur. He collected his army at Maestricht while the Dutch were at three points within reach of Antwerp. His plan was to move to his left, draw the French southwards, and then to march round outside the lines towards Antwerp, when the Dutch were to join him for an assault upon the lines in front of that town. This was spoiled by the Dutch Generals, who against his advice started out with a plan of their own and were badly beaten at Ekeren, when he was too far away to help them. He pushed on to join them and suggested that they should together assault the lines. They refused, whereupon he marched back with his own army to assault the lines at their other end. But the Dutch Generals and the States General again refused their consent to an attack.

Marlborough's strong point was that he always saw the war as a whole. In 1702 he had relieved the Dutch from the fear of invasion. But in 1703, while the Dutch had been wasting his time, Villars had marched into Bavaria with a French army, which, joined to that of the Elector of Bavaria, threatened the very existence of the Empire, especially as most of the Imperial army was engaged in suppressing an insurrection in Hungary. Marlborough determined that in 1704 he must help the Emperor.

The story of his march from the confines of Holland to the Danube and of his battles at the Schellenberg and Blenheim is too well known to need repetition, but one or two points may be noted. He assembled his army at Bedburg near Cologne, and the last of his troops marched into his camp a few miles from the Danube on the thirty-eighth day after leaving Bedburg. In 1805

Napoleon's army, starting from its camps on the coast, came within striking distance of the Danube on the forty-first day. Napoleon's march was quicker, for Marlborough had first to assemble his army at the starting-point. The greater speed of Napoleon was due partly to the divisional system but mainly to the construction between 1750 and 1800 of a network of metalled roads covering a great part of Europe.

The swiftness and boldness of Marlborough's attack on the Schellenberg and his insight into the importance of that position as the key of the campaign reveal the commander's judgment and promptitude. At Blenheim Marlborough and Eugene attacked in front, for its flanks were unassailable, a position so strong that the French Generals could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the troops of the allies deploying for battle. Throughout the day Marlborough's eye was everywhere. He had gauged with wonderful accuracy what he could expect of his troops and had divined what the French would do. When he followed up the Elector's retreating army it was too dark to distinguish friend from foe. During the night the Elector's troops crossed the Danube and burnt their bridges, so that pursuit was out of the question. The victory destroyed at one blow the prestige which the French army had been accumulating for half a century. It changed the face of the war and threw the French on to the defensive.

Marlborough wrote next day: 'Had the success of Prince Eugene been equal to his merit we should in that day's action have made an end of the war.' To make an end of the war was his great aim. Two years before he had proposed to 'send a good body of troops to winter on the Moselle, who might in the meantime take Triebach and possess themselves of Treves, the better to enable us to begin the campaign early on that side'.⁶ He was 'persuaded that the Moselle is the place, where we shall be able to drive the enemy with the greatest effect'.⁷ It seemed necessary to his colleagues first to recover the fortress of Landau, which the Emperor's commander, the Margrave of Baden, had taken in 1702 but lost in 1703. The united army therefore crossed the Rhine and the Margrave with part of it besieged Landau, while Eugene with the rest covered the siege. Marlborough with 12,000 men set out from Eugene's camp, made a rapid march to the Moselle through country of incredible difficulty, surprised Treves and arranged the siege of Triebach. He then returned to the camp of Eugene, with whom he discussed the affairs of Italy, which were in a desperate state, for the Duke of Savoy, having joined the alliance, saw his country invaded by the French both from Milan and from Dauphiné, and was at the end of his re-

⁵ Marlborough to the Duchess, August 14, 1704 (Coxe, i. 213).

⁶ Murray, i. 157.

⁷ *Ibid.* i. 240.

sources. In the depth of winter Marlborough travelled to Berlin and persuaded the King of Prussia to send 8000 men to Italy. During the winter he made arrangements for the invasion of France from the Moselle on a plan anticipating that of Moltke in 1870.

He would assemble 60,000 men at Treves and 30,000 at Landau, these two armies 'to act in concert on the Moselle, and be in supporting distance of one another.'

In May 1705, with 30,000 men from Maestricht he marched to Treves, only to find that the troops promised by the Emperor and the German Princes were not forthcoming, that the promised magazines had not been collected, that Louis the Fourteenth by tremendous exertion had raised 60,000 men under Villars to oppose him, and an even larger army under Villeroy to confront the Dutch in Belgium. Belated reinforcements gradually brought his strength to something like that of Villars, whom he was preparing to attack, when a Dutch lieutenant-general brought to him from the Dutch Commander-in-Chief at Maestricht the urgent message 'that if I do not immediately help them they are undone.'⁸ His decision was prompt. He gave up his pet plan, sent his German troops to reinforce the Margrave at Landau, and with his own troops marched in eight days to Maestricht. On his approach, Villeroy, who was besieging Liège, immediately retired towards his lines, while Marlborough had to negotiate for permission to use the Dutch army for battle. About this time he wrote 'I think it is for the service to continue in two armies, for mine that is much the biggest does whatever I will have them, and the others have got the ill custom of doing nothing but by council of war.'⁹

As he moved forward, with the Dutch army forming his left wing, Villeroy took shelter behind his entrenchments. Marlborough moved the Dutch to his left to convince Villeroy that that was the direction of his intended blow. At dark his own advance-guard marched off towards a point ten miles to the right of Villeroy's headquarters. He himself set out in the same direction with the main body and ordered the Dutch to countermarch and follow him. At daylight the advance-guard stormed the weakly garrisoned posts, and when, a few hours later, Villeroy with such troops as he could collect was hastening to the help of his beaten and retreating detachments, he saw Marlborough's army in order of battle and the Dutch army coming up behind it. Fifty years before Guibert, Marlborough had realised Guibert's dream: 'It is to be desired that just as the thunderbolt has already struck when we see the lightning, so when the enemy sees the head of the army coming up the whole army should be there.'¹⁰

⁸ Coxe, i. 282.

⁹ *Ibid.* i. 295.

¹⁰ Guibert, *Essai Général de Tactique* ii. 77.

The French retreat was to Louvain, but Marlborough was nearer to Louvain than they were, and was pushing on to be there before them, when the Dutch Generals halted and encamped, alleging, against the judgment of their own Dutch Commander-in-Chief, that their men were tired and could go no further. The French escaped to Louvain, where they felt safe behind the river Dyle. Next day Marlborough followed to the Dyle. After a week's rain that prevented all movement, Marlborough, with the consent of the field-deputies given on the peculiar condition that no risks be taken, set out to cross the Dyle for attack. The leading troops were across the river when the Dutch commander came up to Marlborough saying 'For God's sake, my Lord Duke, don't,' and began to expatiate on the danger. Marlborough replied that there was no time to reason, that they must do one thing or another and decide immediately. As they still hesitated the Duke recalled his troops. A fortnight later he marched round in a great sweep till he was south of Brussels, whereupon Villeroy moved his army into a position behind the river Yssehe, in which he thought to protect both Louvain and Brussels. Marlborough brought up his army to attack across the Yssehe. The Dutch Generals, terrified, again refused to attack. 'This was the most unkindest cut of all.'

Marlborough's patience in these conditions is amazing. He had perhaps in the long period during which William had kept him away from his wars acquired the unparalleled self-control which is seen throughout his campaigns. It must also be remembered that he never for an instant forgot the necessity for keeping the allies together. 'If I did not consider the good of the whole before my private concern I ought not to be here,'¹¹ were his words to Godolphin during his trying march to the Moselle in 1701, and for this reason he steadfastly refused to give away the Dutch. 'I must be careful,' he wrote to his wife, 'not to speak all the truth for fear of offending the Dutch, which would give a great advantage to the common enemy.'¹²

The caution of the Dutch deputies might have been justified in 1702 and 1703, before Marlborough had fought a battle and revealed his power, but to treat in this way the victor of Blenheim was an abasement of the Dutch nation, from which for more than a century it did not recover. It was during this campaign that Marlborough wrote his famous letter to the head of the Dutch Government, saying 'It will be impossible to attempt anything considerable with advantage, since councils of war must be called on every occasion, which entirely destroys the secrecy and despatch upon which great undertakings depend.'¹³

¹¹ Cox, i. 228

¹² *Ibid.* i. 319.

¹³ *Ibid.* i. 319

In the winter Marlborough went to Vienna to induce the Emperor to help the Duke of Savoy. The Emperor could do nothing without money. Marlborough promised him a loan of 250,000*l.*, which when he came home he raised in a day. From Vienna Marlborough went to Berlin, where he prevailed upon the King of Prussia to allow his troops to remain in Italy, while on the way home he arranged for 10,000 further German troops to be sent to Italy to reinforce Eugene. He proposed in 1706 to march himself with his British troops to the assistance of Eugene, and failing that to make his long-hoped-for campaign on the Moselle, but the Dutch would not hear of the Italian plan, and refused to send troops to the Moselle, where any campaign was made hopeless by the collapse of the Margrave of Baden in Alsace, so Marlborough led his army out from Maestricht in search of Villeroy, who this time had orders to fight. Marlborough, coming upon him at Ramillies, so crushed the French Army that by one stroke Belgium was recovered. Marlborough would have preferred an invasion from the Moselle, for on the side of Flanders France was still protected by a girdle of fortresses. 'A smaller advantage on the Moselle or the Saar would have brought us right into the middle of France, whereas here, after all, we are surrounded by the enemy's garrisons and strong places.'¹⁴ In the autumn Eugene's victory at Turin drove the French out of Italy. The Emperor cared only for Italy, and could not be induced to make fresh exertions in Germany. The Dutch, thinking, after Ramillies, that their own country was secure, were intent only on obtaining a barrier of fortresses in Flanders. accordingly in 1707 their deputies repeated the performance of 1705 and made it impossible for Marlborough to accomplish anything. Yet he induced Eugene to undertake the long-looked-for invasion of France by marching through Provence to the siege of Toulon, of which the Emperor, by sending half his army to Naples, where there was no enemy to fight, secured the failure.

In 1708 the unpopularity of the Dutch regime in Belgium caused the fortresses of Ghent and Bruges to open their gates to the French, and Vendôme with a large army set about the recovery of Belgium. Marlborough, who had been joined by Eugene but not by Eugene's army, completely defeated Vendôme at Oudenarde, and drove him back to Ghent. Thereupon Marlborough was for invading France, by marching to Abbeville, making that point his sea base and advancing on Paris. But Eugene thought this too bold a course and proposed the siege of Lille, which lasted nearly five months, covered by Marlborough in a long series of the most brilliant operations.

¹⁴ *Mem.* ii. 588.

The rest of the story, which there is no space to tell, is of brilliant generalship thrown away by political ministers, of whom the less said the better. At the end of 1709 the military purpose for which the Grand Alliance had been formed was accomplished. The power of France was broken, and Louis was ready to accept the terms dictated by the allies, terms far more stringent than those which were imposed upon France either in 1811 or in 1815. The military success was complete, and it was substantially Marlborough's work.

It has seemed best to illustrate Marlborough's generalship from campaigns in which he was prevented from carrying out his designs. For, though, on the whole, the outcome of his victories was immense and enduring, and his power of execution therefore beyond doubt, success is not the only criterion of merit. When in 1706 the Prince of Hesse, commanding a force in Italy, wrote to report his repulse at Castiglione, Marlborough replied with characteristic magnanimity. 'The check which you have suffered is something to which all Generals are exposed. War is subject to so many accidents and its issue so uncertain that no judgment is more liable to be mistaken than that which is based on success.' Napoleon was fond of posing as a professor and of laying down and dilating upon 'the principles.' His correspondence has been ransacked for maxims that have been collected as manuals of generalship. Marlborough's correspondence reveals him modest and unassuming. He never lectures. But from time to time he pithily gives the precise motive of his action or explains the action of the enemy or a mistake that he has been unable to prevent. From these passages could be compiled a perfect textbook of what Napoleon called 'the high parts of war.' In it would be found anticipated the best sayings of Napoleon and of Moltke.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that Marlborough's story, told by a writer like Taylor, who explains clearly and simply the meaning of every move, is as well worth reading as any record of later wars. It illuminates the most recent campaigns. Taylor combines with it a striking picture of the political events and intrigues which accompanied Marlborough's rise to power and led to his fall. That Taylor detests the Whigs and deals faithfully with the faults of his friends the Tories, and that he never conceals his likes and dislikes, gives a zest to his writing without lessening its truth. He makes no pretension to be without passion or prejudice. Indeed it was probably his strong sympathies that enabled him to tell the moving tale of the English soldier whose supreme skill and judgment are best revealed in his difficulties, who in spite of all obstacles accomplished the task

to which he had set his hand, and whose recompense for saving his country and Europe was disgrace and obloquy. The greatest of critics thought that tragedy gave a clearer view of the reality of life than history. The story of Marlborough combines them both.

SPENSER WILKINSON

*TANKS IN FUTURE WARFARE*¹

If we examine with some introspection the consequences directly due to the war, we shall find that they may be divided into two categories—the positive and the negative. The first include financial liabilities, commercial instability, and territorial aggrandisement, with their numerous concomitants—variable rates of exchange, increased taxation, inflation of prices, unemployment, and demands for military protection in order to reinstate social stability, particularly in our newly acquired possessions. The second category is less concrete in nature and consequently more difficult to grasp. We know that the world of to-day is not the world of 1913, we know that there has been a change—a change so rapid that we have not been able to fathom it, and not being able to do so, we find difficulty in diagnosing its present direction. But this direction must be discovered, for eventually the future will be based on the present, consequently what is required of us to-day is the materialisation of our visions, to convert them into concrete things which, though they may be still friable in nature, will not be mere phantoms of the imagination. To misquote Shakespeare, we must cease believing that

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded by the Treasury;

for otherwise it certainly will be.

Bearing in mind the above, it is my intention in this article to examine only one factor from amongst this turmoil of factors, namely, the tank, and not from a purely military point of view, as appertaining to land operations only, but from one which will embrace the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force as well, and so weld together the three great Defence Forces of the empire into one elastic organisation. Before I do so I intend, however, to examine the military characteristics which have differentiated the Great War of 1914-1918 from all previous wars. I do this for two reasons

Firstly, if the Great War can be proved radically different from

¹ The author of this article was G S O 1 of the Tank Corps from December 1916 to August 1918

all preceding wars, we shall have a potent weapon at our disposal wherewith to club the reactionaries.

Secondly, in the radical changes themselves—that is, in the differences between the recent war and all previous wars—we may possibly discover a harmony which will lead to a closer co-operation between land, sea and air than has hitherto been possible.

Looking back over the four and a half years of the war one thing is certain—neither the Army, Navy, nor the Air Force of 1918 resembles very closely the Army, Navy and Air Force of 1914, and, accepting inference as a guide, we may postulate that, were it possible for another war on the scale of the last one to be declared to-morrow, and to last for four and a half years, there would be at least as great a difference between the Army, Navy and Air Force of 1925 when compared with those of 1921, as there was between those of 1918 when compared with those of 1914, and in all probability a greater one.

In peace time we cannot expect the rapidity of evolution attainable in war, but we must expect some evolution for stagnation spells death and retrogression—decay. Yet before we can expect this evolution, however slow, we must, as I have already pointed out, discover the differences between 1914 and 1918, and not only discover these differences, which is an easy task, but discover their influences not only on pre-war organisation and equipment, but on pre-war ideas. Concerning this Admiral Mahan has very justly remarked:

The student will observe that changes of tactics have not only taken place *after* changes in weapons, which necessarily is the case, but that the interval between such changes has been unduly long. This doubtless arises from the fact that an improvement of weapons is due to the energy of one or two men, while changes in tactics have to overcome the inertia of a conservative class—but it is a great evil. It can be remedied only by a candid recognition of each change.

Now, though it is easy enough to discover that the main factors which gave to the Great War its differences when compared with previous wars, were, on land—the tank, at sea—the submarine, and in the air—the aeroplane, it is not so easy to arrive at the true influences of these weapons, or rather means of carrying weapons, neither do I intend to attempt such an analysis except in the case of the first, nevertheless it must not be forgotten that the oldest of these weapons, at least in its modern form, namely the submarine, is scarcely twenty years old, and the youngest—the tank—not yet five—consequently it would take a bold man to assert, and probably a very foolish one, that even the wildest statements at present made regarding these new means of movement are impossible. Nothing is impossible, not even a flying battleship which will walk over the Alps and dive to the bottom

of the Atlantic. This is, however, no reason why we should abandon common sense and leap into a land of phantasmagoria; but at any rate let us continue in thought to crawl, we dare not stand still, for standing still is to kill all progress.

A record of what tanks accomplished in the Great War can scarcely be condensed into a few paragraphs, so in place of attempting so unprofitable a task it is my intention to place before the reader certain statistics which, if they do not convince him that the tank is the 'weapon' of the future, may at least raise doubts in his mind as to the present values of the other arms. I will deal with these statistics under the following five headings: (i) Fighting man-power, (ii) manufacturing man-power; (iii) expenditure of money; (iv) economy of transportation; and (v) economy of time; all of which constituted problems of the greatest importance during the recent war.

(i) *Fighting Man-Power* It must generally be agreed that the main use of the soldier in war is that of a weapon-mounting, since in modern warfare the soldier no longer fights with his fists, teeth and feet, consequently one of the big problems in military organisation is to economise man-power without detriment to weapon-power. Let us then compare, in terms of weapon-power, a tank crew with the man-power required by certain of the other arms. A field gun requires 11 men, a machine-gun 6, a trench mortar 5, a fighting aeroplane 2, and a tank machine-gun 1.3.

It may, however, be asserted that this is not a fair comparison and that units in place of crews and teams should be considered. Let us then do so, and we shall find that an Artillery Brigade requires 32.6 men per gun, a Machine-Gun Battalion 14.5 men per machine-gun; a Trench Mortar Battery 6.2 men per trench mortar; a R A F. Wing of four fighting squadrons 5.9 men per machine-gun, and a Tank Battalion 3.07 men per machine-gun or six-pounder.

Casualties are the main reducers of fighting man-power; let us then compare the casualties suffered in battles without tanks with those with them. On the first day of the battle of the Somme, July 1, 1916, when no tanks were used, the casualties were approximately 10,000. On the first day of the battle of Amiens, August 8, 1918, when 115 tanks were used, the casualties were slightly under 1000. Between July and November 1916, the first battle of the Somme, our casualties per square mile of battlefield gained were 5300; during the same months in 1917, at the third battle of Ypres, they were 8200; and during the same period in 1918 they were 83. In the third period alone were tanks used in numbers and efficiently.

It has often been stated that tanks were absolute death-traps; this assertion is not founded on facts; of all arms the Tank Corps

had the lowest percentage of men killed and died to total casualties; here then are the figures: other arms (R.A.S.C. etc.) 27.39; cavalry, 23.33; artillery, 20.37; engineers, 20.35; infantry, 19.96; Machine-Gun Corps, 17.27; and Tank Corps, 12.58. This low figure in killed was not due to the men in the Tank Corps taking part in fewer actions than the other arms; in 1918 few infantrymen led the assault of a pitched battle more than four times, many tank soldiers did so as many as fifteen times. The answer is a simple one—12 mm. of steel plate is a better protection than human skin.

(ii) *Manufacturing Man-Power*.—As regards the tank as a saver of manufacturing man-power many examples could be quoted. I will, however, quote only two: the man-power required to manufacture and handle the shells expended during the preliminary bombardments of the third battle of Ypres, and the man-power required to manufacture the tanks and shells used on the first day of the battle of Cambrai.

At Ypres, in the preliminary bombardments before the opening of the battle, 4,283,550 shells costing 22,000,000*l.* were fired; this cost represents 176,000,000 man-hours at 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour. If these man-hours be now divided by 300 days at 10 hours a day, a very liberal estimate, the number of men required to turn out these shells will be found to be 55,000.

At Cambrai, on the first day of the battle, 378 fighting tanks were used and 293,149 shells were fired, the tanks cost approximately 5000*l.* apiece and the shells 5*l.* Though only 48 tanks were hit on this day let us suppose that all were lost, then the total cost in tanks and shells was 3,350,000*l.* and not 22,000,000*l.*; the saving was, therefore, 18,650,000*l.* or 149,200,000 man-hours, which represents 49,400 men working for 300 days at 10 hours a day at 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour. It might be noted here that 49,400 men represent the personnel of 67 tank battalions; at the battle of Cambrai 9 were used!

(iii) *Expenditure of Money*.—Economy in man-power both fighting and manufacturing is in itself an enormous economy in money; nevertheless, I will now take a more concrete case. During the war on an average a shell cost 5*l.* and a tank 5000*l.*; consequently the cost of one tank was equivalent to the cost of 1000 shells. A shell once fired is totally expended; a tank, accepting a very conservative reckoning, fights four engagements before being wrecked, therefore the cost of one tank is approximately equivalent to that of 250 shells; consequently, had the cost of the 4,283,550 shells, fired in the preliminary bombardments of the third battle of Ypres, been spent on tanks, 17,134 machines could have been produced. At the battle of Amiens, August 8, 1918, which Ludendorff christened 'The black day of the German

Army,' only 415 of these machines were used and with decisive results.

Whether tanks won the war or not is outside the present question, but that they were economical as a means of assisting in winning the war can scarcely be doubted if the items in the expenditure of the Ministry of Munitions for 1917-1918 be examined. The total figure given is 672,161,933*l.* divided into twelve categories; by far the smallest item quoted is for tanks, the cost of which is 9,587,960*l.*; transport vehicles alone cost four times this sum.

(iv) *Economy in Transport.*—As an economy in means of transport I will take as an example the shells expended at the third battle of Ypres during the preliminary bombardments and those fired on the first day of the battle of Cambrai.

At Ypres, the 107,000 tons of shells expended represent: 27 four-thousand ton ship-loads; 540 four-hundred ton train-loads (in England and France), and 35,666 three-ton lorry-loads.

The saving in tonnage for shells at Cambrai when compared with Ypres is 101,269 tons, and if 100,000 tons be deducted for the 378 tanks used on November 20, 1917, a very liberal allowance, a net saving of 300,000 tons is the result.

During the war it was frequently stated that tanks were so extravagant in petrol that shipping could not be found to supply a large force of these machines. What do statistics show? They show that the largest item shipped to France was not shells and ammunition, which totalled 5,500,000 tons, but hay and oats, which totalled 6,000,000, and which exceeded the petrol burnt by all motor vehicles, tanks and aircraft in France by well over 5,000,000 tons. If to these 6,000,000 tons of forage we add the shipping required for forage in other theatres of war and to transport the 1,500,000 horses overseas which were transported, the total tonnage required by horses cannot have fallen short of the total tonnage of British shipping sunk by the German submarines during the war.

(v) *Economy in Time.*—Time is always a vital factor in war, and, from the military point of view, one hour is not 60 minutes, but what is accomplished in 60 minutes, and if, when compared with another, one man can accomplish twice as much in an hour, then he will have 30 minutes start over the other when the second hour's work commences.

Did the tank from the military point of view enable time to be economised? To show that it did I will compare the operations of the summer and autumn of 1917 with those of 1918. At the third battle of Ypres, between July 31 and November 11, 1917, an advance of about 12,000 yards was made; the average daily penetration was, therefore, 110 yards. Between August 8 and

November 11, 1918, an advance of over 60 miles was effected, consequently the average daily penetration was 1100 yards. During the first of these periods the use of tanks was limited, during the second they were used in the van of nearly every attack, and the result was that the military hour was reduced to six minutes; in other words ten times more work was done in the hour when tanks were used than when they were not.

Whether these statistics be considered exaggerated or not, the critic must remember that they have been culled from the history of a machine which of its type can at best be compared to the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* of the American Civil War, and that, as these ancient ironclads have to-day evolved into super-Dreadnoughts, there is no reason why, long before the next sixty years have elapsed, the present-day tank, with its low horse-power and its speed of from five to eight miles an hour, should not evolve into a super-landship. Be this as it may, one thing seems certain—namely, that infantry as foot soldiers, and cavalry as horse soldiers, and horse-drawn artillery, are not likely to increase their efficiency at the same rate as a machine which can add horse-power to horse-power.

To be in a position to appreciate the progress which is likely to be made in future tank design it may be of interest if some of the limitations of the British Mark V tank are here mentioned, as from them will be realised the immense future possibilities which to-day face the tank-designer. The following were the main limitations of this machine which so materially assisted the British Army in 1918

- (i) It was readily bogged on soft ground, the causes being weight, high pressure per square inch, and unsprung tracks
- (ii) Its track grip was often found to be insufficient for climbing slippery slopes without the addition of special spuds.
- (iii) It was defeated by water obstacles in the absence of bridges capable of taking its weight.
- (iv) It possessed a very limited circuit of action, and consumed large quantities of petrol.
- (v) Its overall efficiency was largely bound up in excessive mud constriction in the track chambers, an enormous amount of power being absorbed in churning this mud
- (vi) Its speed was low, a Mark V tank having a maximum speed of five miles per hour
- (vii) Its means of providing vision for its crew were very defective. When topping a rise half the machine was visible to the enemy before anyone inside could see anything of the reverse slope.
- (viii) It was defective in that much of the transmission had a very short life. The whole machine was very costly in spares.

(ix) Its control was defective in that it required great manual effort, thus exhausting the crew.

(x) Its ventilation was very defective, the main reason being that the fighting chamber and the engine room were in one. Fumes from the exhaust contributed to the difficulty.

(xi) Its protection against artillery fire was poor on account of the lack of speed.

Since the Armistice of November 1918, at least three great nations have turned then attention to the improvement of tanks and kindred machines.

In England considerable progress has been made and, as long ago as February 1920, Mr. Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War, informed Parliament of the following developments:

Then there is another aspect of mechanical warfare, I mean *tank warfare*. The most surprising developments in tanks have taken place since the war. I am dealing with the technical and not the tactical aspect. The progress of experiment and design on this and many other fields of war weapons has been unceasing.

There is less difference between the first crude production of a tank in 1915 and the best tank which fought in the Great War than there is between the best tank in the Great War and the tank we have in existence to-day.

By the adoption of springs and other mechanical devices a speed of twenty miles an hour, which is a great deal faster than a foxhound, can be obtained across country and hedges and ditches and so forth, and one thousand miles have been run without any appreciable wear and tear in the gear. This tank, weighing thirty tons, is able to pass over a brick lying on the road without crushing the brick, so delicate is the mechanism. This is a very important point. One of the great difficulties has been in the past the damage to the roads, but these new tanks have a contact with the surface which is so excellent and the weight is so easily distributed that so far from injuring the road it is said they actually improve it.

It was also thought that the heat inside the tank would preclude its use in India and other tropical countries, but I can assure the House that the engines in these new tanks exercise a refrigerating effect, and that consequently the interior will be agreeably cool by comparison with the outer atmosphere.

In France, if we are to believe the newspaper reports, progress has been but slightly less rapid, a water-crossing machine has been built, and some very interesting trials have recently been carried out by the French Automobile Club with the Kegresse tracked motor-car over snow and with a Renault agricultural tractor modified to carry passengers.

In America besides a water-crossing reconnoitring machine and the Christie tank, a machine combining tracks and road wheels, which in a recent trial covered 251 miles in seventeen hours, various gun-carrying machines have been produced, an

interesting account of which appeared in the *Journal of the United States Artillery* for January 1921. Apparently six different types of experimental machines have been built: Mark i for an 8-in. howitzer; Mark ii for 155 mm. gun; Mark iii for a 240 mm. howitzer; Mark iv for a 240 mm. howitzer; Mark vii for a 75 mm. field gun; and a wheeled caterpillar for a 155 mm. gun. The maximum miles per hour of these six machines is as follows: 4.05; 5.40; 4.3; 6.5; 9.5 and 14.75.

Taking into consideration what the tank accomplished during the recent war and what improvements in design are likely to be effected in the near future, it logically follows that we are to-day confronted by a military problem of the first magnitude—namely, should we continue to adhere to an Army based on muscle or should we not re-cast this Army and base it on machinery? We are in fact confronted by the same problem which confronted the Navy during the first sixty years of the last century, and, in my own opinion, there can be little doubt that, as eventually the Navy abandoned sails and took to steam, so will the Army abandon muscle as its motive force and take to petrol.

Before outlining the likelihood of so stupendous a military evolution, let us for a moment glance at our present imperial situation and see if there are any factors which are likely to demand such a change.

We are to-day confronted by what I will call two key problems: how commercially to recover from the ruinous cost of the war, and how militarily to secure our empire against disorder and to guarantee a state of peacefulness now so necessary to our general recuperation.

The first problem is one of the creation of wealth and the making good of five years' deficit. Every great advance in commerce has been initiated by a new or improved means of movement, such as the invention of the wheel, boat, sail and the steam engine. On land the wheel, moving either on road or rail, has made civilisation what it is to-day. It possesses, however, one serious limitation—it demands a road or railway for its free movement, and both are expensive items which our present impoverished condition does not permit us to entertain.

To-day we possess more undeveloped country than any nation has ever possessed before (except perhaps for Russia), and we cannot develop it until we can move over it. It would appear, therefore, that the only economical solution to this problem is to be sought for in a commercial cross-country tractor which in countries such as East Africa, Canada, Mesopotamia and elsewhere will enable large tracts of virgin country to be exploited which to-day are unremunerative because of their distance from the railway. If this solution be the correct one, civil cross-country

traffic will give an enormous impetus to the mechanicalisation of the Army.

As regards the second problem, which is virtually one of securing our commerce in non-European and undeveloped countries, we possess an Army which is no larger than our Army of 1913, our military liabilities have increased and the whole world is still in a turmoil. We cannot increase the number of our troops, for the cost of such an increase is prohibitive; but if by mechanicalising our Army we double its speed of movement we can indirectly halve the size of the territories it is called upon to safeguard. There is only one practical method of accomplishing this—the cross-country tractor which, moving at an average speed of eight or ten miles an hour, can cover in a day three to four times as much ground as an infantryman can on his feet.

We thus see that our present imperial problem, the re-creation of prosperity and its security, demands a radical change in both our civil and military means of movement.

To most of us any idea of change from methods we have become accustomed to is abhorrent. Gunpowder, stage coaches, steam power, steamships, locomotives, rifles, breechloading guns, motor-cars, aeroplanes, tanks etc. etc., have all in their day met with strong opposition, and the stronger it has been the more certain has been the change. In fact it seems almost to be a law of Providence that all great revolutionary ideas or thoughts must pass through the fire of prejudice before they are refined into practical realities.

If the mechanicalisation of the Army be not voluntarily initiated by soldiers, it will be forced upon them by force of circumstances. Necessity will first of all compel us to mechanicalise the whole of our supply services and guns because horses of the right stamp are becoming unobtainable. As wheels will seldom carry lorries across country, tracks will be used. Necessity will then compel us to mechanicalise our machine-guns and infantry, and eventually out of great numbers of small mechanically propelled landcraft will emerge the battle fleets of future land wars, the component units of which will be as different from the tanks of to-day as the *Hood* and *Queen Elizabeth* are different from the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*.

It is, however, not my intention in this present article to speculate regarding a distant future: in place I intend laying before the reader certain possibilities which may help us to solve our immediate problem and those which are likely to confront us within the next few years.

Before the outbreak of the war our Defence Forces consisted of a Navy and an Army; the former was organised for war and its strength was based on the principle of two keels to one; the latter

was organised for peace and it was based on no military principle whatsoever. The Expeditionary Force consisted of 6 Divisions, not because the number six denoted any military value, but because the normal unemployment in the United Kingdom provided some 30,000 men annually who on a 7 years enlistment enabled 6 Divisions to be maintained.

Before 1914, between our war-organised Fleet and our peace-organised Army there was but little co-operation, and to-day this state continues; further to-day to the two pre-war Defence Forces we must add a third—the Royal Air Force with which, from both a naval and a military point of view, there is at present but an attenuated co-operation.

Co-operation simply means working together, or combining each other's powers to work, so that the maximum result may be obtained from the minimum effort. There are two factors which must here be considered—firstly the knowledge of each other's limitations, and secondly the harmonisation of each other's differences. Let us now consider these two factors from the point of view of movement, offensive power and means of protection, the three material elements which build up the compound called tactics.

Military Limitations—Strategically an army is based on the locomotive and steamship, tactically on human and animal muscle. The result of this is that though the former enables vast quantities of men to be concentrated in a theatre of operations, the latter restricts their movement in direct proportion to the size of the masses concentrated. Further, that as all movement of supplies is by road and rail, an army in the field virtually possesses but a one-dimensional power of movement, it can move up and down roads but it can seldom move away from them.

As regards its offensive power this is limited to the carrying powers of man and horse, and, as these cannot be increased, all radical changes in the power of weapons are strictly limited. The same difficulty applies to protection. The soldier can protect himself indirectly by his weapons and directly by seeking cover by ground, but direct protection by armour he cannot carry, neither can infantry and artillery fire whilst in movement, in fact muscular limitations are the keystone to nearly all our tactical difficulties which, in bulk, render an army the most complex of all fighting organisations.

Naval Limitations—Since the sails of war-ships were replaced by steam power, naval strategy and tactics have been based on a common motive force which has rendered the movement of fleets two-dimensional, that is to say ships can move in any direction on a plane surface—the sea, further than this, certain vessels can submerge and so possess a third-dimensional power of movement,

which enables them to seek protection by water as the soldier on land seeks protection by ground. Of all fighting vehicles or weapon-mountings, ships can carry the most powerful weapons and the heaviest armour. The main limitation of the ship is that she cannot leave the water and that as human beings do not live on water they (normally) must be defeated on land.

Air Force Limitations.—The aeroplane possesses a three-dimensional power of movement and enormous speed. Its main limitation is its inability to remain static in the air. The force of gravity is its enemy which compels it to remain in perpetual motion, which reduces its power of carrying weapons of heavy calibre and restricts its protection by armour. The air offers it no protection as water does to the submarine or earth to the soldier; further than this, when at rest on land or water its powers of self-protection are small.

The Harmonisation of the differences.—Accepting these limitations and many others which space does not permit our examining, their ideal harmonisation would appear to lie in a submersible battleship which can fly through the air and move over the land. Such a vessel, though not totally impracticable, would, if built to-day, be a worthless monstrosity possessing but the minimum power of each arm represented by it, certainly of sea and air, and so would be easily defeated in these two elements. Let us, however, accept it as an ultimate goal which possibly may some day be reached and see what our immediate steps should be in order to attain it.

Our first difficulty is one of movement. A fleet which possesses command of the sea can normally steam to any point on an enemy's coast line and effect a surprise before a land force can be assembled to meet it, and this will remain good in spite of the aeroplane for though the aeroplane may warn the enemy that a fleet is approaching a certain area of the coast it will be difficult to say for certain opposite what point this fleet will anchor.

On arriving at the point selected the difficulty begins: the ships cannot crawl on to the land, and the military forces to be landed cannot swim to the shore, and because of these limitations the means adopted to transfer a muscularly organised army from mechanically propelled ships is little superior to those used by Julius Caesar, and even more difficult, for his triremes drew very little water. The result of this in the past has frequently been (and in the future will be more so, if the present military organisation be maintained) that all surprise is lost and that before the army landed can move forward it will be confronted by an enemy in superior strength.

Let us now turn to the tank. I have already mentioned that a floatable machine has been constructed, and though this may

still be very imperfect in nature, there is no reason to doubt that, in a few years time, a trustworthy one will be produced. From our floating mechanical base, our ships, we launch our floating mechanical army. This force propels itself ashore, crawls up the beach and in place of converting it into Epsom Downs on a Derby morning, it moves straight inland at a speed of ten miles an hour, and within twenty-four hours of landing is 150 miles within the enemy's territories. Freed from railways, and let us suppose possessing one week's radius of action, it can spread havoc in the enemy's country, and, when threatened by a superior force, it can make for the coast line, possibly several hundred miles away from its original point of landing, swim out to the fleet and re-embark.

Let us visualise three or four such forces operating at different points against an enemy, and some picture may be formed of the confusion resulting. Then let us suppose that whilst these raiding forces are disorganising the enemy's army, plans and command, as the Vikings disorganised half Europe a thousand years ago, a determined invasion is launched at some vital point, it will be a difficult operation for the enemy to collect his disintegrated forces and to meet it, even if these forces be mechanical.

For us *the whole* of such an operation depends on sea-power, the only difference when compared with the past being, that whilst formerly an army, using muscle as its motive force, could seldom make good what the navy rendered possible, a mechanical army can make it good: it can take advantage of a naval surprise and accentuate this advantage by the speed with which it moves inland.

Let us now turn to the aeroplane and continue our speculations. To-day, if an army were landed on an enemy's coast, even if it were but slightly opposed, its progress inland would be very slow. From it aeroplanes would operate forward, but being unable to rest in the air or to seek rest on the ground within the enemy's country, they would have to return to their all but static base. Now in place of a static base let us picture a mechanical army moving forward at 100 to 150 miles a day, and we shall at once realise what influence such a possibility will have on the aeroplane. It will possess a moving haven of refuge behind it: it will no longer be necessary for it to return the whole way home, it will be endowed with a greater liberty of action than is possible to-day; in fact, just as a mechanical army can take fuller advantage of naval power than a muscular one, so will the aeroplane be able to take a fuller advantage of the power of a mechanical army than it can possibly take in the case of one which for its movement is dependent on human horse-power.

Accepting the above speculations as possible, what have we accomplished? True, we have not reached our ideal—a submarine battleship which can fly and crawl, but by mechanicalising the Army, the only remaining Service dependent on muscle as a means of movement, we have linked the three Services closer together and have enabled co-operation between them to become more effective, not only by increasing the speed of the land forces but by freeing them from the shackles of roads and rails and so endowing them with a two-dimensional power of movement.

The tank and its progeny, which latter may take many forms ranging from quite small craft equipped with machine-guns to others carrying the heaviest ordnance, must and will modify our present strategical and tactical doctrines, not only as regards the Army itself but as regards the Navy and Air Force as well. To-day not only are the Services living in three separated thought-tight compartments but each Service is struggling with its neighbour to obtain preferential treatment. They are in fact cutting each other's throats, not that the fittest may survive, for all three are immortal, but so that each individually may obtain the biggest slice out of the Treasury cake. This state of affairs will continue until we have created a body of men who can think in terms of Grand Strategy, the combined use of the three Services in place of their individual employment. This means the fusion of military thought, in the widest meaning of the word military, in one brain, which will not think of the Army without thinking of the Navy, and will not think of either without thinking of the Air Force, and which further will know what science and industry are accomplishing in civil life, what politics require, and how to fit all these factors together so that a complete picture may be formed of the necessities and requirements of the next war.

When thinking out these requirements, we must maintain a just balance between the ideal we should aim at and the means at our disposal. Our means are our present-day Army, Navy and Air Force, our material resources, our national income and our man-power, and as a revolution in our military organisation is likely to end in chaos, we should, in place, seek to attain our goal through a steady evolution.

Considering the Army alone, this evolution from a muscular to a mechanical basis should, I consider, be attempted in three definite stages:

(i) The replacement of wheeled supply vehicles by cross-country tractors.

(ii) The assistance of present-day arms by mechanicalising their local transport.

(iii) The gradual replacement of the existing organisation by one based on mechanical movement generally.

As regards the first : a problem which has constantly perplexed commanders in the field is that of the tactical deployment from column of march. Hitherto marches have, normally, been carried out by road, not so much because roads provide the easiest marching surfaces, but because the fighting troops depend for their sustenance on their supply wagons and lorries, and, as these can seldom leave the roads, where they go the troops must follow or precede. Even in spite of this, all immediate necessities have to be carried on the man himself. The result of this to-day is, that a single division marching on one road will require the best part of a day to deploy and, on account of the 60 lb. of equipment carried on the man, the troops composing it are normally an exhausted force on the completion of this manoeuvre. If, now, we replace the existing wheeled vehicles by cross-country tractors, not only will the length of the road columns be reduced but these vehicles can, when required, move off the roads and so free them to the troops. Further, they can follow the troops when deployed and so obviate the present necessity of closing in on roads at the completion of an action.

As regards the second, the assistance of present-day arms, this constitutes a problem which has vexed the minds of Generals quite as persistently as the above one. It pivots on the carriage of necessary fighting equipment and ammunition. Sixty pounds of equipment is not an economic load for a man to carry, and it can never be made an economic load, because human muscular endurance is constant. Further, as warfare evolves, necessities multiply, so much so that, in the recent war, the total weight carried by an infantryman frequently rose to over 70 lb. in dry weather, increasing to even 100 lb. in wet. Such weights as these limit the effective radius of action of the infantry soldier to a few miles. Besides equipment, the rate of fire of automatic weapons—light and heavy machine-guns—demands vast supplies of ammunition : if carried on the man he ceases to be a fighter and becomes but the supplier of another. For one light machine-gun at least four ammunition carriers are required in action, consequently in place of being a one-man weapon its utility depends on five. If now we supply every platoon of men with one supply tractor and one or two ammunition tractors, not only shall we be able to reduce the weight carried on the foot-soldier by at least 20 lb. when in action and 30 lb. when on the line of march, but we shall be able to increase the number of automatic weapons carried and so vastly increase the fighting power of the infantry.

As regards the third, the replacement of the existing organisation by a more mobile one, its evolution cannot be other than a gradual one. The artillery horse will by degrees give way to the tractor, which will not only transport field and heavier guns but

will enable greater quantities of ammunition to be carried than is possible at present. The tank from its position amongst the army troops will, I consider, be called upon to work in closer and closer co-operation with the infantry, as these will require all the protection it can afford them on account of the ever-increasing number of machine-guns rendered possible by cross-country tractors. From army troops the first step, therefore, is likely to be that of divisional troops, and then, as the machine becomes simpler in design, we may expect to see companies of tanks attached to infantry battalions and eventually platoons of tanks to companies. Later on, if the tank follows in the evolutionary footsteps of the arquebus, musket and rifle, these platoons will grow in strength until the infantry personnel in them will become too small to operate effectively with the mechanical elements. Should such an evolution take place we may expect to see the future battalion represented by three or four tank companies, equipped with one or more types of machines, and one company of mechanically transported infantry.

The above speculations ultimately lead us to an important question which is likely to be hotly debated in the near future. This is the question of man-power and its place in future wars. In the past, man-power has been one of the deciding factors in war, as one man has normally meant one weapon. As it is by means of weapons that blows are given, the more men a nation could put into the field the more weapons could the commander of its army concentrate at the decisive point. Similarly with tanks, it has, quite logically, been urged that, if both sides possess machines of equal power, the side which can maintain the greatest number of tanks in the theatre of war will stand the best chance of winning.²

This contention is not disputed, for its correctness is apparent. The tank in itself is not an economiser of men as men, save in the sense that in battle it protects the soldier better than he can be protected if equipped as an infantryman or trooper of to-day; but it is an economiser of human energy, for it enables a man's powers to be expended at a higher profit.

In peace time the size of an army is ultimately limited, certainly in civilised states, by the percentage of the national income which can economically be expended on the defence forces as an insurance against war. Supposing that £x is the sum allotted for the cost of the Army, then the object of the military authorities

² It should be noted here that the greatest number of tanks need not necessarily be produced by the country possessing the largest population, but rather by the country possessing the superior means of production. Whilst most countries, whatever be their population, can turn out rifles and ammunition rapidly, comparatively only a few possess extensive means of manufacturing all the components of tanks in bulk.

is to obtain from this money, which is largely expended on personnel, the highest rate of interest in terms of efficiency. If, in a present-day army, this efficiency be represented by y , then the deductions, already drawn from the statistics of the recent war, point to the likelihood of the efficiency of a mechanical army being greater than y . I will assume that this efficiency is $5y$. Then it would appear that, if we leave out of our account the initial cost of the machines themselves, a mechanical army costing £ g could replace a present-day army costing £ x . Consequently, that £ $x - \frac{1}{5}$ will be saved and many thousands of men released for civil employment. This is, however, only true in so far as the shock of battle, fighting efficiency, is concerned. It is nevertheless not true when it is realised that wars are not only made up of battles but include besides the occupation of conquered territories, the garrisoning of defence works, and the supply, repair and training organisations of the fighting troops themselves, the importance of which is likely to grow in direct proportion as the mechanicalisation of armies renders these armies more and more mobile.

We thus find that probably the most difficult problem which, sooner or later, will face the General Staffs of all civilised armies is not the obtaining of increased fighting efficiency out of the sum allotted to them for the personnel they control, but how to divide this sum between the mechanical arms and their administrative services. It is unlikely that this problem will be successfully solved by a hasty change over urged so frequently by newspaper economists. That it will be solved is a certainty, unless wars cease their troubling, and that the most efficient solution to be sought for is, not to turn the present military organisation upside down but, to evolve from out it, as rapidly as is compatible with the general education of all ranks in the changes in tactics, training and administration which will be demanded, the army of the future. Not an army of machines, but still as ever an army of men, men cunning and skilled in the use of machinery to move them, to protect them, to supply them and to carry for them weapons of increased effect, in order that they may safeguard and enforce that 'will to win' which, as heretofore, must remain the driving power behind every battle.

J. F. C. FULLER

FAIR PLAY FOR INDIA

It is an unfortunate characteristic of our English methods and practice that criticism of ourselves, our civilisation and our achievements attains to a prominence which may be—and often is—seriously misleading to our friends as well as to our enemies. This habit of self-deprecation may have intrinsic merits which do not appear on the surface; it may even be a sign of inner grace; but there are times and seasons when it is not only inapposite but may be positively dangerous. The recent eruption of public meetings, speeches and articles upon the subject of India seems to be peculiarly inopportune, and it may not be out of place to suggest reasons why, in the interests of ordinary fair play (a consideration which is supposed to weigh with us), it would be more decent, as well as more politic, to exercise a measure of reticence in regard to our great Indian Dependency at the present critical juncture. We have surely got away from the tradition of publicity on the occasion of the birth of a royal child, and still further behind us is the fairy-tale practice of assembling the good and the wicked godmothers round the unfortunate bantling's cradle for the purpose of noisy discussion of, and fatuous promises and prophecies as to, the future career of the infant. The publicity which attended the lyings-in of the great in former days may have had its justification, but it can never by any possibility have furthered the development and healthy growth of the child, while it unquestionably imperilled the welfare of the mother. Yet I suggest that there is a real analogy between the obsolete and pernicious practices of the past in regard to childbirth and what is happening in relation to the birth of democratic political institutions in India.

Recent writings and more recent public utterances on the subject, emanating exclusively from those who criticise or condemn the political changes inaugurated in India, fall into two categories. They are either articles signed or speeches made by responsible persons whose names are in many cases a guarantee that they have some real knowledge of the subject, even if that knowledge be seriously out of date, or they are anonymous contributions which leave it in doubt how far the authors are qualified to instruct English opinion at all. As a rule, the former are the sober expression of views based on experience, more or less recent,

gained in actual administration in one or more provinces of the Indian Empire. Such utterances, whether the moment is opportune or not for their publication, are entitled to all respect, especially in so far as they deal with facts, historical, sociological or statistical, within the knowledge and experience of the writers; and they are of real value in the formation of an intelligent public opinion of this country. But what can be said of those anonymous contributions, purporting to come from writers of wide knowledge and experience, which, while claiming acquaintance with the conditions, give neither chapter nor verse for their statements, and content themselves with Cassandra-like predictions of the future based on a partial and biased presentment of facts? If the public in England were better informed generally regarding Indian conditions such articles would have little potentiality for harm in this country, though they would still be actively injurious in India; but, since intelligent appreciation of Indian problems of administration is of necessity restricted to the very few, articles of the type referred to are dangerously misleading to the general public in England and positively harmful in their effect upon the mind and attitude towards us of informed public opinion in India.

It is worth while to take a concrete case in order to substantiate the point. In an anonymous article recently published occurs the statement that the only bond of unity between Mahomedans and Hindus is a 'common hatred of Britain'. Such a statement can only be described as grossly inaccurate if the writer intends to convey the suggestion that there exists in India a 'common hatred of Britain'. The suggestion is refuted by the writer himself who quotes from his own Indian correspondents; but it is mischievous in the extreme to propagate an impression so wide of the truth. The writer would probably reply that all he wished to convey was that a common hatred of Britain was the only bond which united the extreme revolutionaries. But if he had paused to reflect he would have realised that the statement, as it appears in his article, was bound to convey, as I know for a fact that it has conveyed, to his readers the false impression that there exists among Indians, whether Hindus or Mahomedans, a common hatred of Britain. It is of importance that such a mistaken impression should be corrected.

The author of the article in question goes on to state that 'each caste' in India is now 'more exclusive than ever before'. His anonymity makes it difficult to know upon what basis of knowledge or experience he builds his generalities. I can, however, state from my own personal knowledge that the statement is not correct. It is true that subdivisions of caste do take place to-day, as they have been taking place during thousands of years past; but the social and religious barriers between such minor sub-

divisions, as also between the great fundamental divisions of the Vedas, tend daily to become lower.

The general statement is then made that 'no one thinks of the general weal.' This is simply grotesque to anyone who has a wide acquaintance among Indian gentlemen in different provinces in India. The writer, presumably, has no knowledge of the brotherhood of workers known as the 'Servants of India,' and has never heard of the philanthropic work being done in many of the larger cities of India through purely indigenous organisations, such, for example, as the 'Debt Redemption Committees' of Bombay, with which I had the privilege of coming into contact. I know also more than one body of devoted workers in the field of charity and education in Calcutta of whom it is obvious that the writer knows nothing. One is compelled also to assume that he is not personally acquainted with the distinguished moderate politicians all over India, many of whom have sacrificed money and friends in their devotion to a cause.

Further on the article informs English readers that India never felt the war, was not interested in it, and contributed, relatively to her population, a ridiculously small quota of troops. A more unfair or ungenerous statement it is difficult to imagine. If there is to be criticism of the effort of the British Government in India on this score let this be expressed clearly—for India's contribution (necessarily, having regard to the system of government prevailing at the time) depended not upon India's express or implied interest in, or zeal for, the Allied and British cause, but entirely upon the means adopted by the Government for propagating and explaining the cause for which we were fighting and for enlisting recruits. In October 1914 India was denuded of her best Indian troops. Recruiting was speeded up, but was still, until three years later, organised and conducted by Army Headquarters in accordance with the ordinary standardised methods. It was not until 1917 that an effort was made to explain the Empire's needs, to utilise civil agency and widely to expand recruiting. The figures relevant to a judgment upon India's participation in the war have been published widely; and the following summary will surprise those who may have accepted as correct the statement I have quoted:

Indian combatant <i>personnel</i> in August 1914 (including reservists)	193,253
Indian combatant <i>personnel</i> on November 1, 1918	550,311
Indian combatant <i>personnel</i> sent overseas during the period of the war	552,339
Indian non-combatant <i>personnel</i> sent overseas during the war	391,033
Indian combatants recruited during the war	836,868
Indian non-combatants recruited during the war	445,592
Total recruitment during the war	1,282,460

It has seemed worth while to analyse one article selected from the anonymous category, not only because the particular article purported to be written by one having long experience of a province of India, but also, and chiefly, because it is typical of so much partially informed comment that is being poured out for English consumption, apparently with the astonishing object of antagonising Great Britain and India at the very time when the most momentous experiment ever attempted, which depends for its success upon the cultivation of the most friendly relations between British and Indians, has been launched with the sanction of Parliament. One is justified in assuming, indeed one is compelled to assume, that this is the object of a writer such as the author of the article from which I have quoted, who goes out of his way to make such statements as that 'truth can hardly be found in any Indian,' that 'bribery is almost universal,' and that Indians should continue to be treated 'as the children they are.' Everyone is entitled to his own opinion regarding the probable results of the great experiment recently inaugurated by the Duke of Connaught; but it is questionable whether any of us who have served the Crown in India, and whose words may be taken by the less well-informed English reader as possessing some title to authority, has any right to propagate statements, unsupported by statistics, which may prove not to be true of India as a whole, and which in any case must cause the gravest offence to all Indians and a most serious embarrassment to those who are endeavouring loyally to carry to a successful issue the scheme of administration embodied in the Government of India Act of 1919. Where, as in this matter of the Indian Reforms, so much has been said and written, not only in India but in England, between the years 1917 and 1919, it may seem absurd to suppose that ample opportunity has not been given to the average Englishman to appreciate both the circumstances which led to the proposed changes and the nature of the changes themselves; yet it may not be altogether superfluous to attempt to summarise the course of events, to endeavour to set forth impartially, and as briefly as possible, the considerations which led to what formed the basis of the Government of India Act, and to point to certain factors which give ground for hoping that the prophets of evil, of whom there is always an abundance, may be untroubled in their predictions.

From the year 1858 onwards, England, in all her pronouncements in regard to India, has always given more or less explicit expression to the great ideal which in theory underlies all her own institution, namely, the principle of government for the people by the people. The great aim of fitting Indians to administer their own affairs, to have an equal opportunity to share

with Europeans in all offices under the Crown, and to manage local business by themselves, has been the burthen of our declarations ever since Queen Victoria's Proclamation. Haltingly and, as Indians naturally think, too slowly, we have nevertheless steadily advanced along the path thus indicated. The years 1872, and, more definitely, 1881-5, saw the foundation laid of a scheme of indigenous administration of local and municipal affairs. The success achieved, greatest perhaps in Madras, varied enormously in the different provinces. Concurrently with this measure, which was designed to foster and develop an intelligent interest in local politics and in the promotion of local primary education, tentative steps were taken in the direction of converting the councils for legislation into fully deliberative bodies in the major provinces of India. The year 1892 marked the first step in the direction of securing some reality of representation of local interests upon those Councils; and this was followed by the Morley-Minto reforms under which, while retaining, in most provinces, an official, or at least nominated, majority of members on the Councils, a genuine attempt was made to secure the representation, through election by constituencies, of all the more important interests, agricultural, landowning, trade, professional and commercial.

Now it is obvious that the creation of Legislative Assemblies in which, while all interests were represented by a system of *quasi*-popular election, the power remained solely in the hands of the executive, was bound sooner or later to lead to discontent and agitation. We Englishmen should be the last to complain of this, so long as the agitation was conducted along constitutional lines. And, to India's credit be it said, the agitation was for the most part conducted upon such lines. The complaint, so often heard, that none of these successive 'concessions' has brought complete satisfaction or put an end to agitation is surely based upon the assumption that Indians ought to be different from all other races, and particularly from ourselves. It is, of course, a matter of universal experience that the spread of education, the evolution of industrial prosperity and the expansion of democratic institutions tend to increase discontent and social unrest, though in process of time they may guide those developments into more reasonable and better-informed channels. Therefore, when, after some ten years' experience of a system in which popular representatives could influence, but could not determine, policy, and found themselves divorced altogether from any responsibility in the face of a solid official majority, there grew up a spirit of healthy discontent and a cry for reform, such a result was not only reasonable but might have been—and, indeed, by a few people was—foreseen. That spirit and the agitation for a further step forward began to manifest themselves about 1912, and, but for

the outbreak of war in 1914, would have bulked far more prominently in the English press than in fact they did. Lord Hardinge's Government, however, and more than one of the provincial administrations, were fully alive to the importance and reality of, and appreciated the justification for, the movement; and one of the last of Lord Hardinge's acts was to draw up a Memorandum giving expression to his views as to the need for a revision and expansion on a more liberal basis of India's political institutions. The deliberations which ensued, in consultation with all those qualified to express an informed opinion, resulted in due course in the pronouncement of His Majesty's Government of August 1917, and that pronouncement formed the text upon which Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford built up their Report. What, however, is not so well known in England is the pains that were taken to explore every possible alternative avenue leading to the goal expressed in the pronouncement, the crux of which, for present purposes, was the declaration that representative institutions must be invested with responsibility, and that any scheme of reform must provide for the *progressive* development of responsibility. No one concerned in the deliberations liked what has come to be known as dyarchy, but it proved to be beyond the wit both of those in India who examined the matter and of the Select Committee of both Houses of Parliament who went over the same ground with such care in 1919, to find any alternative to a scheme under which some departments of the administration should be made over to ministers responsible to the elected local parliaments while others continued to be reserved to the bureaucracy, responsible ultimately to the British Parliament. And it is important to add that the many critics of the scheme of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report have completely failed to make any constructive suggestions for an alternative which will comply with the conditions required either by the declaration of August 1917 or the circumstances of the case.

Attacks upon the new scheme of administration, so recently inaugurated by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, are usually upon the lines that India, apart from the very small number of educated politicians--the *intelligentsia*--is not fit to administer any of her own affairs; that our duty of protecting the millions of the uneducated comes before any obligation to experiment in the delegation of authority to the educated few; and that such delegation must inevitably result in the sacrifice of the vital interests of the many to the vested aristocratic interests of those who, by caste, by education, or by opportunity have inherited or acquired an advantage. Now my aim is not to arouse or prolong controversy, but to urge that a halt should be called to the unprofitable kind of criticism which can only result in the exacerbation of racial feeling.

It would be quite possible, for example, to contend that the percentage of the educated in India is not, having regard to all the circumstances, so much lower than it was in England in 1832 as to justify the first contention, while it would be unanswerable to reply, as regards constituencies, that these, under the new Indian constitution, compare favourably with many of the English constituencies in the pre-Reform days. Again, if mere dialectics were my object I could point to the results of the first elections in Madras, where three non-Brahmin ministers have come into power, in refutation of the prediction that the *intelligentsia* (which, in India, more or less connotes the caste of Brahmins) must inevitably dominate the political situation to the detriment of the lower castes and the millions of toiling ryots. It seems to me, however, that all lines of criticism, whether emanating from the responsible or the irresponsible, come down to the postulate that a democratic form of constitution is unsuited to a country peopled, as is India, by heterogeneous races, speaking diverse languages, and permeated by a social system, based on religious sanctions, of the most rigorously aristocratic character. Let us assume for a moment that this is so; but in that case ought we not to have realised the fact 70 years ago, and moulded our policy honestly in accordance therewith? Instead of doing this we have, for three generations, set before Indians and ourselves the goal of self-government for India, and we have mortgaged our right to the contention that India's form of civilisation and her social system are unsuited to self-government. I, for one, decline to accept as justified the only logical verdict upon our conduct in the past if that contention be pleaded now. It is the simple fact, as well as our sole justification, that we have honestly set before ourselves for India the same ideal as animates us at home and abroad—the dissemination of liberty; and the only road which we know of as leading thither is the road—the gradually widening road—of democratic institutions by which we ourselves have travelled. I am confident that not one of those who assisted at the deliberations which led to the plan of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report would have claimed either that our road was wholly adapted to Indian conditions, or that the avenue which was carved out in that Report to lead to the road was the result of a God-granted inspiration, or was necessarily in all respects suited to the complexities of the Indian cosmogony. All that is claimed is that we have preached an ideal; that we have made promises in good faith; that we must honour our undertakings on the only plan of which we have experience; and all that is now asked for is fair play.

It may well be doubted whether here in England we realise in the remotest degree the effect in India of utterances whether

by responsible statesmen or irresponsible writers in the Press ; but there is the counterpart of the news published in England regarding India which will illustrate the point. Naturally the news which is telegraphed home regarding India relates to those isolated instances of disorder, or those specially remarkable utterances, which take place from time to time. Of the *vis inertiae* and peaceful pursuance by the vast mass of the population of their daily avocations, and of the continuing confidence between the British and the Indian, we hear nothing. The result is, even in relatively well-informed English circles, a wholly distorted impression of the realities of the Indian situation. It should, then, be easy to picture the exaggerated effect upon literate India of articles and speeches such as those to which I have referred, and the even more disastrous result of ill-considered utterances in Parliament. These are telegraphed out to India ; with the result that what passes in England as unimportant, or wholly without notice, is presented to Indian readers as though it were matter in the forefront of English news. What is perhaps in reality an incident of parliamentary or party tactics is magnified into being the view universally held in England of Indian politicians or India's political goal. If only speakers and writers would weigh their utterances in the scale of their effect in India, one of the chief difficulties in the way of the British administrator in India would be removed.

I have incidentally appealed to the British spirit of fair play, and there are at the present juncture special reasons for invoking it. The administration which, rightly or wrongly, mistakenly or wisely, has endeavoured to forge an instrument for the honouring of Great Britain's explicit undertakings to India, has vacated office, and Lord Reading has taken over the reins of the Viceroyalty from Lord Chelmsford. Lord Reading will find that the newly constituted legislative bodies, under the influence of the moderate politicians, have begun on the whole well, and have shown in many directions a striking appreciation of the responsibilities which have devolved upon them. The new Legislative Assembly at Delhi has passed resolutions which will greatly strengthen the hands of the administration, and has taken a line, for example in regard to the Esher Committee's Report, which has the cordial endorsement of every British official. There will be found many directions in which British official opinion, hitherto muzzled by bureaucratic control, will gladly range itself by the side of Indian political sentiment, and new points of friendly contact cannot fail to create a closer understanding and to dissipate or weaken the efforts of those who have made it their business to arouse racial sentiment.

An example of restraint should, however, be set by Parliament and by public men if there is to be any hope that a truce is to be called to nagging and bitter criticism. Parliament has set up the Indian parliaments and has devolved upon them a measure of responsibility. That responsibility can only be fairly discharged if a fair trial be given. One of the incidents of the new system is the administration of those departments which have been transferred by ministers responsible to the assemblies. It should be obvious to those familiar with parliamentary practice that the ministry must be able to command a majority in the chamber, and that, consequently, the selection of ministers must be made from among those who can command the necessary support. Any person eligible, under the law, to the assembly is qualified to become a minister. If a previous conviction for a criminal offence does not disqualify for membership of the assembly neither can it disqualify for the ministry. What good purpose—what sane purpose—can be served by personal attacks on ministers called to carry on the King's government in accordance with the new order of things? What would be said of similar attacks upon ministers in the Dominions?

The nearest analogy to the great experiment now in progress in India is perhaps the creation of the Union of South Africa. There were not lacking then the same jeremiads that are uttered to day about India. There the difficulties and complexities surrounding the venture are infinitely greater than those touching South Africa, and if success is to crown the scheme patience and tolerance are essential. There is something larger in the problem than a question of material Imperialism. There is the question whether England in this great venture is going to be true to her own ideals, or whether, on *a priori* arguments, she is going to render their realisation impossible.

CLAUDE H. HILL.

THE ASIATIC INVASION OF SOUTH AFRICA

THE Asiatic Enquiry Commission, appointed by the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa on the 3rd of February 1920, presented its report at the opening of Parliament early in 1921.

The terms of reference were : To inquire into, and report on, the provisions of the law affecting (a) the acquisition of land and rights affecting land in the Union by Asiatics and persons of Asiatic descent, for trading and other purposes ; (b) the trading and carrying on of business by such persons generally or in specified localities ; and further to report whether it is in the public interest to alter the law in any respect, and to make recommendations with regard to any difficulties and grievances which have arisen in regard to matters (a) and (b).

At the opening of Parliament the Report was strongly criticised in the House of Assembly for its weakness, but no discussion of a constructive character took place ; on a subsequent occasion, in reply to a question, it was stated on behalf of the Government that this difficult subject would be dealt with during the following session by a Bill.

Further debates took place on May 3 and May 12 on the motion of Mr. Marwick, a Natal member, asking the Government to allot to the Asiatic community separate and distinct areas. Further discussion of this subject will be found later on.

In the meantime, pending the production of the Government Bill, it is realised that the issues which are at stake are so momentous, and the decisions which may be arrived at so far-reaching in their consequences, that it will require not only the highest statesmanship on the part of the Union Government, but also the whole-hearted support of the white community in South Africa, as well as the moral sanction of the British Empire throughout the world, if the burning controversies which have been steadily gaining strength and bitterness during the last twenty years are to be finally disposed of and laid to rest.

The Commissioners remark at the end of their Report, before summarising their recommendations :

It would be vain to expect that the recommendations which we have made will satisfy either the Asiatic community as a whole, or their opponents among the European population; but it is hoped that they will meet with approval from moderate and reasonable men of both races who are willing to be guided by a calm consideration of the facts and circumstances connected with this most difficult problem.

The immigration of Indians commenced in 1860, and originated in the introduction of indentured Indian labour into Natal for the development of the industries of the Colony: these Indians were recruited in Madras and Upper India from the agricultural labourers or coolie class. On the completion of their indentures many of these Indians remained in the Colony and settled on the land, while a considerable number took to other avocations and began to compete more and more seriously, as time went on, with the white man, in clerical work, storekeeping, and even in the learned professions.

Following in the wake of these immigrants came the Mahomedan traders from Bombay, popularly but incorrectly known as 'Arabs,' to distinguish them from the 'coolies.' These traders originally catered for the wants of the indentured labourers, and usefully filled a gap in the lower strata of the economic system; but they were not slow to extend their field of operations, and soon spread into Cape Colony and the Transvaal, until, in the latter case, ingress was either restricted or altogether prohibited.

It is estimated that the present distribution of Indians in the provinces of the Union is

Natal	135,000
Cape	8,000
Transvaal	12,000
Orange Free State	100

The rights and privileges enjoyed by Asiatics differ greatly in the different Provinces, and may be briefly stated as follows:

Natal --Municipal franchise and unrestricted rights as to ownership of land and trading.

Cape --Same as Natal, with the addition of the Parliamentary franchise.

Transvaal --Ownership of land and fixed property is prohibited, except in certain specified locations. Trading is subject to restrictions which are a perpetual source of contention and litigation. No franchise rights.

Orange Free State --Asiatics can neither trade nor own land, and are practically debarred from entering or residing in the Province.

The peculiar position of the Orange Free State was secured to it under the Act of Union, which guaranteed the continuation

of the powers of the State or Provincial Government to maintain the anti-Asiatic laws which had been previously in force : there is consequently no Asiatic question in that Province.

In Natal there are many more Indians than white men, and they are breeding at a greater rate : they have already become sufficiently numerous and wealthy to menace seriously the position of the British in that Province.

In the Transvaal the situation is rapidly becoming acute, owing to the obvious encroachment of Indian traders of late years, to such an extent that the extinction of the British storekeeper would be only a matter of time if the process were not kept in check in certain cases by the severe restriction of Indian trade licences. The Commissioners, however, deprecate the exaggerated (?) fears which have been expressed with regard to the increase of Indians in the Transvaal of late years, and state that, according to available statistics and other sources of evidence, the Asiatic population of the Transvaal has apparently remained more or less stationary since the census of 1904 was taken—the census figures are—

	Asiatic Males	Asiatic Females
1904	9,799	1,522
1911	9,018	2,054

i.e. 781 males less and 532 females more in the seven years prior to 1911 ; and if the number of females has continued to increase relatively to the males since 1911, it is obvious that the reproductive potential of Indians in the Transvaal has been raised accordingly.

THE WHITE POINT OF VIEW

The White point of view is the same now as it was when Sir Arthur Lawley, Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal, wrote his despatch dated the 13th of April 1904 to Lord Milner, for transmission to the Colonial Office in England. He says—

Trade jealousy undoubtedly exists, but it is really prompted by the instinct of self-preservation in the minds of the European trading community. The problem is far reaching, and does not begin and end with a shopkeepers' quarrel. I do not seek to justify the prejudices which exist; I merely desire to set them forth. They cannot be ignored, they have got to be reckoned with. Under the old *Grondwet*¹ the line was distinctly drawn between coloured and white. It is there stated that there shall be no equality between coloured and white, and though in the eyes of the law they are equal, there is not in this country one man in a hundred who would agree to recognise the coloured man as capable of admission to the same social standard as the white. I do not urge that these sentiments are reasonable, but they imbue the mind of every South African and find expression in the universal cry of 'a white man's country'. Any attempt to ignore them would be attended, I am sure, with most deplorable results.

¹ Organic law or constitution.

Lord Milner in his covering letter, forwarding Sir Arthur Lawley's despatch, remarks :

I think that to attempt to place coloured people on an equality with whites in South Africa is wholly impracticable, and that moreover it is in principle wrong. But I also hold that when a coloured man possesses a certain high grade of civilisation he ought to obtain what I may call 'white privileges,' irrespective of his colour. I have on more than one occasion given expression to these views. They are very unpopular at the present time in the Transvaal, but I do not despair of their ultimately prevailing. For the present however there is no prospect whatever of their prevailing, certainly as far as Asiatics are concerned. There is perhaps more chance in the case of the coloured people of South African birth, and no doubt their claim is a stronger one, inasmuch as they are natives of the country and have no choice but to live here, while the Asiatics are strangers, forcing themselves on a community reluctant to receive them.

The foregoing extracts from the despatch and covering letter are a fair presentment of the attitude of the white population towards this burning question, and this attitude has distinctly stiffened in regard to the Indian, in proportion as the peril to white civilisation of an actual predominance of Indians in the community has begun to assume tangible form, as in the case of Natal to-day. This predominance is at the moment only a numerical predominance, which in itself is serious enough; but it will not remain at that, unless drastic measures are taken to save 'the Garden Colony' from the hideous nightmare of becoming *de facto* an Indian province, in which the white man will ultimately become the under-dog. Mauritius is already far on the road towards this undesirable consummation.

With the immediate object lesson of Natal, and the more remote one of Mauritius, in evidence, it is no wonder that the Transvaal is more than ever insistent that there shall be no compromise in this matter, and unyielding in its demand that the spectre of the Asiatic peril shall be finally laid to rest during the ensuing session of Parliament.

The attitude of the Dutch on this question is absolutely and unequivocally anti-Asiatic, and at the recent General Election Dutch Nationalists openly declared that if they obtained a majority they would turn every Indian out of the country. The Dutch Nationalist attitude is particularly worthy of attention, inasmuch as it is dictated by a purely racial sentiment, unmixed with any considerations of trade competition.

THE INDIAN ATTITUDE

When the Convention of 1881 was concluded between the South African Republic and the British Government, the Transvaal was as free from Indians as the Orange Free State; during

the period which ensued up to the date of the Boer War (1899) the invasion of the country by Indians steadily increased in volume, in spite of restrictive legislation which brought Kruger's Government into constant opposition to the British Colonial Office. During that period the attitude of the Indians was that of suppliants for a fair measure of toleration, their petitions to the Transvaal Government being supplemented by appeals to the British Colonial Office to see justice done to the Indian subjects of Great Britain; to-day, the attitude of the British Indian Association resolves itself into an arrogant demand for equal rights as British citizens for all Indians throughout the Union. The recent campaign of Mr. Gandhi in South Africa has served to consolidate and focus the activities of the British Indian Association, and to impart to its propaganda a political significance which raises the issue far above the level of domestic politics. The Association informs the public of South Africa, through the medium of the Press, that

We might at the outset inform both the Houses of Parliament that we intend to appeal to the League of Nations regarding our rights and status as citizens of the British Empire, and being members of one of the signatories of the League of Nations, viz India, if the laws affecting us inimically at present in the Statute Book of the Union are not repealed during the present session of Parliament

Further references to the League of Nations, and to 'our Mother Country India,' have a sinister significance, of which it would be well to take note

THE RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE COMMISSION

The following is a summary of the recommendations of the Commission which appear throughout the Report :

(1) Law 3 of 1885 (Transvaal), the Gold Law of the Transvaal (Act No. 35 of 1908), and Act No. 37 of 1919 should not be repealed.

(2) There should be no compulsory repatriation of Asiatics

(3) Voluntary repatriation should be encouraged

(4) There should be no compulsory segregation of Asiatics; but

(5) A system of voluntary separation should be introduced under which municipalities should have the right, subject to certain conditions, (a) to lay out residential areas for Asiatics, (b) to set aside certain streets or portions of the town for Asiatic traders, to which existing licence-holders should be gradually attracted

(6) These areas should be selected and allocated by a board of independent persons, in consultation with the Municipal Council and Asiatic community

(7) In Natal, the right of Asiatics to acquire and own land for farming and agricultural purposes, outside the townships, should be confined to the coast belt, say twenty to thirty miles inland.

(8) Law 3 of 1885 (Transvaal) should remain applicable to the Vryheid, Utrecht, and Paulpietersburg districts of Natal.

(9) The existing laws relating to Asiatics in Zululand and the Transkei territories should remain unaltered.

(10) A uniform 'Licence Law,' applicable to all the Provinces of the Union, should, if possible, be enacted. If that is impracticable, the laws relating to trade licences in the Cape Province, the Transvaal, and Natal, should be assimilated in a comprehensive consolidating Act of Parliament, providing *inter alia* :

(a) That the granting of all licences to trade (not being liquor licences) shall be entrusted to municipal bodies within the area of their jurisdiction; outside those areas, to Divisional Councils in the Cape Province, and in the other Provinces to special Licensing Officers appointed by the Administrator.

(b) The grounds upon which an application for the grant of a new licence may be refused.

(c) That the reasons for the refusal to grant any licence shall be recorded, together with any evidence for or against the application.

(d) That in the case of refusal of a licence on the ground that the applicant is not a fit and proper person to hold the same or to carry on the proposed business, there shall be a final appeal to a Special Appeal Board appointed by the Administrator.

(e) That municipal bodies shall have the right to prohibit the licence-holder or any other person from residing in any shop, store, or other place of business.

(11) There should be no relaxation in the enforcement of the Immigration Laws, and more active steps should be taken to deal with prohibited immigrants who have evaded the provisions of those laws.

DISCUSSION OF THE RECOMMENDATIONS

It has already been stated that at the beginning of the Parliamentary session in February 1921 the recommendations of the Commission were adversely criticised on the ground of their weakness, but that there will be no full debate on the question until the Government brings in its proposed Bill next session.

In the meantime it is possible to examine the above recommendations seriatim, and to consider more fully the criticisms which have been levelled against most of them by the British Indian Association, criticisms which will form the text of the threatened appeal to the League of Nations to intervene in the

domestic affairs of one of the Dominions of the British Empire. Taking them in order :

(1) ' Law 3 of 1885 (Transvaal), the Gold Law of the Transvaal (Act No. 35 of 1908), and Act No. 37 of 1919 should not be repealed '.

The British Indian Association on the other hand demands that a Bill shall be brought in this session, by the Union Government, to repeal Law 3 of 1885 and the two Acts mentioned.

Law 3 of 1885 was the subject of much correspondence between the Government of the South African Republic and the British Government owing to its provisions being in apparent conflict with Article 14 of the London Convention of 1884. Ultimately the opposition of the British Government was withdrawn, in consideration of the arguments adduced by the Government of the South African Republic and certain amendments to the original draft law.

The law, as amended, was finally promulgated on the 26th of January 1887, and reads as follows :

1. This law shall apply to the persons belonging to one of the native races of India, including the so-called coolies, Arabs, Malays, and Mahommedan subjects of the Turkish Empire.

2. With regard to the persons mentioned in Article one, the following provisions shall apply :

(a) They cannot obtain the Burgher right of the South African Republic

(b) They cannot be owners of fixed property in the Republic except only in such streets, wards, and locations as the Government, for purposes of sanitation, shall assign to them to live in

(c) Repealed

(d) The Government shall have the right for purposes of sanitation to assign to them certain streets, wards, and locations to live in. This provision does not apply to those who live with their employers.

No immediate steps were taken to enforce the law strictly, as the Indian immigration menace had not yet materialised as an imminent peril, and its provisions were certainly never harshly interpreted. On the other hand, as Indian traders continued to enter the Transvaal from Natal and resorted to all kinds of artifices to evade the law, a strong anti-Asiatic feeling began to be aroused among the European inhabitants, which was in no sense merely due to trade jealousy, inasmuch as the Dutch, who composed the bulk of the white population, were not traders; the hostility of the community to the influx of Indians was due to the innate antipathy of the Dutch to anything approaching equality between white and coloured races. The principle of nationality is strong and enduring, it has established itself in spite of the opposition of

statesmen and politicians. The Transvaal Dutch, sensitive to the growing menace of the Indian invasion after 1884, realised the necessity of controlling a race movement consisting of elements with which no amalgamation was possible. Unfortunately, Article 14 of the London Convention prevented the exclusion of *any* aliens from the Transvaal, without permitting the Government of the Republic to exercise any discrimination. We may well stand aghast at the terms of this article in these present days of 'self-determination of small peoples': the consequences of this injustice to the Boer Republic recoiled upon our own Government after the Boer War, when we were at once faced with the impracticability of carrying out in our new Crown Colony the provisions of the Convention which we had endeavoured to force upon the unwilling Republic when we were merely the Suzerain Power, and would not suffer in the persons or prosperity of our own people from the disastrous effects which might result from a ready compliance with the articles in question.

It has been suggested by a writer in *The Round Table*,² in reference to the Australian opposition to the Japanese amendment to President Wilson's Resolution on 'Equality of Religion'—to read 'Equality of Religion and Race'—that it was a mistake on the part of Mr. Hughes to fight the Japanese amendment on the ground selected by themselves, and that it would have been wiser diplomacy to have proposed an alternative resolution affirming the right of every State to resolve upon the type of people whom it would admit as permanent residents and settlers.

This would certainly have prevented any future controversy as to the jurisdiction of the League to intervene in immigration disputes, now, or in the future, but it would scarcely have covered the ground which President Wilson's Resolution was presumably intended to cover, viz. the benevolent protection by the League of the Polish Jews, and the consequent creation in Poland of an *imperium in imperio*, similar to that which the Vatican exercises in Ireland.

Act No. 35 of 1908, the Gold Law (see *ante*, Recommendation No. 1), contains the following controversial sections:

Section 130. (1) No right under this Act may be acquired by a coloured person except as provided in Section 24 for native locations.

(2) The holder of a right shall not transfer or sub-let any portion of such right to a coloured person, nor permit any coloured person (other than his *bona fide* servant) to reside on or occupy ground held under such right.

Section 131. (1) In the mining districts of the Witwatersrand no coloured person shall be permitted to reside on proclaimed land,

except in bazaars, locations, mining compounds, and such other places as the Mining Commissioner may appoint; but

(2) Nothing in this section shall apply to coloured persons in the employment of a white person, in so far as they live on the premises where they are so employed, or to coloured persons who at the commencement of this Act were lawfully in occupation of premises.

This law led to a vast amount of controversy and litigation, and was by no means strictly enforced, notwithstanding the urgent representations made from time to time by various sections of the white community, notably by the Municipality of Krugersdorp. The scandalous evasions of the spirit and even of the letter of this law on the part of Indians, to the continued and increasing detriment and danger of the white community, culminated, after repeated petitions to the Government had been systematically ignored, in an action by the Krugersdorp Municipal Council in the Courts: the Council applied for and obtained an interdict from the Supreme Court at Pretoria in January 1919, restraining Messrs T. W. Beckett and Co. from permitting the residence of certain Indians on a stand in Krugersdorp, which had been leased by that firm to an Indian tailor and was at the time occupied by him and several other Indians.

This action caused consternation among the Indian community on the Rand and they promptly sent a petition to Parliament, which resulted in the appointment of a Select Committee whose recommendations were embodied in Act No. 37 of 1919. The Act contains only two sections, the first of which relieves Indians who had obtained licences prior to the 1st of May 1919 from any action at law under Sections 130 and 131 of Act No. 35 of 1908, but makes no concessions after that date. It was hoped that this would end litigation and controversy. The second section amplified and interpreted Law 3 of 1885 in respect to prohibiting mortgages in favour of Asiatics, and ownership of fixed property by companies in which there is a controlling Asiatic interest.

The result of this last effort was no more encouraging than the results of previous legislation. The whites consider that it is not sufficiently drastic and that it makes unjustifiable concessions to Asiatics who had systematically evaded and violated the laws of the country in the past: while the Indians complain that, in response to their appeal to Parliament for relief from their existing disabilities, further restrictions respecting their rights have been imposed upon them. The British Indian Association, in demanding that these laws shall be repealed, is quite aware that its action is 'in direct contradiction to the recommendations of the Asiatic Enquiry Commission which recommends that the foregoing laws shall *not* be repealed,' and proceeds to adduce the some-

what illogical argument that the members of the Union Legislature have only to place themselves in the position of the Indians and see how they would like it, if the aforesaid laws were stringently enforced against themselves.

Recommendation No. 2 : 'That there should be no compulsory repatriation.' Upon this recommendation the British Indian Association pours unmeasured contempt, saying that it is well aware that it is not made in the interests of the Indians, but simply because the Commissioners know very well that 'the majority of Indians are sons of the soil,' and that it would not be in the power of the Government to repatriate them ; and further, because the industrial life of an important section of the community would be so seriously affected by the withdrawal of Indian labour that a general protest by the magnates of the industries concerned would be raised against such legislation. And this is on the whole a fairly accurate statement of the case.

Recommendation No. 3 : 'Voluntary repatriation should be encouraged.' The British Indian Association is bitterly opposed to this, and in round terms accuses the Government of bad faith, in that they have 'inveigled surreptitiously' the Indians to sell 'their birthright for a mess of pottage.' If this measure met with much success, it is clear that the number of Indians in South Africa would be substantially reduced, and their influence as a community proportionately lessened. The grandiose political schemes of Gandhi and his followers would suffer a severe check. For this reason the emissaries of the Association have strenuously endeavoured to dissuade their countrymen from leaving South Africa, and their efforts have not been unsuccessful.

Recommendation No. 4 : 'No compulsory segregation of Asiatics.' This of course is endorsed by the British Indian Association, but

Recommendations 5 and 6—'a system of voluntary segregation under which municipalities should lay out residential areas and set aside certain streets or portions of the town, to which existing licence-holders should gradually be attracted'—are emphatically condemned. They say 'We would be committing racial suicide if we agreed to Recommendation No. 5, and this you may rest assured we don't intend to do, now, or in the future ; . . . we demand the right to live where we choose.'

There is no ambiguity about the Indian attitude on this recommendation, and there are other difficulties in the way of carrying into effect what appears to be a most sensible proposal. One difficulty will be to persuade the ratepayers to pay compensation in order to induce an Indian 'voluntarily' to move himself or his business from existing premises into the segregated area or streets, another difficulty is one which has unfortunately been

conspicuous throughout the anti-Asiatic agitation—it is that many white men, who are most prominent in denouncing the local government for not putting a check on Indian settlement and trading, are themselves quite ready to make money by utilising the facilities which the Indian traders offer them, and have not hesitated to turn a white tenant out of leasehold premises when they have been offered a higher rent by an Indian: this has been notoriously the case in some towns of the Transvaal ever since the Boer War.

Recommendation No. 7. 'Confining the right of Asiatics to farm and own land in Natal to a coast belt of twenty to thirty miles in depth.' This, as might be expected, is strongly objected to by the B.I.A. as creating an 'invidious distinction' levelled against the Indians and the 'death knell of the Indian farming community in Natal.' It may however be observed that the coast belt is particularly suitable for the operations of the Indian cultivator, who has voluntarily settled there already in large numbers, and that all talk about confinement to the coast belt being the 'death knell of the Indian farming community' is mere rhetoric: if the B.I.A. had said that it would be the death knell to the Indian political aspirations to equality with the whites, it would have been somewhere near the truth.

Recommendation No. 8. 'Law 3 of 1885 (Transvaal) to remain applicable to the Vryheid, Utrecht, and Paulpietersburg districts of Natal.' This is bitterly resented by the B.I.A., which argues that these districts belong to the Province of Natal, and should not therefore be subject to the Transvaal Law of 1885. On the other hand, it should be remembered that these districts were originally part of the Transvaal territory, and were only ceded to Natal in recognition of the services of that Province in the Boer War: this surely is no reason for depriving the white population of the protection from Indian invasion which they previously enjoyed under the wise legislation of Paul Kruger's Government, and there is certainly no justice in the Indian claim to be allowed to extend the privileges which they have enjoyed under the lax and short-sighted Asiatic legislation of Natal to the more wisely governed districts of what used to be the Transvaal.

Recommendation No. 9. 'Existing laws relating to Asiatics in Zululand and the Transkeian territories should remain unaltered.' The B.I.A. appeals to the Union Government to repeal these laws because 'they were passed under selfish motives and under the misapprehension that the British Indian traders would flood these parts.'

It may be said at once that there has been no misapprehension in the matter, and that these territories have wisely been safeguarded for the benefit of the native population, and development

to a strictly limited extent, by the white settler. The Indian trader in native territory is apt to enact a similar rôle towards the natives to that of the Jew towards the Russian peasantry.

Recommendation No. 10: 'A uniform Licence Law.' The B.I.A. objects strongly and at great length to the provisions under this recommendation: the Association is bitterly opposed to any discrimination being exercised in the matter of trade licences on account of 'a person's race, colour, or creed,' and demands in no uncertain tones that all laws affecting inimically the issue of trading licences to British Indians should be 'forthwith repealed.' The objection of the Indians to entrusting local or provincial bodies with any powers under this head is intense; they know from experience that the local authority is much more likely to enforce the law than is the Central Government—witness the case of the Krugersdorp Municipality already quoted.

It should be stated that with the single exception of Recommendation No. 7, referring to the restriction of Indian acquisition of land in Natal to the coast belt, the Commissioners were unanimous in their recommendations.

A debate took place in the Union House of Assembly on the 2nd of May on a motion submitted by Mr. Marwick, a Natal member, asking the Government to allocate to the Asiatic community separate and distinct areas:

Mr. Patrick Duncan (Minister of the Interior) declared that in view of the seriousness and far-reaching effects of this question the Government was unable to bring in legislation this session. Outside Natal, said Mr. Duncan, the position as regards Indians was not very serious. The number of the Indian population in the Transvaal was not increasing seriously, if at all, but the position of the white population in Natal was very serious, there being 135,000 Asiatics and 122,000 Europeans. But when the Indian Government had tried to stop immigration into South Africa the Natal Government had expressly asked that it should be allowed to continue. Never had South Africa's wishes in the matter been thwarted either by the Indian or the Imperial Governments. Indians came to Natal for the purposes of the people of Natal, and they had never been thrust upon them. Compulsory repatriation or expulsion was impracticable, but the Government's instructions were that the system of voluntary repatriation should be prosecuted as vigorously as possible. Since July, 1400 Indians had thus left the country.

Mr. Duncan added that he was prepared to accept Mr. Marwick's motion. The question was, he added, 'Are we prepared to give these people a home to live in and are we going to give them land to cultivate? We must make up our minds, if a policy of segregation is decided upon, that we are not going to say immediately the Indians are settled that this land is too good for Indians.'

The Nationalist view was expressed by Mr. Fichardt, who said that the matter was one of self-preservation. Compulsory repatriation was the only policy, and he declared that he would even

repatriate Indians born in South Africa. This is the point of view of the Nationalist extremists, if their party should ever succeed in forming a government, and become actually responsible for giving effect to the views advocated while in opposition, it is probable that these views would undergo some modification.

The outstanding fact is that South Africa has been reclaimed from barbarism by the unparalleled exertions and sacrifices of Boers and British, who have left their bones on many a bloody field in the land of their adoption. One of the most terrible black despotisms known to history was successively overcome by Andries Pretorius in 1838, and by Lord Chelmsford in 1879. Even as late as 1906 the Natal colonists, aided by contingents from Cape Colony and the Transvaal, have had to fight for their existence against Zulu insurrectionary chiefs.

Are the descendants and countrymen of the two ruling white races, which have fought through a century to establish white civilisation in South Africa—are these men likely to submit to unrestricted peaceful penetration of their country by a race which has borne no share in their sacrifices?

F. G. STONE

THE NEW IRISH PARLIAMENT

At the opening of the Northern Parliament the part played by the King has a special constitutional significance which will give the function a place as an ever-memorable landmark in our annals. For the first time since 1800 an Assembly meets in Ireland which is endowed with powers, legislative and administrative, far wider and more searching than those exercised by the famous Parliament of Grattan and endowed with more efficacious powers of local self-government than any of the forms which, up to 1918, the successive leaders of the Repeal of the Union movement had avowed themselves, not only willing, but anxious, to accept, and which they pledged themselves to work in a spirit of loyalty to the Empire. So far as the people of the six counties were concerned the undertaking was superfluous. Their fealty was assured. The point to be pressed is, that the full measure of autonomy which the North-East enjoys to-day may be obtained by the rest of the country to-morrow, and that unless the most solemn assurances given by trusted chiefs ten years ago be treated as nothing worth, they must be taken as binding in sense and honour on the Nationalist Party everywhere.

In this initial local application of the principles of Home Rule, the accessories were in keeping with the *genius loci*. Time had not permitted the authorities to inaugurate the new regime in a building of architectural splendour. In that respect the representatives of Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and Western Ulster may perhaps be accounted more fortunate. For if, and when, the time comes for their meeting, the stately Parliament House in Stephen's Green, which remains as a monument of the eighteen years of the great days of Grattan and his colleagues, will be placed at their disposal. The practical spirit of Belfast and its power of adapting itself to novel conditions have been shown in the choice of the municipal Council Chamber for the first meeting of the elected representatives, and a happy touch of modernity qualified the austere dignity of the proceedings. On that occasion the Crown was represented by the Lord Lieutenant, and here it may be noted amongst the auspicious changes of the time that a Catholic nobleman occupies a post till now reserved

for Protestants, and the proceedings were confined to the formal constitution of the Assembly and the election of a Speaker. The gathering could not compare in impressiveness with that which will be privileged to listen to the gracious words from the Throne, spoken for the first time for centuries on Irish soil. The Ulster Hall has presented many scenes of historic interest. Later on the King, after the delivery of the Speech from the Throne, will gratify the loyal desires of a much larger gathering of his loyal subjects by receiving addresses in the Ulster Hall—a building which has witnessed many exciting scenes, but none, it may be predicted, of such splendour. Yet for thoughtful spectators and students of affairs at a distance the pageants owe their political significance not to what was enacted within the walls but to the condition of things beyond the limits of the new-born state.

Those who are curious in the matter of anomalies and antinomies and paradoxes will find abundant matter for remark. Eastern Ulster is the only part of Ireland which is in the actual enjoyment of self-government. Yet it did not ask for it and did not welcome it. It accepts it not for its own sake but for the sake of the British Realm in the hope, rather than the faith, that thereby a way may be found for restoring peace to the distracted provinces beyond its borders. As yet there is no symptom that the decision of the community which has, in our days, been distinguished by its unwavering attachment to the principle of imperial unity—to take its place in the framework created for a Home Rule settlement has in any degree affected the disposition of the malcontent majority. It may indeed be expected that for the moment it will exasperate the feeling of the extremists. Far from being regarded as a first step towards bringing the whole country under the control of a Parliament representing each and every part, it will be denounced in the near future as it has been in the recent past, as the accomplishment of an insidious design for rendering legislative unity for ever impossible. How far this view is based upon reasonable calculation is more than doubtful. Catchwords and nicknames have always been the principal factor in Irish polemics, and it is idle, at the present stage, to remind even constitutional Nationalists that it lies within their own power to bring their scepticism to the test of experience. The cry of partition has silenced the pleadings of many of the wiser Home Rulers—including at least two Catholic Bishops whose devotion to the doctrine of national unity is beyond suspicion—that a trial at least should be given to the plan of a separate Parliament for the Southern and Western Counties. The last forty years has been, to put the truth roughly, a faction fight between North and South, and the passions of a large section of the combatants in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught have not had time to subside. Irrational dis-

pleasure at the part taken by Loyalist Ulster in delaying at St. Stephen's the satisfaction of the demand for local autonomy and a more excusable feeling of indignation at the preparations made there for resisting by unconstitutional force the exercise of authority by a Dublin Assembly find customary expression in grotesque misrepresentations of fact. Ulster, it is proclaimed, and unfortunately believed by many, will still remain the outpost of English rule. It is rewarded for its hostility to the national cause in the past by being placed in an inexpugnable position of independence. It can thwart at its pleasure, and by thwarting can discredit, the efforts of outside patriotism. Thus the very expedient by which well-meaning statesmanship has sought to remove the impediment to the creation of a truly united Ireland, is perverted into a text for perpetuating the feud. It can only be hoped that the flood of taunts and reproach will gradually be tempered by considered appeals to the reason of the case, and that the need of administrative solidarity will in itself prove the strongest argument for a single Parliament. The surest road to peace lies in utilising, or perhaps it might be better to say in creating, opportunities for frank conference between men of different schools of thought on the essential conditions of their common well-being. If only from this point of view the opening of the Ulster Assembly should be a distinct step towards pacification. The example set by the Loyalists of the North-East will not, in the long run, be lost on the great mass of their countrymen. The reply may be anticipated that the invidious position secured for themselves by the communities round Lough Neagh may only harden the animosity of the intransigent classes on the Shannon, the Lee, and the Liffey. It must be confessed it is almost a commonplace in Unionist pleas for the separate treatment of Ulster that the population differed in creed, character, and social ideals from the bulk of the population outside. As Protestants, they feared the ascendancy of the Catholic Church. As a community which had attained a high standard of prosperity by devotion to commerce and industry, they dreaded the ruinous taxation to which a Government, resting upon the less thrifty and enlightened sections, would subject them. Rightly interpreted, the contention holds good. But if it be held to imply that Ulster, even in the narrow sense in which we now use the term, is less Irish in essentials than any other portion of the island, protest must at once be made. Even amongst intelligent Englishmen and the friends of Great Britain in foreign countries, an impression prevails that the stocks settled in Antrim and Down, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Armagh are Saxon or Scottish in a degree which distinguishes them racially and historically from what is called the Celtic or native strain found in the South-West and centre. This view,

though explicable in the light of modern conditions, is absolutely inconsistent with the cardinal facts. Self-governing Ulster, it may be claimed, is the most Irish part of Ireland.

The annals of the six counties down to a very recent date may be read as an integral part of the records of strife and desolation, of gloom and brightness, of fantastic romance and grim reality which make up the story of Ireland.

A retrospect of this long past is eminently pertinent to our present purpose, partly because it may afford a dramatic atmosphere for contemplation of the scenes in the Council Chamber, Ulster Hall, and partly because it will refute the superstition that there is something fixed and unalterable in the play of forces in the 'distressful country.' The new dispensation is ushered in on classic soil. In the area under the jurisdiction of the Ulster Parliament more famous sites occur than in any equal area elsewhere. The cycle of Conor Mac Nessa and his Red Branch Knights is perhaps the most celebrated of the many tales which form the *corpus* of early Gaelic literature. He reigned over Ulster in the first century of our era, and held high state with his Knights in the palace of Emain, the ruins of which are still one of the places of archaeological pilgrimage in the neighbourhood of Armagh. For six centuries it was the residence of the royal line. Here too arts and letters flourished. The Book of Armagh—an exquisite specimen of Celtic penmanship—is one of the treasures of Trinity College, Dublin. As the distinction is so often drawn between Protestant and Catholic Ireland it is important to note that the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh is the Primate. Thus Ulster may claim to be now, as of old, the seat of ecclesiastical supremacy.

Here it is worth while to interpose a remark as to the difficulties of nomenclature which beset writers on present-day affairs. The counties which avail themselves of the power of self-control form only about one half of the old historic province. The other counties, to the great sorrow of a large section of the inhabitants, have to share the political destinies of the rest of the country. Some new name is wanted to describe the state of which Belfast will presumably be the administrative centre. I would diffidently suggest 'Ulsteria'—the ancient name of the land to the east of Lough Neagh, but this, I recognise, may wound the susceptibilities of the counties to the west, which have their own place of honour in the national chronicles. In what follows, the word Ulster will be used in the special sense indicated.

St. Patrick is revered everywhere as the apostle and patron saint of the island, but Ulster is more closely associated than any other region with his life and labours. As a youth of sixteen he was captured by an Irish chief and sold as a slave. For

six years he was a shepherd on Slemish Mountain in County Antrim, and it was there in his life of prayer and meditation that he formed the great design of converting the pagan people to Christianity. 'The spirit of the Lord was fervent within him' when, after escaping from his bondage and preparing himself in France for his great mission, he received the papal benediction for his enterprise. It was at Lecale in Down that he finally succeeded in landing with his companions. He founded the See of Armagh and died in the year 465 at the spot where he first preached the Gospel and baptised the local Ulster chief. He was buried at the old residence of the princes of Ulidia, and the town of Downpatrick, as the place of his interment, is chief amongst the holy places of the Island of the Saints.

Another famous incident connects Ulster with the evangelisation of Scotland and Britain. In A.D. 546 Saint Columba left his monastery at Derry to found the famous monastic community in the island of Iona. So narrow a stretch of sea separates Ireland from the Scottish coast that communication was frequent. There was, it must be confessed, constant interchange of raiders and settlers, but it must be remembered that Scotland takes its name from the immigrant Gaels who in their own land were called Scoti. That light of learning John Scotus was proud to be known as Erigena. When James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England the whole Irish race not only recognised him as their king but were proud that one of their blood had ascended the common throne. It surely is a feature of more than ordinary interest that after the lapse of three centuries the monarch who reigns in right of his descent from James the First should speak face to face with his lieges on the ancestral soil. If her strenuous resistance to the encroachments of the Normans and English of the Pale be a criterion of the purity of Irish blood, Ulster has convincing credentials to produce. So late as the latter half of the sixteenth century Shane O'Neill, and after him Hugh O'Neill, taxed to the utmost the resources of the ablest English commanders. It was the earlier of these chiefs who said 'For the Queen (Elizabeth) I confess she is my sovereign, but I never made peace with her but at her own seeking. My ancestors were Kings of Ulster, and Ulster is mine and shall be mine.' The story of the feats and sufferings of the younger chief is one of the most thrilling in the literature on which Nationalist enthusiasm has for centuries been fed. For Ulster, too, was reserved the melancholy honour of witnessing the final collapse of the efforts of the old territorial chiefs to hold or regain their own. The 'Flight of the Earls' was the closing incident in the protracted struggle. The plantation of Ulster, in the early part of the seventeenth century, introduced a new era. There

had been in much earlier days wholesale forfeitures, involving expulsion or extermination of the native population and their replacement by soldiers or adventurers of British origin, but in Leinster and Munster the experiment at anglicisation had failed. Some of the newcomers, harassed and menaced on all sides by the outlaws who hung upon the borders of their old possessions, and incapable of turning their lands to any good account, gave up the effort in despair and resigned their fields to the original owners. Others were glad to call in the aid of the natives as farmers or labourers. All, as years passed, adopted native ways, intermarried with their neighbours and dependents, and became, to use the familiar phrase, *Hiberniores ipsis Hibernicis*. The most drastic laws passed by the Dublin Council failed to check the operation of this inexorable law of amalgamation. If the directors of the Ulster settlement succeeded better, it was not because the genius of the people with whom they had to deal differed from that of their brethren in the South and West, but because the plan was conceived on large and well-considered lines and worked out systematically in detail. After history was soon to show that though there had been little assimilation of race, the spirit of disaffection to English authority remained as active as ever—ready to respond to the stimulus of external circumstances. Thus Ulster had a conspicuous share in the Rebellion of 1641. Sir Phelim O'Neill led an insurgent army of 30,000 men. The scattered settlers assailed by bands of dispossessed peasants were forced to save their lives, if at all, by flight. Many were murdered in their homes, hundreds perished by the way. The Cromwellian settlement which has left such bitter memories in Catholic Ireland did something to redress the wrongs of the old inhabitants in the North. By this time, however, religion rather than race had become the dividing line. With the defence of Derry by the Protestant townsmen against the Irish army of King James the Second, and the defeat of the 'legitimate King of Ireland' at the Battle of the Boyne, began the evil tradition of religious animosity. But it must be owned that the bighted policy of the Dublin Parliament, in which it must be remembered there was no popular representation, and from which all who professed the religion of the great masses of the nation were excluded, was admirably calculated to alienate alike all classes of nonconformists. If the Penal Code subjected the Catholics to intolerable humiliation and disabilities in the matter of property and civil right, the Test and Schism Acts were no less oppressive to the Presbyterians and dissenters of Ulster. All Irish interests suffered in common from the legislation by which the London Parliament deliberately aimed to extinguish Irish trade so far as it competed with English industry and commerce. Protection and religious intolerance were

the evil genius of British rule in Ireland. The one branch of production which escaped the ban was that of linen, which had indeed been created by Lord Strafford during his tragic Vice-Royalty, and the salutary effect of this exception is apparent in the marvellous development of the North-Eastern Counties. Shipbuilding would not have become what it now is if there had not been the nucleus of a skilled and steady manufacturing class. That Ulster was less impatient of the restraints imposed by those in authority at Westminster and Whitehall than the parts of the country which have a wider reputation for turbulence is shown by its eighteenth-century annals. Already the Government had deprived itself of an element of support which would have been invaluable in working out any intelligent scheme of pacification. By the operation of the laws which ruined trade and those which denied religious liberty, 60,000 Protestants and Puritans were forced to emigrate. Those who went to America supplied some of the best recruits for Washington's Army of Independence in the struggle which reacted disastrously on Ireland. About the middle of the eighteenth century, society in Ulster, as elsewhere, was continuously disturbed by the proceedings of secret oath-bound associations. The cause was the oppressive conduct of the landowners, middlemen, and tithe-collectors, but it is to be remarked that in the North it was the Protestant peasantry that were driven to enforce the wild justice of revenge. The Heart of Oak Boys and the Steel Boys were not a whit less savage in their methods than the White Boys. This instinctive readiness for outrage—the passion, one might almost say, for armed conspiracy—is an unhappy trait, in an otherwise law-respecting people, upon which the Sinn Féin organisers, like most preceding disturbers of the peace, have played with effect. But if the origin of the tendency be traced to its source, it will be found in the remote days when whole countrysides were laid waste, and the old inhabitants were driven from their tribal lands to perish miserably in the mountains and the bogs. Memories of this sort die hard.

More formidable and less in need of apology was the foundation of the Volunteers. The movement began, it may be stated with renewed emphasis, in Ulster, and it was almost wholly Protestant in character. It was, in fact, a reflection of the discontents to which Grattan and the other patriot members were giving eloquent expression in the Dublin Parliament. But the force under the command of Lord Charlemont was not merely ancillary to the political vindication of the national claims, but was absolutely necessary as a measure of defence against the possibility of American attack. In 1781 the northern Volunteers marched in imposing array through the crowded streets of Belfast, but the crowning blow to the old regime was struck when in 1782

the 240 delegates met in the dissenting Meeting House at Dunganon, the old home of Hugh O'Neill, and passed the famous resolutions which became the basis of the constitution of Grattan's Parliament. How vainly that Assembly struggled to extend the range of popular representation and religious liberty, and how miserably it ended amid the bloodshed of the Rebellion of 1798 and the confusions of the time, need not be re-told. It is enough—reverting to the current misconceptions—to add that while Ulster led the way in combating the misrule of English statesmen, it was at the same time the champion of tolerance. Most of the leaders of the United Irishmen were Protestants and friends of Catholic emancipation. The faith in Time's revenges may be justified in recalling that the Protestant Bishop of Derry was the champion not only of Catholic emancipation but of total separation from England. Unfortunately the virus of secret associations proved fatal to concord. A pitched battle took place near Armagh between the Peep-o'-Day Boys and the Defenders, in which the Catholics were defeated. After that came the formation of the Orange Society, in which the senseless feud is perpetuated. There were serious risings in Antrim and in Down, but happily the rebel cause was not disgraced by the atrocities which make Vinegar Hill a name of shame.

It is hardly necessary to point the moral of the recital. If Ulster, which, if distinguishable at all from the rest of Ireland, was up till fifty years ago characterised only by its greater capacity for the assertion of Irish ideas and the display of Celtic genius, is now enthusiastically content with the enjoyment of autonomy in full allegiance to the British Crown, there is no warrant for the assumption that the spirit represented by Sinn Féin is likely to endure. An explanation of the apparent ascendancy of the Dail Eireann Directorate is to be sought rather in pathology than in psychology. The revolutionary junta contrives to keep its secrets to itself. But long and close observation of such details as become public suggest the following view: The organisation is the resultant of a temporary combination of discordant elements: (1) the Larkinite and Socialist revolutionary section which corresponds to the extreme or Bolshevist groups of Labour men on this side of the Channel; (2) some of the old Nationalists who all along followed reluctantly the moderate counsels of their chiefs; (3) other old Nationalists who were exasperated not so much by the delay in carrying out the provisions of the Home Rule Act—they understood perfectly well that the war and the troubles it bequeathed were the reason—as by what they conceived to be the triumph of their Ulster antagonists; (4) the romantic school of thoughtful and cultured men and women who still cherished the dreams of Robert Emmet and the Young Irelanders. Some

of these, it is bare justice to say, had been conspicuous in practical schemes for the encouragement and improvement of industry, especially of agriculture, and had an abiding faith in the capacity of the country to be economically self-sufficing. The abortive but tragic rising in 1916 was condemned by the general sense of their fellows. For whatever faults may be attributed to Mr. Birrell, under his control Castle rule was lenient to the point of blindness. But when the Sinn Fein leaders who were released by the clemency of the Crown resumed their seditious proceedings, the measures of restraint and repression adopted by the executive were resented as harsh or inopportune by many, and as needlessly interfering with comfort and convenience, even by Loyalists, in the disturbed districts. The rebels, in short, profited by their own wrong. It requires little knowledge of the Irish nature to understand how, when young men were executed within prison walls, thousands of tender-hearted souls prayed for them outside as martyrs—forgetting that the acts for which they suffered were condemned by all the authorities of the Church, and that they died because they had prepared death for others. The most respected Nationalists are indignant that the Sinn Fein killings should be described as murders. They persuade themselves that being committed in pursuit of a high and pure, though mistaken ideal, they may be regarded as acts of war. This saving doctrine can hardly be applied to deeds of almost daily occurrence which are expressly sanctioned by the body calling itself the Irish Republican Army—such as the shooting of soldiers and constables who are not on duty—shooting from the cover of innocent crowds, dragging ‘obnoxious’ individuals from their own homes and shooting them in cold blood—shooting in circumstances which involve the death of innocent bystanders. A recent rescript of the Irish Republican Army informs the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, that it does not issue warnings. That may be true, but the local Sinn Fein authorities send them out in profusion, and in the event of disobedience the local soldiers of the Republic inflict the threatened penalty. In the judgment of the writer this morbid condition of the popular conscience outside of Ulster is a passing phase, but it would be idle to disguise the sharpness of the contrast at the present moment. The intellectuals of the Sinn Fein combination started, it would appear, with the assumption that if they presented to the world a picture of an independent Ireland in being they would only have to appeal to American sentiment and to the League of Nations for recognition. Just as in 1798 and 1848 the rebel strain caught the contagion of Republicanism from Continental Europe, so in 1916 it misinterpreted and misappropriated Mr. Wilson’s principle of self-determination. The result as regards the outer

world has not been in accordance with their hopes, but they adhere to their formula with pedantic obstinacy. In the 1918 elections they appealed to the constituencies for a mandate, not to establish a Republic but to assert the right to self-determination, and Mr. De Valera for the purpose of the recent canvass repeated the phrase. Yet, with a fine disregard for consistency, he and his friends pretend that the candidates who were returned in their interests had only to meet in Dublin to constitute themselves as a Republican Parliament, the sole legitimate government in Ireland. (It may in passing be remarked that the writs were issued by the authorities of the United Kingdom and that the election was therefore a recognition of its right to control, but in the present topsy-turvydom such trifles do not matter.) The pose of Dail Eireann might be dismissed with a smile if it were not the one obstacle to that respectful comparison of views which all men of goodwill desire. Mr. Lloyd George is perfectly willing to meet Mr. De Valera or any other accredited delegate of his party for a talk. Short of independence and securities for Imperial defence there is no demand that English statesmanship would not be willing to consider favourably, and there are comparatively few Irishmen who, if any basis of accord were reached, would for one moment make a difficulty about the article of independence. Yet for the moment Nationalist Ireland remains in sullen silence. There is excitement enough about atrocities, but not a word of serious discussion as to the constitution that would be best for the country in the future. Some of us who live in quiet on this side of the Channel could have wished that the Loyalists of the South and West had provided an occasion for debate on the great issue by starting candidates of their own. But the atmosphere of terrorism forbade the hope that there would be any chance of freedom of speech and action, and the outcome of it all is that the members returned for the Southern Parliament, with the exception of the four representatives of Dublin University, are pledged not to take their seats. That mood may change, but for the present reliance can be placed only on the wholesome sobering influence of the Northern Parliament on the constituencies in Munster, Leinster and Connaught. The significance of the Loyalist triumph in the six counties cannot be lost upon the blindest and most infatuated partisan outside. Mr. De Valera had at once the wisdom and the imprudence to make an earnest effort to test the disposition of these true Irish of the North. 'You, the plain people,' he proclaimed to the electors, 'can solve the Irish problem in a few hours. Vote that there may be an end to boycott and retaliation, to partition, disunion and ruin. Make a genuine people's peace. Orange and Green together can

command the future.' A truly noble manifesto if only the object aimed at were not in conflict with the sentiments professed! The object was to defeat the first step towards the accomplishment of the end. The result was conclusive evidence that the 'plain people' are dead against Sinn Fein and all it stands for. Out of fifty-two representatives returned forty are Loyalists; of the remaining twelve six are Nationalists. Now the Nationalists, by the very law of their being, are not in favour of republican independence or separation in any other form. It is true that they object as strongly as the others to the establishment of two Home Rule Parliaments instead of one, alleging, as they do, that Ulster will prefer to stand alone. It must be borne in mind that the elections were conducted on the principle of proportional representation, and we may therefore with confidence maintain that the Sinn Fein element is only about one twelfth of the population. It may further be affirmed that even under the abnormal influences of the hour the Loyalist minority in the rest of Ireland would be many times as great as the Separatist minority in the North. That Loyalist minority is certain to grow if Ulster be permitted to proceed in peace on its own lines. The councils of desperation which find favour with the Dail Eireann faction attest at any rate their perception of the danger. The acting President has frankly declared that their purpose is to make government impossible, and to effect this end they are ready to sacrifice the wellbeing of all classes of their countrymen. The first blow of course is being struck at Ulster. For some time past its trade with the interior has been subjected to serious boycott. On the eve of the election a ukase was issued forbidding the acceptance of cheques on the banks of the Loyalist towns. The renewal of rioting in Belfast was to be anticipated, and there would have been no disposition to assign the blame exclusively to the Catholic or the Protestant workmen. But the detailed accounts appear to indicate that the bloodshed is the outcome of preparations deliberately made on a large scale by the Republican Army. This acute phase of the trouble will die down and the Irish people elsewhere will, it may be hoped, grow weary of the turmoil and ask themselves seriously whether they did well to reject the offer which Ulster has accepted. It is a fact of happy significance that Cardinal Archbishop Logue has told his countrymen in the most emphatic terms that they can have all they want by desisting from crime, and that they can never obtain republican independence. It needs only an interval for calm thought to enable the average Irishman to understand what he would lose by renouncing the privileges of British citizenship and to shrink from the rupture of old associations. For in owning allegiance to

the new lights they are dishonouring the memories of Grattan, of Daniel O'Connell, of Parnell.

Esto perpetua—the famous benediction of 1782—cannot be pronounced on the assembly which is now entering on its labours, for the prayer and expectation of most of its friends are that, later if not sooner, it will merge in a Parliament representing a nation and not a province; but if the fulfilment of this hope be delayed, Sir James Craig and his colleagues can feel that they have it in charge to do great things for their constituents. No legislative body was ever better equipped for its work. A large proportion of the representatives have been and remain members of the Imperial Parliament. The heads of Departments and the authorities of the House have been trained in the best school for the discharge of their duties. In the Senate as well as in the lower House there is no lack of varied experience.

The Council of Ireland, a separate body which was designed to link the Northern and Southern Parliaments, will have functions of immediate importance to discharge in the despatch of Private Bill business, and to this the Ulster Parliament will supply a quorum of undoubted efficiency. In the past no Irish grievance has been more genuinely felt than the obligation to go to London for sanction in such matters.

For the rest, it may be said that every department of legislation and administration, except those of strictly imperial concern and certain subjects which are specifically reserved, is the domain of the Ulster Parliament. Laws interfering with religious equality are prohibited. The most debatable point is the limitation on the powers of taxation. The Parliaments can make laws in respect to the imposing, charging, levying and collection of taxes within their respective jurisdictions, other than customs duties, excise duties, excess profits duties, corporation profits tax, or any other tax essentially the same in character. A Joint Exchequer Board is in each year to determine what part of the proceeds of the said duties and taxes are properly attributable to Ireland, and Ireland as a whole is to make a contribution calculated at the rate of eighteen million pounds a year to Imperial expenditure. The denial of control over customs and excise is regretted by many besides advanced Nationalists. For the encouragement of domestic industries, by protective measures of some sort, lies very near the heart of most Irishmen.

Again it is provided that the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police and the management and control of those forces and the administration of the acts relating to them, including appointments, remuneration and removal of magistrates thereunder, shall be reserved matters. But here comes in the vital consideration that the whole fabric of two separate Parlia-

ments is, by the Act itself, made a purely temporary arrangement, terminable as soon as the two separate Parliaments by identical Acts agree to coalesce, and with that coalescence the full transfer of authority may or will take place. Thus the bugbear of partition exists only in the morbid imaginations of those who doubt or affect to doubt the good will of Ulster. But a far larger hope may be entertained by ardent patriots than is warranted by the letter of the existing Statute. It has been intimated in unequivocal terms that if the offer of a Conference between Imperial Ministers and any Irish public men who have a title to speak in the name of the masses of their countrymen can be arranged, the result may be an immediate settlement on lines far more generous than those formally laid down. Ulster statesmen, far from opposing the enlargement of the grant of autonomy, desire and expect it. Sir James Craig has himself already intimated that amendments of the Constitution are necessary, nor can there be any question as to the earnest desire of Northern Ireland to shake hands with the South as soon as the South has shown its readiness to play its part in peaceful and loyal furtherance of the common good.

RICHARDSON EVANS

June 21, 1921.

ITALY FROM WITHIN

IN order to see how things are really going in Italy, you must look at them either from a planet or in Italy herself—provided that you can look at them with a cool eye. You cannot look at them from abroad, not even from Nice, which is the nearest frontier-town. The news you get abroad, allowing it to be correct—as it generally is—consists of isolated facts. Now isolated facts are the natural elements of misunderstanding. Every scientifically trained man knows this. If you open your morning paper and read that the Socialists, having won a Town Council election against the *Popolari* (Catholic Parliamentary Party), have hoisted the Red Flag upon the spire of the village church, you may be apt to think that religion, social respect, order and everything is going amuck in poor Italy. But if you lived in that village, that is, if you really lived its life, you would perhaps witness the Socialist peasant who has been made a *Sindaco* feeling puzzled and miserable about what he has got to do—for he has only been taught to hoist Red Flags—and walking hand in hand with the curate, asking him, as peasants will do, for a few hints about administration. And this perhaps a fortnight after the Red Flag affair.

The Red Flag was an isolated occurrence. The rest is life, every day's toil and need. I hold that incidents should be left alone when studying events.

What then is wrong with Italian life—apart from 'incidents'? This is easily told. *Italy is liquidating the war.* Every nation which has participated in the war has to liquidate it. No country can avoid this tremendous business. No two countries, either, have the same way of liquidating it. France liquidates the war by stiffening herself up. England, by going back to work. Italy liquidates it by bringing the different parties which separated on the war into contact—contact through contrast. This is the reason why the strife is so hot. If our way is so different, there are good reasons.

I shall not make a comparison between our efforts in the war and other people's. Effort is a relativity. A small effort is greater

to a child than a great one to an adult. And speaking of adults, a small effort is heavier to an adult who is bound than a great one is to an adult who is free. The former has two efforts to make. This was the case with Italy. And this is the reason why, though our effort may be differently judged in an absolute way, the lump to digest is undoubtedly greater than that of any other belligerent.

Now Italy is going through the process of the digestion of the war in the following ways :

First : Politically.—In this field Italy has to reckon with the *dualistic principle*. The dualistic principle is the basis of the life of the Italians as a people. It was discovered through the study of our history by Giuseppe Ferrari, one of the greatest political writers in Europe, and it applies to every accident of our political life, since the Roman artificial— and essentially anti-Italian—unity was broken. In short, it consists of the fact that Italy can, in no case, gather around a general idea, but she will always react to it by dividing herself into two parties. Now, one must not imagine that the ideas will really divide the people. The people are already divided in two great currents underlying our history, and will take the opportunity of every great event—internal or external—to stand against each other in competition. They are busy to one great end : to balance each other. They always do in the end.

Under Roman rule the centrifugal current was called *municipia*. It is only now that historians are beginning to bestow attention on these centres of a life which the all-smothering Roman could not kill, which collected and saved some relics of the civilisations that had been sweeter and better than the Roman, the Syracusan life, for instance, or the Pythagorean Brotherhood in Calabria, or the Etruscan illumination in Tuscany, which, in the end, saved the Italian centrifugal principle, while the Roman centripetal principle was destroyed by the Barbarians. Then the centrifugal principle endeavoured to save the remnants of the national liberties against the new rulers, and the centripetal system produced the wonderful attempts at a central principality under the Senate and the Othos.

It was through this process that the two principles shaped themselves progressively into their famous avatar of Guelf and Ghibelline. They were, in short, the Federative and the Unitarian : the Commune and the Kingdom. Both, and with the same efficiency, contrived to save in turn the liberties of the country and the national principle. To make a short story of a long history, we find them in the dawn of the Risorgimento, politically known as the Unitarian Monarchists on one side and the Federative Republicans on the other. The best representative of the first sect, which is distinctly Ghibelline, was Count Cavour ; the best one of the second, Carlo Cattaneo, a great mind, whose

fame was obliterated by his failure. Those who tried to ride astride the two principles were fools on the grounds of pure logic. Such was Gioberti, a Federative Monarchist (though he saw his Monarch in the Pope) : so was, I am sorry to say—but one cannot play with Theory, which is a vindictive thing—Mazzini, an Unitarian Republican, that is, in the circumstances, the greatest utopist of all.

With the triumph of one of the principles unity was achieved, but the other soon rose again and was called, one was pleased to say 'ironically,' the Historical Left. Nothing was ever more true, for it was literally a great historical ebb. The new proteistic shape of the defeated Guelfs, which swept away the 'Old Right,' that is, the Ghibelline, Unitarians, Anticlericals. The Historical Left has always been in power since, and of course has thinned away, issuing forth from its big Guelfish paunch continuous streams of Ghibellinism. In order to avoid painful misconception I must say that it was not less actively Unitarian and even Anticlerical than the Old Right : for this was the work to be done, and it is peculiar of the two principles that they never hesitate to adopt the working policies of each other. This is because the two principles are not political, but historical ; they have nothing to do with parties, but they make parties unknowingly do their work, and most of the political men in Italy, when they find themselves unaccountably changing sides, would be surprised and even shocked were they told that they only obey an historical fatality which was designed to save through the centuries the soul of the nation. And it is only necessary, in order to make the main principle perfectly clear, to add that when the Historical Left defeated the Old Right, it was a struggle between the conquered Provinces and the conquering Kingdom, not of one political theory against another.

At the beginning of the war the Ghibelline principle, excluded from power by Salandra's provincial rule, burst forth, bearing the colours of the Neutralist. This explains, I think, why most of the Neutralists never could account for their opinion. It was a sheer and perfectly characterised historical return of a repressed tendency. There were all the classical features of the returning blow of the Ghibellines : the bitter passion, the hatred, the violence of feeling ; altogether a magnificent spectacle for an observer's eye. The Ghibelline Neutralists could not defeat the Guelfs in time to prevent the Italian intervention ; but mark, the temporary issue is of no importance in this secular struggle ; what is really important is that there should be an alternation of the two currents. So it happened that while the war was fought the Ghibellines went on gaining ground, overthrew Salandra's Cabinet, of a marked Guelf character, and through two amorphous

Cabinets (Boselli and Orlando)—amorphous but slowly coming in their direction—finally put in power a pure Ghibelline Government, Nitti. Then they won the general elections in 1919, which returned a House composed almost entirely of Neutralists, the Socialists being their Left side. It must be added that the more sweeping had been the returning blow the sooner they forgot their neutralist platform, the real meaning of the movement being only this, that they should be in power and the opposite side defeated.

Since this health-giving wave, or pulsation, Italy is slowly recovering, and has liquidated by more than half the political accounts of the war. It is not right that one side should govern too long. It affects the country's health. The Neutralists, who, when the fight was midway, were already no longer Neutralists, had to win because the Interventionists had come very near to moral tyranny and were too much subject to foreign influence. The country had to be saved from this danger by a party which stood for independence in foreign and home politics, even if it went the length of helping the Socialists. So far, so good. But there was, of course, a great mass of dead refuse strewn the ground after such a strife, refuse that had to be swept away or disposed of somehow. There is, for instance, the extreme side of Socialism. The Maximalists are a real refuse, which got in by the favour of a political wave with which their programme has nothing in common. The wave was civic and national. It cannot be confused with Leninism. Another refuse is made of the war political profiteers: the ultra-patriots, the extremists of the National side and such *genus*. They also are to be absorbed and have to disappear. Another result of the national split has to be reckoned with, and this is the unfair advantage which the Socialists are taking of this great struggle. When the last general election was decided, there was a general call for union, to face the Socialist danger, but it was obvious to every observing mind that no union could be reached among the Constitutionals until their great internecine war was fought out. The Socialists took, of course, every advantage that might arise from the situation, and being a well-organised mass against another absorbed in internal fighting, they gained forty seats more than they were really entitled to. The split which divided the Constitutionals was rendered more acute by the separation of the *Popolari* (the Catholic Parliamentary Party), a fact which gave this strange result, that in a country which practically exists and is united because of the constitution, the Constitutionals proper are in a minority by two in Parliament.

But this situation is so obviously accidental that even the strongest enemies of the Constitutionals dare not avail themselves of the opportunity. So that the liquidation of this last relic of

the war—the Parliamentary minority—is the easiest one. As soon as the dumb strange battle for principle was won, the disunion of the Constitutionals ceased to be. The results of the elections could be cancelled in the country, and so they were. The Ghibellines called in their best man, Giolitti, and he started afresh his old tactics, flexible in form, hard in substance, faithful to the Ghibelline type of administration, strictly national, sordid in appearance, unitarian and monocratic in their essence. The nation feels that the era of polycratism, peculiar to the Guelfs, is at an end, and the union is growing apace, as the last administrative elections, with the telling defeats of the Socialists in Turin and Florence, have shown.

On the other side the dualistic obligation has taken hold of the Socialists, as it will in due time of every Italian party as soon as it deviates from its duty of taking sides in the great division. The Socialist party is now splitting in two currents. It is easy to see in the moderate one (the Centrists they call themselves) a branch of the Ghibelline principle. They are for central authority and for a national Socialism. This is true Ghibellinism. The Maximalists, of course, are for polycratism, provincial rule, insubordination, and importation of foreign ideas. This is a portrait of Guelfism. However, the next result will be that in the next fight the situation will be reversed: the Constitutionals will be in full union and their adversaries divided. And there is a strong probability that the communion in the Ghibelline spirit will bring the left of the Constitutionals and the right of the Socialists together. As for the *Popolari*, half of them have returned home, and more will follow.

Thus is Italy liquidating the war in the political field. It may seem a complicated way: but when political thought has filtered through twenty centuries of the strangest history in the world, one cannot expect it to behave as simply as the political thought of a less complex aggregate would.

THE FASCISMO.

While the above reflections were waiting for the printer a new outburst of this dualistic spirit has brought fresh evidence of its importance. The 'Fascismo,' a counter-revolutionary movement, imbued with a Guelfish character, has surged from the old 'Comuni' and shaken the Extremists to pieces. That it is Guelfish is evident from its origin and its peculiar methods. It has not been originated in the capital, nor in the political centres: for a certain time it had no centre. The Fascismo was born in the provinces, where the extremistic menace was stronger: it was a spontaneous rising, and up to a short time ago it had no

real control. The only name which could be found for it was the name of *reaction* : an autonomous movement of exasperated people against the intolerance of the Socialists. At first its features were distinctly communal, as a true Italian movement should be. It arose around the town walls, menaced by the Communists : its greatest waves swayed around the walls of Palazzo d' Accorso in Bologna and of the Palazzo della Signoria in Florence. And by a singular coincidence, the two towns where the Fascismo has been and is strongest, Bologna and Florence, have been 'Guelf' to the bone in the old times. There still goes in the old poems a story of the Bolognese accusing a Legate of the Pope of being too much of a Ghibellino for their taste—because he blessed the people with his left hand. But to come to modern Guelfism and to the Fascismo, its communal features gave it its great vigour, its spreading force, its enormous popularity. Very few people have realised so far the real nature of the Fasci. Most think them political associations formed by the youngest elements of the Conservative *bourgeoisie*. If they had been such, they would not have taken any serious root. But as a communal reaction against the capture of four thousand 'Comuni' by the Socialists, combined with the hatred that the Extremists' behaviour has roused throughout the country, they covered in a few months the whole of Northern and Central Italy. Their blows were aimed at the Socialist town councils, with the result that, half through the Socialists' follies, half through their cowardice and their im-
preparation to meet such a movement, three-quarters of them have either resigned or fled from their duties at the critical moment of a general election.

The Government has very wisely abstained from interfering. The wave had in itself a national and an historical character, and it would have been against reason to repress it until it came to a political issue. In this latter case it would be against reason to allow an armed reaction to grow into a political party. The policy of the Government towards it has been to stand on purely communistic grounds—the use of physical force as a political means, and to allow a trial of physical force among parties, up to a certain extent. The first result has been an outcry from the Socialists for a return to legality. The second has been the destruction of this old illusion, that a revolutionary minority can impose its will by the use of force when on the other side there is a strong deliberation to use the same means to prevent it. A living example has been set, that no society dies but that which commits suicide. It has been clearly proved that a few thousand young men can suppress the strongest attempt at revolution. A few thousand is too many, the greatest fight having been fought when the Fascio of Bologna were a few hundred against

hundreds of thousands of organised Socialists, and when the Florentine Fascio, which has won afterwards a great fame, numbered twelve people.

This is the last liquidation of the war spirit in Italy. The war has bred the spirit of violence, and violence is killing itself. When the menace of a tyranny was over the country dualism arose and stopped the way. Now the Socialists proclaim themselves only too content to go back to legal means; and the Fascismo is turning itself into a political party, and so preparing an end to itself. The spell of revolution is destroyed: *borghesi* and Socialists are alike persuaded that no such thing is possible, and there is an end to all misconstructions about the internal conditions of Italy.

Second: Socially.—Italy had scarcely become united when she was confronted with the problem of over-population. Italy is chiefly an agricultural country, and has no natural riches to give work and food to her people. The Italians are a strong healthy race, and the favourable hygienic and economic conditions brought in by the new regime told on the natural growth of the population. From 23 millions, roughly calculated in the 'fifties, it was found to be 36 millions in 1911. This rapid ascent had to be met somehow, and it was met in four principal ways: development of the industry in the North; emigration in the South; public works; development of agriculture. Of this last item let us say a passing word to dissipate a widely spread misconception; that is, that there are in Italy great stretches of waste land. This was true under the old regime, in the time of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe's novels. The real truth is that out of 23,000,000 hectares, which are Italy's lot, only 1,200,000 hectares are not cultivated, and of these fairly 600,000 are utterly uncultivable, being either alpine or apenninic or seashore soil.

The truth is that Italy met her overgrowth of men in the right way: creating industries, even if artificial ones, in the North, and extending culture in the South. If something can be said against her, it is that she failed to see her opportunities to become a great sea-trading nation. With this exception, everything that a busy and intelligent nation can imagine to find employment and food for an ever-increasing population has been done. In the South the culture of the land was extended as far as possible. In the North, where every acre of soil was already under cultivation, the genius of the nation led to the creation of great industries. This distribution helped to produce a different economy and a different social spirit in the two halves of the country. The industrialised North turned to Socialism and Syndicalism, while the South remained the stronghold of Liberalism. Socialism, as is well known, is an industrial disease, a sheer product of the factory, and will disappear as soon as a new system of production

facilitating the distribution of power for home-work purposes will reduce to a reasonable proportion the unnatural agglomerations created by industry. With industry the industrial disease gained and permeated the North, while the South remained undefiled. Still, the South was not only much poorer but had to get through a tremendous economic crisis in '86. When France, by the 'Wine Clause,' closed the door to Italian wines, all the vine-growing South got very near to ruin. The North did not feel the blow, but the Southern peasants began emigrating in masses. An enormous capital had been sunk in the vines, and the wine was not worth being brought to the market. Let us add that in a few years an epidemic of phylloxera did the rest, and helped to ruin the most sober-living and hard-working people that exist under the sun, although they are to this day persecuted by the legend of the 'lazy Southerners.' The North, too busy in its new-created industry, did not pay attention to or sympathise with what followed. So the social policies in Italy became two. In the North the demand for employment was met by the extension of industry, in the South by emigration. Since the great rush of '86, the emigrants' flood became a regular tide which operated as a great safety-valve and more than helped to save Italy. It soon became known that the North could not alone manage a revolutionary movement, and that it could not hope to gain the South to it, because in the first place their economics were quite different; secondly, there was no love lost between them after '86; thirdly, the South had found its way out of unemployment and famine. It had also found a way to reconstitute its economy; for the emigrants did not stay abroad. They came back home with their small savings, bought back the land they had sold, or bought that land which had withered in the hands of the *Signori*; in short, they changed the South of Italy from a land of great proprietors and great tenants to a land of small property, invested new capital in it, changed the cultures and made it pay, so that when the war broke out, the South was exporting about 600 millions of lire worth of agricultural produce, mainly to Germany.

The North behaved differently. After trying political Socialism, it gave itself to Syndicalism and Trade-unionism. This new tendency proved most valuable. Socialism became a force through this new method. The work of organisation was at first very slow, but it went on faster and faster as the industries became larger. Great industries give a ready-made organisation to Socialism. Before the war the central body of the trade unions, the *Confederazione Generale del Lavoro*, modelled upon the French C.G.T., was already a very powerful body, led by experienced men. Then the war broke out, and the opposition of the Socialists to it gave them an opportunity to multiply their ranks and to

enlist a new element, the peasant, who had so far regarded Socialism with mistrust. And some new phenomena followed too. The greatest of all was the industrial inflation caused by the enormous demand of the State upon national industry; the realisation of extraordinary profits by the employers, and the obligation they felt themselves under to increase the wages on an unusual scale, so as to repay the Government for its indulgence towards their gains, by keeping the masses quiet. It was, after all, a system of bribery on a large scale. The masses allowed themselves to be bribed, but they felt the weakness on the employers' side; they felt that the high wages were a social *pot-de-vin*, paid to them by the employers as an excuse for their unnatural profits and their more unnatural blackmailing of the Government's helplessness. And then, of course, they grew insolent, being demoralised. Every economic system which has not the moral law for its basis is bound to poison the social life of the country. The system was immoral, because neither were the employers paid for the real value of their products, nor were the workers for the real value of their work. The latter grew immoral in their requests and wild in their methods.

This state of restlessness, which is once more an organic residuum of the war, had to be liquidated with the rest. The first thing to be done was to strike at the root of immorality by stopping the unnatural profits of the employers. Giolitti understood this plain truth, and he brought in his law for the confiscation of excess profits, the sternest in Europe. Let it be understood that it was rather a moralising law than an effectual one. But in a subtle way it has helped a lot to clear the moral atmosphere. Behind Giolitti's work was the work of the C.G.L. led by the best elements of economic Socialism, fighting among the masses against the wild leaders who tried to avail themselves of the existing disquietude. The two tendencies came to a conflict over the famous movement of the metallurgic workers. Much has been said about the occupation of the factories and the attitude of the Government. Now it must be known that over this question the main issue of the war's social liquidation was fought. The employers having been forced again to a moral rule, the workers had to be brought to reasonableness and to realise that in an economic fight neither of the parties could count upon the help of the Government; in short that the Government, being no longer pressed by the needs of the war, would no more pay the *pots cassés* of the competition between employers and employed for the division of the loot. Such was the inner meaning of the Government's neutrality, which astonished all onlookers. At bottom what was there in the occupation of the factories but a distant yet threatening call for more protection, more State help, more inflation, and more immorality?

The neutral attitude of the Government was a *fin de non recevoir* to this call. Left alone to fight against the employers, the workers understood that they were going to general destruction, and evaded the situation by a side issue : participation in the supervision. The fact is that non-intervention scared them more than it did the employers. This is not the place for studying the control question : we are only examining the social crisis in Italy. Since the great metallurgic agitation and the adoption of divided industrial supervision, the workers have fairly gone back to work. The spectre of unemployment haunts them, and rightly too ; in their foolish attempt they have learned that it would be impossible for them to do without capital and technical direction, and have quietly remitted themselves into the hands of the C.G.I., which strives to keep them on the economic ground. The employers, though still frowning upon the Government, allow that since the war broke out, work has never been so zealously attended ; in some factories the men work now eleven hours a day.

This for the industrial workers. As to the peasants, the question may seem very serious, but it is already settling itself. Surely when the produce of the soil began to yield great profits and the price of the land to rise, the peasants began to feel an unusual love for the land which they did not care about six years ago. *Ubi caro, ibi vultur*. But this desire was happily—and unconsciously, one is bound to say—met by the provisions which were made in succession for the forcible occupation of uncultivated land. They were not meant for this ; but the fact is that they met the peasants' desire for land and distributed it into a thousand small channels, whereas a strong anti-occupation policy would have roused it into a sweeping wave of forced expropriation. The aforesaid provision allowed here and there the occupation of small parcels of land under legal guarantees ; they put at the head of this half-revolutionary movement the *Prefetti*, representatives of the executive in the Provinces ; they caused the creation of thousands of small associations among the peasants, always divided in the three qualifications of Socialists, Catholics, and discharged soldiers, and these small groups started actuating the division of the rural property in a legal way, with an ant-like activity. If a colossal brain could have thought of an effectual diversion to a rural revolution, it could have found nothing better. Lately, at Reggio Emilia, Signor Modigliani observed that the Socialists could still work a rural revolution ; he forgot, or did not know, that one half of the revolution is already made, and that in a short time the whole of it will be over and spent. The latest news of occupations in Sicily, made under the national flag, tells that the Sicilians are turning their great *latifondi* into small property. Three-quarters of the Peninsular South were divided

already before the war. The occupations are peaceful in the Roman Campagna. In Central Italy the system of *mezzeria* (lease under share of profits) had turned centuries ago the Tuscan peasant into a more real proprietor than the proprietor himself. There remain indeed two black spots: one is Puglia and Bari, because of the unemployment among the day-workers, who find no work between seasons; but the phenomenon known as temporary emigration will act as a safety-valve against this danger. The other is the country around Bologna—'the reddest province'; but the Government has to deal with that, for it is rather a question of order than of economical settlement, as the Emilian peasant lacks nothing to be a rich man in his generation.

But the social settling down is evident on every side. The South is tired of strikes: the industrial workers have gone back to reason; even the 'labourers of the sea' show a growing lack of confidence in the half-crazy, half-canny leader they have in Captain Giulietti. If nothing intervenes, the restoring of order and of common sense is a matter of one year. And nothing can intervene, unless it be an economic collapse.

Third: The Economic Question.—Italy has seen in this war her economy reversed. She had in the last years before the war a fair balance of exports. Most of her export trade went to Germany and to Central Europe, and it consisted of agricultural products; the rest, made out of goods manufactured in the Northern factories, went to the Levant, to France (silk especially), and to South America. Part of her wine, oranges, and lemons went to England, together with sulphur. The motor firms too made a good export trade. A moderate protection made things cheap, with the exception of sugar. All this has come to an end through the war. The agricultural export trade to Germany was stopped, and somehow Italy has not been able to resume it with her Allies. During the war, when in hundreds of hospitals thousands of wounded lacked a refreshing draught, in the Bay of Naples and in Sicily lemon growers buried the fruit they could not sell. There has been even during the war a little misunderstanding about lemons being exported to Switzerland, and thence to Austria. It was hard on the poor lemon grower, for no sympathising hand had been held out to help him to sell his excellent fruit. And, by the way, one must not believe that lemons and oranges grow by themselves. When you read of 'terraced cliffs upon the blue sea' from a pictorial point of view, think that all the terraces had to be cut in the hard rock by the hand of man, that every handful of soil had to be brought there (very often in a hat), that every blessed tree has a name, and a soul in the grower's belief. Then you will begin to realise how hard it is to be offered forty lire for one thousand lemons in a time when the most

trivial commodity is worth its weight in gold. And all this because there was no export organisation and foreign buyers made the most of it.

But this is a small matter. The general fact is that export trade has practically ceased, while all our imports have increased enormously, not in quantity of goods, but in the money paid for them because of the exchange. Our balance is destroyed and we can see no means of re-establishing it. The restrictions on imports have been a vain measure, because the three necessities we have to import are of the sort that cannot be restricted : corn, coal, and iron. The Government could only play with the restrictions on insignificant trifles : watches, furs, carpets—articles which do not tell upon the balance because of their small amount compared with the vital imports. We could only re-establish the balance in a few years if we were able to resume our main export, the export of labour. But as I have said above, this political and economical safety-valve is only just beginning to open again. Though nobody can witness without sadness the phenomenon of emigration in Italy, the export of labour means three things for us : reducing of needs at home, reducing of our paper circulation, and importing gold from abroad. The yearly sending of money home from our emigrants amounted to more than 500,000,000 lire before the war. There is little doubt that with the increased value of man's labour through the world, this sum could be more than doubled to-day. We put little hope on the United States, as the conditions of work are there just now particularly bad, and the restrictions on immigration are likely to be made more strict ; but we look forward to our great labour field, South America, which is feeling the pinch of want of labour. It is anticipated that the journey of Signor Orlando to Brazil will open a new door to our emigration, as its aim was to establish serious guarantees for the welfare and the protection of our emigrants, up till now judged unsatisfactory. When this peculiar export will have begun to work, more than half the way towards the re-establishment of the balance between exports and imports will have been made.

Another effort could be made, but only with the help of our Allies. These have still to realise a fact. Some of them—namely England and America—are Italy's creditors, and there is no doubt at all that these debts have to be paid. Italian people, Neutralists or Interventionists, never raised a doubt as to this point. But America and England have so far failed to see it is not by exporting into Italy and not importing from her that they can ever hope to recover their credits to their full value. They should know that there is only one way of settlement, and this is to import from Italy, receiving goods instead of paper money. Instead of

this they flood our markets with goods, lowering the value of our money and lessening the probabilities of getting back their credits. As a fact, the result is that after a year of furious selling English traders are realising that the more they sell to us, without giving us a fair chance to export back, the more our money is depreciated and the more our buying power diminishes. So that there is only one solution to the crisis which threatens English trade and English production. This solution is only an imitation of the German methods. The Germans never organised a great exporting trade to a country without organising a counter-exporting one. When they invaded our markets with iron, dyes, and manufactured goods, they came over and took care to organise our agricultural exports to Germany. They encouraged our fruit and vegetable growers and sent them special trains to carry away their produce; taught the olive growers to produce sulphurated oil and the lemon growers to establish factories for the distillation of citric acid. In short, they worked upon the same economic principle that you cannot *in aeternum* sell to a country unless you buy something from her; otherwise you will impoverish and kill the market you have striven to conquer.

Upon this principle should the Allies, who are our creditors, look to Italy. For their credit's sake first of all, then for their trade's sake, and lastly for Italy's sake. England is deeply interested in the question of the exchange. That an English sovereign should be worth over a hundred lire is only apparently an advantage. In fact it means a stop to English trade. It is far worse than any protective tariff. What protection can multiply in Italy the value of English goods by more than four? Switzerland is slowly dying of solitude in the aloofness of her exchange. So exchange is a double-edged weapon wounding both ways. For these reasons it is urgent that a movement should be started to reach a better equiparation in Europe; and this result can only be attained by encouraging export from the nations with a depreciated currency. If England wants to help Italy and to restore her value as a market, she has to take an interest in her export trade, to favour the export of her wine, fruits, hemp, flowers, absolutely as the Germans did. In this manner only can Italy restore her economic balance and be able to pay her debts and place orders abroad.

From what has been said, without even looking to future possibilities in hydraulic power and in petrol—of which commodities Italy has got a fair share, if they were only developed—but restricting ourselves to the present, we can conclude that the economic liquidation of the war is a relatively simple question for Italy, and that with a little help and a little time it will be solved.

Only one must look at Italy with sympathy. In less than sixty years this country, torn in pieces, impoverished, and tyrannised, has built her national house, furnished and managed it, doing in so short a time what other nations did in many centuries. Can she not be trusted, now that she has come unscathed, save for the everliving Dead, out of a hurricane that has destroyed three empires?

CARLO SCARFOGLIO.

THE LAND AND THE NATION

'ALL men are born free—yet are now in bondage.' 'All men are born equal.' 'Like the air we breathe, the land is equally a gift of nature—how then defend individual ownership of land?'

Catch phrases of the above description are popular with certain sections of the community; they are also dangerous, for at the first glance they would seem to contain a certain element of truth, but fundamentally they are untrue and therefore misleading. As Studdert Kennedy says in his admirable book *Lies*, 'All men are born babies, and who ever heard of a free baby?' Mothers would die of forty thousand fits at the idea.'

Again it is absurd to contend that all men are born equal: of equal value in the sight of God, yes; but otherwise born with every possible diversity of gifts and character. But it is the last phrase with which we shall concern ourselves here. 'Land, like the air, is a gift of nature, and there should be no individual ownership of gifts of nature.' That is the idea at the back of the minds of many who are to-day advocating the nationalisation of the land.

These unsound phrases and ideas should be refuted, otherwise they gradually accumulate force; 'la phrase les enivre' remarks M. Louis Madelin, referring to the French Revolution, and although the French in those days were much more swayed by phrases than are our people, still the danger should not be ignored.

The extreme section of nationalists wish to nationalise all capital (including land), and it is quite futile to attempt to dissuade those who hold this view; if the recent events in Russia have not shaken their belief nothing will do so. If they are ever in power they will attempt to enforce their doctrines, and the country will inevitably be brought to ruin.

But to those who honestly feel that the land, because it is a gift of nature, should belong to the nation and not to the individual owners, I would point out that there is a fundamental difference between the air and the land. We can breathe the air without any preliminary expenditure of capital, but the land cannot be used at all without a vast expenditure of capital—agricultural land, not urban, is under consideration.

When a man sells a farm of average land, the price he receives represents only the capital that has been expended in

making that farm usable. It represents the money that has been spent in recent equipment—draining, fencing, roads, buildings; it does not even represent the original expenditure which was necessary to convert it from the wild state into agricultural land.

That is the first point to be clear upon, and everyone who is opposed to the abolition of private capital must logically admit, since land represents just so much capital expended by individuals, that individual owners have therefore a moral right to it. Whether individual or state ownership is the more advantageous for the nation is another matter and will be discussed later.

There is another argument in regard to ownership that must be considered here; put crudely it is as follows: All wealth is created by labour (it is true that all wealth is created by *effort*); the next step in the argument is that all wealth is created by the labourer, and the final—that therefore the present possessors of wealth who are not labourers have no just title to their wealth, an argument as naïve as it is fallacious! Incidentally it is an argument put forward by the hangers-on of the Labour Party, rather than by the leaders thereof.

It is not true that wealth is created by muscular labour, unaided and undirected. How much wealth does a savage produce? Nor does capital by itself produce wealth. Wealth is produced when brain-power is brought to bear and to indicate *when* and *how* and *where*.

Several years ago, at the annual Trades Union Conference, it was definitely decided by the leaders of Labour that the term 'worker' included the man who worked with his brains as well as the man who worked with his hands. That decision was epoch-making, for it states a fundamental truth. Let us apply it to the land and see how it works out.

On Farm A, the farmer employs ten men; he is a man with little brain-power and poor organising ability; he does not produce anything like as much as he should from the soil, and he makes only a bare living for himself. On Farm B, the farmer is highly trained and possesses a good brain; the farm in every respect is similar to the first farm, and the same number of men are employed—but Farmer B produces three times as much food for the nation and a good income for himself. In the one case the farm is adding little to the wealth of the nation, in the other much. The difference is due to brain effort, for the manual work is potentially the same. In process of time Farmer B increases his wealth and buys land—a process which is going on all the time.

In the case of existing landowners the capital with which they have bought their land (for most of the land has been bought, not given by a Sovereign to some favourite) has been created by

brain effort, either on their own part or on that of some immediate forebear, either in agriculture or in some other industry.

It is not implied that brain-power and organising ability are not to be found in the labouring section of the community; they are there. The proof of this is that in the agricultural industry the number of labouring men who become farmers, and large farmers at that, and even owners, compares more than favourably with the number of workers in other industries who rise to positions of responsibility and leadership.

But the percentage of men who have the power of leadership and good management is not high, and, until the standard of general education is much more advanced, the majority of men must work under the guidance and leadership of men with brain-power sufficient to secure the maximum output and production of wealth for the nation. Under the present conditions these men (in general terms the farmers) borrow capital from the landowner in the form of land, and pay him a rate of interest on that capital (in the form of rent) far below the market rate of interest, and far below the rate at which the state could afford to advance it, were it in the position of owner. It is not here contended that this custom of letting land below its inherent market value is sound or to the best advantage of the nation or the industry; it is simply stated as a fact: and anyone who recognises the right to individual ownership of capital must logically recognise the right to the individual ownership of land.

Another fact that in fairness to the landowner should be borne in mind, is that during the years of agricultural depression the owners lost hundreds of millions sterling; had the state owned the land that loss would have fallen upon the nation.

Nothing that is said here should be construed into a defence of our present system of agriculture or of the yield obtained from the land of the United Kingdom under that system. The object is to show that there is nothing morally wrong in the individual ownership of land, in fact that owning land is like owning any other form of capital, save that it carries with it greater responsibilities and produces a lower rate of interest.

The next point to answer is the assertion that our agriculture is not in the condition it should be in because individual ownership is inimical to a flourishing agriculture. Here again is a confusion of thought—our agriculture is carried on under a system of occupying tenancy as opposed to occupying ownership; we are the only country in the world in which this system exists. If the state became owner of all the land to-morrow this tenancy system would continue and would be confirmed for all time; in practice it would make little difference to the system whether the state owned the land or individual landlords continued to own it.

The fact which must be realised is that in every country where the agricultural industry has reached the highest stage of development this has been achieved under a system of occupying ownership : for example, in Denmark eighty-eight farmers out of every hundred own the farms they cultivate. This is a fact which should be emphasised in season and out of season, for it is fundamental.

Why plunge for nationalisation of the land—a wholesale experiment—without first weighing the merits of the system that has proved satisfactory in every country in the world, old and new?

As the Labour Party states, we wish to see the land producing its utmost and giving employment to the economic maximum of cultivators ; there is nothing specifically 'Labour' in that ; in fact they waited until the eleventh hour before any programme in regard to rural land was announced officially !

I am not against experiment ; in times of transition such as these experiment is necessary, but it should be wise experiment—wild experiment should be avoided like the plague. And is not an experiment wild which entirely ignores a factor of such importance as the human element?

Can anyone, who knows the British cultivator, for one moment believe that under state ownership and state management of the land he will put forth his best effort and produce the maximum amount of food for the nation? We must make drastic changes, for we cannot remain content with an output from our land that is only half what it should be, but we have two alternatives before us : one, the system of occupying ownership that has everywhere proved successful ; the other, an experiment in nationalisation : the land was nationalised in China one thousand years ago, and the experiment failed entirely, although the Chinese seem to have set about it in a very methodical way. The Russian revolutionaries tried what was tantamount to nationalisation, and we have seen the result—utter failure because the cultivator would not work under such a system.

Finally, we have our examples of nationalised land at home—the land owned by the Crown and by the County Councils, managed by officials not under the sway of any extreme doctrines but whose object is to administer to the best of their ability in the public interest. Is the land so owned and managed in a strikingly better condition than privately owned land? Are the cultivators obviously better off? No one who knows can affirm that they are. What then would be the position if the nationalisers were in power, with officials appointed for their extremist views—doctrinaires and less practical than the officials who now deal with land?

Let us now consider for a moment what advantages might accrue from the nationalisation of land, as claimed by those nationalists who honestly believe that it would work for the good of the nation. As far as can be ascertained, they are as follows :

1. That the community would thus be able to secure to itself any increased value of the land arising from state action, and so to prevent any benefit accruing to the individual from an increased value brought about by the community itself.

2. That speculation in land would be stopped.

3. That the community would benefit socially if the land were nationalised, for then it would be readily available for all future development.

4. That the proper control of cultivation would be secured.

5. That if farmers held their land under the state, fixity of tenure would be secured.

6. That it is essential to nationalise the land before railways and mines can be nationalised.

7. That it would secure easy access to the land for the largest possible number of people.

8. That the single-tax system could be introduced.

The whole question is, Is it necessary to nationalise the land to secure these objects? Are there not other methods by which to secure them—methods that would prove simpler, and would not entail the risk of entirely upsetting the agricultural industry? And this risk is a real one. The great mass of farmers are opposed to state-ownership; it could only be carried out in the face of their strongest opposition, and a lessened production over a lengthy period would be the inevitable result.

As a matter of fact, some of the aims as stated above have been achieved already by methods other than that of nationalisation, and others are in process of achievement.

1. Increment duty is in existence, and it could be so applied that *all* increased value would go to the community wherever it was not due to the activity of the owner or expenditure of capital on his part.

2. Speculation will be stopped if increase in value is removed by taxation.

3. In Germany methods were adopted for providing towns with the land they required for housing and public use without nationalising all rural land. A really comprehensive Acquisition of Lands Act would remove the existing difficulties.

4. Occupying ownership gives absolute security and, when accompanied with the provision of a sound system of credit, the *most* wholesome security.

5. Railways *have been* nationalised without nationalising the land.

6. A proper Acquisition of Lands Act, along with a properly devised Land Settlement Act, would secure easy access to the land.

7. The point in regard to single tax is hardly worth replying to, in view of the fact that for years to come the National Budget will require a revenue of at least 700,000,000*l.*, and the total annual rental of *all land and houses* in the United Kingdom does not amount to half that sum.

As to exactly how the process of nationalisation is to be effected, its protagonists are hopelessly vague. They do not—taking a concrete unit such as the parish for instance—show what would be done; on many farms the tenants have considerable tenant right in buildings they themselves have erected; how would they be paid? Then there is the case of the buildings put up recently by landowners—it is clear that, even if the land itself were confiscated, the state would have to provide an amount of capital which would prove impossible to find in these days of financial stress.

The one point upon which the Labour leaders seem to be quite definite is that there can now be no question of compensating the owner—that the question of justice simply does not come in. But the question of justice *does come in*; as every impartial man whose mind is not obsessed with the desire to destroy *all* private capital must admit.

As things are, no one can logically support the doctrine of nationalising land, unless he wishes to see *all* private capital abolished. And all, save the most obtuse, must realise, if they follow at all the developments in Russia, that the abolition of private capital means the destruction of the country.

I think that really the Labour leaders *are* beginning to understand a little the vast difficulties in the way of nationalising the *land*, and are beginning to lean towards some nebulous scheme of nationalising the *industry*. This would to a certain extent get over the difficulty of the actual acquisition of the land itself. But it would involve a pooling of capital and the communistic management of the industry, which would be disastrous.

As has already been said, the English-speaking cultivator will not create any such communistic system; even extreme Communists themselves could not work under it and hold together. I am referring to the group of Communists who left Australia a few years ago and settled somewhere in South America. The whole settlement failed and broke up, but a few of the settlers remained on as *individual occupying owners* and are now, I believe, doing well.

But the fact that we must ever bear in mind, if we are to escape the *very real* dangers of nationalisation, is that it is not enough merely to preach against an evil doctrine: we must raise

an effective barrier. Now the most effective barrier, in fact the one alternative to the nationalisation of land, is *occupying ownership*. We know that this is the system under which the agricultural industry has reached the highest state of development elsewhere.

We know that our land can, and must, be made to produce more food and employ more people; therefore let us deliberately concentrate upon creating the system of occupying ownership. There is a right way and a wrong way of developing this system.

One effect of the Great War has been the breaking up of the great estates, and the consequent increase in the numbers of smaller owners; these were in many cases the tenants of the farms they purchased. These new owners had either to sink an unwisely large amount of their working capital in the purchase, or else to borrow money in the form of a permanent mortgage. With declining prices for agricultural produce, and the decreasing value of land, many of these new owners are bound to be ruined. This is the wrong way of bringing in the system of occupying ownership. The right way is to create the Land Bank, as has been done in all other countries. This enables the tenant to buy his farm, without locking up his capital, which he requires for the proper working of the farm, in the purchase of the land. It also enables the tenant to borrow soundly instead of unsoundly—for the mortgage is the unsoundest of all forms of borrowing; since it constitutes a permanent charge upon the land.

The loan from the Land Bank carries a sinking fund, and with the payment of every year's instalment the margin of safety increases: and in thirty or forty years the loan is extinguished. Never before has our agricultural industry been faced with times so difficult or so full of danger; and unless we can recognise that industry on sound lines and make its position unassailable, there is little doubt that one day the Labour Party, which is definitely pledged to nationalise the land, will make some attempt in that direction. The attempt undoubtedly would fail—nevertheless, it would bring chaos into the industry, jeopardise its very existence, and work untold harm to the nation.

EVOLUTION V. CREATION:

A REPLY TO SIR E RAY LANKESTER

σὺ δ' εἰσαγε
ὥπως τ' ἐπίστα τήνδε κύρωσον δίκην. .
ὁ γὰρ διώκων πρότερος ἐξ ἀρχῆς λέγων
γένεuit' ἂν ὀρθῶς πράγματος διδάσκαλος
ἔπος δ' ἀμείβου πρὸς ἔπος ἐν μέρει τιθεῖς.

AESCH. *Eum.* 570 (Herm.).

He that is first in a controversy thinketh himself right,
But his neighbour cometh and searcheth him out.—Prov. xviii. 17.

IN this Review for January was published an article under the title of 'The Church of the Future,' laying down two propositions: (1) That the present Pope was the last of a long line of Roman prelates who since Cardinal Manning's day deliberately fomented war between the two leading Protestant countries of Germany and England in the hope that by the destruction of Protestantism Popery might yet again raise her head in Europe; (2) that no first-rate scientist in England or France or Germany or America had ever accepted any theory (Darwinian or otherwise) of the evolution of man from the lower animals.

Now these are two very serious statements. They intrench on highly serious issues. For it requires no great discernment for the man-in-the-street to perceive that: (1) If the Papacy can be really proved guilty by documentary evidence of a secret conspiracy with the Emperor against this country in the late war then she condones the doctrine of Might r. Right which the proud atheism of Germany has through many trumpeters loudly proclaimed. Again, (2) if it can really be proved that Evolution is a fiction of ingenious theorists that no longer seriously corresponds with the facts of Nature, then the old conflict between Science and Religion has already come to an end. For, disguise it how we may, this, and no less than this, is the inner significance of this great controversy (which is, as a matter of fact, purely fictitious) between Science and Scripture, between Reason and Revelation, between the Kingdom of Faith and the Kingdom of

Nature, between Evolution and Creation, or—as Darwin signalled it—between ‘Creation and Modification.’ For Darwin from the first fully recognised the nature of his challenge to the Christian Church.

Creation of distinct successive types . . . remember, if you admit this you cut my throat. . . . There seems to be no more design in the variability of organic beings . . . than in the course which the wind blows.¹

Dr. Delitzsch was (and still is) among the most authoritative theologians of Germany (whom no one will accuse of being narrowly orthodox); and he at once took up the challenge.

I am not a believer in the religion of the times of Darwin. . . . If it were true that . . . man was in ‘the struggle for existence’ developed from the animal world (Darwinism), if in the place of the child-like Innocence of the first-created pair we have to place the cannibalism of the half-brutal manhood of the Stone Age . . . then indeed we admit without reserve that the Christian view of the world is condemned from henceforth as untenable.²

Canon Barnes candidly accepts this solution of the dilemma. To maintain the unfortunate statement of his version of Evolution he quite frankly ‘abandons’ the ‘Jewish and Christian Scriptures’! It is in defence of this or some similar (not necessarily Darwinian) application of the Evolutionary hypothesis that Professor Sir E. Ray Lankester has now apparently come forward. But in order to maintain his ground he unfortunately stoops to the level of personal controversy. He in fact accuses me in so many words of misquoting, mis-stating and misrepresenting not only the issue in general but all my authorities in particular, including himself! Of the technical controversy raised between Professor Sir Ray Lankester and myself I will endeavour so to write as that the humblest layman can follow me. Of this the public will be able to judge and, as Gibbon in his immortal biography has said, the public seldom judge wrong. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*

1. I will start by testing two of the Professor’s methods in bringing against me charges of that kind of misrepresentation which amounts to misquotation.

Mr. Clarke boldly states that Huxley ‘had hoped against hope (with Darwin) that “spontaneous generation” might yet be proved. That hope [he says] was shattered by Pasteur and Tyndall.’

This statement he describes as ‘a baseless fancy,’ and, after much irrelevant detail, concludes:

It is a mere invention that either Huxley or Darwin had any ‘hope’ which was shattered by Pasteur or by Tyndall.

¹ *Life and Letters*, i. 309, and ‘To Lyell’, Letter of September 12 1860

² *Commentary on Genesis*, pref., and Introduction, *ad fin.*

I turn to Darwin's *Life and Letters*, and what do I read? In 1872 Darwin writes to Russel Wallace :

' I should like to live to see archebiosis [spontaneous generation] proved true for it would be a discovery of transcendent importance.' [To Haeckel he writes] ' If it *could* be proved true this would be most important to us.'³

And Huxley the same. Quotation will make this clear. I cite the official biography written by his son :

In his Presidential address, ' Biogenesis and Abiogenesis ' (*Coll. Ess.* viii. page 229), he [Huxley] discussed the rival theories of *spontaneous generation* and the universal derivation of life from precedent life, and professed his belief as an act of philosophic *faith* that at some remote period life had arisen out of inanimate matter though there was no evidence that anything of the sort had occurred recently, the germ-theory⁴ explaining many supposed cases of spontaneous generation.⁵

What this cautious statement means may be explained by the greater daring of Huxley's scientific friend, Haeckel :

Those who will not admit the spontaneous generation of the first living things in our sense must have recourse to a supernatural miracle; and this is as a matter of fact the desperate resource to which our 'exact' scientists are driven, to the complete abdication of reason.⁶

Alas, in closing his Essay on 'The Origination of Living Beings' Huxley had to use these very words: 'With . . . M. Pasteur's experiments before us . . . Spontaneous Generation has received a final *coup de grâce* '!

2. Again,

Mr Clarke says: 'Nothing irritated Huxley more than Lyell's contempt for his pithecanthropoid ancestry of man.' It is difficult to qualify this statement in moderate language. It is contrary to fact, for Lyell had no such contempt but, as his written statement proves (see *Life and Letters of C. Darwin*, vol. iii. p. 13), accepted it although it was to him a wrench.

I turn to the very book to which the Professor has invited my attention, and on opening a previous volume read as follows :

[Huxley admits that] to the end of his life he [Lyell] entertained a profound antipathy for the pithecanthropoid origin of man.⁷

Dr. Hutcheson Stirling, in his *Darwinianism*, takes the same view of Lyell's antipathy (pp. 172, 189). I should gather myself, from a fresh and careful survey of Lyell's famous Chapter xx. in the later editions of his *Antiquity of Man*, that he distrusted it till

³ Vol. iii. p. 180.

⁴ I presume of Weismann's—an 'impossible' fiction designed to support that very Darwinian hypothesis Weismann has destroyed by his own discovery, namely, that 'Nature never transmits acquired characteristics.' See Deperet, *Transformations du Monde Animal*, c. xxv, also *Les Théories de l'Évolution*, p. 346 (ed. Flammarion, Paris, 1909).

⁵ Huxley's *Life and Letters*, i. 332.

⁶ *Evolution of Man* vol. ii. ch. xviii.

⁷ Vol. ii. pp. 190, 192.

further proof was forthcoming. The distinguished authors of *Les Théories de l'Evolution* (quoted in footnote⁴), though evolutionists, give the following reason for the difficulty of maintaining their cause. It is not easy with the help of short extracts fairly to present their case :

If the whole controversy of the 'Origin of Species' has taken on a character so bitter [they tell us in an invaluable preface] it is because at the bottom of the whole question there is the inevitable conclusion upon the origin of Man. . . . What is the origin of our life-of-the-soul (*vie psychique*)? . . . What becomes, in fact, if one accepted the new point of view [viz. Evolution] of the idea of Free-Will? . . . The triumph of the idea of evolution is here more difficult to achieve than in other regions. Is it, besides, complete even now? . . . This idea of Evolution even in our own day makes its way (*fraye son chemin*) with great difficulty. . . . The application of the evolutionary scheme (*méthode*) is even now almost entirely in the future.

Let me now turn to another side of the Professor's scientific knowledge. The *Bathybius* hypothesis and that of 'the European ancestry of the horse' were two troublesome children of Huxley's fertile brain and weigh with an inconvenient load on his memory. It is human and natural that Professor Ray Lankester should in either instance rush forward to the vindication of his Master—a man whom the late Dean Alford was 'proud to name as his friend.' To me Huxley is an honoured name, but Truth is dearer. *Amicus Plato sed magis amica Veritas*.

3. On the fatal subject of *Bathybius* the Professor remarks : 'He so named what he thought was a very simple organism living in the Atlantic ooze. It proved to be' something else. This is not the explanation given by Huxley's son in the official *Life*. There Leonard Huxley tells us that his father had unfortunately characterised *Bathybius* as 'a new form of those simple [i.e. uncompounded] animated beings which have recently been so well described by Haeckel in his *Monographie der Moneras*, p. 210.'

This explanation [says his son] was plausible enough on general grounds if the evidence had been all that it seemed to be. But it must be noted that the specimens examined by him and by Haeckel . . . were seen in a preserved state. Neither of them saw a fresh specimen. . . . Not only were the expectations that it was very widely distributed over the Atlantic bottom falsified . . . by the researches of the 'Challenger' expedition but the behaviour of certain deep-sea specimens gave good ground for suspecting that *what had been sent home before as genuine deep-sea mud was a precipitate* due to the action on the specimens of the spirit in which they were preserved. Though Haeckel with his special experience of Monera refused to desert '*Bathybius*,' a close parallel to which was found off Greenland in 1876, the rest of its sponsors gave it up. Whatever it might be as a matter of possibility *the particular evidence* upon which it had been described *was tainted*. Once assured of this Huxley . . . made *public renunciation* of '*Bathybius*' at the British Association in 1879: . . . 'As to the *unlucky* publication in the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*' [he wrote to a friend], 'you have read your Shakespeare and know what is

meant by "eating a leek." Well, every honest man has to do that now and then. . . . Seriously you must not mind a check of this kind.⁸

In short, Huxley had only mistaken a dead organism for a living source of life! But I proceed.

4. I had stated that Huxley 'lived to dismiss as an error his theory of the European descent of the horse.' The Professor describes this obvious and innocent remark of mine as 'an ingenious attempt to make Huxley's justly celebrated tracing of the ancestral history of the horse appear as a blunder.' This is pure equivocation. Huxley's forecast from horse-splints was indeed 'justly celebrated,' but at the expense (as I have said) of his original theory of the European ancestry of the horse. Hear his son (his official biographer):

Six years afterwards this forecast of palaeontological research was to be fulfilled, but at the expense of the European ancestry of the horse. A series of ancestors similar to these European fossils but still more equine and extending in unbroken order much further back in geological time was discovered in America.⁹

Mr. Clodd in his useful little *Life of Huxley* also concludes that 'the [American] discovery evidenced that the accepted theory of the European origin of the horse must be abandoned' (p. 73). In his *Modern Ideas of Evolution* Sir J. W. Dawson describes it as 'worthless,' especially 'as a demonstration of Evolution' (p. 109 sq.) Since then two more discoveries of equine pedigree (four in all) have divided between them the suffrages of Science; while the estimable Professor Fairfield Osborn, of America, has furnished ample proof of what he calls 'the multiple nature of horse evolution.'¹⁰

Having tested the Professor's gifts for quotation and for the vindication of his Master (who was too honest to vindicate himself), let me test him on the fundamental issue to which this controversy leads—the evolution of man. Nothing is more interesting to-day than the raging controversy that still turns round the subject of 'the missing link' between man and his supposed ancestor—that delightful fiction, admitted even by Haeckel to be not only unknown but never even destined to be found—the 'human ape' (*pithecanthropus*). At present the evidence is so precarious that—eliminating the fragmentary Java skull (almost certainly an ape's, but of which fresh specimens have just been dug up by their original discoverer, M. Eugène Dubois) and the

⁸ Huxley's *Life and Letters*, i 295-296

⁹ Huxley's *Life and Letters*, i 327, 328

¹⁰ Depéret describes all the early and intermediate forms of the horse, 'cited as a classical example of evolution,' to have been 'proved' to admit of 'no gradual transition' and to have had 'distinct and parallel branches.' He concludes: 'The supposed pedigree of the Equidae is a deceitful delusion' (*Transformation of the Animal World*, c. XL).

Neanderthal specimen (which is with little reasonable doubt that of a degenerate man) and the Piltdown skull (which is a fragment of fragments so elusive that even Professor Fairfield Osborn takes opposite sides in successive editions of his work)—the only actual hints of a 'missing link' that we possess are possibly the single Mauer jaw-bone found at Heidelberg and the single canine tooth found to fit the jaw of Piltdown. Now let us turn to Professor Ray Lankester.

5. After hazarding a quibble as to Huxley's never having 'discussed' the Java¹¹ bones from which (along with Neanderthal) I had said that Huxley had 'hoped much,' the Professor proceeds to accuse me of a daring misrepresentation of the issue between us. It is curious that in his zeal for attacking me he has not only contradicted Huxley but the very evidence on which he supports his own hypothesis. Here are his words :

Mr. Clarke writes : ' Now Professor Ray Lankester this very year states that the Neanderthal skull proves that earliest man had a larger brain capacity than our own ' I have never stated anything of the kind. I have stated that the Neanderthal race had a larger cranial capacity than the average European of to-day . . . ' The Neanderthal man ' is not identical with the ' earliest man.'

Here are very nearly two mistakes in one. (a) *Neanderthal man* had probably not so good a brain as our own. (b) *Neanderthal* was probably the ' earliest man ' we know. If he were not, it upsets that very evolution hypothesis against which I am all along contending

(a) The Professor will on this matter doubtless allow the judgment of Huxley, who made (with Lyell) a special study of this skull. Now to what conclusion did Huxley come? To almost the opposite of the Professor's ' Neanderthal bones . . . demonstrate . . . truly the most *pitheccoid* of known human skulls.' He then agrees with Professor Schaafhausen that ' the cranial capacity . . . would seem to indicate a *small* cerebral development.'¹² He quotes Professor Schaafhausen as having come to the same ' conclusion of their belonging to a *barbarous* and savage race ' The great Lyell quotes with approval—and confirms himself with the authority of Professors Schaafhausen and Fuhlrott and Mr. Busk—Huxley's view that Neanderthal man represents ' the most *brutal* of all known human skulls ' and ' manifests an *extreme* degree of *degradation*.' Professor Duckworth allows that, if Galley Hill man *preceded* Neanderthal : ' The Neanderthal

¹¹ The Professor forgets that Huxley publicly acknowledges his ' discussion ' (the very word) with Lyell on the whole question of human skulls, because he regarded him as a ' high authority ' (Huxley's *Essays* : ' On Some Fossil Remains of Man,' p. 1). Is it likely that, as the Professor insinuates, Huxley knew nothing of Dubois' famous discovery just because he does not in his book include this highly disputed specimen with the only two he has there selected?

¹² *Essays* : ' On Some Fossil Remains of Man.'

type of skeleton . . . may be regarded as a *degenerate* form.' ¹³ Professor Smith Woodward is a first-rate authority and, while admitting that the size of the brain-cavity is greater than that of the average European of to-day, adds 'the impression of the brain suggests that it may have been inferior in quality.' ¹⁴

(b) The Professor holds that 'Neanderthal man is not identical with earliest man.' Now it was Huxley's view that 'Neanderthal man' *was* one of the earliest types of man we know. He quotes :

These bones [Schaafhausen says] were *not* at first regarded as *human*. . . At the general meeting of the Natural History Society of Prussian Rhineland . . . on the 2nd June 1857 Dr. Fuhlrott . . . was of opinion that the bones might be regarded as *fossil*. . . The conclusions at which I arrived were (1) that the extraordinary form of the skull was due to a natural conformation *hitherto not known* to exist even in the most barbarous races. (2) That these remarkable human remains *belonged to a period antecedent* to the time of the Celts and Germans and were in all probability derived from one of the wild races of North-Western Europe . . . encountered as *αυτόχθονες* by the German immigrants. And (3) that it was beyond doubt that these human relics were traceable to a period at which the latest animals of the Diluvium still existed.

Huxley then sums up that 'Neanderthal . . . forms . . . *the extreme term* of a series leading gradually . . . to the highest . . . of human crania.' ¹⁵

What Huxley regarded as possible has to-day been accepted as probable. In the list of early men charted in Professor Duckworth's series of the human family-tree Neanderthal comes first! Here is the list. 'Anthropoid ape' ¹⁶, Pithecanthropus ¹⁶; Spy-Neanderthal; Gibraltar; Brûx; Kalmucks; Galley Hill (?); Tasmanians; Brunn; Cro-Magnon; Europeans; Canstatt.' ¹⁷ On p. 140 he says that of the four stocks postulated as *parent forms* of European populations to-day 'the Neanderthal type is regarded as *the most ancient*.' Later on he adds :

Professor Keith adopts the view that the Neanderthal type is *ancestral* to the modern types. And his argument seems to run further to the following effect: that the evolution of the modern from the Neanderthal type of man was consequent on a change in the function of the pituitary gland. There is little to criticize here ¹⁸

Professor Ray Lankester apparently does not take this view; but if he still seriously accuses me of 'invention' or 'ignorance' or 'deliberate suppression of what is not the fact' I can only say that he stands alone in the interpretation he has given to my representation (which he calls a misrepresentation) of his meaning. If, as he asserts, 'Neanderthal man' is not equivalent to 'earliest man' he is welcome to the benefit he derives from that

¹³ *Prehistoric Man*, p. 133.

¹⁴ *Fossil Remains of Man*, p. 28; British Museum Trustees. ¹⁵ *Id.* 16

¹⁶ Non-existent imaginary types supposed to be represented by the Java skull(s).

¹⁷ *Prehistoric Man*, p. 131. ¹⁸ Duckworth, *Prehistoric Man*, pp. 141, 142.

doubt. But meanwhile I must shake him by the hand if he will now agree with me that that being so then Galley Hill man (a specimen hardly differentiable from ourselves) is probably the oldest of all. For, as Professor Duckworth has remarked :

If in one of the *very earliest* . . . stages a human form is discovered wherein the characters of the higher type of man are almost if not completely realised *the story of evolution . . . receives a tremendous blow.* Such has been the effect of the discovery of the Galley Hill Skeleton.¹⁹

The Professor may choose whichever of these two dilemmas he prefers,

διπλῆς μερίμνης διπτύχους ἰὼν ὁδούς.

EURIP., *Orest.* 632 (*Weil*).

I have now answered point by point, as St. Augustine says²⁰ all men should do in the things of faith as much as in the things of reason, every charge the Professor has brought against me. That charge was a serious one. According to him I not only used either 'deliberately' or 'wantonly' such 'misleading statements' as to prevent 'unsuspecting readers' arriving at the truth of matters of fact but my special 'kind of misrepresentation consists as a rule in arbitrarily suggesting an intention or obscuring a significance whilst professing to quote truthfully a statement made by the writer with whose publications' I 'claimed familiarity.' 'Probably enough,' he courteously adds (over the Huxley horse-pedigree episode), 'Mr. Clarke is ignorantly innocent of the whole matter and is merely firing shots at random.' And so forth. The reader has by this time judged the issue between us. The Professor's method of debate seems to me a method as fatal to the man who uses it as it is to the interests of true Science. At any rate it was not the method of those giants in original scientific experiment and research to whom I owe all my modest learned ignorance of the subject—Buffon, Cuvier, Owen, Agassiz, Hugh Miller, the Duke of Argyll, J. W. Dawson, Virchow and Kelvin, along with those lesser men who, treading in their steps, have more lately entered into their labours and crowned the Triumphal Arch of Science.

To the last great name, that of Kelvin, Mr. Ray Lankester, in the attempt to hit at me *coûte que coûte*, has most fortunately called attention.

'Kelvin,' says Mr. Clarke, 'latterly re-asserted Harvey's law that life can only come from life.' This is wantonly to attribute an error to Kelvin,

¹⁹ *Prehistoric Man*, pp. 131, 132.

²⁰ 'Neither ought I to throw at your head (*obicere*) the Nicene Council nor you at mine that of Ariminum as if to prejudge the issue. For neither I nor you are held bound (*detineris*) by this or that authority. Let the matter be fought out (*certet*) on those first principles of Scripture which are not merely peculiar to either side but common to both—fact with fact (*re*), reason with reason (*causa*), mode with mode (*ratione*).—*Adv. Maximin*. Lib. iii. [Quoted by Calvin, *Iust.* IV. ix. 8.]

since Harvey did not lay down any such law, but simply stated the fact of organic reproduction . . . In the words: *omne vivum ex ovo*.

I will not tarry to answer this masterly quibble parading a learning on the subject with which any librarian could compete. Again,

We are informed by Mr. Clarke that 'since Huxley's day Evolution has been more and more undermined as a natural explanation of the forces at work behind nature.' I confess that I have never heard of 'the forces at work behind nature' or of Evolution as 'a natural explanation' of them. . . . [Anyhow] it is certainly not true that this conclusion has been undermined since Huxley's day. On the contrary it has been strengthened.

I cannot better confute such magisterial utterances than by a direct quotation from Lord Kelvin. In a tournament of wits held on May 2nd to 9th of 1903 *The Times* summed up in favour of that distinguished man after a peculiarly hostile attack on his great name emanating from Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer, Professor Karl Pearson and Mr. W. H. Mallock. The first of these scientists complained of Lord Kelvin's language (precisely what Mr. Lankester complains of me) that '*In effect he wiped out by a stroke of the pen the whole position won for us by Darwin.*' Kelvin's position is precisely mine. Here are his very words, which touch the nerve of the entire issue between the Professor and myself:

I cannot say that with regard to the origin of life Science neither affirms nor denies Creative Power. *Science positively affirms Creative Power. . . . Creating and directive power Science compels us to accept as an article of belief.* We cannot escape from that when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all round. *Modern biologists are coming once more to a firm acceptance of something and that is a vital principle. . . . We are absolutely forced by Science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a directive Power—in an influence other than physical, dynamical, electrical forces. . . . There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in Creative Power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms.* Is there, I ask, anything so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms falling together could make a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal? People think that given millions of years could give them unaided a beautiful world like ours. . . . With freedom of thought *we are bound to come to the conclusion* that Science is not antagonistic to religion but a help for Religion. (*The Times*, May 2, 1903.)²¹

This statement of Kelvin's was made as part of a vote of thanks to Professor Henslow for a course of five lectures on 'Christian

²¹ 'Overpowering proofs,' he told the British Association in 1871, 'of Intelligence and benevolent Design lie all around us . . . showing to us through Nature the influence of a Free Will and teaching us that all living things depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler' (*Address to the British Association*, 1871). 'It does not seem improbable,' added Dr. Russel Wallace, 'that all force may be Will-force . . . the will of higher intelligences or of one Supreme Intelligence' (*Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, p. 368). Sir John Herschel had argued in the same way from the fact of gravitation.

Apologetics' given in the Botanical Theatre at University College, Gower Street. On seeing the report of his remarks in *The Times*, Lord Kelvin followed it up with a letter in which he repeated and emphasised his original conclusion as follows. After attacking the 'absurdity' of undesigned coincidence 'in respect to the coming-into-existence or the growth or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things,' he adds :

Here Scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered : 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of Botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of human Free-Will is a *miracle* to physical and chemical and metaphysical science.²²

These conclusions, and not less the bold and confident avowal of them, were not incompatible with those arrived at by Huxley himself. Like Kant, he was unable to reconcile the dogma of Evolution with the factors of the moral consciousness. Only by denying the fact of Free-Will could such an immoral result be attained. He declared, therefore, a state of 'civil war' between 'the cosmic process' and 'the ethical process' innate in man (between whom and the ape he had always recognised that a 'vast gulf'²³ intervened). The 'progress of humanity,' he asserted, 'depended not on imitating the cosmic process . . . but in combating it.'

Cosmic Evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man may have come about, but in itself it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call Good is preferable to what we call Evil.²⁴ Here the pure scientist turns moralist. But there was a further step.

Atheism is as absurd, logically speaking, as polytheism. . . Denying the possibility of miracles seems to me quite as unjustifiable as speculative atheism.²⁵

Later he added :

The solid sense of [Bishop] Butler left the Deism of the Freethinkers not a leg to stand upon.²⁶

²² Letter to *The Times*, May 4th, 1903.

²³ Huxley thus justifies my interpretation of his standpoint (which the Professor has attacked with his usual power of cavil) as to the truth of Evolution. 'Our acceptance of the Darwinian hypothesis must be *provisional* so long as one link in the chain of evidence is wanting. . . I adopt Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, therefore, subject to the production of *proof* that physiological species may be produced by selective breeding . . . At the same time [while holding the greater natural probability of the other view] no one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilised man and the brutes or is more certain that whether *from* them or not he is assuredly *not of* them' (*Essays 'Man's Relation to Lower Animals'*).

²⁴ Romanes Lecture in *Collected Essays*, 'Evolution and Ethics.'

²⁵ Letter to the *Spectator* for February 10, 1866.

²⁶ *Life of Hume*, p. 151.

Here the scientist already trenches upon the theologian and leads to Weismann's conclusion that

the assumption of *Eternal Matter* with its eternal laws by no means satisfies our intellectual need for causality or [as he elsewhere calls it] the craving of the human mind for a spiritual First Cause. . . . Behind the co-operating forces of Nature . . . we must admit . . . a teleological principle. . . . If we conceive a Divine universal Power exercising Will . . . we reconcile the apparent contradiction between the mechanical conception [of the universe] and teleology.²⁷

And, although Professor Ray Lankester has never heard of 'the forces at work behind Nature,' Dr. Russel Wallace²⁸ came to the same conclusion as Weismann, the greatest name in Science to-day.

I now close on my side this controversy in the eager hope that the argument maintained in the course of three articles on 'The Church of the Future' may contribute to easing the present unnaturally strained relationships between Religion and Science. Both these spheres of experience and experiment, as England's and Germany's greatest philosophers have shown, are mutually necessary to each other's existence. 'A little philosophy,' wrote Bacon, 'maketh men apt to forget God as attributing too much to secondary causes, but depth of philosophy bringeth a man back to God again.' 'Two things,' said the immortal Kant, 'fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe . . . the starry heavens above and the moral law within.'

Thus Revelation and Reason are but two sides of the same truth. And both must inevitably and infallibly agree if man is to attain even a far-off glimpse of that central mystery of God's Universe, in which His Word and His Work (or, as Bacon would have said, His Wisdom and His Power) are everywhere so faithfully reflected.

A. H. T. CLARKE.

P.S. -- As these sheets go to press I read with wonder and alarm Mr. H. F. Wyatt's statement in last month's issue of this Review on 'The Evolution of Physical Life' that 'in the course of evolution the inorganic gives birth to the organic' (p. 1114). Professor J. Arthur Thomson in his recently published Gifford Lectures on *The System of Animated Nature* has unfortunately come to the exactly opposite conclusion. Professor Bateson, also a fervid Darwinian, publicly recanted much of his faith in Darwin

²⁷ *Studies in the Theory of Descent*, ii 710-3. Engl tr

²⁸ *Darwinism*, c. xv pp 450-9. He quotes Huxley as admitting that 'the fossil remains of man hitherto discovered do not seem to me to take us appreciably nearer to that lower pithecoïd form, etc. . . . It is an unsolved problem why no traces of the long line of man's ancestors . . . have been discovered.'

as President of the British Association (*The Times*, August 15, 1914). Already, however, Dr. W. H. Gaskell, in his *Origin of Vertebrates*, had had to admit, if we give up Professor Bateson's former alternative hypothesis,

the complete absence of any evidence, either among animals living on the earth at the present day or among those known to have existed in the past, of any such chain of intermediate animal forms as *must* . . . have existed in order to link together the lower forms of life with the vertebrates (p. 11, Longmans, 1908) ²⁹

Let us not mistake the issue. Evolution is not to be confounded with progress, with development, or with modification within the line of species. Darwin's definition was a sound one, *viz.* : 'change of species by descent'—though he admitted that no single instance of such a process in Nature was forthcoming. This is Science. The other may be poetry or philosophy or pantheism, but it is not a fair deduction from the facts of Nature. And it was from these unfair deductions that German Science built up the German system that has nearly destroyed Europe.

A. H. T. C.

²⁹ M. Depéret, though as strict an evolutionist has come to a similarly candid conclusion: 'The too exclusive Darwinian theory of the struggle for life has been subjected for the last quarter of a century to a bombardment of serious objections . . . The variation of groups is not indefinite, as required by Darwin's theory, but on the contrary limited. . . . The sudden apparition of groups and the absence of transitional forms . . . are such general phenomena in the history of the development of fossil animals . . . [that] we are utterly unable to see and even to explain . . . the *fundamental divergences* which separate the orders, classes and great ramifications of the animal kingdom' (*Transformation of the Animal World*, c. xxv). This very able and impartial survey and classification of all the known results of Science on this great subject deserves wide circulation. The English translation is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Trubner.

IN THE DAYS OF NERO

PROLOGUE

It was a cold grey morning on the Yorkshire coast two miles from Whitby. The tide was at half ebb. The sea was smooth, except for a curious popple on the surface of the water opposite the mouth of a narrow combe down which a small stream came hurrying, burying itself, however, in the sand at the mouth of the combe before it reached the sea. A light cool breeze blowing inshore was not strong enough to ruffle the streaked surface of the water.

Two boys came clambering down the valley from the red-roofed farmhouse set on the hill half a mile inland.

'It looks jolly chilly this morning, Arthur,' said the younger of the two. 'I half vote we let the bathe slide and go straight back to breakfast.'

'Oh, rot!' answered the other. 'But we won't have a long swim, Harry. Let's try a bit nearer the stream than the last day or two. Drier sand just there after the rain last night.'

He undressed leisurely. The younger boy was first in the water. The other followed him.

As he swam he suddenly felt a tug at his legs beneath the surface just as he started crossing the choppy bit of water. At the same instant Harry, further out, shouted to him.

'I can't get back,' he cried: 'there's an undercurrent or something.'

'Hold on!' shouted the older boy.

He made at top speed for the place where the other was struggling, now quite clearly in a panic. The current caught him in his turn and swept him seawards. Swimming was as easy as cutting through soft butter. In a few strokes he reached his chum, swam round behind him, and gripped him fast with his right hand under the left armpit.

'Now, Harry,' he said, 'hard, slow, and steady. Keep your head.'

It was a sheer struggle shorewards. The stronger boy behind swam pushing the other forward with his utmost strength. But the effort and the use of his left arm only quickly exhausted him. He gave one last desperate shove to the other and then let go.

In a trice he was swept seawards again twenty yards. To his intense relief he caught sight of his chum wading home. Now he had only himself to get ashore. But he really was just about done. His strokes became feebler and feebler. What was the good, he thought, half dazedly, of trying any more?

A cry suddenly rang in his ear.

'Try your pet back-stroke, Arthur,' it said. Harry's voice? It sounded very near, though. Anyway, what a fool he was not to think of it before. Of course the current might not be so strong on the surface. He turned over on his back and swam slantwise towards the shore. Fifty strokes, sixty, seventy! Could he touch bottom?

He felt for it. The current was still running there, keen as a knife. But he felt a stone with his toe. Twenty more back-strokes, straight for land this time. Yes, he could stand at last. He waded ashore.

The two boys dressed soberly and slowly climbed up the combe to the top of the cliff. There they turned and looked down on the sea.

It was quiet and placid enough. But there from the cliff top they could see a white streak curving round from the disturbed ripple opposite the combe mouth and running interminably out to sea. Coming down they had not noticed it.

'Touch and go, Harry,' said the older boy gravely.

'Well, it's thanks to you I'm here, anyway,' said the other. 'You pulled me out of that hole. Ugh! The beastly sea.'

'That was a lucky shout of yours to try the back-stroke,' the older boy said, as they turned again to go inland.

'What shout?' asked the other. 'After I stopped yelling when you gripped me, I never said a word. I was in much too much of a blue funk all the time. I never thought of the back-stroke at all.'

'A bit quaint, that!' answered the other. 'But look here, Harry. No need to scare our people by letting on. It's all well over.'

'Right O!' said the younger boy.

I

The young Roman officer—he was hardly more than a boy in years—leant over the low rough stone wall which ran along the crest of the hill. Below him, the ground sloped sharply to the little winding river the Evenlode. On a level meadow just in a crook of the water's bend there shone in the sunlight a new-built villa, the many sounds from which rose up through the still air

in friendly fashion to his ear. Beyond the villa, on the further side of the stream, a dark wood climbed up the opposite hill.

The Roman gazed down on the scene below him in happy idleness, fingering a stone which he had picked up off the top of the wall. Something sharp in it caught his attention. Yes, it was indubitably a small sea-shell embedded in it, and, look, there were several more besides, very like those which he had found once as a boy—how long ago it seemed—on the beach at Antium in far-off Italy. It must be quite five or six years ago, he reflected. It was rather curious, though! How could sea-shells be here in the very heart of the island? The nearest sea was miles away over the ridges southward yonder, away at Vectis.¹ By Jupiter, but the first fighting there had been a lively time! Something like a general was the old rough commander there, Vespasian! He wondered what had happened to him since he left Britain.

A merry shout interrupted his lazy dreaming. Charging up the hill from the villa came a yet more youthful officer, still quite a lad, and flung himself panting under the wall at the other's feet. A large stone with the jagged edges of the oolite caught him sharply on the elbow, and he grunted discontentedly.

'What a place for stones!' he growled. 'The fields are nothing but these cursed stones. It beats me how anything grows at all. Stonesfield ought to be the name of our new villa, and the pater will call it Veni Vidi or Martia or some nonsense of the kind.

'By Jupiter, though,' he added, settling himself down more comfortably in the sun, 'the place is getting shipshape now, and it's going to be really topping here. And I've got to quit to-morrow! Why on earth, Arturus mine, aren't we in the same legion? I wouldn't be in that unhappy Ninth Legion up in the wilds at Lindum² in the far north, no, hardly if you were in it even, my boy. Old Petialis drives 'em like galley-slaves, they say. And rash! He'd launch a cohort in the middle of a hornets' swarm of Brigantes, Trinobantes, Curu-curu-curu-cantes, the whole pack of ——Antes, once you gave him the chance. But you've escaped that, like me.'

He paused a moment, and nibbled reflectively at a blade of grass, looking down at his new home.

'Hang it all,' he burst out again. 'Here am I recalled to-morrow to that camp in the south-west and my blessed Second Legion, and the whole land just dead quiet and peaceful. Yet our legate *will* go on chivving those unlucky savages up in the hills. Why can't he let our Silurian³ friends alone? It isn't as if there was a solitary morsel of wealth in all those naked hills.'

¹ The Isle of Wight.

² Lincoln.

³ S. Wales.

'Have you named your camp yet?' asked the other lad, sleepily.

'No, not yet,' answered he. 'It may be only here to-day and gone to-morrow, if we move on. Why, those old rascally hucksters and traders who fleece us poor soldiers the very first chance they get haven't set up a single hut yet outside the lines. Just Legion's Camp it still is, *Castra Legionis*. You should just hear how our natives wrestle with the name of it. Kind of gulp they give, and it turns up as *Caerleon*. We all call ourselves the *Caerleon Legion* now. Must get in touch with the ways of the land, you know.'

'Same here,' said the other, laughing. 'We're back at *Deva* again now, you see, both my Fourteenth Legion and the Twentieth, after our foray under *Ostorius* against those fanatic priests at *Mona*.⁴ Ugh! My older men tell me they yelped like hell-hounds. I wasn't over here then, you know. But now we are all comfortable again at *Deva*. It is usually just called *Castra* now, the Camp. And my wild northerners kind of breathe heavily over the word and roll it round at the end of it. So we are "Chester" men, at your service. And back I too go, like you, to-morrow.'

'Well, it's been a good leave, anyway,' said the younger boy. 'But they might have given us just a few weeks longer. It isn't as though everything wasn't dead peaceful in the Island.'

'Don't you reckon quite too surely on that,' the other replied. 'I doubt if things are quite as settled as you think. I wish your father would run a real stout palisade on top of a wall round that villa of yours down there,' he added, looking frowningly at it. 'No hurt in making sure. I fancy our new governor, *Suetonius*, isn't quite easy in his mind. Yet just look at our colonists and traders over eastwards yonder. It made me just shiver the other day when I was over at *Camulodunum*.⁵ There they all were, old men, and women and babies, hundreds of them, and no sign of a bit of a wall either. They might hold out in the new Temple there for a day or so, if the town were sacked, but that wouldn't last long. When I said to some of them I doubted if they would stand a rush, they all mocked at "Young Fearstruck," as they called me. "Rush," they said; "why, who is going to rush? It is sixteen years since we settled here, and there has never been a hint of trouble since." Then there is that biggish place *London* on the hill among the river marshes. It is just brimful already of merchants and merchandise. I'd take the place myself with a single cohort to-morrow. There was an old white-bearded Gallic trader I came across there, with a crafty leer in his eye. You would have said *he* was wide enough awake. When I told him I didn't think the natives were to be trusted, he rocked with

⁴ Anglesey.

⁵ Colchester.

laughter and choked himself with coughing till he was black in the face. "Don't you think the natives know, my son," he gasped, "where they get their gewgaws and dainties from? They just lick our hands like that miserable cur." And before I could stop him he hurled a splinter of a tile at a poor little mangy hound that went slinking by. Safe! Those folk have never heard the savages yell, as I have, nor seen them coming on, with their ghoulds of women shrieking at 'em all the while. Brutes, savages, fiends! Ugh!' and he shuddered.

'I say, Arturus,' said the younger boy, looking curiously at his friend, 'aren't you getting a bit jumpy? It's those forests and swamps of yours up north have been getting on your nerves a bit. Think now,' he went on, as if reassuring himself for the safety of his home, 'down in our own beloved west country, over the other side of the broad creek from us at Isca,⁶ our own folk are already mining quite gaily in the hills.' Some of their pigs of lead came in to us only the other day, and the legate just jumped at them for making sling bullets of 'em. I can't say I envy the miners. Bleak enough their hills look except when the sun shines, and that is about one day in six. But the weather is their only foe this many a long day. Don't let us get in a funk. Back to duty to-morrow, both of us, Arturus mine. By the way, however *did* you get hold of that outlandish name of yours?' he added, with a boy's simple cunning, to divert his comrade's anxious thoughts.

'Hardly more outlandish than your own, Herius,' answered the other, the frown passing from his brow. 'Yours is indeed a Roman name, but you don't find it once in a blue moon. But you must ask my family soothsayer about my name. He told mother I was born under a northern star—and that was when we were all living jolly at Rome too—'

Half instinctively his hand went to the salute at the very name of Rome.

'And that I was bound for a northern land. So she called me Arturus. Didn't my schoolmates jibe at me when I was a boy in Rome, till I knocked it out of them. Mothers really have no sense in these matters. Still Arturus I was, instead of a sensible Lucius after my father. And, moreover, here in a northern land am I.'

'What about a swim now?' queried the younger lad. 'There is a good pool in the streamlet yonder. And it is too hot for the bath this side of sunset.'

'Talking of swimming,' the other said, as they tramped down the slope together towards the river, 'it was swimming that sent me here to Britain, and gave me the felicity of your acquaintance, kid. Did I ever tell you the story? No?

⁶ Caerleon.

⁷ The Mendips.

'It is only a few years ago really. My folk had gone down to Antium for the summer, away from that hot, insufferable Rome. Of course you are only a barbarian Britisher. Been here ever since you were a baby, haven't you, and your father came over in the first invasion with Plautius seventeen years ago and sent for your mother within a few months of it, so quick was the victory, didn't he? Just after the old dotard Claudius—oh, you needn't look scared: Nero has no love for his venerable predecessor—just after the old Emperor then—if you prefer it—came and strutted about here for a fortnight, and gave a lecture to Plautius and his officers about the antiquities of Britain. When the sea had quieted down a bit, back he went in a hurry. Seventeen years ago, and you a baby—really a baby Briton. So, as I was saying, you can't be expected to know what our sunny sea down by Latium is in the least like. And what a jolly little harbour it is. The most sensible thing our Lord the Emperor Nero ever did in his life was getting born at Antium. Just trees and sea and sand and warmth and a flat-roofed villa or two peering through the trees at the waves. Not the melancholy milky sea of these coasts, my lad. A sheer horror your British sea is, everywhere I've seen it, and worst of all where it is narrowest. The look of it, and the treachery of it, even when it is smooth!'

The narrator paused, and a curious look, almost of panic, came into his eyes. Then he rubbed his hand over his forehead. The younger boy waited.

'What was I saying?' he resumed. 'Oh, yes! Antium that summer-time. I was a lad of about fourteen then, and it was the first morning after we reached the place. We had an infernal hot slow journey there over that marshy Campagna the day before. So, you warrant, I was up betimes next morning before anyone else was awake, and made straight for the sea. You've no idea how warm the water was. This river of yours——'

He stopped and tried it tentatively with a bare foot. With a grimace he continued:

'This streamlet you are so proud of is just ice compared to our Roman sea. There is no tide there, you know, and it is quite safe. Just once, the year before, I felt a kind of tug at my legs when I was swimming opposite where a small stream tumbles down from the cliff and buries itself in the sandhills, but if it *was* an undercurrent it didn't amount to much. I never swam just there again though. I got out of it by turning on my back. There wasn't any current on the surface. Just you remember that for a hint, my boy.'

'Well, get on!' said the other impatiently.

'Right you are,' said his friend. 'I'd had a splendid long swim and lay down on the sand sunning myself after it.'

when I saw a big pot-bellied fellow in a gorgeous gold and purple tunic coming along the shore towards me. Fool of a boy that I was, I never spotted that it was Nero, come to Antium to see how his new harbour works were getting on. I just stared and chuckled. For the fellow was the quaintest sight I ever thought to see out of a pantomime. Now he would take one step sideways, now mincing on his toes the other side; then he would prance forwards; then he sank on one fat bare knee and stretched his hands up to heaven. And this wasn't an actors' school, but the open beach of Antium on a bright midsummer morning. By Pollux, I tell you, I thought he was just a freak let loose.

'Then all on a sudden he started squawking. Ye Gods of Rome! You heard that red bird of yours in the coppice yonder last night, didn't you? Rather polished off our Roman songsters, I think. That was Heaven. Well, imagine a black crow with a kink in its ugly throat trying to imitate that British night-bird, and you have the Imperial Caesar Nero singing.

'I was just a silly boy, and I started a roar of laughter.

'Only for a couple of seconds though! The fat fellow heard me and came striding up. His frown! After all, he *is* Caesar, you know.

'I just leapt up and ran for it all the way home, stark-naked as I was.

'There were troops nosing round the whole place all that day. I told my folk—a fine scare they were in—and kept very close till night fell. Then we did a hasty flit back to Rome. But Rome wasn't over-safe, nor Italy either. You see, I'd left my clothes on the beach. So off we came in a mighty hurry, the whole lot of us, to Britain. Nero hasn't found me yet, or I should not be Tribune of the Fourteenth at your service. But I misdoubt me he is still looking for me. To have his Divine Voice the sport of a naked urchin! No! We can never go home again. Britain is our home now for always, I take it. A real bit of bad luck!'

'Of jolly good luck for me,' said the younger lad indignantly. 'If you have finished yarning we'll go in. Try your pet back-stroke, Arturus.'

The two plunged into the pool together.

II

It was three months later. The autumn rain beat pitilessly down on the sodden, dispirited column as it retreated sullenly northwards along the ancient trackway. The rain ran streaming off the standards of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Legions, pouring in miniature cascades over the helmets of the cursing standard-

bearers. The legionaries stumbled into holes, ruts, and water-logged swamps on the unmade track. Every stumble, every step, reflected the ten thousand, carried them farther away from Gaul and from the chance of safety. And hard on their heels came a horde of maddened savages—ten times their number, said the scouts, at least—reeking from the plunder of London, of Camulodunum, of Verulam.⁸ In actual fact the Temple *had* held out two days. The rest then was butchery and lust unspeakable. The few sobbing women and cowering children whom the Army carried with them in its retreat, fugitives from the burning Roman towns, what horrors had these not seen? Why had not Suetonius their general let them make a stand at London against the rebels and their maumac Queen? No food? Well, here also it was running short already. Yesterday's meal was meagre enough. They would have to stand somewhere on the road long before they reached Deva. Leave the women and children to starve or be butchered by the pursuing host? The dust of it was not six miles away behind them, before the rain began. And the extra food saved that way would hardly carry them half a day's march farther. It was not the Roman way either. Chance of reinforcements too? Where were they, anyhow? Petilius had led his men of the Ninth from Lindum in fiery haste straight into an ambush. There was an end of *that* legion. They had all heard this when they were waiting for it at London, before they began this woeful retreat. That left only the scanty garrison at Deva, posted to guard it when the general made his lightning dash for London on news of the revolt. And the Second Legion. Suetonius had sent urgently for it, had he? Who knew if the despatch-riders had got through? There was no word of the legion yet, and to-morrow or the next day must see the end.

Suetonius himself rode along the line of march, cheering the laggards, jesting openly with the officers, betraying not for a moment his profound knowledge of their well-nigh desperate plight. Stand soon they must, he admitted to himself. If only the men of the Second would meet them from the West he would at once put the matter to the final test. Where, in the name of all the Gods and Goddesses, Roman, Greek, Oriental, Egyptian, what you will, *where* was the Second Legion? Could they not hear, yes, even in distant Caerleon, the shrieks of the tormented victims, tortured to death by the demoniac leaping savages before the very eyes of their barbarian Queen? Well, the loss of that commissariat train in the swollen ford near Ratae⁹ gave them scarcely a day's more grace, legion or no legion to come. Please the Gods, if they won through, he would make a decent Roman road out of that miry trackway yet.¹⁰

⁸ St. Albans.⁹ Leicester.¹⁰ Watling Street.

'Yes, I saw Boadicea once, at Venta of the Iceni'¹¹ said a tribune plodding through the mud beside a comrade. 'Tall, black-haired, with the glint of a cruel hawk in her eye. She would match your height almost, Arturus. No hope of mercy there, once she has her will of us.

'And not so long to wait either,' he added under his breath. 'Once those chariots get among us—what price Varus and his legions then? I would back one Briton against any three of Arminius's Germans any day.'

A word of command rapidly passed down the column. It halted on the trackway, at the mouth of a steep defile, up which the way ran towards a black wood a few hundred yards away. There was news at last.

A horseman covered with mud came riding furiously up the side track which led from Glevum¹² and the south-west. His panting horse showed his desperate haste. The rider reached the General and his staff, half leapt, half fell from his horse, and saluted. Suetonius gravely returned the salute.

'Your news, young sir?' he said.

'From Isca, sir,' he replied. 'The legate ——.'

'How far back is the legion?' snapped out the General.

'Sir, it has not moved from camp,' answered the tribune.

'Not moved!' cried Suetonius fiercely. 'And my express orders——'

He noticed the men near him listening, and broke off abruptly. Then he beckoned the messenger apart.

'We know the worst,' he grimly said. 'Now tell us briefly the whole tale.'

'When your orders came, sir,' began the other hesitatingly, 'our legate was away in the hills hunting natives, we did not know where exactly. So our Camp-Prefect Postumus was left at Isca in command with a bare half of the legion.'

He stopped.

'Go on, sir,' said Suetonius impatiently

'Postumus sent me to say, sir,' continued the young officer, 'that——'

'That he dared not come,' flamed forth the governor; 'that he could not leave his camp deserted, his superior isolated in the hills and ignorant, the frontier unguarded, and all the rest of it.'

The tribune saluted.

'Exactly that, sir,' he said.

'And what, pray, will Isca and its valiant legion do,' said the governor fiercely, 'when there is no other Roman force left alive in Britain? Have they ships there on the river in which to skulk back to Gaul?'

¹¹ Norwich.

¹² Gloucester.

The tribune, half dead with hunger and fatigue, replied not a word.

'And you, young sir,' said Suetonius, mastering himself with an effort, 'why sent Postumus so tried a soldier here with the news? Methinks a runner from the ranks would have served his purpose better. How came he to spare so valiant an officer?'

The youngster flushed.

'Sir,' he answered, 'I begged to come. Isca is safe enough, yes, if it had but half a cohort left to guard it. And my friend is with the army here. And your orders showed the army was in peril.'

'So you came by yourself to rescue us,' smiled the governor good-naturedly. 'You have my leave, sir, to find your friend.'

The tribune saluted, and turned. An officer sprang to meet him.

'Good man, Herius,' he cried. 'Time for some food. Come quick.'

Arturus hurried him away. At that very moment a yelling broke upon their ears. A scout tore by towards the General. The Britons were upon them.

Suetonius took his measures with soldierly rapidity. The non-combatants were hurried up the defile towards the wood. The legionaries massed firmly at its mouth, rank on rank waiting in order and grim silence, their flanks guarded by its steep sides. Only a frontal attack could overwhelm them. Let the savages try it.

In their innumerable thousands the Britons came tumultuously on, hurling their rude missiles long before they came within range. Then they, too, halted for the attack and there was a brief pause.

Side by side the two friends stood in front of their cohort. In the pause they chatted unconcernedly.

'I knew I should find you, Arturus,' said the younger, 'before the end came.'

'If it is the end,' answered the other. 'Suppose we fall, is it even so the end? What Rome loses, that Rome will regain.'

'The end for us, though,' said the other, whom weariness still unmanned.

'Is that quite certain, Herius?' asked his friend. 'That summer before we went to Antium my father came across in Rome a preacher of a queer new sect just arrived, who talked of immortality for all. A quaint thing for a man in my father's position to talk with the fellow. His sect seems to be the lowest scum of Rome. Nero will give them short shrift one of these days, I fancy. Father didn't tell me much about it. Somehow it sounded a bit more cheerful than our pet Stoics do. I don't specially want to be absorbed in a great Universe-Unit after death, do you?'

'Not overwhelmingly attractive,' laughed the younger officer. 'But what did your sectary mean, I wonder? Do we turn up again on this earth some day? I hope it will be together again at any rate. Shall we remember a trace of this time then, I wonder? Rather a first-class idea, don't you think, Arturus?'

'What of your folk at the villa?' asked the other, abruptly changing the subject.

The lad's face clouded suddenly.

'All gone,' he said brokenly. 'There was just time to escape. But father stood firm. "No Roman runs," he sent me word. If the natives rose he would hold the villa, he said.'

'And they did rise in the Midlands too?' the other asked.

Herius nodded. 'Just after midday—so the story came to me at Isca—a band of savages came down the hill through the wood and made to cross the river. Our slaves fought for us, though, like heroes. Our bathing pool was choked with dead. They beat them off till nightfall. Then another band came down our hill straight on the house and set fire to it. That was the end. Thank the Gods, the women died first at our hands.

'And I was with that craven cur at Isca all the while,' he added bitterly. 'Listen, Arturus,' he whispered. 'Postumus sent no news. He trusted Suetonius would believe his orders never reached Isca, or that the governor would perish before he could exact vengeance. I could not stand it. I broke away. Suetonius himself was good enough to invent most of my message for me. For me there is no return now; no, nor any home.'

Then with a rush on came the enemy and hurled themselves against the Roman van. Charge after charge was made, charge after charge hurled back in ruinous rout. Never for a moment was the Roman line shaken. At last they had the hated savages like a wild beast by the throat. It was no Roman's grip which should relax.

The Britons wavered. Then Suetonius gave the word. The whole Roman army moved forward and crashed into the broken masses of the foe. On that last battlefield for the mastery of Britain, eighty thousand Britons, they said later, fell victims to the relentless Roman steel. Before dusk Boadicea, too, lay dead, self-slain. And when the news of that great victory reached Isca, Postumus, despairing, slew himself.¹³

Rome's mastery of Britain was secured for centuries to come.

When the word for advance was given, the two tribunes moved forward side by side at the head of their section of the line. A sudden rush of fugitives separated them for a minute. In that time a huge Briton, with flaming shock of hair, sprang up from a

¹³ In recognition of the victory the Fourteenth Legion was granted the proud titles of *Martia Victrix* and *Domitores Britanniae*.

heap of bodies and, as the older lad passed him, smote him on the shoulder with a huge axe. The Roman reeled and stumbled.

'Herius,' he cried, as he fell.

The barbarian had raised his axe to repeat the blow when a slighter figure sprang to his comrade's help, and with his dripping sword pierced the savage through.

The Roman stooped to raise his dying friend.

'No good, Herius,' whispered the wounded lad. 'My turn next time. Ah—but how dark it is!'

'See, Arturus,' cried the other passionately, 'we win the day. Britain is ours, our own, for ever and ever. Light comes again.'

As he spoke, a flying javelin struck him. He fell dead by his comrade's side.

The latter raised himself with one supreme effort.

'Yes,' he whispered, 'Britain ours, once again, together. My turn to help you next time.'

He fell back.

Night came, and the Roman pursuit died away into silence.

BERNARD W. HENDERSON.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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THE RETURN TO PARTY POLITICS

FOR SIX years we have done without party politics, and done very well. Done very well, that is to say, if we are willing to average out the balance of achievement into six equal parts, filling up with the heights of victory the Slough of Despond in which we now struggle, and setting the overwhelming triumphs in the field against the disasters and ineptitudes of the past twelvemonth. It must be admitted that the system which worked well in war is working increasingly badly in peace. There is much muddle, there are irreconcilable policies simultaneously pursued, there are the recent astounding somersaults of legislation and repeal, and there is above all a damnable fumbling and delay, from railway rates to Constantinople. Is it merely that the hearts of Ministers are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked--or is there something still more fundamental?

The parties of the past have gone, never to return. Never again will a minority of Liberals be buttressed through five years of power by an Irish phalanx; never again will the Conservative whips tick off the rural seats from their offices in solid security. But does that mean that in future this, or another, Government will still continue ever to claim, let alone to command, undis-

criminating and non-party support from all sections of the people? Nothing is more unlikely.

Three main strands of public opinion are standing out again. First there is the old anarchical core of England, impatient of authority, reaching towards small autonomies economic and political, whose leaders form that decentralised oligarchy which is the oldest thing in our history. This was the party of the squires, called Conservative, called Unionist, and now calling itself nothing at all. The second comprises the Interferers or Reformers, oddly enough, and still more oddly in recent years called Liberal. Thirdly, there are those with a dog-like belief in the power and desirability of money, who hold that its attraction for mankind is so great and its necessity so ultimate that a meticulous organisation and regulation of every branch of existence is the sole avenue to the one essential—an equitable distribution of wealth. This somewhat anti-social doctrine has assumed for the nonce the title of Socialism.

The political philosophy of the first group reaches back in *saccula saeculorum*, and a glance at history shows how deeply it must be reckoned with. Its exponents, for instance, were already in full swing at Magna Carta. Later, under Henry the Eighth, they broke up and converted to private use the properties of the Church with the instinctive assurance of beavers among timber. They smashed Strafford and his policy of Thorough, they ended Cromwellism so completely that none remembers the name of his son who was installed as Sovereign in England. In recent years a chance electoral accident led to their party assuming support of the central government as against the devolutionists in Irish affairs. This brought over the great Birmingham Radical who later saddled them with Tariff Reform. Neither of these policies is wedded to their hearts. The Irish position has already been abandoned in theory and soon will be in practice. A general tariff for this country is an aberration of interference already ridiculous. The early disappearance of these two questions will almost certainly leave this mood in control of Britain in the near future.

The Interferers or Reformers lie under an eclipse. Their spiritual ancestry dates back to the great medieval Churchmen, essentially non-hereditary, mobile and international and centralised as only a propertyless and childless class can be. They never till recent days ruled in England, but in Scotland the Kirk, their successor, was for a time truly supreme and theocratic interference was erected into a local government. Whatever their distant ancestry, they came again with tremendous vigour in the nineteenth century, when the industrial multitudes had to be supervised and regulated, to keep them off each other's dead bodies. The great Reform successes in this period (a million lives were

saved by sanitary legislation in the decade of the 'eighties alone) have brought them to a belief in the infinitely uplifting power of regulations upon human affairs. Their spiritual leaders, domestic and foreign, are Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Clynes; but these two names show how far we are yet from any coherent political vehicle of philosophic thought.

The third, the believers in money, stand in a slightly different category. Like the other two strands of belief, this one is shared amongst both rich and poor. But as it is material, a saturation-point is attainable. The profiteer, going to his riches like a buffalo to its wallow, does differ from the 'proletar,' though only in having attained the ideal to which the other aspires. For great masses of the population, however, physical limitations forbid the fulfilment of this hope, and it remains the aspiration of a class. Gross and beastly as it is, as one passes down the financial scale it becomes further and further refined till at bottom one encounters an almost religious fervour of adoration or invective towards an anthropomorphic deity called Capital, a visible god capable of giving or withholding blessings. With this unworldliness comes a proportionate increase in strength.

Let none call it a degraded or an unworthy creed till he has met at first-hand the millions of the disinherited and defended his faith. So long deprived by their masters of anything but rations, they have exalted it into a religion. If they believe, as they do believe, that the proletariat will never get a square deal from the employer, that the attraction of wealth is so all-powerful that the bureaucratic Log is preferable to the capitalist Stork—have they not reason for their conviction? We have eaten of their flesh and drunk of their blood, and their bones are bowed under the burden of civilisation. And echoing from the tenement-walls they hear the sneer of Dean Inge, telling men to whose toil and forbearance he owes the very shirt upon his back that they have 'no survival value.' It is a recent development, recent but real, and anyone who has moved amongst the sixteen cheek-by-jowl millions of the industrial North, or in the Fife-Lanarkshire valley that holds three quarters of the population of Scotland, knows that Lloyd George is not so far wrong as some of his rose-water critics believe in pointing here to the real fission of the future.

For the present, the temporary present, representatives of all three views are in the Executive, and their supporters are milling aimlessly in mobs. Consequently things are done and undone with vertiginous rapidity. No Government would dare to repeal so much of the legislation of its predecessors as this one has done of its own. And the truth is that parties, which were a hindrance when we all thought alike, are essential now that we have come once more to think differently.

The system of party politics provides, better than any other, for a nation that desires change but hates discontinuity. The office-holders, who can do little, concentrate on essentials. Ministers come to learn the policy of their *confrères* by hearing it frequently explained to their opponents. Men are converted by the only process which ever converts anyone—the doubts spontaneously arising in man's mind when an author is forced to define his views to himself. The reasons for the revival are no mystery. It is rather the six-year suspension that demands explanation. One would postulate that during the war the thoughts of the people were easy to ascertain and simple to follow, for the nation solely and uniquely desired to beat Germany in the field. With this single resolution it was not difficult to find the avenue that led most straightly to the goal. How this ideal arose, or whether victory in the field was indeed the surest way of imposing our will on our adversary—whether, for instance, sea-power or world-politics could have been used to greater advantage—are questions beside the point. The resolve was to victory in arms, the means were at hand. All that the people demanded was to be organised for battle. When that had been secured they went forward in an iron temper of which the seventeen months' continuous offensive is only one manifestation. Even at the end of that great slaughter, when Lord Lansdowne, ex-Viceroy of India, ex-Viceroy of Canada, who two years before had joined the Government, Unionist co-leader with Bonar Law—when he flew the kite of compromise it did not win three glances of attention. The nation had abandoned itself wholly to the fierce joy of self-abnegation which anger alone of the great emotions will rapidly and certainly produce. This had given birth to the Collectivist state, which will only function as the vehicle for one clear and limited collective purpose. Man, however, unlike woman, was created for many diverse ends, and while a permanent collectivist matriarchate is just conceivable, there is no ideal which could bind males.

Now the ideal of the war has been fulfilled. For good or ill, the military annihilation of Germany has been accomplished. Her gun-barrels are sawn through, her rifles bought from her soldiers with her own money and smashed on anvils in the public streets. To bemoan the slackening of the national fibre is to misapprehend our problem. There is no concentration of desire on any immediate end to be achieved such as precedes all discipline. The unparalleled flood-tide of the national will has ceased to run. It gathered volume hourly in the war, and the surge brought it, even after the Armistice, over the highest of the old tide-marks as though it never would ebb again. Nature, however, is incurably cyclic: slack water is being succeeded not by a further

flow but by the ebb. If we cannot accurately forecast the currents there will be many fouls and not a few castaways among our little craft that rode so cockily at their moorings.

First, then, a consideration of times and seasons. If we agree that the weariness of the land with Reform will hold up even the Socialist demand for economic equality (since at present no instrument other than regulations can bring it about), and that the Party system is certain to recur, when should we see the change? Not this year surely; not next year probably; in the year after, without any shadow of doubt. The very amplitude of the swing will produce at first a semi-unanimity in the reaction, and mask the new grouping.

For six years we have lived in the collectivist state. For five of these years it was increasingly successful. By the end of the war we were all collectivist; the Army through the conviction of the officers and the habit of the men; the public because, having reached one main resolve (which they did unconsciously) they saw their desires being grindingly but certainly fulfilled. It took time and the bitter lessons of bankruptcy to detach our minds from the illusion that water would rise above its level, or Government lift a man higher than he could heave himself by his boot-straps. Even yet some Socialists, like Sir Leo Chiozza Money, write books proving from the production of 18-pounder and 9-inch in unlimited amount for an unlimited market, how successfully committees would clothe us and feed us and conduct our foreign trade. We were jammed into a rigid block to support the weight of war, and though that has been lifted for nearly three years it is only slowly that such a compulsion is forgotten.

Now that pre-war instincts are emerging again, the reaction is likely to carry us too far. Just as there was then no counterpoise to the Collectivists, now there is not any to the swing of reaction. The nation which was solidly Coalition in 1918 will be preponderatingly Coalition (to hazard a guess) as ever in the election of 1922, though the party beneath that label will have little in common with the projects of the election of 1918. Only two things could bring about an immediate break-up: a failure over Ireland or an attempt to enforce Tariff Reform. Of these, of course, Ireland is the more dangerous. The problems of the nineteenth century were political; those of the twentieth are economic. Ireland is the last of the political problems which arouses any interest; it is overdue for settlement, and a failure here would bring out an immediate cleavage, because on this many men have now made up their minds. Otherwise, the vigour of economic as against political causes may be measured by anyone who will envisage in his mind the reception of a successful reform of the House of Lords compared with 2s. 6d. off the income-tax.

Hence the danger of Tariff Reform. Key industries and dumping present at least an arguable case. But the Protectionists having embarked upon the last and the greatest of this Government's collectivist experiments, the control of commerce by committees, are being dragged on by the inevitable megalomania of the controller. The Key Industries Bill has been set to tackle the impossible problem of the collapsed exchanges. Undeterred by the end of control of mines, housing and agriculture, its promoters have extended their ambitions from the two circumscribed and technical fields above mentioned, to Government supervision of our commerce with all Europe. Since to put this policy in practice denunciation of commercial treaties would be required, there is little prospect for the next eighteen months of anything being done. Still, the passage and immediate repeal of an Act, instead of gratifying both supporters and opponents of the project as well as fulfilling a debt of honour to the electorate, arouses the apprehension and anger of all three. The apprehension of those whose raw material is cheap imports, and the anger of those who perceive that no efficient check is presently being laid upon these things, would certainly shake, and might shatter, the whole Administration.

Otherwise the real party business will not begin again till 1923. The reason is that the Socialists are not ready and the Reformers have no cause. Nominal Liberals, nominal Conservatives there will be; but they will fail completely to get up a genuine hatred of one another and the result will be Coalition. The really important question does not lie there; it lies in the totally unknown problem as to which banner the main body of the people will mass under when the interregnum is finally over. The Conservative mood is going to be supreme for the moment. All parties then will have their choice to make. Even Labour. This is the master-problem. The two old groups of Freedom and Reform in British public life are certain to find supporters. The third must go forward, go smash, or find a new policy. If it goes forward, if it gets electoral support as it now stands, it may have two years of uneasy power, to be followed by twenty years of the most uncompromising wilderness that any party ever wandered in. If it smashes, the old parties get their chance. If it finds a new policy it will govern Britain.

The problems of the nineteenth century were political, those of the twentieth economic. The history of all civilisations is the same. In the early days the political power is concentrated to a greater or less degree (according to the compulsion of the moment) in the hands of one individual, who by frequent killing is kept efficient. During a period of leisure the political power is shared out, and if the period is long enough, that mysterious

thing, credit or mobile capital, is born. Then the same process recommences in another sphere, save that economic death of the holder of this power does not always coincide with physical death. But it has, in every case so far, proved impossible to make the further step of sharing out economic power and simultaneously maintaining a high level of mobile capital. Either (1) there is a gradual levelling down, so that the sense of human equality is not offended by the huge unconscious insults of wealth (this is generally accompanied by a stationary or falling population and so leads to the same as (2)); or (2) the poor are too low-spirited to resent it, in which case they are too low-spirited to resent an invading barbarian; or (3) they accomplish a catastrophic change in which the rich are brought down, but the accompanying disappearance of the mobile capital leads to the death of from 50 to 75 per cent. of the poor by starvation. Now in all ancient civilisations the arrival of mobile capital was synchronous with—almost identical indeed with—large-scale slave labour. The necessary foundation of Athens, that vivid and brutal oligarchy, or of Rome, was a mass of toilers who had to do what they were told, namely, the dirty work. The same result arrives all down the ages till the fall of the Confederate States of America before the armies of the North. Where our present-day situation differs from all others, could we but see it, is that a new race of slaves has been begotten who have no rights and make no demands, either political or economic. I mean the engines, the wheels, the steam men. The 200-odd million tons of coal yearly mined in this island produce the equivalent of some 320 million slaves' work. From the exploitation of this mechanical multitude we should be able to come to a compromise amongst classes such as ancient Rome evolved when she granted the Latin franchise throughout the tribes of Italy. Certainly a compromise of some kind we must have or perish. Counting unemployment, short time, and trade disputes, we have had since April, and before, some 4,000,000 producers idle in Great Britain alone, representing 12 to 20 millions of the population, producing nothing, at the end of a four years' war in which certainly half the energies of our people were turned to destruction. The capitalist system has stood the shock marvellously, incredibly, but no system could stand this sort of thing for long. Economic problems demand all our attention. We are faced with nothing less than the liquidation of the Industrial Revolution.

Which of the parties will attack this gigantic problem—Labour in its widest sense—horse-power definitely subjugated to and not co-equal with man-power? Here we might hope to attain one national resolve of sufficient importance to crystallise not only its advocates but its opponents, which because of its sincerity and

honour should contain good whether it triumphed or was defeated, and which should yet leave room for a continuity of policy in many lesser and some greater things. Our foreign policy, for instance, for twenty years to come, is bound to be one of renunciation in all the world and co-operation with America. Our Imperial policy, for perhaps a shorter lapse of unquestioned time but unquestioned at present for all that, is towards the only League of Nations in which Asia or Africa is likely to have any effective voice for long years to come, the British Empire and an attempt at a partnership with East and West which has been abandoned since the days of Diocletian. These great ideals are secure, at least for the moment. It is in home politics that the real crux will come.

So we look at the parties and consider—the Tories, of whom it was written 'Men hate each other, Englishmen ignore each other; I prefer Englishmen'—the Liberals, whose slogan is Peace, Retrenchment, and the Reform Club—the Socialists, who say 'Workers of the world, unite: you have nothing to lose but your chains: we must be very careful of those.' The prospect is not invigorating: but neither was the world-war in 1917.

Labour, for the moment, is in irons. Not Old Bailey irons, but irons of the high seas, when a vessel swings, her sails slatting, doubtful on which tack she will come round again. The strike-mongers have had till now an unanswerable reply to all moderate men—'Who got you the Big Wages?' Now it is plain that if they got the men the rise they must have lost them the fall. The shrewder realise the better policy of admitting that the process was one over which they had little, if any, control (though a skilful tactician like J. H. Thomas can still point proudly to the fact that with his one blow he obtained a basic rate above pre-war of 100 per cent., while the miners struck twice, emptied their coffers and have no guarantee above 20 per cent.) There come from all parts of the country accounts of Labour as uncertain, querulous of the policy that has brought it so little, realising that for the moment it is at the mercy of the masters, but longing with a sick hope for a sign that there will come the negotiation of a treaty and not the dictation of a peace. If they can have peace with honour more unlikely things might happen than a Socialist smash and the same wholesale swing of working-class opinion that has taken 40 per cent. of its strength from the *Confédération Générale du Travail* in France. This process, however, would require leaders. Some of us who thought it merely a discourteous gibe that Labour was not fit to govern have been sorely shaken in our belief by the wobbling incompetence of the miners' executive in the final stages of the coal dispute. Labour must have some foreign policy beyond weeping on the necks of the anti-British, some home policy that does not mean another

600,000,000*l.* a year to the Civil Service, and some leaders whom it will trust further than it can throw them before it can carry the nation.

There remain the two historic parties. The difficulty here is that the labels might be pasted indifferently on either of the boxes. The contents of each will require sorting and repacking before they can be forwarded to their appropriate destinations. Individualists like Mr. George Lambert and Mr. Austin Hopkinson have not any spiritual affinity at all with Mr. Trevelyan Thomson or Mr. Aneurin Williams, who share with them the buff label of Liberalism. They would not tolerate for an hour a Liberal Prohibitionist, social-reforming group, controlled (when it occurred to him) by the apostle of Euphetics, Mr. Asquith, who can on occasion make a speech but will not cut his post-prandial leisure by ten minutes for the reply. Similarly, an aggressive, orchidaceous, high Nationalist, high Protectionist, damnigger Toryism, hacking down education and research to feed the guns, would meet no more devoted opponents than the Conservative members Mr. Hills and Mr. Ormsby-Gore. Yet the party of the future, while it is evolving, may very easily be seized by one or other of these fanatical gangs.

Now is the time, therefore, to clear our minds, to come surely on our convictions, and honestly to press those forward. The confusion which will endure for a year and more to come throws a great duty upon us to decide, so that we may have some lead, however trifling, to give when the new formations are taking place. The Coalition will beget a party. It is for us to see that it is a noble party, worthy of the millions of our great people who worked to put it there. We have dug a trench across Europe and filled it with blood, and we sit by it, like Odysseus, waiting for the ghosts to approach and tell us our fate. Many indeed of the ghosts have assembled, for it was a dreadful sacrifice that we endured. It must be Teiresias the wise who is first to drink the black blood and speak—not, as some of us feared when we brought the Prime Minister from his bed at midnight on the eve of the General Strike— not Aias Telamon, slayer of men.

WALTER ELLIOT.

ENHAM; AND ITS HEROES

OF all the problems with which a bewildered world was confronted on emergence from the confusions of the Great War into the scarcely less perplexing avenues of peace there is probably not one that has received less attention than that created by *The existence of vast numbers of men so disabled as to be incapable of earning their own living, yet not so severely or completely injured as to justify an impoverished state in providing absolutely for their wants for the rest of their lives.*

Certain classes of disabled men have been well looked after in this country by various private organisations. The cause of the blind, for example, has been nobly and successfully championed by Sir C. Arthur Pearson; and St. Dunstan's is now a well-established national institution. Other more patent forms of disability are also catered for by state and private organisations, and, in fact, it may be said that the case of the utterly and permanently incapacitated man has been taken into consideration and dealt with in as generous a manner as somewhat adverse circumstances permit.

The case of the other men to whom I refer, however, has not yet been adequately met. Had nothing whatever been done for these men we should stand convicted of carelessness, ingratitude and bad faith in a degree hardly compatible with professions of civilised charity. But something has been done, though not on such a scale as to entitle us, as a nation, to any self-congratulation.

Have we wholly escaped condemnation as an Empire that, with fair promises of everlasting thankfulness and generous remembrance, exhorts its sons to fight its battles and then, the victory won, abandons them to fight their own unaided?

That we have escaped the fullness of this disgrace is due very largely to a small body of medical men who, as long ago as 1917, anticipated this problem, and endeavoured to devise methods of dealing with it. This body, of which Dr. R. Fortescue Fox was a prominent member, came to the conclusion that in many cases the transition from a Convalescent Home to normal conditions was too abrupt. Often a lengthy period of recupera-

tion, under medical supervision and with occasional treatment, was clearly indicated, but no arrangements were then in existence for providing this, nor was there any organisation to help men to adapt their trades to the character of their disabilities. There was no means of re-educating either mind or muscle, medical science was working alone, and patched-up human entities were being flung back into industry in a dazed condition, hardly knowing of what or of how much they were capable, and bound almost inevitably to gravitate in the direction of the economic scrap-heap. As for the man who, though perfectly capable of supporting himself in specially hygienic surroundings, was incapable of doing anything at all under normal competitive conditions, his very existence was not credited.

Dr. Fox and his friends decided that some kind of intermediate institution, a stepping-stone, as it were, between the Convalescent Home and the normal life, would have to be established, on quite new and unprecedented lines; an institution where the lengthy recuperative period might be spent and where the men might be trained, simultaneously, either to adapt their remaining faculties to their pre-war trades or to learn any other occupations that might still be within their powers. They saw, too, that provision of some sort would have to be made for those who would never again be able to work except under specially sheltered conditions.

Now although, in theory, such an institution as this was clearly postulated, a difficulty arose from the fact that the men themselves were, as a rule, very anxious to return to their own homes on discharge from a Convalescent Home. After years of separation from domestic amenities such a desire was quite natural and comprehensible; and the whole scheme would have lost very much in effect had it been suggested that the men should be *ordered* to proceed to such an intermediate establishment, because they would have come in a disgruntled spirit which would have militated against their recovery and necessitated the maintenance of very strict discipline. It was essential, therefore, that the men should have the *option* of entering such a place, and that its whole atmosphere should be entirely different from that of the state institutions from which they would come.

The conception of combining training in various trades and occupations with concurrent medical treatment was new, but it was thought that not only would much valuable time be saved by this method, but that the men's interest in life would be stimulated and that they would brood the less upon their disabilities for having other occupation for their minds. Furthermore, it was thought that, given proper co-ordination between medical and instructional authorities, this training might be made

to serve to some extent the purpose of physical exercises, which are generally as useless mentally as they are beneficial physically; and it was thus argued that the principle of concurrent treatment and training would not only counteract possible harm, but do positive good in many and various ways.

The translation of a theoretical conception into a practical reality is invariably a process requiring the exercise of much patience and of an almost superhuman devotion. The common fate of all pioneer enterprises is proverbial. 'The best laid schemes of mice and men Gang aft a-gley,' and never more frequently or disastrously than when such schemes are based upon no previous experience. That this conception should have been realised within the short space of two years, and that it should have developed into an organisation demonstrably sound and essential to the state, not only reflects great credit upon its originators, but also shows the way to the solution of a serious problem. Results have proved many things. They have entirely substantiated the claim that concurrent treatment and training was a necessity for hundreds of disabled men. They have shown that the methods advocated were the right methods; and it has been abundantly proved that permanently subnormal men, whose disabilities are such that they cannot perform any work at all under normal industrial conditions, are competent, under special conditions, to turn out as good work as any perfectly fit man.

The means by which Dr. Fox and his associates approached the solution of this problem may be indicated very briefly. In the first place they formed a committee from among themselves for the purpose of studying the whole problem of the disabled, both in this country and in France. In course of time plans for setting up Village Centres for the combined treatment and training of the disabled were matured and submitted to various authorities, medical and educational, for consideration. The Government professed themselves satisfied that herein lay the solution of this problem, as did all those who were consulted.

So the 'Village Centres Council' came into existence, with Lord Haig as President, and the conduct of its affairs was entrusted to an Executive Committee, now under the Chairmanship of Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, M.P.

Up to this time—early in 1918—practically nothing had been done for the classes of men whom the Village Centres Council set out to benefit. During the year, however, great strides were made, and, after many sites had been inspected, a large and beautiful country estate of 1027 acres at Enham, near Andover, Hants, was bought and adapted to the requirements of a Village Centre. In May 1919 the first disabled man was admitted, and since then over 400 such men have passed through the Centre,

and in almost every case are now able, once again, to earn their own livings.

Normally, a man is admitted after he has returned to his own home and found that his health will not stand the strain of the daily round to which of old he was well accustomed. In distress he applies for help to his Local War Pensions Committee, and in the event of his being considered a suitable candidate for admission to Enham a form of application is filled up and sent to the Council, who will then, if they consider the case likely to benefit from the course at Enham, make arrangements for him to be admitted at the earliest opportunity.

On admission each man is asked what trade he would like to follow; and if his injuries are compatible with the pursuit of the trade he selects he is given every opportunity of acquiring it. The choice open to each man is wide, for such diverse occupations as farming and dairy work, market-gardening, poultry-rearing, forestry and rural wood industries, photography, carpentry, electrical fitting, boot and shoe repairing, manufacture of furniture, basket-making and osier-growing, estate maintenance and building construction are all taught, and taught well, by really competent instructors. Training in certain of these trades has been stopped for the present, owing to the fact that the Unions concerned have declined to accept any new members, because to do so, in the present condition of industry generally, would merely be to add unnecessarily to their already heavy unemployment charges.

When the time comes for a man to be discharged from Enham one of several things may happen to him. If he is proficient in a trade, the Council's After Care Bureau in London endeavours either to find him employment or to obtain for him a grant, from one or other of the funds existing for the purpose, so as to enable him to set up on his own. Up to the present quite remarkable success has attended the efforts of this Bureau, though of course its difficulties in finding employment increase as the stagnation of trade becomes more universal. If his training is not complete at the time when, medically, he is fit for discharge, he can proceed to one of the Government Training Centres to complete his course of instruction; and arrangements have been made whereby the time he has spent under instruction at Enham counts as though it had been spent at the Training Centre, so that no time is lost to the man and financial benefit accrues to him, since he is entitled to a bonus calculated on the hours of effective training performed by him prior to the successful completion of his course. If, on the other hand, it is decided by the medical authorities at Enham that, although fit enough under specially constituted conditions, a man is likely to remain permanently subnormal, it would

manifestly be a refinement of cynical inhumanity deliberately to turn him out into a competitive world in the full knowledge that his health must inevitably give way. There is only one solution of this problem, and that is to arrange for him to settle and ply his trade under those special conditions which he not only requires but deserves.

Unfortunately, through lack of funds, the authorities are frequently placed on the horns of a most unenviable dilemma. They have not the wherewithal to provide settlements for all those who require them, and they must either turn these men out of the Centre or refuse admission to those who need treatment and training but have not as yet received either. Once a man is installed in a cottage he can earn his own living and pay his rent; but the capital expenditure has to be found, and good intentions and praiseworthy purposes do not suffice, in these strictly material days, to build houses.

Several similar organisations have since sprung up, which undertake parts of the work so efficiently performed by the Council. The Government have set up several Centres for Curative Treatment and Training, based entirely upon the original Enham scheme, and there are several small organisations that attempt to grapple with the permanent settlement problem, and notably 'the British County Homestead Association, which has recently become affiliated to the Council.' But there exists no other organisation which deals with these cases from start to finish, and the Council may claim quite justifiably to be the precursors of this work, and the leading and most thorough exponents of its principles.

The only aspect of the whole undertaking which is displeasing is the contemplation of its finances. The State makes a *pro rata* grant for each man admitted, and this is at present enough to cover ordinary charges against revenue account, though whether this grant will diminish in accordance with the decrease in the cost of living alleged to have occurred from time to time by a somewhat prescient Board of Trade remains to be seen. But the state will make no contribution towards the enormous capital expenditure involved, in spite of the fact that organisations of this sort are not only useful, indeed indispensable, to the men themselves, but invaluable to the state, for without such work many men would eventually, even if not immediately, become economic drags and have to be supported by local rates, or doles, or some other such unsatisfactory and unsatisfying means.

It would be impertinent to observe, just because the Council have not yet received the full support of the public at large, that that public care nothing for the fate of these men. They do, but what they do not realise is the cost of attracting public notice to the fact that work of this sort is proceeding and in urgent need

of help. A nation that in a time of considerable financial stress can subscribe 'large sums' to a fund whose very worthy object is to save from starvation and disease children of ex-enemy states—a condition of affairs that would never have obtained had Allied statesmen recollected that we are now in the twentieth, and not the tenth, century—such a nation obviously would not fail to support an organisation conducted for the purposes and in the manner I have attempted to indicate, were it conscious of this problem, and of the only means of its solution.

If any of my readers have been so far interested in this work as to wish to amplify the brief sketch that I have given, the Secretary of the Council no doubt will be glad to do so from the offices at 10 Upper Woburn Place.

Until this work has been extended so that all who require the unique benefits which it provides have received them; until, that is to say, the public realise that here, at home, is a need for practical sympathy and generous support, and accord that support; until then we shall remain under the shadow of that disgrace of which we so often, during the dark and uncertain days of war, swore solemnly that we would never be guilty—the neglect of the 'old soldier' :

When war is over, and all things righted,
God is neglected and the old soldier slighted.

We may hope that the last will be the very last war. We may hope that never again will it be necessary for millions of men to march forth to compass each other's doom with all the panoply and machinery of war and vivid destruction. We may hope that never again shall we be faced with the problem of the disabled ex-Service man. But to-day we are faced with it, and we must deal with it as it should be dealt with—efficiently, sympathetically, generously.

The question of waste has recently furnished an outlet for much patriotic and electoral passion. We have seen the Ministry tottering under sustained forensic attacks based upon an alleged waste of 5000*l.* a year. On all sides the cry is for 'Economy!' and so thousands of Government clerks are to be cast out—to receive the dole in place of a salary. The taxpayer's money must be saved, it is true; profligacy in expenditure, both public and private, must cease if we are to recover our once assured but now elusive solvency. But it is waste of money alone that lashes into a ferment the Sargasso Sea of politics.

Is this the only form of waste? Is money alone being wasted? Assuredly not. So lost are we to fundamental considerations in the eruptive opportunism and insistent materialism of the present day that it would appear impossible to waste anything other than money.

But men, tens of thousands of men, are being wasted. They are being forced to consume without producing, and we are being forced to provide them with the wherewithal to consume, without enabling them to produce. These men, broken in our wars, suffering that we may be free and immune from all that they have undergone, their health sapped, their vigour lost through wounds or exposure or—worst of all—starvation in enemy prison camps, these men, to whom so much was pledged, are now helpless, unwilling and unhappy parasites on the body of the state which once they loved so much that to die that it might live appeared to them a dear and valued privilege. *They* are being wasted.

The old adage 'Pledges are made to be broken' would appear to be the foundation of British domestic policy to-day. Governments have always been renowned for the levity with which they avoid solemn covenants, and, generally speaking, this stricture has never been more just than at the present time. But in this question the Government cannot be held guilty of complete indifference. The work of remaking broken men does receive state assistance, as I have mentioned earlier in this article, and if there still remain the reproach that this work is hampered by lack of funds it must lie upon us as a people rather than upon the Ministry. It was in the name of the people of the Empire that the pledges to the fighting men were made, and it is the responsibility of the people to redeem those pledges.

Wastage of men! How far more pitiable is this than wastage of money! Wastage of men involves a vast, if indirect, wastage of wealth, but that is not all. The resources of this nation are not to be calculated in cash alone, but in credit also, and the quality of our people is the basis upon which its credit must be measured. Furthermore, wastage of men frequently involves an infinity of human misery, more especially acute for the type of man whom the Village Centres Council seeks to benefit. The totally and permanently disabled man knows well that never again, in any circumstances, can he support himself; he knows that, for him, the future holds but little and that he is powerless to command it, and becomes resigned, convinced that in his case a struggle against Fate cannot but be fruitless. But with these other men it is different. They feel that they could work under certain conditions, they know that they are only prevented by lack of a little treatment and re-education from becoming once again capable of competing in the sphere of industry with their more fortunate fellows, and they cannot resign themselves without a struggle to an empty and joyless life. Their case is analogous to that of a wounded bird, still able to elude its would-be captors, but yet unable to forage for itself, condemned to endure a wholly wretched and unnatural existence,

ever struggling to fly, and failing, until, at last, death brings longed-for release. These men, literally, cannot dig and, rightly, are ashamed to beg—though alas! too frequently compelled to do so.

Wastage of men! The economic aspect is bad, but the humanitarian aspect is even worse. The tortures of Tantalus must have been less agonising than those which our erstwhile preservers are so often called upon to bear. Work, the source of all their little pleasures, the only means by which they can keep the wolf from the door, persistently evades them, for who can afford to employ an ailing man, or one who has not the full use of his limbs or faculties, when there are thousands of others, able-bodied and strong, ready and willing to take his place? Gradually the little homes, built up with so much care and so much toil in the days before the war, are being sold up to provide subsistence for the now disillusioned patriots whose devotion is thus singularly rewarded and who, with their wives and families, are sinking ever deeper into that Slough of Despond from which there is no emergence in this world.

Wastage of men! Much of this is quite unavoidable after a great war; but there are, as I have stated, tens of thousands of men now wasted who need not be wasted. All that they require the Village Centres Council, alone among private organisations, would give them, had it the means; but, as yet, it has not, for the cry for economy in money, together with the prevailing financial stringency, has not been without effect upon its income. Until it has such means, however, this wastage of men will continue, and the national credit will be morally and materially depreciated.

In conclusion, there is one other aspect of this work on which I must dwell, because it is important and because it is this aspect that constitutes a wide difference between the activities of this Council and those of the myriad other war charities. The war has maimed many men, maimed them in spectacular and heroic circumstances so that public attention is challenged; but each year in times of peace hundreds of thousands of men are injured or killed in the world of industry. During the year ending June 1920 no fewer than 243,000 non-fatal accidents occurred in the mines and factories of this country. Thousands of these men must need treatment and training; they cannot be admitted to the Enham Village Centre until all those whose injuries were incurred during the war have been benefited, but the time will come when the problem of the high war disability man will have passed away, and then these Centres can be used to restore to fitness those unfortunates for whom the mills of industry have ground too small.

Thus the sums that have been spent—and those also that it is hoped may be subscribed in the future—for the capital development of the Village Centres scheme will at no time be wasted. In many cases the utility of hastily organised charitable bodies will cease with the passage of years; but in this case the public service now being done on a small scale by this Council, extended until it takes its rightful place as a national institution, will endure for so long as there remain those elements in industry which cause bodily and mental scath to its acolytes.

And so it seems that, out of the travail of a world's agony, a new hope has been born—a hope that no longer will hapless broken men, incapacitated through misfortune, be condemned to a life destitute alike of comfort and solace. It is for us of the present generation to decide whether this hope shall be fulfilled, or whether it shall remain an empty, insincere aspiration. In the former case we shall progress along the road to true civilisation; in the latter we shall take a retrograde step for which we shall incur the just indignation of posterity.

REYNELL J R G. WREFORD

THE END OF THE BYRON MYSTERY

ON April 22, 1816, a deed of separation was, by mutual consent, completed between Lord Byron and his wife. Three days later he sailed for Ostend. He never returned to England. What was the secret cause which made Lady Byron implacable, and, as his enemies suggested, drove Byron to consent to a separation instead of facing the music of the Ecclesiastical Courts? That any interest in this ancient mystery should survive is a remarkable example of the longevity of baffled curiosity. The scandal was the talk of the town in the far-off days of the Regent. For half a century it smouldered, till, in 1869, Mrs. Beecher Stowe fanned it into flame. Once more it died down, only to flare up in 1905, when the poet's grandson issued *Astarte* for private circulation. Even the Great War has failed to extinguish the embers. In 1921 it again bursts into fire with the publication by Lady Lovelace of an expurgated edition of her husband's privately printed volume.

The first *Astarte* gave a new shape to the so-called Byron mystery. No one could any longer doubt what Lady Byron believed. She believed that Byron had committed incest with his half-sister Augusta, the wife of Colonel Leigh. The only remaining question was whether her belief was founded on facts or on hallucinations. Either view was still possible. Definite proof is still wanting. Even now a choice remains open, though the second *Astarte* makes it less easy to maintain the innocence of Byron and Augusta Leigh. If the publication arouses any discussion, one definite note of warning should be sounded. The unpublished letters of Byron to Lady Melbourne materially strengthen the charge of incest previous to marriage.

The story of the separation may be briefly told. It is already familiar, and there is little that is new. Five weeks after the birth of her daughter Augusta Ada Byron (Dec. 10, 1815), Lady Byron, at her husband's request and on medical advice, left their home at 13 Piccadilly Terrace for her mother's house at Kirkby. Thence she wrote him an affectionate letter, which, in all the circumstances, is almost tragically pathetic. She clung to the hope that he was temporarily insane; she had, in fact, consulted a well-

known physician of the day on the state of his mind. Her partial revelation to her parents of the miseries that she had endured during the twelve months of her married life determined them, with her consent, to demand a separation. Her mother, Lady Noel, came to London to consult the doctors and interview the lawyers. It is quite conceivable that Byron had treated his young wife execrably, and that she could have enforced a separation on adultery, drunkenness, constructive cruelty and a total incompatibility of habits and temperament. In the opinion of her lawyers, on the facts laid before them, a separation was justified, and would be granted by the Courts. But they seem to have suggested that a reconciliation was practicable. Towards the end of February Lady Byron, who in the meantime had received the medical report that there was no symptom of insanity, came herself to London, saw her chief legal adviser, Dr. Lushington, and made a new allegation which changed his opinion. Since the publication of the first *Astarte* in 1905, the nature of this new allegation has been definitely known to the public. Lady Byron suspected her husband of incest with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, begun before her own marriage and, as she then seems to have believed, continued subsequently and under her own roof in 1815-16. She had no positive proof of her suspicions and no legal evidence to offer. She admitted that her impressions might be mistaken. No charge of incest could be, or was, formulated for submission to the Courts; true or false, it was not one of the grounds on which a separation was demanded; it was not discussed at any of the negotiations between her representatives and those of Byron. But suspicions of such a crime, strongly held by a wife against her husband, put reconciliation out of the question. The demand for a separation was pressed. If it could not be obtained by an amicable arrangement, the case must go before the Ecclesiastical Courts on such charges of cruelty and adultery as could be legally substantiated.

In his own interests Byron would have been wise to follow his lawyer's advice, refuse consent, and go into Court. The advice was sound, though it may have come, as Lord Lovelace states, from a rascal. Even if the comparatively minor charges, whatever they were, could have been proved against him, he had little to fear from that kind of exposure. His reputation was too notorious to suffer. The case would have been a 'nine-days' wonder. Society would have shaken its head, with 'What else could you expect?' and, in the distraction of the next scandal, forgotten the commonplace story. The names of Lady Byron, Augusta Leigh, and Lord Lovelace would never have been known beyond the circle of their personal friends. That course was not followed. Byron agreed to the separation on his wife's appeal

not to oppose her wishes. Her letter (March 5, 1816) confirms his statement, written in 1817, that he only consented, 'reluctantly then, repentantly now,' because Lady Byron claimed from him the fulfilment of his written promise to agree to 'a separation if such was really her wish.' But he protested that he was in 1816, and that he still was in 1817, 'utterly ignorant of what description her allegations, charges, or whatever name they have assumed, were.' His most intimate friend, Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, his best man at his wedding in January 1815, and his representative in the negotiations for separation, was equally ignorant. His detailed, contemporary statement of all the transactions, fortified by numerous letters, is given in his *Recollections of a Long Life* (vol. II., pp. 190-355). It shows that rumour attributed the separation to a charge of incest. Before Hobhouse would assent, on Byron's behalf, to an amicable arrangement, he insisted that any intention to bring forward such a charge in Court should be expressly disclaimed. The disclaimer, signed by Lady Byron, was given. Hobhouse speaks of the accusation as one which, if true, 'struck at the very existence of Lord Byron as a member of society.' His own continuance of his friendship with both Byron and his sister is some evidence that he himself disbelieved the charge. It may be added that Byron's last written words to his wife, before leaving England, were an appeal on behalf of Augusta Leigh. 'If any accident occurs to me,' he wrote (April 1816), 'be kind to her; if she is then nothing—to her children . . . be kind to her and hers

for never has she acted or spoken otherwise towards you—she has ever been your friend.' This was a not unnatural appeal to Lady Byron from a husband on behalf of his sister. It seems an almost monstrous request to have made to his wife, if he had known that she charged him with continued incest and adultery with the woman for whom he played her bounty.

It seems to me certain that Byron was genuinely ignorant of the particular accusation which his wife had made against him. 'He does know too well—what he affects to enquire,' wrote Lady Byron to Hodgson, February 15, 1816. But she herself had made it difficult for Byron to know or even to guess. Her own conduct contradicted any suspicion of her belief in an incestuous intrigue between himself and his sister. At this time she suspected him of the offence subsequently as well as previously to her marriage, though at a later date she seems to have been satisfied that in this respect she wronged him, and that in 1815-16 his relations with his sister were innocent. Yet it was on her own invitation that Augusta had come to stay at 13 Piccadilly Terrace in November 1815, and remained with Byron when she herself left London. In January and February 1816 she wrote to

Augusta, still under Byron's roof, letters full of affection and gratitude. *Astarte* itself shows that Augusta had no idea that she was suspected. If, as was probable, she shared the contents of her letters with her brother, he also might well have been wholly unconscious of his wife's suspicions. 'My dearest A., it is my great comfort that you are in Piccadilly,' wrote Lady Byron from Kirkby, January 16, 1816, to Augusta Leigh, still under her brother's roof. Byron would be justified in thinking it incredible that his wife should write these words to the woman whom she suspected of being his partner in incestuous adultery. The whole tenor of the subsequent letters written during that period to Augusta, and probably communicated to her brother, pointed in the same direction. They must have seemed conclusive against the supposition that any suspicion of incest was entertained. The natural and simple explanation would be that Lady Byron relied on evidence which reached her after leaving London. Neither Lady Byron nor Lord Lovelace allows us that resource. Her suspicions originated during the first week of her married life in two circumstances which in themselves seem trivial. On the day after the wedding Byron received a letter from his sister which, says Lady Byron, 'affected him strangely.' ' . . . He read to me the expression "Dearest, first and best of human beings," and then said, with suspicious inquisitiveness "There, what do you think of that?" ' Two or three days later she alluded to Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, in which a brother and sister, ignorant of their parentage, commit incest. Byron, who, says Lord Lovelace, 'probably supposed the allusion designed, made a violent scene,' which confirmed her suspicions. To make an assumption, and to spend twelve months in piecing together facts to fit it, is a dangerous habit. It tempted Lady Byron to form a conclusion, which she afterwards abandoned, of continued guilt. It illustrates a brooding, self-tormenting temperament, in which Byron, who analysed her character to Lady Melbourne before his marriage, detected a source of future unhappiness. The separation was inevitable. But Byron and Mrs. Leigh were justified in thinking that Lady Byron's determination was not influenced by any knowledge or suspicion of their relationship, and she herself subsequently recognised as unfounded the most revolting of the accusations which, at the time, she had made against her husband to her legal adviser.

However firmly Lady Byron might be convinced of the guilt of Byron and his sister, she had no legal proof of the truth of her charge. It may be doubted whether she ever had any. After the separation she was haunted by the fear that Byron might claim the custody of the child. If she could establish against him such a crime as incest, no Judge would grant the father's

application. A mother fighting for her child, Lady Byron had the strongest motive for securing proof of her accusation. The separation had set society busy in guessing its cause. Suspicion centred on Mrs. Leigh. Reports against her multiplied. To her friends she repudiated the charge. But at the time her social collapse seemed imminent. Believing what she did, Lady Byron acted generously. Her friends urged her to break off all intercourse with Augusta. They argued that, if Mrs. Leigh were driven to join Byron in exile, the necessary proof would be provided, and victory, final and complete, would rest with the wife. Lady Byron was too good a woman to connive at such an event. She made up her mind to befriend Mrs. Leigh in every way except that of vouching for her character. But, as her friends pointed out, her position was endangered by the maintenance of intimacy. Only the possession of some explicit confirmation of the charge could make it safe. 'I therefore implore of you,' wrote Colonel Doyle to Lady Byron, July 9, 1816, 'to suffer no delicacy to interfere with your endeavouring to obtain the fullest admission of guilt.' Strong pressure was put on Mrs. Leigh to confess the crime. She was even told that Byron had himself given away the secret to other women. Lady Byron wrote telling her what she knew, or thought she knew, in support of the charge. 'Augusta,' said Lord Lovelace in the first *Astarte*, 'did not attempt to deny it, and in fact admitted everything in her letters of June, July and August. . . . It is unnecessary to reproduce them here, as their contents are *confirmed and made sufficiently clear* [the italics are mine] by the correspondence of 1819.' Augusta Leigh's letters to Lady Byron in June, July and August, 1816, were not quoted in the first *Astarte*. In the new *Astarte* they are supplied. No one could call them clear confessions of guilt. They are vague and guarded. But if they do not explicitly confess, they do not definitely deny the offence. Lord Lovelace himself seems to have thought that they required explanation and confirmation. This corroboration Lady Byron and he found in Byron's love letter of May 17, 1819.

The letter was sent to Lady Byron with a covering letter from Augusta. The covering letter is cautiously worded. Nowhere does Mrs. Leigh actually identify herself with the 'unfortunate being' to whom her enclosure is addressed. She asks Lady Byron to destroy the letter, and to let her know that she had done so. Following the practice recommended by her lawyers, Lady Byron took a copy, kept it, and returned the original. Lord Lovelace states that no 'incriminating evidence' was found among Mrs. Leigh's letters. Presumably, therefore, the version given in *Astarte* is printed from the copy, and the original has disappeared. But it is not only a copy; it is a mutilated copy. There are four

erasures, each of which is intended to conceal the identity of the individual for whom the letter is intended. Who made the erasures? No one imagines that Lady Byron could have tampered with any document. But when Lord Lovelace says that they were made by Mrs. Leigh he gives no authority for his statement. It is difficult to conjecture her motive. The first erasure obliterates the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed; the second and third erasures apparently obliterate a Christian name of four letters, twice used in the body of the text; the fourth obliterates the signature. What is the meaning of these erasures, unless the letter was placed in Mrs. Leigh's hands to be forwarded to some third person whose identity would have been revealed by the words erased? I have seen nearly 100 letters from Byron to his sister, and none of them begin, as this letter begins, with 'My dearest love.' In his boyish letters, the form of address varies: 'My ever dear Augusta,' 'My ever dear sister,' 'My beloved Augusta' are variants. But from 1813 onwards, practically all his letters, including the twenty-three written from the Continent in the three years May 1816 to May 1819, begin with 'My dear Augusta,' 'My dearest Augusta,' or 'Dearest A.' The one exception is the first letter written from the Continent after the separation (May 1816), which begins 'My heart.' Similarly, all his letters to his sister are signed with 'Byron' or 'B' or the peculiar scrawl which he sometimes adopted. It is difficult to see why the signature, if made in the ordinary form, has been erased. The fact seems to confirm the suggestion that in this particular letter some unusual and illuminating signature was adopted.

The novel form of address is, in itself, I am quite aware, a very slender piece of evidence. Combined with the erasures and several points in the text, it does, however, help in some degree to invalidate the presumption that the letter was addressed to Mrs. Leigh. That letter out of the way, Lady Byron's case rests on hearsay reports of Byron's conversations, and on Augusta's alleged admissions, written or oral. It is very doubtful whether, at any time during her long life, she could really have proved her suspicions. Silence was her prudent, as well as her generous, course. No reliance can be, in my opinion, placed on Byron's poetical treatment of the subject of incest. But there is confirmation in the unpublished letters of Byron to Lady Melbourne. It is therefore idle to discuss the case as if it stood where it is left by the two editions of *Astoria*. The Melbourne letters create a new situation, as astounding as any of the many strange points in the story. Lady Melbourne could not have read Byron's outpourings without, to say the least, strong suspicions of his guilt. She was also Miss Milbanke's aunt. Yet she made the match, and pushed the

lukewarm wooer into the arms of her young niece. The whole story of the Byron mystery is squalid and repellent. I lay down *Astarte*, even in its expurgated form, with King Lear's request :

An ounce of civet, good Apothecary,
To sweeten the imagination.

Byron died April 19, 1824. His statue was refused a place in Westminster Abbey. Lady Byron wrote some lines on the slight to his memory (the MS. is in Mr Murray's possession) which she enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Leigh, beginning 'My dearest A.,' and ending 'Yours most affectionately, A. I. B.' The following are the verses :

Think ye to tear the laurel from his brow;
To him ye had not dared the thought avow.
To Byron's name a cenotaph refuse,
Reserve it for the sager laureat Muse;
Your pious zeal should decimate the crowd
To whom immortal honours are allowed.
In Milton mark the regicidal stain,
And banish Dryden profligate, profane

O could I bring to light the unconfest,
The deep dread secrets of the human breast,
How many hearts a kindred pang must own
And who would feel in grief, in guilt, alone?
Judge not but weep for one who never knew
The blessings that descend on some like dew:
Stern o'er his childhood Calvin's spirit lowered,
And every hope of mercy overpowered

The sentiment of these verses may be finer than the poetry. But the lines make one thing certain. Wounded as she had been in all her tenderest feelings, Lady Byron yet remained proud of her husband's fame. *Astarte* affords a strange comment on the feelings which inspired those lines. It is 105 years since the separation took place. It is seventy years since the death of Augusta Leigh. Would Lady Byron have wished that what remains of her husband's moral character should be blasted by her and his grandson, in order to prove that she was morally justified in seeking a separation? At this distance of time it hardly seems worth while for Lord Lovelace to endeavour to convict his grandfather of incest with Mrs. Leigh, especially by such methods as those adopted in *Astarte*. Lady Byron might have sanctioned the bare publication of the evidence which had convinced herself. Apparently she had prepared papers for the purpose. But so reserved and high-principled a woman would, I think, have recoiled in disgust from the collection of tittle-tattle, hearsay and personal abuse that her grandson raked together in defence of an action for which all the world concedes the fullest justification.

Some of the garbage has disappeared from the second *Astarte*. Far too much has been allowed to remain. Lady Byron's misfortunes have pursued her. She has been unlucky in a defence which is wanting in her own simple dignity and reserve.

The truth is that in *Astarte* Lord Lovelace wronged not only Lady Byron but himself. How did such a man come to write such a book? He adored his grandmother's memory. He had been again and again wounded to the quick by ignorant depreciation of her character. For years he had hesitated to reveal the story, to which he alone held the complete clues. Looking back to 1899, I can understand that he felt his hand to be forced. He might never have broken silence, but for the unwitting provocation that was given by the publication of the third volume of Mr. Murray's *Letters and Journals of Byron* (6 vols. 1897-1901). In the intense heat of his resentment *Astarte* was engendered. In fairness to Lord Lovelace, and also to the publisher and editor of those volumes, the story should be told.

The first suggestion of a complete edition of Byron's *Works* in prose and verse came from Lord Lovelace himself in a letter to Mr. Murray dated April 5, 1896. Nine days later (April 14) Lord Lovelace and I lunched with Mr. Murray to discuss the proposal and the best methods of carrying it into effect. Lord Lovelace was to act as editor-in-chief, and to contribute any manuscripts which he thought suitable for publication. His co-operation was to be advertised. In reply to Mr. Murray's specific request on this point, Lord Lovelace wrote (June 9, 1896): 'Of course you may make any use of my name that seems desirable.' He himself revised and added to the prospectus. Out of this joint enterprise, in which were combined the grandson of Byron and the grandson of the poet's publisher, sprang the dispute, which culminated in the issue by Lord Lovelace of *Astarte* for private circulation in 1905.

In preparing the edition of Byron's *Letters and Journals* one difference of opinion at once appeared. Lord Lovelace desired to print only a selection of the best letters. Mr. Murray thought that the time had not come for a selection; that the collection of prose writings should be made as complete as possible, and that, in view of the extreme difficulty of writing a real biography of Byron, the object of the edition should be to let him tell his own life in his letters and journals. I shared Mr. Murray's views. The result of the difference of opinion was that I became the responsible editor. But the change at first made no apparent alteration in the friendly attitude of Lord Lovelace. He took a keen interest in the progress of the work. Up to the publication of the third volume, which dealt with the separation, he received all the proofs in all their successive stages. Parts he evidently read with some amount of care. He made a few corrections,

offered some suggestions, and occasionally raised objections. All were adopted, with, I believe, only two trivial exceptions. He also contributed several letters and fragments of letters.

In November 1897, when I had assumed the editorship, Lord Lovelace put into my hands autograph copies of certain extracts of letters from Byron to Augusta. 'They were not for publication; but they have since appeared in *Astarte* (pp. 76-80). I read them and returned them without comment. Where I could, I traced their context. Here, for instance, is one example. '*I would return from any distance at any time to see you, and come to England for you.*' In the original letter, this detached sentence follows an invitation to Augusta, and 'one or two' of her children, to come with him for a tour in France or Switzerland. 'It should be no expense to L. [Colonel Leigh] or to yourself.' There was no evidence here, as I thought, of any criminal relations, but only of warmth of affection between brother and sister. I came to the conclusion that Lord Lovelace, from constant brooding over one subject, was disposed to find meanings in language which was capable of innocent interpretation. But the fact that this collection of extracts had been made and shown to me by Lord Lovelace strengthened my determination to say nothing on the mystery of the separation.

The first opportunity of declaring this policy was taken. On pp. 18-20 of the first volume of the *Letters* occurs a note on Augusta Byron, afterwards Mrs. Leigh. It is deliberately colourless and conventional. Lord Lovelace returned me the proof with his own hands. He recognised its significance and had read it carefully. My own recollection of what passed between us is vivid. He is no longer alive to dispute its accuracy. But I am entitled to say that we both regarded the note as an indication that the central mystery of the separation would not be explored. The note is faced by a reproduction from a miniature of Augusta Leigh lent by Lord Lovelace for the purpose of illustration.

I was still uneasy as to the possible existence of definite evidence which might prove Augusta Leigh to have been guilty of the charge made against her by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Not a shred of information bearing on that point existed in Mr. Murray's possession. It was not referred to in any of the legal papers belonging to the period of the separation. Whatever was known was known only to Lord Lovelace. I therefore asked him a question on the subject. For his answer, given twenty-three years ago, I should not presume to rely on my memory. I trust to a document, drawn up in February 1900 in view of possible legal proceedings, and in consultation with Mr. Murray and his solicitor, when all the facts and circumstances were fresh in our minds.

It will be remembered that in 1869 Lord Lovelace, then Lord

Wentworth, had written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (September 7) denying the truth of the charge against Mrs. Leigh. He said that a statement by Lady Byron existed 'giving an account of some circumstances connected with her marriage.'

This statement [he wrote] in Lady Byron's own handwriting does not contain any accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told her, and Mrs. Stowe's story of the separation is inconsistent with what I have seen in various letters, etc., of Lady Byron's.

In further confirmation of this denial, he wrote a second letter to the *Daily News* (September 16, 1869) :

I feel it to be due to the readers of the *Daily News* and to myself to affirm my full acquaintance with the history of Lady Byron, and especially the period of her married life and separation. The denial I gave of the truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's narrative rested on Lady Byron's own written testimony, contained in those papers to which (according to your leading article of Saturday) I have not access.

Though the denial was at the time explicit enough, I felt that, in the interval of thirty years, additional documents might have come to light. I therefore made a further inquiry. I quote from the formal statement of February 1900 :

In the presence of Mr. Murray, in his room at 50 Albemarle Street, I asked Lord Lovelace what were the causes of Lady Byron's separation. He replied, and Mr. Murray confirms me in my recollection, that he did not know himself; that he believed there might be found to be some temporary cause for their not living together as husband and wife; that, so far as he was aware, there was no permanent cause for their not doing so, and that Lady Byron had been badly advised.

At a later date Mr. Murray wrote to Lord Lovelace, suggesting that there were certain episodes in Lord Byron's life which it might be desirable to pass over in silence. Lord Lovelace replied :

'My conviction is that your nightmare is a complete illusion. There are passages in his [Lord Byron's] life which it would be highly improper, even criminal, to bring forward at the present time—not because damning to him; I altogether deny that anything that *with truth* could be brought up against him is so bad as that—but because it would be dishonouring to the informers prematurely to uncover a series of events which, though they have long passed far out of reach of all human judgment, a respectful silence still keeps out of common knowledge.'

Lord Lovelace was clearly entitled to guard a family secret in any way he chose. But no blame can reasonably attach to those who accepted his statements in good faith. In the summer of 1899 appeared the third volume of the *Letters and Journals*, covering the years 1814-16. Seventy-three letters and documents, bearing on the separation, were, without annotations, relegated to a small-print Appendix. It was prefaced by a short note which began with the following words : 'No evidence exists to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband.' As it is agreed that no charge of incest was either

made or discussed during the negotiations which led to a separation by mutual consent, my cautiously worded statement is, so far as I am aware, literally accurate. Suspicion of incest may have been the main cause of the separation : it was never one of the charges. The proofs and revises of the Prefatory Note and Appendix were, in due course, sent to Lord Lovelace and returned by him to me. I do not in the remotest degree claim his approval of the passage or his responsibility for its occurrence. Such a claim would be both unfair and ridiculous. I am only stating a fact. He must have read a part of the Appendix with some attention, for he queried a letter from Lady Byron to Mrs. George Lamb (No. 69) containing a probable allusion to Augusta, with the note ' May not this arouse suspicion ? ' As the letter had been already published in the Catalogue of the Morrison MSS., I thought that its insertion would be less noticeable than its omission. Another feature in this third volume was the first publication of fifteen letters, and extracts from letters, written by Byron to Miss Milbanke before their marriage. These were printed from copies made by Lord Lovelace in his own handwriting, and given by him to the late Mr. Murray as some recognition, on behalf of his sister and himself, of Mr. Murray's gift to him of a portion of the Augusta Leigh correspondence. They were sent by me to Lord Lovelace, and his leave to publish was specifically asked. One letter was at his request withdrawn. As to the remainder, he wrote (November 29, 1898) ' I can see no objection to their publication.' The originals had disappeared. To guarantee their genuineness, therefore, and for no other reason, it was stated in the Preface to volume III. that the Milbanke letters and extracts were printed ' from copies made by the Earl of Lovelace.'

The publication of this third volume led to some depreciatory criticism of Lady Byron, founded, in the main, on a misquotation from the Prefatory Note. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the feelings of Lord Lovelace than to be associated, even remotely, with the publication of a book which produced this impression. It made matters fifty times worse that his name should have been specifically mentioned as contributing to its material. His friendly interest in the edition had previously cooled. Now his attitude of suspicious neutrality was exchanged for one of bitter hostility. The remainder of the Augusta Leigh letters, now published in the second *Astarte*, were withdrawn, though many of them had been given by Mr. Murray to Lord Lovelace. All personal or written intercourse between Lord Lovelace and Mr. Murray was cut off. Of the extent to which this was carried, the following incident is an amusing illustration. At the request of an author a copy of his book, which had nothing

to do with Byron, was sent to Lord Lovelace through Mr. Murray's office at 50 Albemarle Street. The addressed label bore the publisher's name. A day or two later, the parcel was returned unopened, with this note written on a scrap of paper, in the handwriting of a servant :

A parcel already quite properly once refused is Hereby sent back. The Earl of Lovelace does not want any wares from Messrs. Murray's shop and declines to take them into his house. Articles coming in such a manner from entire strangers cannot be admitted on any terms.

Lord Lovelace regarded the defence of his grandmother as a sacred duty. But, unfortunately, it was in the spirit of this note that he wrote *Astarte*. By his methods he alienated the sympathy which his passionate loyalty to Lady Byron's memory would have everywhere commanded. The permanent value of the published edition of that privately printed book would have been greater, if the many traces of these temporary feelings could have been more unsparingly eradicated.

ERNLE

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF SWINBURNE

I

ABOUT anything of a mechanical nature Swinburne had the most primitive ideas. He could poke a fire—after a fashion, and he could light his candles—after another fashion. But he regarded all machinery as belonging to a world outside his ken. This inability to understand enhanced the awe and admiration with which he regarded the simple contrivances intended to add to the ease of everyday life. His intelligence was so confined to poetry and imaginative literature that even the mechanism of a soda-water syphon was beyond him. When for the first time I manipulated one in his presence he gazed fixedly at me, evincing considerable apprehension for my safety. I succeeded in releasing a gentle stream into my glass. When I stopped he said, with an accent of admiration and surprise, 'How cleverly you did that: I couldn't have done it.' I could disclaim the compliment but I could not truthfully contradict the second part of his comment. I have seen him approach a refractory window-sash with the reluctance of one about to grasp a bunch of nettles, but if the sash remained obstinate under his treatment he would hurl at it a dazzling selection of epithets in at least three different languages. It was a liberal education in swear-words to hear him. I tried to catch the phrases as they dropped in quick succession from his lips; but knowing only English and French most of his angry eloquence was lost to me. Some of it was no doubt imprecation in the purest Attic Greek.

Foremost among the mechanical arts of which he approved was photography. He spoke enthusiastically of its results and pronounced them 'tremendously clever.' He raved eulogistically over some snapshots of children done by a cousin of his. The meaning of the phrase 'You touch the button, we do the rest' would have floored him utterly, for he regarded the little pictures almost as works of art.

Although I have seen my husband Walter scores of times with a pad before him writing his own letters, he more often than not dictated them. Any mechanical device which he thought would make life easier he was never slow to employ. In his

enthusiasm for science he was eager for experiments. Not so the Bard—in this he was Walter's exact opposite.

He never inquired the why and the wherefore of *anything*, or whence and by whom any invention sprang. I believe Swinburne resented even a business letter that was typewritten, whereas Walter welcomed the machine-made epistle as affording him relief from deciphering the sometimes awful writing of his correspondents. Under the impression that such a method as typewriting would, with practice, enable him at least to write his own letters, he was eager to purchase one of the numerous machines on the market. We wrote to several companies, and for weeks we were deluged with correspondence, descriptive catalogues, and machines. I had learnt to type on a hired machine in anticipation of the day when we should acquire one of our own, and in order that I should be able in my turn to teach Walter.

Never shall I forget the arrival of those typewriters. Then escorts from the different companies would leave them at the Pines for a week or more on trial. At one time we had at least four machines simultaneously in the house. Poor Walter was worried to death between the lot of them, and which to choose, for, of course, each agent was anxious he should purchase his own particular machine. The man from 'Remington's' and the 'Smith-Premier' man would meet in the hall and glare fiercely at each other one day, whilst on another the 'Hammond' agent would barge into the 'Blick' or the 'Yost' clerk, as he entered or departed with his 'ewe-lamb' of a machine. Eventually one was selected, and Walter began his lessons in peace and comfort.

What fun we had in the evenings! He proved quite an apt pupil, and when he didn't forget to 'shift key' or strike the lever that produces the spacing, or make some other minor fault, his progress was satisfactory--if slow. I was beginning to feel quite proud of his progress, and one day when we went to Onslow Square to visit Algernon's sister Isabel I carried a specimen of Walter's best and latest effort with me. She thought it wonderful; and turning to me with an eager smile on her charming face she exclaimed excitedly 'Oh, Clara, if you could but teach dear Algernon how to type, how delightful *that* would be!' The incongruity of such an idea had the effect of making Walter and me almost double up with laughter. But Isabel thinking, no doubt, that this contrivance had come as a boon and a blessing to relieve her brother from the tiresome effort of wielding a pen, was unmindful of the fact that Algernon could not and would not be taught.

In his ineptitude with regard to mechanics Swinburne was untrue to the doctrine of heredity. His immediate forbear found

a great attraction in mechanics. On this point I may quote an observation made by my husband.

In dealing with the poet's little book on Dickens he says :

It is interesting to remark that Swinburne's father, Admiral Swinburne, was in his own way almost as remarkable as his grandfather. His ability showed itself in that in which the poet was strangely deficient—mechanics. He spent much of his time in his carpenter's workshop. He invented more than one mechanical device for which he ought to have taken out a patent. I myself possess one of these devices given me by Lady Mary Gordon. It has always been a special wonder to visitors to the Pines.

Far from being astonished at A. C. S.'s lack of mechanical knowledge, I am disposed to wonder that a man who added so many treasures to English literature managed to get through so much general reading as he did. Barring scientific works, he could read pretty nearly anything from poetry, history and philosophy down to 'Yellowbacks' and Limericks. He usually found something to admire in the book he happened to be reading, and often something to abominate. Not only did he appreciate Dickens, but the writer with whom it is customary to contrast him. He was, in fact, extremely fond of Thackeray. *The Newcomes* was his favourite novel, and Ethel Newcome was his favourite character in fiction. Ethel, I have always thought, must have appealed to him as the full-length portrait of some member of his own family.

He never wearied of discussing his favourite novels, and dwelt with pathetic insistence on the peculiarities of the various characters. He was as zealous as an evangelist in his endeavour to secure converts to his literary beliefs. He tried to convert me—sometimes with success. He introduced me to Jane Austen's *Emma*—the characters in that book being to him living, breathing, faithful friends.

When I had finished reading *Emma* he put me through quite an examination on the contents of the volume. His every question began with 'Do you remember?' or 'I know you have forgotten.' He was delighted that I had noticed how fussy Mr. Woodhouse became about the way in which his gruel was prepared, and asked me if I would have taken the same pains that Emma did in order to meet her father's taste in gruel. He had a fervent and almost affectionate appreciation for the work of Jane Austen, and was fond of picturing the England she knew through her eyes. Often I heard him exclaim, when referring to *Emma*, 'What a queer little England it must have been then, to be sure!'

Swinburne knew no German, nor do I remember to have seen a German book on his shelves. He disliked the Teuton

and entertained no exalted opinion of his literature. His passionate love of France and of everything French was attributable, I imagine, to the fact that Victor Hugo was a Frenchman. With Hugo he had a very voluminous correspondence, and he kept a large number of his letters. These I was asked to translate into English. The task was not an easy one, owing to the characteristic literary handwriting of the Master.

When talking about Hugo the Bard would often lapse into French, and, although he had never stayed long in France, he spoke it with a true Parisian accent, and with the same ease as if it had been his mother tongue. His achievements in French prose and poetry are convincing proofs of his mastery of that language.

Believing that biography should not avoid the amusing simply because the smiles evoked are at its subject's expense, I tell the following story, for which I am indebted to Mrs. Alys Eyre Macklin, who was a special friend of Tola Dorian from whom she had it. Swinburne and my husband visited Paris in November 1882 to witness the performance of Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*. Tola Dorian, besides being Swinburne's translator and friend, was an almost daily visitor at Hugo's dwelling. It was arranged that the Bard and Walter should meet Hugo at a dinner at his house under the hostess-ship of Tola Dorian. This is how that sprightly lady described the meeting :

'It was a cold dreary day and poor Victor Hugo was feeling very irritable and nervous, full of aches and pains, more than usually deaf and in one of his worst moods. It was pitiful to see how he tried to struggle with his weakness; he was like a lion in a net.

'I told them not to bring the visitors straight in to him, but when Swinburne arrived and I went to explain that he must not expect to find his host in a normal state I saw that he, too, was in a highly nervous condition.

'“Watts was not able to come,” he burst out excitedly, “he has toothache. The poor fellow is suffering agonies. I ought never to have left him. I must get back as soon as possible.”

'Now Swinburne also was deaf, and I shall never forget the scene that followed. Trembling with agitation he went off into what sounded like a carefully prepared speech full of Eastern hyperbole : Victor Hugo was the great sun round which the little stars, etc. etc. Hugo sat with his head bent forward, his hand to his ear, and his efforts to catch the words gave his face a threatening expression, and his terse “What does he say? What does he say?” sounded like a growl. This did nothing to tranquillise Swinburne, who grew more and more nervous as he began at the beginning again.

'The result was the same, and I had to come to the rescue as interpreter.

'Had it not been so pathetic, it would all have been intensely funny. All through the meal I had to continue to act as interpreter, and at intervals Swinburne kept on saying to me in an undertone, "I ought never to have left him. All alone in the hotel—and the poor fellow was suffering agonies!" The climax came when, at dessert, Victor Hugo drank the health of his guest, and Swinburne, raising his glass to toast the "great master," in homage threw the empty glass over his shoulder.

'Victor Hugo did not grasp the full meaning of the action, and he only stared at the shattered fragments. A kind of childish avarice had developed in him with advancing years, and meanness got the upper hand of him as he muttered "And one of the best glasses too! Oh, *miséricorde*, one of the best glasses!" And that was his refrain long after the poet had left.'

A funny story may be too good to lose, but I should not like the reader of the above to regard it as any sort of anti-climax to the sincere and glowing praise which Hugo bestowed on *le premier poète anglais actuel*, who touched the *deux cimes* of lyric verse and tragic drama.

In order to complete his book *The Age of Shakespeare* Swinburne wished to see a copy of two plays by William Rowley, *All's Lost by Lust* and *A New Wonder: a Woman Nerver Vext*. So the Bard, Walter and I started off for the British Museum. Our way was made smooth for us by a letter written beforehand to the late Mr. Fortescue.

When we arrived at the famous library we were met by Mr. Fortescue and conducted through a private door into a very private little library. Sitting working at a table in this apartment was a tall, white-bearded and strikingly handsome man who flashed a keen glance at Swinburne when we entered.

When the official brought Swinburne his precious Rowley he directed the poet to a seat near that of the venerable student whom I have described. Once absorbed in his Rowley, Swinburne had eyes for naught else, so my husband and I left him to his labours and went for a stroll through the galleries of the Museum. When we were fairly out of earshot Walter confided to me that Swinburne's good-looking old *vis-à-vis* was Dr. Furnivall, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, with whom, years before, Swinburne had carried on an epistolary duel in the Press.

The epithets which the antagonists hurled at each other during their quarrel were both ingenious and indecorous to say the least of it. When we returned to Swinburne we found that he had completed his study of Rowley; but he was evidently still in com-

plete ignorance of the identity of the gentleman with whom he had been sharing a room. After we had left the study and were in a quiet corner Walter said to Swinburne 'I say, do you know who it was you had sitting next you?' 'No. Who was it?' asked the other. 'Your friend Furnivall,' was my husband's illuminating reply. '*Tiens!* Was *that* the dog?' exclaimed Swinburne, without a trace of ill-humour.

During our Museum visit Mr. Fortescue took us into the King's Library and led us to a glass case in which was enshrined the extremely rare first edition of *Hamlet*. Our friend unlocked the case, took out the precious volume and, with great solemnity, placed it in Swinburne's hands. I shall never forget the look of rapturous awe in his face as he turned the pages of the priceless book. He spoke no word. His wonder and reverence were too deep even for the customary 'Ah-h-h!' He simply gazed—silent and transfixed. Then with a look of thanks, in which I could see a trace of emotion, and with a courteous bow he handed back the treasure to Mr. Fortescue. That gentleman did not immediately return the book to its place. With polite indulgence he handed it to me in order that I too might inspect it and that I might be able to say I had read Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in a first edition. To Swinburne and Walter it had been a most satisfactory day. To me it was a very memorable one.

During our walk from the Museum to the Holborn Restaurant where we were to lunch, A. C. S. talked with eloquence and with some excitement of the Elizabethans. It seemed queer to have for our objective instead of a Mermaid Tavern or even the Cheshire Cheese an ultra-modern place like the Holborn. I made a remark to this effect to Swinburne as we took our places at a little side table. But by this time the poet had come back to earth and was gazing all round him at the marble walls and the gold-latticed ceiling.

Walter told him that the fine marble pillars had come from Baron Grant's architectural 'folly' at Kensington. It was quite characteristic of Swinburne that his comment on this should take the form of a question 'And who, may I ask, is Baron Grant?' The band had more interest for him than the Baron, and although he could not hear the music of the fiddlers he seemed absorbingly interested in the antics of the *chef-d'orchestre* who, violin in hand, was swaying his body about in the most wonderful rhythmic gyrations to the strains of *The Blue Danube*.

As I watched him I could not help speculating what his thoughts must be. He had lodged for a long time in the neighbourhood of the Holborn. In those far-off days—so Walter had told me—a dancing saloon stood on part of the site now occupied by the restaurant. Had the Bard, I wondered, ever

looked in at the old Holborn Casino, on the very site of which he now sat sober and sedate, enjoying his luncheon and drinking the pint of claret which was his tippie on this occasion, instead of beer. I was doomed to continue wondering, for allusions to the old uses of the floor failed to draw him. His expression became, like that of the Heathen Chinee, 'childlike and bland.' 'To him the past was past indeed. The hectic roysterer of the 'sixties was gone : the grave and affable patrician of the twentieth century survived.

After luncheon that ghastly vehicular contrivance known as a 'four-wheeler,' with the usual Rosinante between its shafts, was hailed for us, and we drove back to Putney. In the cab Swinburne kept up an animated conversation about objects which he noticed *en route*. He was like a schoolboy out for a half-holiday. At Piccadilly Circus we were 'held up' for a bit. He put his head out of the window. 'Ah! That's Swan and Edgar's. I had to go there with my mother when I was a little chap. She quite liked the place. I hated it. Fortnum and Mason's further down was more my sort of shop. It is associated in my mind with all sorts of good things to eat—delicious preserved fruit, *pâté de foie-gras*, and everything else that is nice.'

During the journey home the friends discussed, not poetry, but the great question regarding the manufacture of this appetising dish! Walter told us horrid details about the sufferings of the wretched goose, confined and overfed with fattening foods until his liver should become just right for a perfect *pâté*. Swinburne gave a very quaint twist to the discussion at this point. Turning to Walter he said 'It always has been a puzzle to me why they send across the Channel for goose's liver when we have so many fat geese here.' My husband looked at him with an obvious note of interrogation in his eyes. Swinburne smiled his ineffable smile and answered the unspoken question. 'Fat geese in England!' he chirruped gleefully. 'Well, there's—and there's—and there's—'. And he went on with a list of names of men eminent in literature, men whom I had been taught to regard with respect. We both laughed, so he proceeded 'Now *their* livers carefully treated ought to make excellent *pâté de foie-gras*.'

I fear it will come as a shock to the least humorous devotees of Swinburne to learn that the hideous word 'bloke' was not foreign to his vocabulary. Alas! he even sometimes employed it in ordinary conversation. When first I heard him use this word I was almost scandalised. I spoke to Walter about it, and he—from whom no secrets of the Rossetti circle were hid—informed me that Swinburne had picked up this bit of slang from Dante Gabriel. The poet-painter maliciously revelled in the

use of the *argot* of the slums, as he had been told that the outside world believed that he and his friends always spoke in a 'mediaeval' style. My ear soon became inured to the prosaic monosyllable, for Swinburne would often say of a man he liked 'A very affable bloke, So-and-so.' Such terms of speech would be out of place in a *Hymn to Proserpine*; but heard in the home circle they sounded—thanks to the speaker and his tone—quite pleasant when I got used to them.

The Bard made many quaint 'finds' in the book line. One day he brought home from Wimbledon, 'for a lark' as he expressed it, a tiny Coleridge in the Miniature Series. It contained *Kubla Khan* and other masterpieces and was charmingly bound in brown suède. He was greatly excited and delighted that it included *Christabel*—my husband's favourite among Coleridge's poems. He presented this little book as a veritable gem from Aladdin's Cave, saying not a word about the magnificent *Christabel* illustrated by a facsimile of Coleridge's MS. which came to him a few days later.

Another 'find' was a diminutive volume (two inches tall and a little less in width) entitled *Verbum Semperiternum* or 'The Thumb Bible.' The work is a reprint by Longman (1849) of an opusculum by John Taylor the 'Water Poet,' from an edition published in 1693, about forty years after that 'literary bargee's' death. Taylor makes of the art of summary something to cause historians and prophets to turn in their graves.

Swinburne's favourite passage in the little book was the address 'To the Reader.' It was a rare treat to hear him read the lines in his funny solemn tones and with appropriate gestures. I wish I could reproduce the accent and the movements. Here, however, are the verses :

With care and pains out of the Sacred Book
This little Abstract I for thee have took.
And with great reverence have I cull'd from thence
All things that are of Greatest consequence.
And all I beg, when thou tak'st it in hand,
Before thou judge, be sure to understand :
And as thy kindness thou extend'st to me,
At any time I'll do as much for thee.

J. Taylor's method of conveying the truths of Scripture in tabloid form will be most easily appreciated if I give an example of it. The whole of the Book of Proverbs is disposed of in one couplet :

The wisest Man that ever Man begot
In heav'nly Proverbs shews what's good, what's not.

However much 'kindness' one 'extends' to J. Taylor it is difficult to believe that his 'Thumb Bible' put much strain on his piety (such as it was).

Swinburne's recitation of Taylor's introductory verses was invariably followed by a torrent of complimentary extravagance; 'Prodigious and wonderful!' 'The greatest of us all!'

I recall an incident which illustrates at once the casual manner in which Swinburne read ordinary correspondence and the attitude he adopted towards poets who had not yet 'arrived.'

On a date between 1897 and 1903 Countess Benckendorff sent to Swinburne for his perusal and advice a four-act play by Mr. Maurice Baring. A. C. S. wrote a reply, placed it with the play, and then forgot all about the matter. After his death the play and the letter were discovered. The following is the Bard's reply. It will be read with some surprise by his admirers:

The Pines, (undated)

MADAME,—Vous me demandez si votre nièce a du talent, et si elle peut espérer du succès.

Quant à cela—moi, qui vis hors du monde des lettres, je n'oserais pas hasarder un avis.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

Two circumstances will appear strange to the reader about this communication. The first is how in the world Swinburne could have spoken of Mr. Baring as the niece of the Countess. Eventually a solution of the mystery flashed upon me. The poet evidently misread the word 'Maurice' in the Countess's handwritten letter as *Ma nièce*. The whole blunder is characteristic. Mr. Maurice Baring, who since the date of this little misunderstanding has taken a recognised place among the *literati* of the day, will no doubt be merely amused by it. The idea is distinctly quaint, for I confess that I cannot explain Swinburne's description of himself as one living outside the world of letters. He was both in and of it. He was honoured by its high priests. He was a voluminous contributor to the literature, poetical and critical, of his time. Outside the world of letters! Why, he just palpitated with the life of that world. He knew no other, cared for no other. As to fearing to hazard an opinion, he had no such fear when he took pen in hand; nor did he seem restrained by any such feeling when he aired his opinions for the benefit of the home circle. It was a case—this plea of severance from the world of letters—of 'any excuse is better than none.' He simply refused to look at the unpublished work of a literary beginner, and there was no one in the world of letters to whom a novice could appeal with less hope of success than the author of *Atalanta in Calydon*. This much may be said in explanation of an attitude which some would describe as unsympathetic, that his day was so occupied by his own work that he had but a meagre reserve of time to devote to the task of advising literary aspirants.

It seems hardly credible, but Swinburne one day gave me a sermon—a veritable sermon preached by a real priest of the Established Church. He had kept the thing by him for years—why, I cannot say. It was part of a collection of miscellaneous odds and ends that he had accumulated.

The author of the sermon was a certain Mr. Purchas, who had a cure of souls in Brighton. Purchas had indulged in certain practices at the altar which had caused him to be ‘persecuted’ by the Evangelical party. The persecution caused the name of Purchas to be known far and wide—though his ritualistic candles and genuflections were as trifles to the practices that are accepted now as a matter of course in thousands of our churches.

Now the Purchas persecution synchronised with the persecution, by the same party, of the author of the *Poems and Ballads*. When Swinburne presented me with the printed discourse he expressed a hope that it would help to build me up in my most holy faith, and he told me that it had been accompanied by a letter in which the Brighton vicar expressed sympathy with the poet under the attacks which had been made upon him.

‘I have never read the sermon,’ said A. C. S. to me, ‘and I am confident that my reverend correspondent never read the *Poems and Ballads*. Had he glanced through them he would scarcely have ranked me in his holy regard as a sort of Christian martyr.’ He struck an attitude, finger-tips of both hands touching and held over his breast; his head bent sideways over one shoulder, and the whites of his eyes showing. One almost saw the halo which he imagined. A droll picture.

We always tried to make Swinburne’s birthday a festive occasion. Of course, on every anniversary shoals of congratulatory letters and telegrams and flowers would arrive at the house from strangers, at none of which would the poet give even a glance. But he would beam all over with pleasure at being remembered by his friends and relatives. It was a matter of some difficulty to select a suitable present for him other than a book. He never smoked and hated the very smell of tobacco. Luckily the problem was solved in my case, for he really liked sweet biscuits, and I was able to add a spice of variety to my birthday gift. On one occasion I set out to find some pretty box filled with a delicious selection in the biscuit line. Imagine my delight when in a shop I espied a tin case, designed to represent a series of volumes of Sir Walter Scott or Charles Dickens! It is so long ago that I forget which of the authors had been honoured in this way by the biscuit manufacturer. Nor does it matter very much—as the sequel will show. To all outward appearance it looked like a row of books in handsome bindings, and was filled with a choice variety of toothsome cakes. This I thought, in

my unwisdom, would be quite *the* thing for his birthday present and prove a tremendous surprise. I purchased the delightful thing, trying to imagine the while how pleased Swinburne would be, how he would inspect the supposed volumes, how he would try to pull one out, and his sensations when he discovered that an exquisite practical joke had been played on him and that he had been presented not with food for the mind, but with edible delectabilities. Fortunately I told my husband of my purchase. Walter was aghast. When he saw the dummy books he exclaimed with genuine horror 'Take it back at once. Get anything but that. Swinburne would be so disgusted—so enraged to think that the mind of man could sink so low and insult literature to such a degree as to imitate the outside covers of his beloved authors in tin! And worse—far worse—the inside to be filled with biscuits!' I took the offensive box back. And I purchased for the illustrious man the inevitable book—without any biscuits inside it.

CLARA WATTS-DUNTON

TURGENEV AND GIRLHOOD

THERE is profound consolation in the truth that revolution is powerless to kill genius. It is over a century since Ivan Turgenev was born at Orel, and his name stands impregnable amid the chaos of the Russia of to-day.

When Cromwell's Ironsides fed the bonfires of vanities with First Folios, the spirit of Shakespeare soared free above their sullen smoke. Even thus does the *Smoke* of Turgenev rise from a clear flame lit by a divine spark. Aristocrat of aristocrats, the definite part he played in the freeing of the serf is history. It was well he died too soon to see the end of his high hopes. There can be no more bizarre contrast between the artistic perfection of *A Sportsman's Diary* and the artistic imperfection of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or, in a word, between the book all art and the book all heart. Yet they are constantly cited as instances of the power—nay, the justification—of the existence of the novel with a purpose. That the social conditions of two vast continents should have been metamorphosed largely owing to the influence of fiction is of itself sufficiently startling. Yet, though absolutely opposed in method, the half-educated humanitarian Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the poetic visionary whose life was one long pilgrimage in the 'pays désert du rêve inachevé,' attained the same goal by strangely divergent ways which were no primrose paths. Alike they 'reached the land of matters unforgot,' by championing the sublime cause of liberty. But whereas when Mrs. Stowe had told her tale of wrong she had nothing more to say, Turgenev stood upon the threshold of the 'house of fame' when he had calmly made his damning indictment.

Falling under the spell of his Prospero wand, we wonder at such an effect from such a cause. To the superficial glance, the sportsman's sketches seem but a handful of perfect rustic pictures after the fashion of *A Window in Thrums*. What has this weighty question of slavery to do with the subject even a writer ignorant of Russian may venture to approach with appreciation? The answer to this question lies in the fact that a simple serf girl was the motive power in the consecration of the dawning genius of Turgenev to an end worthy of it. 'God fulfils himself in many ways,' and Turgenev's purchase of the serf who gave him his daughter was

surely the root of the whole matter. Because of this humble instrument, a Tsar was to 'hate the name of Turgenev,' and exile its bearer to his estates for two years. It was, however, beyond the vanished power of an Autocrat of All the Russias to silence the silver-clear voice. Cavillers have sneered at Turgenev for being proud of his imprisonment. He might well be, for it stamped him a militant in the noble army of reformers, a man of deeds and not of gemlike words alone.

Mrs. Stowe preached her gospel in sermons leaving the critic cool. Turgenev never preached at all. He recorded the cruelty he had watched with the remorseless fidelity of a retentive memory. For he watched in intent silence throughout the super-sensitive childhood when he fell in love with a linden tree, and crept out in the dewy starlight to fling his arms about his Dryad and print tender kisses upon the bark enshrining her. It is rash to generalise, yet was ever genius more affected by his mother and less like her? Heredity makes but a poor case when these two are compared, though much has been made of the fact that both spent many hours confessing themselves in diaries, and both had them destroyed, leaving many an enigma unsolved.

Arbitrary and arrogant, the mother of Turgenev ruled over her 'souls' with a rod of iron, doubtless imagining her dominion to be equally secure over the child Ivan trembling beneath her harsh chastisements. Meanwhile his soul 'was singing in a world apart,' in brief resplendent moments of happiness, or more often preparing for the day of reckoning when the mother should pay to the uttermost farthing for tears falling in such spring torrents. In incidents torn palpitating from reality, in the long gallery of portraits of the woman tyrant, the pain of the world sensibly augmented by her existence, again and again she was arraigned at the implacable bar of memory.

Grini was the irony destining her son to become a liberator of serfs. It may be urged that the mute years of suffering had their value as creators of a series of characters, not lifelike, but living. For the witches did not influence the fate of Macbeth more than this mother the future of her son. That she had her full share in the evolution of his genius is of itself a paradox, for she utterly despised his art. She marvelled 'a Turgenev should scratch things on paper for money,' and run the risk of being criticised by those amiably dismissed by the Hun as 'unborn.' Her inconsistent wrath when the said critics proved censorious is another and distinctly feminine story. She is ever the most conspicuous figure upon his stage, where she wears many costumes yet no disguise. And she stands there in company with a bevy of exquisite maidens, her lurid colours contrasting with their flower-like tints.

There is a second paradox many have underlined, for despite the childhood his mother darkened Turgenev invariably placed woman upon a high pedestal, 'seeming to find none good enough for her.' In common with Shakespeare, it is his heroines who are the salt and savour of his romances, not to speak of their fragrance. Shakespearean also is his recognition of the complexity and completeness of girlhood. He might—and did—aver that 'women of the world alone inspire me,' a tribute doubtless to Pauline Viardot, who wrote her name in such large letters across his later years. His work proves this saying to be less than a half-truth. It was fresh virginal girlhood his genius tirelessly enthroned. It is the elusive careless rapture of glad confident morning, of first love above all, he has captured in his haunting pages.

Even Henry James persists in comparing him with George Eliot, as if she forsooth held the clue to the tangled maze leading to the heart of a woman. Except for this flaw his short essay on Turgenev would be a miniature masterpiece of intuitive perception. How can he fail to perceive it is another English contemporary of Turgenev's in what he calls 'the blooming fields of fiction,' whose girls in the pride of their grace, their quick intelligence, best compare with their Russian sisters? Surely Lucy Desborough and Clare Doria Forey join hands with Iasa and Elena behind the ivory gate and golden. Meredith and Turgenev told the beautiful secrets of girlhood each in his own way. The one was at times obscure, the other had a magical lucidity irradiating the mystery. Not for these such designations as the half-adoring, half-contemptuous 'Petite Sainte Mouseline.' It has been said that 'Turgenev's *ingénues* are his heroines.' Even this innocent word is too flimsy. They are damsels who might have played ball with Nausicaa, or heard the heart-beats of their lovers in *Love in a Valley*. He conveys the evanescent charm of immaturity with a surer touch than any other romancer. Detractors who urge that he created his own types, that they were only of 'such stuff as dreams are made on,' never solid Russian realities, are silenced now. What of the young Countess Hendrykova, 'an angel of grace and saintliness,' faithful unto death beside her royal mistress. Her own prayer speaks best for her:

And when the mob prevails
And foes come to despoil us,
To suffer humbly shame,
O Saviour, aid us

And when the hour comes
To pass the last dread gate,
Breathe strength in us to pray
'Father, forgive them'

A martyr princess copied these lines. Beside their torture Elena and Lisa suffered little. Turgenev insists upon the strength of youth, its power to mount the throne, and grasp the sceptre. His modernity of outlook is arresting, for we of our fearful and wonderful age know this thing. Since 1914 what a wealth of youth can claim 'Alone I did it.'

Turgenev wrote of the Russia of the 'forties, 'fifties and 'sixties, yet certain of his girls have close kinship with the daughters of to-day, next to nothing in common with the typical Early Victorian. Pessimist in many respects, his faith in womanhood, or strictly speaking in girlhood, never wavered. Croakers might reiterate that lengthy absence from Russia turned a realist into an idealist; a Pygmalion breathing life into Galateas of his own fashioning. Henry James at least saw deeper, gauging the impossibility of such results from such a feat. He says of Elena: 'All the tenderness of our credulity goes out to the heroine. Yet this image of idealised devotion swims before the reader's vision in no misty region of romance, she is as solidly fair as a Greek statue.'

Turgenev was not of the order of genius detached. If he confessed unabashed to the world that *Torrents of Spring* was his own story he might have added that no work of his fails in some sort to be autobiographical. He supports the James theory of the sufficiency of glimpses. An inch of experience is enough for him. Three hours in a train with a young scientist gave us Bazarov - Bazarov, whose personality obsessed Turgenev to such a degree he kept his famous diary for weeks 'altogether from Bazarov's point of view.'

If the women of Turgenev now seem to us anomalies in nightmare Russia, only our own ignorance is to blame, for most surely they existed—and exist—as when their worshipper drew them. Turgenev had nothing of the aridity, the sordid materialism we are too apt to associate with the word realist. Yet none ever dealt more decidedly with what was real. His characters are actualities, gaining in clarity of outline by sheer force of condensation, and the crowning quality of reticence. Novelists of the first rank usually express themselves in long books. De Maupassant's are exceptions. 'Infinite riches in a little room' perfectly expresses the genius of Turgenev.

The number of his books was relatively small, their bulk smaller as compared with the vast output of Dickens or Balzac of the teeming populations. Turgenev, however, rapidly acquired, and steadily maintained, a wide popularity, proved by the surprising number of pages devoted to lists of translations of his works in the British Museum catalogue. We may note proudly that Russian authority gives to an English lady, Constance

Garnett, the honour of being his best translator. France led the way to welcome a master in art, but England, if a little dilatory, has thus made atonement. Russians also naturally assure us we can at best only perceive the genius of Turgenev as in a glass darkly through translation. Strength and tenderness, however, pierce the veil of an alien tongue and allow us to comprehend these things that are lovely.

As aforesaid, Turgenev's novels are novels with purposes. These purposes are never forced upon the reader, he has to look for them, and if he is too blind to find them to comfort himself with inept charges of inconclusiveness. A mere note of admiration need not be trammelled by chronology. It would be a too lengthy, if delightful, task to enumerate all the roses in this garden. Only a few can be mentioned, and among them is Elena of *On the Eve*. Her moving story is comprehended in the saying of Shubin, her rejected artist lover: 'A youthful, glorious, bold affair. Death, life, conflict, defeat, triumph, love, freedom, country. God grant as much to all of us!'

Henry James is enthusiastic over *On the Eve*. 'We prize it as we prize all the very best things according to our meditative after-sense of it. Then we see its lovely unity, melting its brilliant parts into a single harmonious tone. The story is all in the portrait of the heroine.' Mr. E. T. Lloyd, in his able study, *Two Russian Reformers*, touches thus upon Elena, after dwelling upon Turgenev's passion for the old garden of his childhood:

All the drowsy scents and sounds crowd in upon his senses, they become crystallised as it were into the image of a Russian girl as fresh and virginal as though she had just awakened to life with those rustling leaves of summer. . . . All the time she had been waiting, like a young conscript, for the call to victory.

Two things strike the reader with instant surprise in this book, written in 1859 or earlier. For already the Russian parent protests against an already revolting daughter.

The father is pleased with a suitor, but what is that to a daughter? That was all very well in the old-fashioned days, but now we have changed all that. . . . Nowadays a young girl talks to anyone she thinks fit, reads what she thinks fit. She goes about Moscow without a governess or a maid.

In the country houses there is almost American freedom of intercourse. Without a touch of coquetry Elena talks long and confidentially with the worthy Besarov, her devout adorer, disputes gaily with Shubin, and asks Insarof without a trace of false modesty 'to sit on a bench in the shade,' where they converse with the perfect comradeship leading swiftly to a perfect love. Insarof the patriot, stirring with all his soul to free Bulgaria from the yoke of Turkey, is now a melancholy anomaly. Yet it is not difficult to understand why Elena, who has been 'waiting,

waiting, waiting,' joyously recognises her leader and master. 'To liberate one's country,' she said. 'It is terrible even to utter those words, they are so grand.'

Her wonderful diary offers an opportunity to Mr. Lloyd for the contemptuous remark that 'In English fiction the diary is an accepted banality, one more device for avoiding the real things. This sensitive secret confession of a soul to itself has nothing in common with *Mes Larmes* of Thackeray's derision.' Mr. Lloyd forgot that the elegant volume of blue velvet unlocked with a silver key, by that minx Blanche Amory, was not a diary but a collection of verses in French and English, some beseeching the angels to guard her 'pretty baby brother,' presumably when she was boxing his ears. He forgot also that the diary of Elena is not more unlike an 'accepted banality' than that of Clare Doria Forey. 'The sad beauty of the scene where Richard Feverel hears 'the music of that name,' when 'it sounded faint and mellow beyond the hills of death,' is unsurpassed. Pathetic Clare lacked Elena's splendid recklessness, yet these two are soul-sisters because they loved much.

Elena shook herself free from her environment and hitched her wagon to the stars from early childhood. Her brief friendship with the small beggar-maid Katya in her crown of cornflowers was epoch-making, because this lawless companion spoke to her of 'God's full freedom,' until 'with secret respect and awe Elena drank in those new unknown words. Even then she was waiting, convinced she heard a mystic voice calling her, as unconsciously ready to answer with full self-surrender as Joan of Arc.' 'Reading alone could not satisfy the girl, from childhood she thirsted for action, for active well doing. The poor, the hungry, the sick tormented her, absorbed all her thoughts,' 'as the years flew swiftly, like waters running under snow.' Her diary was her sole confidant, and she wrote in it 'Being good isn't much, doing good . . . that's the great thing in life.' Such was her creed before the dawn of her pure passion for Insarov, such it remained. A creed of beautiful achievement, not merely of aspiration. The wearisome defect of too many modern novelists in harping *ad nauseam* upon the physical perfection of their heroines is never Turgenev's. Shubin describes Elena once and finally :

'And Elena Nikolaevna's bust?' inquired Besenye, 'how is it getting on?'

'No, my dear boy, it's not getting on. That face is enough to drive one to despair. The lines are pure, severe, correct; one would think there would be no difficulty in catching a likeness. It's not as easy as one would think, though. It's like a treasure in a fairy tale—you can't get hold of it. Have you ever noticed how she listens? There's not a single feature different, but the whole expression of the eyes is constantly changing, and with that the whole face changes. What is a sculptor, and a poor one too,

to do with such a face? She's a wonderful creature—a strange creature,' he added after a pause.

'Yes, she is a wonderful girl,' Besenyev repeated after him. 'And she the daughter of Nikolai Artemyvitsh Stahov! And after that people talk about blood, about stock! The amusing part of it is that she really is his daughter, like him as well as like her mother, Anna Vassilyevna. I respect Anna Vassilyevna from the depths of my heart; she's been awfully good to me, but she's no better than others. Where did Elena get that soul of hers? Who kindled that fire in her? There's another problem for you, philosopher.'

Besenyev and Shubin have to watch the rapid conquest of Elena by Insarov, their lovers' eyes speedily showing them the truth. Romeo and Juliet were scarce more rapid in their wooing, and no whit more ardent. Before she is sure, Elena writes in the diary 'It's true our tastes are alike, he and I: both of us don't care for poetry, neither of us knows anything about art.' They lived their epic poem instead, this patriot, and the patriot who became one by his adoption and her grace. Insarov is no failure when we reflect upon the nobility of his struggle to leave Elena, yielding to the inevitable only after her dauntless avowal. When she brings health and gladness to the dreary sickroom fragrant with her posy of mignonette he may well say solemnly 'My wife in the sight of God.'

It has been alleged that the early years in Berlin, the later in Baden-Baden of the seven hills, 'half-Germanised' Turgenev. The fine malice of his miniature of the German Zoya in this book is enough to give this calumny the lie. Shubin is shamed at the thought of her 'vulgar cheeks' catching his wayward fancy for an idle moment. 'And I as vain and silly and petty as this mawkish German girl?' he asks angrily. Moreover, as in *Torrents of Spring* the brutality of a German officer forms one of the pivots upon which the story turns. Insarov, despite puny proportions and bodily weakness, proves strong enough to push a drunken officer bully into the lake, to silence his insolent demand for a kiss from Elena. She can thus justify her pride in her choice. He dies in Venice at the end of a day all joy 'with no works done, and great works undone.' Was it nothing to send such a disciple to toil for Bulgaria?

To pause over *Torrents of Spring* is to reflect gratefully upon its upholding of that essential article of the faith of the optimist, 'There can never be one lost good.' 'Tout ce roman-là est vrai. Je l'ai vécu et senti personnellement. C'est ma propre histoire.' Such was Turgenev's unnecessary confession. For the atmosphere of very truth clings about its violet-scented pages. For once he forsook Russia to find an Italian heroine all unexpectedly among the sugar-plums of a confectioner's shop in Frankfurt. The purpose of this story is clear as crystal. Gemma

exerts the full strength of her nature to do right. Her flawless honesty has a logical ultimate reward. Sanin by craven yielding to one sin mortgages his whole future to misery.

It is an old, old story, winning through to a happy ending for the generous girl who knew no resentment. Chance brings Sanin to the shop kept by her mother, and he helps Gemma to restore the young brother taken alarmingly ill. A charming intimacy follows with these people educated above their modest station. Sanin soon hears of an eligible German suitor, and the mother begs him to plead the cause of Klüber. The scene under the cherry trees is one of the immortal garden scenes of literature, for Turgenev learned garden magic from his Dryad at Sparsshoë, and the moon silvering Verona's fruit-tree tops forever surely shone there.

'The sun shone low, it was seven o'clock in the evening, and there was more purple than gold in the full slanting light . . . somewhere a dove was cooing a never-ceasing note.' Gemma has guessed her own secret and is loyal to it. She will not promise to marry Klüber. But Sanin does not guess his, until a German officer insults Gemma and he flashes out the challenge from which Klüber's slavish class-respect holds him back. He can find no second but the immortal Pantaleone, once an opera singer, now a servant with the soul of a knight-errant. Gemma breaks with Klüber directly she understands herself, and Sanin is carried away on the wings of first love. All his vague discontent vanishes, and he determines to sell his Russian estates and marry Gemma. In an unhappy hour he goes to Baden to complete this business, and is ensnared by Madame Polosoff, embodiment of the world-old Venus Victrix. He sells himself body and soul to this she-devil, yet we are compelled to realise this degrading infatuation has not killed his love for Gemma. Madame Polosoff actually makes him drive past the little shop on 'the uncomfortable back seat of the carriage,' smiling her evil smile as she lolls on the cushions opposite. The chivalrous boy Emilio, destined to fall fighting for Garibaldi, cries out 'Traditore,' as Sanin passes, and the furious Pantaleone shakes his fist.

The end is not yet. Sanin's whole future is poisoned by his heinous fault. In the horrible loneliness of the after years he dreams madly of atonement, and goes back to Frankfurt to find even Gemma's dwelling swept away. He discovers her address in America and writes to her, to learn from her reply in one revealing flash all he has forfeited.

The whole letter was very kind and simple. Gemma thanked Sanin for not having hesitated to write to her, for having confidence in her; she did not conceal from him that she had passed some painful moments after his disappearance, but she added that she considered, and always had con-

sidered, her meeting with him as a happy thing, inasmuch as it had prevented her from being the wife of Mr. Klüber, and in that way had led indirectly to her marriage with her husband, with whom she had now lived twenty-eight years in perfect happiness, comfort, and prosperity.

A portrait falls from the letter, Gemma in all her loveliness. As he wonders he sees written upon the back 'My daughter Marianne, whose wedding is to be soon.'

We will not attempt to describe the feelings Sanin experienced as he read the letter; for such feelings there is no satisfactory expression. They are too deep and too strong, and too vague for any word. *Only music could reproduce them.*

Sanin sends the garnet cross, once Gemma's love gift to him, to her child set in a splendid pearl necklace. *Torrents of Spring* would have been a tragedy in a less cunning hand. Here again the right-mindedness of a pure girl achieves a tangible result for good. When Sanin failed her she would not belittle her lover by blaming the man who had inspired it. Hers was the brave Browning standpoint :

Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all my life seemed meant for fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness !

Sanin had taught her what love was. Her gratitude remained a thing of gracious beauty.

The poignant idyll *First Love* might have shared the title *Torrents of Spring* for all its piteous difference. It is the masterly analysis of the innocent idolatry of a boy of fifteen for the fairy-tale princess who flashes into his life as queen regnant of a court of lovers, cold to all. The truth is shadowed in the prose poem *Zenaida* could not set down in verse. Vividly she pictures her fancy. A Greek girl singing pious hymns with pure companions is snatched away by Bacchantes to their unclean revels, leaving only her withered wreath behind. The jealous boy hears a whisper of a secret lover, and steals by night into *Zenaida's* garden to eat the bitterest fruit from the tree of knowledge when he sees her keeping tryst with his own father. If Turgenev really abjured marriage because of what he had witnessed between his parents, can we wonder after reading *First Love*? What is its purpose? Can anything but a sickening sense of despair overwhelm the poor lad watching his father raise a whip to scar the delicate arm of his idol whilst she cringes before her master? Yet a lesson is taught even here.

That's love, that's passion. To think of not revolting, of bearing a blow from anyone whatever, even the dearest hand. But it seems one can if one loves.

'What have I fresher or more precious than her memory?' sighs her adorer in old age.

A Nest of Noblemen was issued in the same year as *On the Eve*, making 1859 memorable. Elena was a modern of moderns, with her rebellion against use and wont, her quest for 'God's full freedom.' It is significant of Turgenev's profound knowledge of what he calls 'the most subtle and mysterious instrument of all—a young girl's heart,' that he could paint the portrait of an old-fashioned maiden, with exactly the same sureness of touch. He may appear as the knight-errant of Andromeda struggling in her chains. He admires her, but he is equally sensitive to the exquisite attributes making three men desire Lisa.

She was not a great beauty or gifted with brilliant attributes or great intellect; she could not succeed in anything without labour. She played the piano well, but only Lemm knew what it had cost her. She had read little, she had not words of her own, but she had her own ideas, and went her own way. . . . So she had grown up tranquilly and restfully, till she had reached the age of nineteen. She was very charming without being aware of it herself. Her every movement was full of spontaneous, somewhat awkward, gracefulness; her voice had the silvery ring of untouched youth, the least feeling of pleasure called forth an enchanting smile on her lips, and added a deep light, and a kind of mystic sweetness to her kindling eyes. Penetrated through and through by a sense of duty, by the dread of hurting anyone whatever, with a kind and tender heart, she had loved all men and none in particular; God only she had loved passionately, timidly, and tenderly.

Shallow Panshin, to his enduring credit, wished to make her his wife. The old German musician was a failure, till he set his thoughts of her to music; Lavretsky, exulting in his imagined freedom, has his supreme moment of fulfilment when in a garden, all asleep but for the nightingales, he clasps her in his arms.

Obeys your heart, only that will tell you the truth. Experience, prudence, all that is dust and ashes. Do not deprive yourself of the best, the sole happiness on earth.

Thus he urges in vain, for behind Lisa's gentleness her religion has forged a will of iron. Her first hope is to lead the man she loves to God. The soft sunshine of the Sunday morning in the village church where he watches her praying for him is no 'light that never was.' When she hears his wife is not dead as they had both believed, her high courage never falters. She exerts her power to make him do what she conceives to be his duty, and return to her whose 'soul smells of patchouli.' When he has promised she takes the veil. "I have made up my mind, and asked counsel of God," is her sole reply to the protestations of her family.

Her soul is a sacred garden
Where mystical flowers uprise,
The violets of Eternity
And the lilies of Paradise.

Lavretsky proves worthy of his love perfected by her example.

He was a man of action; he kept his belief in goodness, his steadfast will, his zeal for work . . . he had become actually an excellent farmer, he had really learnt to cultivate the land, and his labours were not only for himself; he had to the best of his powers secured on a firm basis the welfare of his peasants.

Once he went back to Lisa's garden to find it ringing with the laughter of the gay young folks playing the old Russian game 'Puss in the Corner,' while the old folks slept in their graves. The book is only sad to the undiscerning, permeated as it is with the charm of the goodness of Lisa. To her only, the useful future of Lavretsky is due.

Seven productive years separated *Smoke* from *Fathers and Sons*, which offended both generations equally in 1860. They have one analogy. Then two girls Katya and Tatiana are not their heroines. To superficial observation they stand aside meekly subordinate to the maturer syrens in all their glittering confusion of new ideas with the old selfishness of passion. Yet their ingenuous youth prevails. Each marries a man these rivals, armed cap-à-pie with every gift and grace, had striven to drag at their chariot wheels. Arkadi scarcely realises this as he makes his way blindly to his 'wild flower,' to have his eyes blissfully opened. Blessing not cursing is to be his portion. The sombre tragedy of Bazarov who set him in the way for happiness has thus its gleam of brightness. Mr Lloyd thinks 'that in no book does Turgenev show his almost jealous attitude towards woman more.' He forgets the satire lavished upon the odious Eudoxia as 'new' as a suffragette of 1913. Yet the pessimist cannot justly add *Fathers and Sons* to his dreary library.

Is it possible that pure and devoted love may not be all-powerful? Oh! no! However passionate, however rebellious the heart that rests in a tomb, the flowers that have sprung up over it look peacefully at us with their innocent eyes. They speak to us not only of eternal repose, of that perfect repose of 'indifferent' nature, they speak to us also of eternal reconciliation and of a life which cannot end.

The wholesome Katya is limned in a few firm strokes. The task of Tatiana is harder, she has to stand aside and suffer in watching her weak lover made the toy of a woman who has twice shown herself too paltry to renounce luxury for his sake.

Litvinof's betrothed was a young girl of pure Russian blood, with fair complexion and well rounded form; her features were somewhat large perhaps, but were lighted by a peculiarly frank and kind expression, her eyes were of a clear brown hue, and a gleam of sunshine seemed always resting on her pure white brow. Absolutely simple Tatiana was very strong. The dignity of her silent reproach cut deeper into the heart of the passion-tossed Litvinof than any words.

She goes home with one of the best of Turgenev's wonderful galaxy of aunts, until he follows her repentant 'to kiss the hem of her dress.' Tatiana forgave with the free nobility making forgiveness an incentive rather than a humiliation. *Smoke*, in addition to its faultless artistry, has logic in its happy ending.

The misogynist in the melancholy story of *Roudine* denounces the cardinal faults of women as 'recrimination, allusion and reproach.' He never knew Tatiana.

Natalie, who first pricked the bubble of Roudine's reputation, is another over whose development Turgenev hovers with loving skill :

Thin and dark, she had not yet reached her full growth, and she did not hold herself perfectly straight. Her features were rather marked for a girl of seventeen. Equally beautiful was the clear, smooth forehead which rose above her gently arching eyebrows. She spoke very little, but when anyone was talking she listened and looked fixedly at him as if she was unwilling to let anything escape her.

Like Récamier 'elle écoutait avec séduction,' and all Roudine asked of life was a listener. He could only believe in himself when he was making another believe in him. He read aloud to Natalie, making *Faust* or *Bettina's Letters* texts for somewhat Lytton like sermons on the True or the Beautiful.

There streamed wonderful messages grand and touching, thoughts new and lofty, which filled Natalie's soul as with the strains of enchanted music, while a holy fire of enthusiasm burnt in her troubled veins.

Her delicate reserve melted in the avowal :

Believe me a woman not only has the power of understanding a sacrifice, she also knows how to sacrifice herself.

Roudine replies 'You know I think only Joan of Arc could have saved France.' A little more, and he cheats himself and Natalie into the belief that he loves her. Yet she has scarcely plighted her troth when doubt knocks at the door. Unstable as water, he cannot endure. A breath of opposition is enough. 'Submit,' 'submit,' is his cry, paralyzing Natalie, just as Alvan did Clotilde in *The Tragic Comedians*. The poor child feels herself degraded beside her fallen idol. She had ever been fearless.

'You asked me' [she began with new force] 'what answer I gave my mother when she said she would rather see me dead than consent to my marriage with you. I told her I would rather be dead than the wife of someone else. . . . You have so often spoken of self-sacrifice, but do you know if you had said to me just now "I love you, but I can't marry you. I can't answer for the future; give me your hand and follow me," do you know that I should have followed you? I was ready for everything. But from words to deeds was further than I thought, and you are afraid.'

Her pride was wounded to the quick, her self-abasement bitterer than her heartache. Thus Roudine loses his supreme opportunity. 'Ah! how many people I have impressed,' is his dismal summing-up of his life before he falls for a cause not his own upon a Paris barricade in 1848 like Jean Servien in the Commune. *Roudine* is more than ever the saddest book of Turgenev's, because its hero is a symbol of Russian failure.

This necessarily incomplete survey should not however lead to the error of supposing Turgenev's insight into girlhood to be narrowed by class limitations. Those arresting excursions into the occult, *Faust* and *Clare Militch*, the last story he ever completed, certainly have their scenes set upon familiar ground. Whether the strange Clare suggested to Mr. Kipling the more painful dream-life of the wretched Mrs. Keith Wessington in *The Phantom Rickshaw* is a question over which for all its interest it is impossible to linger. It is essential to realise that Turgenev's own purchase of the serf girl set its mark indelibly upon his genius.

This event is accountable for more than his obvious respect for the man who in *Fathers and Sons* fulfils what he calls 'the holiest of holy duties,' and regularises the position of the mother of his son. It led Turgenev to paint a series of portraits of Russian peasant girls Israëls-like in their fidelity. He rarely depicts them other than loyal and virtuous except in the striking instance of the hard Evlampia of the terrible masterpiece *A Lear of the Steppes*, who ends her evil days as 'a virgin of the flagellant order.' Turgenev complained of Balzac: 'C'est un ethnographe, pas un artiste.' Yet he too went to the Shakespearean source to which literature owes *Le père Goriot*.

This is no place to dwell upon the oft-reiterated truth that Turgenev stands among the few short-story writers of the first rank. One example, *A Living Relic*, is too perfect to be ignored. A sportsman peers into a dim hut 'with a scent of mint and balm,' to find a very distorted figure upon a trestle bed. A voice, 'faint and low like the whispering marsh rushes,' tells him it is Lukerya, once the rustic beauty who led the song and dance upon his mother's estate, and he shrinks back in horror. She tells him how rising up half-asleep to hear the nightingales she fell down some steps 'and broke something inside.' Yet she is calmly resigned.

'He who stirs God's wrath is far less well off than me.' 'I look and listen. The bees buzz and hum in the hives, a dove sits on the roof and coos. A sparrow flies in, or a butterfly, that's a great treat for me.' 'Anyone in health may fall into sin. I'm cut off from sin.'

Such are her words and sweet visions bring comfort. She dreams

she is well and waiting for her lover, plaiting a wreath of corn-flowers in a great field where a voice calls her :

And behold! over the very tops of the ears there came gliding very quickly before me not Vassya but Christ Himself. And how I knew it was Christ I can't say. They don't paint Him like that. Only it was He, and He held out His hand to me. 'Fear not,' said He, 'my bride adorned, follow Me and you shall lead the choral dance in heaven, and sing the songs of Paradise.'

A Living Relic carries conviction, it is no mere poetic fancy. Lukerya, rejoicing in her martyrdom, takes a high place among those Turgenev rejoices to honour. His touch of Russian melancholy, like the sobbing wind boding rain to-morrow upon a perfect day, is not the icy blast of the cynic.

In 1877 Turgenev published *Virgin Soil*, a shattering proof of the fallacy of the cowardly shibboleth, 'Too old at forty.' It cost him the public funeral he was the last man to have desired, because the Tsar lacked perception to recognise that it probed to the canker at the root of the Nihilist movement, as certainly as it immortalised its higher aspirations. 'There is no going back for the Mariannas of Russia.' 'When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second to go, but the last to remain,' sang jubilant Walt Whitman. 'Our people is asleep. But if anything does wake it, it won't be what we are thinking of.' Thus spoke the doubter Nezdánov, and he has shown Turgenev a true prophet.

Marianna steps through 'the fine grass thick with lilies' and confesses herself to Nezdánov, who cursed with the curse of Routine cannot rise to her level.

If I am unhappy it's not for my own sake. It sometimes seems to me that I suffer for all the oppressed, the poor, the ignorant in Russia. No, I don't suffer, but I am indignant, I am in revolt for them.

Marianna is no visionary. She dons her peasant dress with a smile, and turns to menial labour with cheerful capacity.

'Do you know what, Marianna,' says Salomé. 'To my idea combing the hair of a dirty urchin is a sacrifice of which many people are incapable.' 'But I would not refuse to do that, Vassily Fedovitch.' 'I know you would not. Yes, you are capable of that. And that's what you will be doing for a time, and then maybe something else too . . . You will scour pots and pans and pluck chickens, and so—who knows?—you will save your country.' 'You are laughing at me, Vassily Fedovitch.' Salomé shook his head slowly. 'O my sweet Marianna, I'm not laughing at you, and my words are the simple truth. You now, all you Russian women are loftier, more capable than we men.' Marianna raised her down-cast eyes. 'I should like to justify your expectations, Salomé, and then I'm ready to die.' 'No,' said he, 'Live, live, that's the great thing.'

Indomitable Marianna starts stalwart upon her quest. She is serenely ready to face prison or scaffold, ready even to give her strong white hand to the wavering, stumbling Nezdanov, thinking herself in love with him instead of the cause in which he only half believes, wistfully envious of her glorious certainty. Like Elena, she is solidly fair; unlike her, fate leads her to happiness instead of an heroic doom.

Turgenev died in 1883 when hope smiled over the Russia he permanently enriched. He was spared the anguish of witnessing the degradation of his land of heart's desire, the desecration of those liliated gardens. When Meredith left us Sir J. M. Barrie wrote memorable words of the company of his heroines he exquisitely conceived as waiting to greet the spirit of their creator, as it went on its way.

They did not go with him, these his splendid progeny, the ladies of the future. They went to tell the whole earth of a new world for women.

Might not the same be said in all gratitude to these maidens of Turgenev?

LILIAN ROWLAND-BROWN.
(*Rowland Grey*)

THE CRAZE FOR SPORT

IN the fabulous days before the war, it is said that cricket was once regarded as a game. It is now recognised as the most arduous of all occupations; for while the ordinary man works seven or eight hours a day, the cricketer finds it necessary to reduce the hours of public play to four and a quarter, or at most four and a half. The times are long since past when a century might be made before lunch or the captains arranged an extra hour's play to avoid a draw; these things survive only in village cricket, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet slog. Our more exquisite exponents of the art, like the fragile beauties of the Augustan Age, are not now on view before noon; and stumps are sometimes drawn at four, lest too long exposure to a burning sun should hurt the complexion, or an early dew affect the feet.

Lawn tennis, too, has been altered out of recognition. Thirty years ago it was a game for young ladies and curates of the less muscular type of Christianity, and the preliminary matches on the courts were afterwards solemnised at the altar; it was less a sport than the overture to a betrothal. But the times have changed. At the recent tournament of representative players at Wimbledon, the whole world fought out a series of championships; and one of the competitors, conscious of the international importance of the occasion, was fed with champagne by a solicitous attendant and massaged between every set to get the last ounce out of his muscles. At no distant date we may expect the fledgling champions to bring a retinue of highly qualified medical specialists who will inject appropriate stimulants before, and the necessary sedatives after, the event, and it may become imperative to provide a nursing home in the immediate neighbourhood, with a variety of twilight sleep for exhausted sportsmen.

Both cricket and tennis, however, must yield place to boxing. Within the past month special cables have informed an eager world that Dempsey had taken a walk and Carpentier had his hair cut. Aeroplanes have carried pictures of the combat in the ring to waiting steamships in the Atlantic, and other aircraft have circled over European capitals with the latest news of the fight. Famous novelists were engaged to describe each blow with the

precision of a master at once of pugilistic and literary style ; and great tragediennes were interrupted in their dying on the boards while the theatre manager announced that one man had broken his thumb in an attempt to break another man's head. When science, literature, and art thus conjoined to celebrate the triumph of matter over mind, the more hopeful of our contemporaries may perhaps feel that civilisation has not been built altogether in vain.

Only the sourer kind of puritan would maintain that sport is a bad thing. It has done so much for England that it is now an essential part of the spirit of our people ; fair play is a national ideal. But there must be many men, neither obviously idiotic nor in a state of senile decay, who are coming to the conclusion that we are getting far too much even of a good thing, and that the spirit of the game is being crushed out of it by the weight of its accessories and advertisement.

At a great cricket match there are now far more reporters than players. A hundred pens describe every over ; a hundred cameras are ready to photograph every ball. The next morning's papers contain descriptions of the game by famous critics of literature ; and pictures by expert craftsmen of a surprised batsman, a prone stump, and a bail in the air. It is probably only a question of time before an enterprising editor calls in a professor of psycho-analysis to reveal the suppressed emotions of the captains, and to discuss the reactions of the unconscious complex which secures the bowler's wickets.

Who can wonder in these circumstances that the game is often dull ? The players are so obsessed by the importance of the occasion that all spontaneity is lost. When details of a single stroke may be cabled to the Antipodes, and a chance gesture be preserved to all posterity, the contestants are under a double temptation to pose and play for safety. The camera makes cowards of us all ; the best batsman in the world may feel that googles plus Kodaks are unplayable.

Nothing on earth is immune from the camera ¹. The photographer follows the golfer round the green ; in the ring the cinema operates continuously, and there have been ugly rumours, and something more than rumours, that a minimum length of film is stipulated before the contract is signed. The moment the match is over, victor and vanquished retire to their dressing-rooms, the

¹ It is not only in sport that the photographer has become an unmitigated nuisance. When he advertises the prize beauty of Buxton and the prize baby of Bexhill he merely panders to the harmless vanity of the obscure. But the time has come when he respects no ceremony, however solemn, and no emotion, however sacred. A few weeks ago the effect of an impressive offering before the Cenotaph was entirely spoilt by the array of cameras in the foreground, and when a statesman is not exempt from the kodak even at his mother's open grave the outrage passes all censure save that of silent scorn.

boxer turns journalist, and diverts his mind by describing the pulping of his body. Since the articles are contracted for before the fight and must be written immediately after, the children of this world have sometimes suspected a tacit understanding between the principals that they should not hurt each other too much. The play's the thing, but money talks, and the known financial details of boxing give no reason to suppose that its heroes are above the common lust of gold.

The transition of sport from a business to a pastime and back to a business again would make a curious subject for a historian's holiday. The old country sports were a diminished survival of that earlier stage of human history when hunting and fishing were the essential means of obtaining food; even to the present day they have retained a shrunken and etiolated utilitarian aspect. Horse-racing derives directly from the use of cavalry in war; and most old pastimes are either an imitation of or a species of training for the once universal business of war.

But with the growth of an urban civilisation sport assumes a different aspect. It is no longer concerned even remotely with the provision of food, which the city takes for granted, but it is still a colourable imitation of war, the combat of individuals or teams for victory. Confined to a limited space by the pressure of population, the players diminish and the onlookers increase; inevitably it becomes an activity in which the few play for the benefit of the many. When the spectator demands amusement the play becomes a spectacle and the participant a professional. But a sport that is at once a spectacle and a profession is no longer entirely a sport. It must draw crowds if it is to pay its way, and those whose livelihood depends on amusing the crowd must study the crowd as well as the game.

Broadly speaking, the solitary sportsman who goes out for food and exercise is impatient of any audience at all; the village still prefers playing the game to watching, the town prefers watching to playing. The Roman arena and the Spanish bull-fight are the Latin counterparts of our cricket, football, and baseball grounds as creations of the town, of a society which looks on while others perform: they all provide professionalised sport as a spectacle for payment. It is only necessary to compare the accommodation provided by the Roman amphitheatre at Verona with that of Kennington Oval or the bull-ring at Bilbao to realise that there is very little difference between the demand of the crowd for entertainment down the ages.

But the taste for sport is by no means universal. It is confined to the active races which possess a superfluity of physical vigour, and it is in some sort an index of that vigour. The Slavs love a theatre, but they have no idea of sport: the passivity

of the East is in their blood. The Roman Republic and Empire loved the public games, but the taste died out as the stamina of the people declined. The more masculine Spaniard and the Englishman retain their zest, and with ourselves it is precisely in the towns, where the natural physical vigour of the people can find least satisfaction and outlet, that the passion for sport as a spectacle reaches its height.

It is often urged that sport is a solvent of class-bitterness, and its devotees a universal clan of brotherhood and good fellowship. If that were so, all save the most exaggerated estimates of its importance could be cheerfully conceded. But, in fact, the claim is subject to very considerable limitations. Cricket is admittedly superior to class-distinctions. But the two rival games of football follow largely the difference of class; Rugby belongs to the 'gentlemen,' and Soccer is the professional, spectacular and commercialised pursuit. The bacillus of golf (whose first symptoms are an unintelligible vocabulary) is a discriminating microbe; it attacks politicians, professional and business men, but it seldom gets below the bank clerk, and the horny-handed are almost immune. Lawn-tennis is equally a game of the classes with a slightly different social distribution; it includes the shop assistant and the typist, but the navy and the bricklayer are seldom engaged in the gentlemen's singles. Horse racing approximates nearest to the democratic ideal, and Epsom and Doncaster certainly assemble humanity in the mass. But Ascot and Goodwood are not precisely representative of the proletariat.

The exaggerated attention and even national importance now attributed to pursuits whose very name proclaims them no more than a pastime are quite recent developments. It was only late in the Victorian age that games were regarded as anything more than an amusement for youth; the older newspapers gave little attention to sport, and the cricket match in *Pickwick* was almost the only sporting event in literature. The grandfather of the present captain of the England eleven devoted, by a strange but certainly fortuitous coincidence, exactly eleven words to cricket:

A herd of boys with clamour bowled,
And stumped the wicket

It would be difficult to compress more blunders into fewer words. But the fame of Tennyson as a poet was not eclipsed by this betrayal of his ignorance. If the mistake was pointed out to him by hypercritical reviewers he did not trouble to alter the phrase, and it stands as he wrote it in *The Princess* to-day.

But towards the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, the attention paid to sport steadily increased; men as well as boys, and in time women as well as men, began to play and watch others play. Enterprising seaside resorts

and hotel-keepers were quick to cater for the new demand ; business interests exploited the public taste, and the newspapers began to follow suit. A few voices were raised in private against the supersession of conversation by sporting slang, but most sensible men supposed that the extravagance would wear itself out. A few perhaps took the more cynical view that preoccupation with sport was a political safety-valve, keeping the mass engaged in muscular trivialities while the greater game of politics or preferment was played.

The direct monetary rewards of this new type of commercialised sport are by no means insignificant, but that is a matter of no great importance, except in so far as it attracts young men from productive to non-productive pursuits. A career in which a man reaches his zenith at thirty, is superseded at forty, and forgotten at fifty, must pay high wages while it lasts. But professional sports-men are not as a rule a long-lived race.

The indirect rewards are often greater, and they entail more serious consequences. The professional sportsman, or that more dubious growth, the amateur-professional, is tempted to take himself too seriously when he occupies a disproportionate amount of public attention. A single match may make a cricketer or footballer a household word, a single season transform him into a glorious being whose services are competed for by rival clubs and countries. If he can retain his form, patent medicines pursue him with demands for testimonials, charity chairmen request the favour of his presence at their functions, and public schools conceal their educational deficiencies by engaging him as coach or house-master. It is probably only an unintentional oversight that has omitted sport from the titles to official recognition, for in these days the stream of honours is scattered with the wholesale precision of a tar-spraying machine on the public highway.

The popular Press frankly makes sport its leading feature, and the more serious newspapers avowedly imitate their too successful competitors. The results are disastrous for those who still retain other interests.

Imperial and foreign politics are now practically omitted during a great sporting week. The parliamentary reports are so curtailed that it is often extraordinarily difficult to follow the course of debate or the trend of legislation. The Prime Minister speaks so rarely that he is usually given verbatim, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be similarly honoured in his annual Budget speech. But other members of the Cabinet and an ex-Prime Minister are mercilessly curtailed, and the private member is ignored.

Religion fares worse than politics. An archbishop or a dean may secure an occasional paragraph when living, but their only actual certainty is the publication of their photograph when dead.

The only time since the Armistice when the Church succeeded in ousting sport from pride of place was when the indiscretions of an archdeacon were reported at length—a truly Pyrrhic victory.

It may console the clergy that science is even more attenuated than religion; the heterodox who follow the 'ologies receive less sustenance from the newspaper than the orthodox digestion that demands doxologies. But the meeting of the British Association unfortunately happens to coincide with the close of the cricket championship and the opening of the football season.

It may be said that those who want these things can find them in the special organs of their cult. The *Church Times* presumably gives full reports of the meetings of the English Church Union; *Nature* publishes admirable abstracts of current scientific papers, and the *Literary Supplement* surveys the subsiding flood of letters as Noah from Ararat watched the retreating waters. That is true, but it is not the whole truth. These papers necessarily appeal to a limited audience. The great national journals which are read by the general public tend more and more to subordinate the larger interests of the country to sport and sporting gossip. But the world is after all a serious world, and society is faced with serious problems. There is really nothing to be gained by pretending that work is a mere incident, and play the vital interest of the community.

This attitude, in fact, distorts and misrepresents the truth, for it is not to be suggested for a moment that the nation as a whole is engrossed in sport to the exclusion of other matters. Perhaps at no time in her history has England been intellectually more alert than now; there is a very ferment of thought in our midst. On all sides men are considering deeply of the future of their country and the world; nor are these things confined to the cultivated few. In mining villages and manufacturing cities societies of workmen debate new economic and political theories, industrial and social questions are discussed with conviction and insight. Rival schools are again propounding the recurrent problem of the relations of the state and the individual, which more and more emerges as the subject of the next great political controversy; and there are signs too that many are examining afresh the foundations of religious faith, and seeking a more spiritual solution to the controversies of a material world.

While these things are afoot it cannot be a sound position that a cricket or boxing match should be described at greater length than the course of a general industrial crisis, that more attention should be given to an American golfer than to the American President, or that a tennis-player from Japan should occupy more space than the arguments for and against a renewal of the Japanese Treaty. If the process continues the newspaper will in time bear the same relation to the news that the con-

temporary drama bears to life. In the comedies of the day the plot is often technically clever, the dialogue is sometimes witty, and the frocks are always superb; but the players are no more than puppets moving in an attractive but utterly unreal world; they represent no situation that we know or are ever likely to know. The Press that stresses every detail and every accessory, relevant and irrelevant, of Lord's and Ascot and Henley, while it ignores or sometimes travesties political and moral and spiritual issues, may be efficiently edited, carefully and even brilliantly written, and largely circulated; but it will have as much effect on the currents of national life as the ephemeral dragonfly on the course of the stream above which it flits. One does not want the newspaper to be heavy or dull, far less pedantic; but in its own interest it should preserve a sense of proportion.

The task is admittedly not easy. Nobody who has served in a newspaper office is likely to overestimate the intelligence of the public; the effect of daily experience tends cumulatively in the opposite direction. It is said that mental specialists gradually acquire the conviction that the whole world is mad. It is probable that an editor's letter-bag sometimes persuades him that the country is exclusively peopled by cranks, faddists, and fools. Nevertheless, the greater part of the population lives outside lunatic asylums and refrains from assuring editors that the earth is flat, that the angels of Mons had a real existence, that the increase of divorce is due to vaccination, and that the war was planned in the Vatican.

The question has often been debated whether the newspaper leads or follows the public. The problem is considerably more complex than the allied riddle of the donkey and the carrot which it so strikingly resembles, and perhaps it is incapable of a precise answer. The Press, on the whole, has probably less direct influence on public opinion than it had, because people are more inclined to think out their politics for themselves; Labour, for instance, has risen and Liberalism fallen independently of Fleet Street. But its indirect influence, and consequently its responsibility, as a register and selector of news is enormously greater than thirty, or even ten, years ago. Then the reader of newspapers was in a minority; now the person who does not buy a newspaper is an anachronism. A vast new class of readers acquired the newspaper habit between 1895 and 1914; and during the war women also began to read. It is a gregarious and unspecialised public, free from the settled habits of thought and the rooted political and social and religious convictions of the older and more stable class of readers, and its very catholicity is a danger as well as an opportunity.

Its one fixed point is its patriotism; it believes entirely in England. It is less assertively religious, but it holds generally

that an all-wise Providence created the British Empire, and possibly France and Switzerland, and for some inscrutable reason permitted the rest of the world to exist. Its ethics are paradoxical: it worships morality in the abstract, and full divorce reports in the concrete. Its instinct for the marvellous makes it love science, so long as it is sensational; it will strain at a ghost and swallow a comet, and read a prediction of the end of the world with avidity, but its distaste for the more tentative and probable conclusions of the laboratory is profound. It is frankly bored by art, but is distinctly more appreciative of music; and its extraordinary choice in literature accounts for the notorious wickedness of publishers, the misanthropy of critics, and the prevalence of private blasphemy among authors.

These peculiarities confuse its friends, who are apt to despair of its apparent stupidity; but they confound its enemies, who are disconcerted by its unexpected intelligence. Its heart is frankly better than its head, but it has a curious faculty of dumb sagacity that may be most readily defined as thinking with the nose, which saves it from a multitude of sins, and sooner or later corrects its temporary extravagances.

Quite extraordinarily the present age resembles the temper and outlook of the Renaissance. This new public has certain obvious prejudices, and no doubt it has very definite limitations due to environment and education. But it is intensely receptive and open to new impressions and influences from every side, and if it appears externally as superficial and credulous as the men of the Renaissance, it has internally also something of the same spirit of intellectual curiosity and mental restlessness that inspired the Renaissance and every great period of creative activity. For that reason it believes in progress despite the pessimists; for that reason, too, it has tired of party politics, which are the formularies of yesterday, but not of politics, which will shape the world of to-morrow; for the same reason it has revolted from the churches but not from religion, and rejected the old social and economic order without finding a new.

It is like the Renaissance, too, in its love of pageantry and symbolism and display, and since it is overflowing with vitality it worships physical perfection, which finds its satisfaction no longer in art but in sport. But the passion for sport and the atmosphere of contest and championships reflects only one, and that neither the greatest nor most enduring of its efforts; for beneath these strenuous activities, with their accessories of puerile but not unprofitable advertisement, there exists, as in the earlier Renaissance, a deeper spiritual endeavour towards a better understanding that strives steadfastly for utterance and achievement.

THE HAPPY VALLEY

I REMEMBER it was when I was a boy at Blundell's, many years ago, that I first saw the Exmoor Hills. There was a deep lane, overhung, overshadowed by ancient beech and oak, which led up beyond the dark Rectory to the meadowed hills of Warnicombe. It was thence, I remember, I first saw those great still heights, all of amethyst in the summer evening, and as it seemed to me then, little more than a child, infinitely far away against the soft sky. They filled my mind, and I would often go up there to look for them because they seemed so high and apart, something beyond my world. Then, in the winter—for indeed there were winters in those days, very long and cold—when the whole valley was bound with frost and the snow lay many feet deep in the great drifts, I saw those heights again, transfigured with snow, and they seemed to the mind of a child not less than those 'Delectable Mountains' which Christian saw far off, or than those Hills, so often seen in the mind, Alban or Sabine, about the only city of which we had any knowledge—Rome; or like Soracte itself, of which Horace sings:

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte . . .

And so later, when one summer holidays we went up on to the Moor, it was there I found all my classical landscape, in the true Renaissance spirit, precisely as Perugino, for instance, has painted his Greeks and Romans as Umbrian youths and maidens and knights and ladies in the Cambio at Perugia. Dunkery was always Soracte for me, and Horace's Sabine farm I found above Horner. . . .

Blessed for ever be Francis Herring, M.A., Humanist, sometime Scholar of Jesus College, Cambridge, who by some magic of his own engrafted into the mind of a careless and happy boy a respect for, nay, a love of, learning.

But I think Horace was presently deposed in favour of *Lorna Doone*, and Horace's farm for Lorna's Bower. It is a delight to me, however, to admit that while that Sabine farm always convinced me, and even convinces me still, Lorna's Bower and the whole Doone legend never did, at least in the visible relics of it. The waterslide alone, up which the most famous of Blundellians

climbed at peril of his life to find loaches for his mother, and found instead Lorna for himself, has only to be seen to be scouted, at least by any well-conditioned boy. It is the tamest thing on those dear and remembered hills. It was the finest sort of country for a boy to be free of, for while it wearied the body it awakened the mind. Quite through the April days we fished the streams and in the summer followed the staghounds afoot from Cloutsham or Dunkery Hill Gate or Winsford, never missing a possible meet, and it is a hard country. But there were other things too on the lonely farms and lonelier moors of Horner or Glenthorne or the Barle : perhaps a foolish woman who knew more than most, perhaps a witch bearing such a name as Snow, who knew more of the deer than Tucker did or even Goss the Harbourn. There were the deer themselves : and above all there was the loneliness—a personage which interpreted and gave a high meaning to all these things. So we knew the Moor by heart, from the lovely borderlands and valleys about Porlock and Lynmouth and Dulverton and the Barle to the cold, sterile, cruel heart of the forest about Pinkery Pond, the Mole's Chamber, and the Chains. . . .

Those great uplands which lie, everywhere broken by combs and valleys, to the north of Tiverton on the confines of Somerset and Devon, are not by any means confined by the boundaries of Exmoor, still less by the limits of the Forest. Sir Henry de la Beche would seem to declare that Exmoor extends 'from the valley of Stogumber and Crowcombe, separating it from the Quantock Hills on the east, to the Hangman Hills on the Bristol Channel, near Combsmartin on the west. Near the latter place this high land forms a point whence it sweeps to the south-east by a curved line passing to Parracombe, Chapman Barrows, Span Head, and the North Molton Ridge. Its southern boundary ranges from thence by Holland Down, Dulverton Common, and Haddon Down to Heydon Down and Main Down near Wiveliscombe, whence the high land trends away to the Stogumber Valley above mentioned.'

Perhaps a stranger might agree to so loose a definition, but no one born or bred in or about the Moor would endorse it. He would never agree that the Brendon Hills, to the east of the Wheldon Cross watershed, and the valleys north and south were a part of the Moor. Exmoor, in fact, is bounded there by the beautiful pass between Dulverton and Dunster, and what lies to the east is no part of the Moor. But the Moor itself is much greater than the Forest, of which Dunkery is after all only an outlier. The Forest, indeed, may perhaps be said to be defined by Alderman's Barrow on the east, Chapman Barrows on the west, County Gate on the north, and the Sherdon Water on the south, comprising thus a country some fifteen miles from east to

west as from north to south. The Forest thus makes but a part of the Moor, and differs from it not less in extent than in character. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that 'forest,' in the legal and historical connotation of the term, did not imply woodland; but here on Exmoor, with the exception of the woods of Simonsbath, the Forest proper is almost bare of woodland, whereas the Moor is everywhere broken and penetrated by the loveliest valleys and combes, clothed and filled with the most glorious woods about the silver streams. The Moor is, indeed, very deceptive. However and wherever you approach it, you find yourself in Eden: wherever it is accessible, as at Dunster or Porlock or Dulverton or North Molton or Lynton, you enter by the Gates of Paradise, but once within the Forest you find yourself in a place as barren and sterile as the sea and as featureless and monotonous; unbroken by any tor or valley, without a voice save for the voice of the wind among the withering coarse grass—for there is no heather there—without life save for the sight of an occasional blackcock or curlew or stray pony or herd of deer, and with only a shepherd's hut lost in the great rolling billows of the waste, an eternal thing without human appeal and changeless. He who looks on the face of the Forest looks on the face of Death.

A man who would know the Forest to-day should not climb Dunkery, which will only give him the lie of the land; he should ride or march from Porlock to Simonsbath, and on to Mole's Chamber, and so back by Pinkerry Pond and Exe Head to Badgery Water. Then he will have seen the wilderness which is the Forest of Exmoor.

This desolation which is the Forest, the heart of Exmoor, has no history. Its loneliness has always been a refuge: as refuge—no doubt all the 'castles' and rudimentary earthworks, not only in the Forest but everywhere upon the Moor, came into existence. Shoulsborough Castle, Mounsey Castle, Hoar Oak Hill, Span Head, Old Barrow, speak to us, if at all, of a time not only before but outside history. There are but two hut circles anywhere upon the Moor, no stone circles have ever been found, and in spite of the stone on Winsford Hill there is no evidence of any kind of any Roman habitation or of any religious house. We do not hear of Exmoor Forest till the time of Edward the First, and even then we have no definite idea of what this term meant or included. The foresters from William de Wrotham and the de Beeches were always people of some distinction, but we know very little about their office or the Moor till in 1815 the Forest of Exmoor was disafforested. It had once included some 80,000 acres; it then consisted of less than 20,000.

No, it is not in this waste that we who love the Moor find our delight, but in the glorious and enchanted country that every-

where girdles it : in the Horner woods and valleys, the country about Dunster, the Lyns and the Badgery Water by Lynmouth and Brendon, the marvellous steep escarped coast, wooded to the water, by Glenthorne and Culbone, between the great headland of Countisbury and Hurlstone, the Dunkery country, the Vale of Porlock, with Selworthy in the woods, the country about Dulverton, the wooded streams of Haddeo, Danesbrook, Brushford, the greater valley, first moorland then meadow and at last wood, of the Upper Exe, and best and loveliest of all, the valley of the Barle all the way, from the cruel sterile heart of the Moor, in which Simonsbath is like an oasis, to Withypool and the woods, to Tarr Steps, and on to Dulverton and below, where Exe

Her little Barlee hath . . .

Most of this country is very well known to the crowds of summer visitors who have turned the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset staghounds at Cloutsham into what Mr. Bisset, as long ago as the 'eighties of last century, called 'a rabble and fair.' The whole character of Lynmouth, once a perfect West Country village, and of Porlock too, has been changed in the last thirty years till one scarcely recognises them in the sophisticated tourist resorts they have become to-day, through which motor-charabanes thunder all day long. It is a pity ; but it cannot, I suppose, be helped. The old coaches were delightful, but could not accommodate half or even a quarter of the number which these great engines carry up the new road at Porlock and across the moorland to the *Lorna Doone* country. We must make up our minds that Lynmouth and Porlock are lost to us for ever as we knew them once : and it would perhaps be ungenerous to complain. There remains, however, far from the enterprise of the great railways and the motor-charabanc agencies, a whole corner of the Moor, and that I think perhaps always the loveliest and certainly the loveliest to-day, which has escaped the attentions of the crowd altogether, and where you may still approach the Moor without being smothered in dust or overwhelmed by the noise and stench of the popular mode of travel. Trebly entrenched in its great woods, its roads still innocent of tarmac, the railway even now ten miles away, this corner of the Moor remains with its farms and villages very much what it always used to be when I was a boy, and may it long so remain.

That valley so remote, as we count remoteness in South England, begins far away in the most desolate and sterile corner of the Forest, as a wild moorland glen through which the sacred and famous stream whose name it bears races a shining, clear flood in which every rock and stone may be discerned, as though indeed it were crystal, save in the sharpest stickles where they are overwhelmed and obscured by its light and movement. Surely

the source of such a delight should be not merely precious but commemorated. And, indeed, if I were rich enough or powerful, I would raise a rustic statue to that stream there in the dark chambers where it is born, even as in France they have raised a statue above that cavern in the Côte d'Or out of which issues forth the Seine. Here there is nothing but a few barrows, not even, as above the birthplace of the Exe, the Hoar Oak Hill and the Hoar Oak Tree.

For miles the water runs through its barren combe, till, as it turns at the Ford below Cosham Farm, it enters a woodland and comes to the only oasis within the Forest, Simonsbath. Yet beyond, all you may see from there is the wild hills descending to the brink of the stream, a lonely road under a fir wood to the south, Duredown Farm and the Ravens' Nest. And on it goes, through the wild moorland under Great Woolcombe and Cow Castle, under Pickedstones Farm, where the White Water joins it, to meet the Sherdon Water, and, with it, to pass out of all this desolation, sheer into Paradise by the great five-wayed gate of Lanacre Bridge, on into enamelled meadows and noble woods, where every name, as indeed is so all the way from its source, makes music. For it is only in the Garden of Eden that the farms bear such names as Hillway, Weatherslade, Foxtwichen, Halsgrove, Brightworthy, Knighton, Westwater, or a village would be called Withypool.

Withypool, as it were, sums up all this delicious valley. It remains an absolutely unspoiled moorland village; what Lynmouth was thirty years or more ago, what Porlock was twenty years ago, Withypool is to-day. That it, and it alone, has escaped the vulgarisation that has fallen upon its sisters is probably due to the fact that it lies on the road to nowhere at the foot of a long and very difficult hill a mile or more from the lofty high road over Winsford Hill between Dulverton and Exford and Simonsbath. It is, in fact, in a *cul-de-sac*, with this delightful result that it has but one inn—a true village inn: it has no shop at all, unless it be the Post Office, which, however, is not a village shop in the usual meaning of the word, for I don't think you can buy anything there but stamps, postcards and note-paper. Withypool, in fact, seems to be almost unknown, save to a few anglers, and thus to have escaped the universal hurly-burly which is everywhere destroying the old order and the old solitudes.

The church, for there is a church, and a parsonage, is nothing to boast of, and, save for its Norman font, would not bring the most curious wayfarer a hundred yards out of his way. Nor are there any antiquities in the neighbourhood, which, fortunately, has never made the background for a novel, and is singularly empty of legend.

But for those who know it, it must always remain perhaps the loveliest and certainly the dearest place within the wide confines of the Moor. For though it is of the Moor, and is everywhere encircled on high by its great heather-clad hills, Withypool Common to the south, Winsford Hill to the east, while to the north and west stretches the Forest, it has a gentle and lovely beauty of its own, the delight of water meadows covered with flowers, of infinite woods and sweet pastures and old farms and cottage gardens and hedgerows and great trees. It has the face of home and owes no real allegiance to the wilderness. Man has made it for himself in hope when he set out to tame the moorland and the forest, not in despair at his defeat. It smiles across its vassal fields and feudatory steadings, and is all for the valley and the homes of men. Yet there is something—I know not what—something you may feel there when the mist comes down from that wild great place north and west, or when the pillared rain stalks through the valley like an army of giants in single file from the highlands—something which at such times recalls to you the desolate sterility of the Forest where there is nothing but distance, whose face never changes. . . . And then if you should chance to come there in the winter cold, and after an evening in the chimney corner turn in weary at last, very likely you will be awakened by the tramp of feet, of little hoofs, and if you look out into the village street you will see a herd of wild ponies from the Moor: for the horse is the friend of man.

But it is not often you are reminded of that foreign and outer thing. In Withypool there is but a narrow and flowery meadow between you and the silver stream. You may angle for trout—before breakfast or after dark, wandering down to the ford there under King's Farm and the mill, and throw your fly over the hedge if you can, or from the stepping-stones, under the bank. There is a tree there growing in mid-stream, and King's Farm has a noble lofty terrace shadowed by great beeches which seems to have no purpose but its own beauty and your delight.

Two and a half miles away to the north of Withypool, over the watershed which divides the Barle valley from the Exe, lies Exford beside the tiny Exe, here a far smaller water than the Barle. Exford is a pleasant village, with two hotels, the 'White Horse' and the 'Crown,' and several shops. It is the metropolis of the Moor as Simonsbath is of the Forest, and here are the kennels of the famous Devon and Somerset Staghounds, erected by Mr. Bisset in 1875, and bequeathed for the use of the Hunt. The church stands on the hill among the trees beyond the village. From Exford the Exe, in a still bare and rather sombre vale save for the delightful meadows about Lyncombe, flows down to Winsford before it meets the woods, and certainly cannot compare in beauty with the valley of the Barle.

As for that valley, the four miles below Withypool as far as Tarr Steps are perhaps more beautiful than any other within the confines of the Moor, not only because they are all enclosed by great amphitheatres of woods—

Shade above shade a woody theatre
Of stateliest view—

but because all is totally unspoilt and so unfrequented that though I have walked all the way by the stream many times I have never yet met anyone but a stray fisherman. The woods are very still, and all wild creatures find in them a refuge undisturbed for the most part, as you may see by their tameness. Angling there myself last June, I was standing on the bank knee-deep in a lake of forget-me-nots so blue that they shamed the blue sky, and had just made a cast over a rising fish under the further bank, when there was a loud crash and my mind turned to bulls and my eyes left my fly for the nearest tree, when down through the wood, leaping the further fence, came five head of the wild red deer, crossed the stream in a breath, and were away up through the bracken over the hill behind me. An old sheep grazing ten yards away scarcely raised her head. Then they stayed and gazed back on the stream and on me and my rod as in a mild surprise, and then on again into the woods on the hillside.

Later on the same day my companion said 'There goes the fisherman,' and looking up I saw a heron rise from the waterside under the woods. On another day I saw an otter go by indifferent to my presence, having no doubt had the sport I lacked.

Indeed nothing else like this valley between Withypool and Tarr Steps is to be had on the Moor. The Horner valley, lovely as it is, is too small, the Lyn not only too small but too frequented and certainly too pretty. It lacks the nobility and the solitude of the Barle.

Just these two things it loses at Tarr Steps—the wonderful prehistoric stone causeway that crosses the stream under Liscombe. There are sure to be visitors and motor-cars, and no doubt charabancs and all the litter of holiday-makers in due season. Below Tarr Steps the valley is well known and frequented, and though till the stream meets the Exe and loses its identity the valley has much the same noble character and fine woodland, its paths under Hawkrigde and Mounsey Castle are too frequented to retain just that magic of solitude and the security of wild life that it possesses in so wonderful a degree upon the upper stream. And for this cause, if for no other, it remains now the only really unchanged valley of the Moor, and is still a part of that older England which, with its ancient order, is so surely passing away.

DEMOCRACY AND ART

It will not be seriously disputed that at the present time Art, and all that it connotes of seemliness and beauty, has died out of the everyday life of everyday people in this and most other civilised countries of the world.

I am not, as will appear, dealing in this study with the arts of music and literature which have not perished—cannot in the nature of things perish—in the same way as other arts, although they too have become alien to the workaday life of the multitude and can only be enjoyed by the few under present conditions.

It is difficult to realise how unprecedented is this state of the world to-day. Never before in the recorded history of mankind has there been a period of which it could be said that art was extinct in the lives and souls of the majority and was only being kept from utter extinction by the efforts of an eclectic minority.

Art began to perish out of daily life about a hundred years ago. It is a strange thought that up to that time the hand of man had made scarcely anything that was ugly and that since then it has made very little that is beautiful. That little, too, has been for the most part consciously and deliberately produced rather than spontaneously and naturally as in former times.

Many and various explanations of the reasons for this widespread decay of the aesthetic sense have been suggested. Personally, I think one of the chief causes—though not, of course, the only one—is the herding together of large numbers of people in towns ill-planned or rather not planned at all, with the consequent removal of children from all sights and sounds of natural beauty, and the removal of large sections of the workers and their families from personal contact with those more fortunate classes to whom the avenues of culture have not been wholly closed.

In industrial centres to-day there is virtually nothing of art, either in the exterior or interior of public buildings or private dwellings; little or nothing of artistic beauty in the planting of parks and gardens or in the treatment of open spaces.

The aspect of a modern manufacturing city, with its labyrinths of mean streets and yards lying under a pall of dark yellow sky,

is a thing of horror, unredeemed as often as not by any saving grace of cleanliness or order. The approaches and outskirts of London are, with scarcely an exception, equally dreadful. The drains and water supply of these towns may be excellent, but the prevailing air of squalid untidiness that pervades their backyards and premises generally must go far to undo the good effect of their sanitation and to depress the physical and mental health of their inhabitants.

But worse still, the blight of ugliness and vulgarity has fallen upon even the remotest country towns and villages and has left little of either natural or man-made beauty unwithered. In rural districts especially, where no provision is made for collecting rubbish, the defilement of commons and roadsides with that most base and curiously long-lasting form of modern refuse—waste paper—cries aloud the need for democratic education in aesthetics.

The efforts of those excellent bodies 'The National Trust' and 'The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings' have come so late that there is deplorably little left for them to protect and preserve, especially of our lesser national treasures. Still it is a very important work to save from destruction such scattered and fragmentary objects of historic interest and artistic value as still remain, for they will serve to keep the thread of tradition unbroken—a thread which, though frayed and attenuated, may presently help to guide the artistically lost tribes out of the wilderness in which they are now wandering. Not that the lost tribes—in other words the untutored democratic millions—will be helped to find a way out by turning them loose in Museums and Art Galleries. Art only reaches these places when it has ceased to be living, and their chief value is that of treasure-houses for the use of artists, students and teachers. The general public can gain little from vague unshepherded wanderings among dead bones, however beautifully these may be classified and arranged in glass cases.

The question then which is agitating many thoughtful minds to-day is: How are the millions to be led out of the wilderness, and who is to lead them? For out of the wilderness they must come if the sum of life of modern democratic communities is to be more than a soulless struggle for greater material possessions and enjoyments.

It is a deep truth that man does not live by bread alone, and *one of the greatest dangers that threatens civilisation at this moment is that the half-educated democracies, who have now the power to lead the world along the paths they prefer, may not realise in time the supreme value of art and beauty in daily life and the enormously important part they have played in the rise of mankind from the state of beasts to the state of godlike dominion over the earth and all that is in it.* For it is chiefly

in the possession of artistic faculties that man has shown himself to be distinguished from all other animals. The moral sense is not exclusively his, but is shared in a rudimentary form by various other creatures, and might conceivably be developed in them in course of time to a much higher degree. But so far man alone has possessed the peculiar creative faculty which gives him power to weave magnificent realities out of the stuff that dreams are made of. It is in the works of the artist rather than of the engineer that the divine human soul is made manifest. The genius of man's intelligence literally creates, through combinations and arrangements of materials, a language by which soul speaks to soul. This is a great mystery, and cannot be explained. It can only be felt. It cannot be explained why one arrangement of words should be poetry, and why the same words rearranged should become prose; or why one aspect of trees and clouds should make a picture, and a slightly changed aspect of the same material objects should cease to make one in the artistic sense. It has been said that 'artists are the eyes of the world,' and it is true that they alone can open magic casements for others less gifted to gaze through, and that they can reveal the wonders of sea and sky and of the wind on the heath, which but for them would remain forever unknown to ordinary folk. Through their vision and conviction they can give expression to aims and desires unconnected with animal enjoyment. Through Art these aspirations that are really as natural to man as eating and drinking are set free and satisfied, and the lyric impulse of the spirit warms and exalts the common acts and work of life so that they become beautiful and significant.

The problem of how to bring art and beauty back into the everyday life of the mass of the people is not one that will be easily solved, and I do not think it will be solved by teaching Art as a 'subject' in the secondary schools. The deplorable results, or lack of results, of such teaching as is being given at present are too well known to need enlarging upon. It is difficult to see where the blame lies for the failure, and it is only begging the question to lay it upon the methods or the teachers, or on absence of taste in the education authorities or on the public or the pupils. The fact remains that modern education has done nothing for Art, indeed has, if anything, helped to bring about its divorce from life. The very word 'Art' has come to mean in ordinary parlance something apart from common usage and has declined into a sort of adjective to designate things such as coal-scuttles or bedspreads intended for ornament rather than use. Thus 'applied' Art now usually means some decoration literally stuck on to things that would be better left plain.

This kind of aimless futility has invaded not only art-schools but the homes of the people. After all the schools merely reflect the ideals and ways of thinking of the people who send their children to them, and the people everywhere seem to be pursuing a will-o'-the wisp of false luxury to the exclusion and destruction of homely comfort and seemliness in their surroundings. Their desire appears to be to collect as great a multitude of cumbersome, meaningless objects as possible. The toil of millions is devoted to producing masses of superfluities for other millions or for themselves. Like Stevenson's child, they seem to think

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,

and on this indiscriminating acquisitive multitude battens that other multitude of greedy traders, stimulating and inciting to greater and greater foolishness by every artifice of clever advertisement. Then the rapid and senseless changes of fashion, sweeping good and bad, used and scarcely used, alike on to the rubbish heap, are the cause of an appalling waste of human effort. If only the 'idle rich' were beguiled into these follies it might be a laughing matter, but when those who can ill afford it throw the results of their labour into the dustbin in compliance with these amazing decrees, promulgated by goodness knows what obscure authority, it is tragic. Commercial greed is not alone to blame. The innate snobbery of the people in all walks of life, particularly in this country, is largely in fault. In no other country is sham gentility quite so rampant, in no other does each class ape the one next above it quite so sedulously. British democracy has a peculiar and fierce dislike of all outward distinctions of class or calling, and its attempts to obliterate them have been to a great extent successful. Who could now tell a Duke from a Dustman by any outward sign? One rather funny result of this democratic feeling is that the terms 'man' and 'woman' have come to be considered offensive if applied to the taxi-driver or the char, and now only the educated classes care nothing whether they are called ladies and gentlemen or not.

But to return to the practical point—How in the face of all these difficulties is the mind and will of man to be bent to the task of re-creating beauty and the appreciation of beauty in common life? Even if the desire for what Burke called the 'unbought grace of life' can be gradually revived, there is so much solid hideousness in existence blocking the way to better things that the would-be reformer might be forgiven for wondering not only where to begin but how to begin at all.

Some believe that the key to the situation is to be found in the magic word 'simplification' of life. Unfortunately life can

be bare and brutal and ugly just as easily as it can be complicated and luxurious and ugly ; and plain living may often mean no thinking rather than high thinking. In any case simplification is chiefly negative, and what is wanted is some positive remedy.

It would seem that the first essential steps must be towards rousing general interest, then to stimulate desires and at the same time to introduce into the education of the growing generation some definite teaching of the *principles* of art. For these principles could undoubtedly be taught without in the least trying to turn every pupil into an executive artist. The crafts that are now taught as part of the curriculum of every school could be made the means of training the varying artistic faculties of the children. This is quite a different thing from teaching 'Art' as a 'subject' in the schools. What needs to be taught, or rather drawn out and trained, is the power and joy of artistic appreciation. The necessary faculty is latent in every normal human being. Untrained it finds expression in pathetically misdirected efforts that result in boys and girls making fretwork models of the Eiffel Tower, or wrought-iron arum lilies for the adornment of firescreens. (This last, incredible though it sounds, I have seen done in a provincial art-school.) A general education in artistic principles might do much also to check the vandalism of municipal bodies in destroying and defacing the irreplaceable beauties of the past, for, if their zeal were tempered by knowledge, they would realise that even from the lowest commercial point of view artistic beauty is an asset of priceless value. We might then not have to deplore the frequent disappearance almost in a night, and before any effective protest can be made, of some beautiful old house or bridge, and its replacement by a tasteless or even positively hideous building.

There are at the present time several hopeful signs that the industrial world is becoming alive to the commercial value of art. Various important movements have been started during the last few years which should in time exercise a powerful improving influence on public taste. Even as I write I see in my daily paper that the Industrial Art Committee appointed by the Federation of British Industries have just issued a preliminary report, in which they express the view that the Federation

could hardly undertake a more useful work than that of assisting the industries of the country to improve the artistic design of their products. . . . With the increase of culture and education both at home and abroad [the Committee state] the demand for artistic goods is gradually increasing . . . and at the same time competition is every year becoming more international, and many of our competitors abroad have, during recent years, improved their own standard of design.

As a first step towards improvement, the Committee suggest that closer co-operation should be promoted between art-schools and

industries and that courses of study should be instituted by which students could be taught the industrial application of design, the difficulty now being for British manufacturers to find designers who have both the necessary artistic qualifications and the practical capacity to apply their ideas.

No doubt both the appointment of this Committee and the nature of their report are the outcome (whether direct or indirect I do not know) of the other movements I have alluded to, and of two of them in particular. The first of these is the Design and Industries Association,¹ which was started some six years ago. It is a voluntary Society, whose members consist of designers, producers, distributors, educators and others, the object of the Association being 'to promote the development of British industries and for this purpose to encourage excellence of design and workmanship by the co-operation of designers, manufacturers and the general public.' The principal methods of work adopted by the D.I.A. are: Publishing literature illustrating the objects of the Association, and by propaganda in the Press; forming trade groups of manufacturers, designers and distributors, to further the aims of the Association; enlisting the sympathies and support of Schools of Art and Technical Institutes throughout the country.

In spite of the enormous difficulties of starting and carrying on work such as this during the war a great deal has been done, and to-day the activities of the D.I.A. are beginning to bear visible fruit. The Association's publications have had a wide sale, and, apart from the interest of their matter, they are models of beautiful though inexpensive printing. Several of them, notably *A Modern Creed of Work* by Mr. Arthur Clutton-Brock, and *Art and Labour* by Professor W. R. Lethaby, seem likely to become classics of their kind.

The three main principles recognised by the Association are 'fitness for use,' 'quality for price,' and 'honesty in workmanship.' These three, it is believed, will secure efficiency in the *product*, which is not to be confused with mere efficiency in *production*, a very desirable thing of course but not more vitally important to the well-being of the community than the quality of what is produced. And in making 'fitness for use' one of its watchwords, the D.I.A. particularly insists that the 'use' shall be that of the great majority of people whose requirements include cheapness as well as goodness. For this reason the Association concerns itself primarily with trying to solve the problem of bringing together art and mass-production by machinery.

Although it might be thought to concern chiefly the 'idle rich,' and therefore not to have much to do with the activities of the D.I.A., a very interesting outcome of those activities may be

¹ 6 Queen Square, W.C.

seen in London to-day in a really beautiful fish-shop that has been opened in Bond Street. This new departure is, I understand, only the beginning of a series of similar deviations from the normal trade idea of what such shops should be like, and one hopes they will prove that the entry of art into the retail shopkeeper's domain is a paying as well as a delightful game.

The second of the two movements to be noted—the British Institute of Industrial Art—was started last year. This differs from the Design and Industries Association in that it was established by two Government Departments, the Board of Trade and the Board of Education, and that it is receiving (in its initial stages) a grant from the Treasury. It was founded 'for the purpose of endeavouring to raise the standard of design and workmanship in British manufacture and crafts and also to educate the taste of the British public in these matters.' It will be observed that its aims, and even the words in which they are expressed, are practically identical with those of the D.I.A. Whether the two Government Departments, which have had the excellent idea of following in the footsteps of the older voluntary Association, are its spontaneous and unconscious imitators, or whether like so many other official bodies they are unwilling to acknowledge their debt to private initiative, I cannot say. Nor do I know whether they welcome or invite the co-operation of outside bodies, though they ask for the interest and financial assistance of private individuals. But however this may be, the movement is one that should meet with public recognition and support, because it shows a remarkable advance on the prevailing ideas of even a decade ago in the matter of the national importance of art in relation to everyday life.

The Institute has made a beginning by organising a series of exhibitions 'illustrative of the achievements of modern British artists, including both factory products and the works of individual craftsmen.' These exhibitions, which are to be essentially of industrial products and not of designs, will be held not only at the headquarters of the Institute in Knightsbridge, but also in the provinces and other parts of the Empire. In London, the materials for a permanent exhibition consisting of works of outstanding merit are being collected by purchase, gift and loan. Here also a Bureau of Information is to be found where inquiries as to the placing of orders will be referred to the right quarters, thus bringing manufacturers, designers and craftsmen together for practical purposes.

Besides the formation of the two new bodies I have described, another noteworthy movement in the art-world was made in 1916, when, for the first time since its foundation, 148 years before, the Royal Academy opened its doors to an exhibition of Arts and

Crafts. Up to that time only the so-called 'Fine Arts' had been admitted to those sacred precincts; that is only pictures suitably finished, framed and glazed, and sculpture that could not possibly be applied to any common use.

This step forward on the part of a very conservative body is important for its psychological significance. It means much more than that the works of a number of artist-craftsmen were exhibited in the galleries of Burlington House instead of in Regent Street or Grafton Street. It means the official recognition on the part of an official body—who stand to the British public as the established sponsors of art in this country—of an ancient truth that had been lost sight of for over a century. This truth or truism is said to have been expressed by Michael Angelo in the words 'I only know one Art,' in reply to a critic who reproached him with making excursions outside the limits of what the critic considered to be his special province.

It means, one hopes, that in future many more budding artists will be encouraged to turn to the so-called 'lesser' arts, in which excellence can be reached by far greater numbers than in the higher branches. Here is an honourable field of work awaiting them, and an honourable reward instead of an uncertain starvation-wage, if they will learn to serve the common needs of their natural and proper patrons, the common people. For the day of the great ones of the earth as art-patrons has gone by. They have shrunk in power and importance as the crowds have grown. The effect of individual taste or munificence can only be insignificant when the field that has to be influenced is so vast.

The day of Popes and Princes will never return—when a single man could endow his own world with deathless beauty. It was possible then because his world was of manageable size. The Florence of the Renaissance was not much larger than Guildford is to-day.

To serve the complicated needs of modern democracies quite different methods from those of the past are needed. The millions cannot be served by hand—only by machines; and machines can be bent to artistic purposes as well as any other tool that man has made.

There is, for instance, no reason why beautiful type and 'lay-out' should not be the rule instead of the exception in all printed matter; and no reason why the myriad forms of advertisement should not be made sources of artistic delight by means of the fine use of fine lettering. Good lettering alone, as the Romans knew, and as a few artists of to-day have re-discovered, can in itself be one of the noblest forms of decoration.

In former times common household things were largely made by the people who used them. Village industries were industries

to supply village needs. Now a village industry means a more or less artificial organisation where villagers produce something under direction ; where designs and patterns are supplied from outside sources, and where little spontaneous expression of artistic individuality is achieved or even aimed at. By this I do not mean to disparage village industries. They may well play an important part in continuing the artistic education of the people, which should have been begun in the schools.

Though it may be a long time before we shall arrive at any very marked artistic improvement in our common life, I do not think we need despair, for the reasons I have given. A generation ago an artistic soul must indeed have felt like one crying in the wilderness. To-day there is hope and a stirring among the dry bones ; and even those among us who are old enough to remember the heavy frost that bound artistic life in the Victorian Age may not, perhaps, be too old to warm themselves before they go hence, in the spring sunshine of a new and democratic Renaissance.

JULIE C. CHANCE.

THE RESURRECTION OF SPAIN

DON QUIXOTE was not so mad as Cervantes would have us believe. If any man in Europe has a right to wear the armour of chivalry, and what Mr. Belloc calls 'the Faith,' that man is a Spanish knight. Chivalry has always been a matter of religious and erotic enthusiasms. So long as the Knights of Christ combined the love of the Divine with the love of the Human, they ruled the world because they were nothing less than the Platonic golden race, and the rule of the world was to them a matter of course—a parergon—something they took in their stride. Of all the nations of the world, the Spaniards have kept purest the great traditions of aristocracy. Their battle has been for God and the King—generally in that order. They have led the world along those uncharted ways which others have followed for the sake of the gold which the first adventurers discovered. They have fought for centuries to rescue from the infidel the most infernally inhospitable country in Europe. They produced the greatest revivalist movement in history, and carried the things of the spirit to such a height that with tears of human pity mingled with the stern joy of righteous exaltation, they burned men's bodies to save their souls. It is a terrible nation whose respect for the soul outweighs their respect for the body, and who count this life well lost in torture for the sake of salvation in the life to come. It is too easily forgotten that the Spanish Jesuits won the respect of the world long before they earned its hate; that the Spanish infantry were the terror of Europe for three centuries before Rocroy, and that the Spanish Navy was for much the same period like a dignified giant whale pursuing its lawful occasions among a host of privateering minnows.

If you want to form an estimate of this strange people, stand for ten minutes in front of Velasquez's *Los Borrachos* in the Museo del Prado at Madrid, and then for another ten in front of the same painter's Don Juan of Austria in the same room. In the one you see the man of the people, human, humorous, profoundly shy, and yet profoundly friendly, with some possibility of cruelty, but with more certainty of kindness. In the other the great noble, febrile, reserved, passionate in his pride, but as sad as

Lucifer the morning after his fall. Though the figure is distorted by all the outrageous flummery of sixteenth-century fashions, the face is the face of a tortured prophet, instinct with the agonised knowledge of his own murder by his King and half-brother, and racked by some miserable intuition of his country's destiny. 'Thank God,' you will think, 'this man commanded at Lepanto instead of Calais Roads.'

Pass from this portrait to that of the great Duke of Alba, which hangs in the palace of his house. Here is the Spanish grandee with no taste nor preknowledge of suffering or failure. A long, narrow face; high forehead; bitter, hard mouth; thin, straggling beard, cold, sneering eye; the whole giving a terrible impression of bleak, stark, unrelenting, dispassionate cruelty. A man with all the virtues and vices of one who had often inspired fear, but never felt it. It is Strafford to the life. Here is another disciple of the gospel of Thorough. He sacked Rome and he sacked Ghent, and it is certain that he did both without the slightest emotion. Close to him hangs the Prince of Condé, who broke the military instrument Alba had forged. 'There is a man,' said the present Duke, 'who did a lot of harm to my house. From him dates the decline.'

He was right not to call it 'decay.' If Spain has hardly been present in the minds of those anxious strategists who for a hundred years have weighed up the Balance of Power of Europe, it is not because her people have lost their mental or their moral stamina. The superficial causes of decline are fairly obvious—the need for recuperation after the Napoleonic devastation, the catastrophe of Carlist Wars; and, upon the financial side, the loss of the American Colonies. The real reasons I believe to be somewhat deeper. Impoverishment, it is true, is the chief, but of vast importance are the facts that, when Protestantism and Catholicism ceased to be causes for which men took up arms, Spain fell from her position as the natural leader of a sectarian army, and secondly that Spain does not properly belong to Europe at all. Anyone who has passed through one of the difficult doors in the Pyrenees knows that he finds himself in a new continent. He sees a great sweep of country, scared, burnt, and crumbling. Raise the Northumberland coalfield 2000 feet higher, send a plague among the population, and leave it for 200 years, and you will have made a desolation very similar to the countryside of Spain down to Madrid. In this age, a nation's power is measured by its success in cultivating the fine flower of our mechanical civilisation, and by the number of men it devotes to the cultivation. It is a sinister thought that one man can build a carriage, but no one man could possibly build a motor-car. A gargoyle country like Spain starts with a terrible handicap under the conditions of modern life. Of

all the Roman provinces, she retains least of her Latinity; for in the others nature has made life comparatively easy, but in Spain it is hard, and it has set its stamp upon her people.

That Spain can come again, however, I do most firmly believe. After all, more than half the New World—in fact, all the country from Texas to Terra del Fuego—speaks Spanish, and its people are of Spanish blood. There is not as yet any sensible bond between Old and New Spain, such as exists between England and the Dominions. The ties of a common blood are there, but they are not felt. Perhaps the severance is too recent and was too drastic. It is 150 years since the French, for their own purposes, enabled the United States to fight free from this country, and Anglo-American relations are still complicated by that event. It is only one hundred years since the Spanish states of the New World asserted their independence of Spain. Therefore, just as to-day there is a powerful party in America consciously advocating a spiritual reunion between the United States and ourselves, so in Latin-America the probability of a pro-Spanish party arising most certainly exists, although the time is not yet, and although the rich South American generally prefers Paris to Madrid. Whether this sentiment, when it arises, can have much practical effect is another question. If Mr. Bernard Shaw is right, and human will can extend human life up to 300 years, human will can surmount the comparatively trivial obstacle of a few thousand miles of sea whose shipping belongs to other nations. One thing is certain: that the Spanish peasant has formed a regular habit of going to South or Central America to make a little money; that he returns to Spain and buys a little land; that he then sends out his brother, his son, or his nephew; and that this family shuttle is weaving a constantly thickening web of threads between the Old Spain and the New. Another very striking fact is that Spain is full of young white men. At intervals upon the appalling table-land I have described are scattered crumbling, dilapidated villages, all full of children. The living conditions would give texts by the thousand to the earnest advocate of villa residences for the working classes, but the average Spanish family is nine or ten, whereas the average French family is two, and the average British not more than four. This enormous reserve of man power will ultimately triumph over geographical disadvantages, and over that national resignation which five generations of admitted impotence have imposed upon Spanish soldiers and statesmen. It has always been something of an accident that Spain ever fought in Europe at all; indeed, she fought entirely because her king was also the Holy Roman Emperor and the champion of Catholicism. But the Spanish Army never swept up over the Pyrenees, in spite of all the tempting contrast of the rich acres of Southern France

to the barren Spanish soil. The Spaniards went by sea to Italy and fought there; they marched round by Germany to the Netherlands and Northern France. But the true natural drive of Spain has ever been South and West. The Moor has been her natural enemy, and she has played much the same part in defending Europe from Africa as Poland has played in defending Europe from Asia. The darling project of Charles the Fifth was not the defeat of France, but the capture of Algiers, and the great tragedy of his sorrowful life was that he succeeded where success was almost a matter of indifference, and failed where alone success would have satisfied his soul. Distracted first by a task in Europe that was not hers at all, and later by dynastic differences, Spain has been very late in resuming her interrupted but historical path. Others have stepped in and occupied the bases of her ancient enemy. France, with that rigid preoccupation which is the hallmark of her national conceptions, has taken upon herself the mantle of the Romans in Africa. What Dupleix tried to do in India, Montcalm in Canada, and La Salle on the Mississippi, Lyautey has achieved in that great block of territory from Algiers to Casablanca in the West, and Lome in the South. Some day, very soon, France will have her African Empire as a formidable bargaining instrument in European complications. She has no sense of the colour bar. A man is a Frenchman if he wears a French uniform: and France fully intends that breeding beyond the Rhine shall be counterbalanced by breeding beyond the Mediterranean. The strip of Spanish Morocco is therefore a most salutary buffer state between Europe, whose powers can be almost mathematically tabulated, and Africa, out of which 'comes ever something new.' It is just a strip of seaboard, terribly mountainous, but well watered and thickly populated. It runs from Tangier to Larache on the Atlantic, and Mehlila on the Mediterranean, forming an irregular rectangle 250 miles long by seventy broad. Here live the descendants of Abderahman's Army,

Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian and Copt and Tartar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoined

Southey might have added a few Jews and Negroes, and particularised the Riff pirates (now pirates no longer), and he would have catalogued the whole happy family of Spanish Morocco. They are all indubitably white, with something of the look and dress of Assyrian soldiers on the bas-reliefs of Assurbanipal. In Ceuta and Tetuan the prevailing type is the Arab with darker skin and thinner features, but the further east the traveller journeys the more often he encounters the fair-skinned, red-headed Berber,

who in his inaccessible mountains has defied every conqueror in turn, though he has adopted their religion. Christianity had once so firm a hold here that to this day the Berber women go unveiled and have the Christian cross tattooed on their foreheads and chins. They do not know why; in fact the Cross has become a sort of tribal totem, and all the people are practising Mahomedans. Only in the towns are the women mere perambulating, voluminous white bundles. The average woman of the country is either too young or too old to make concealment necessary, and the covering of the face from the gaze of the passer-by is merely conventional and not very effectively done. Similar conventions are common among her European sisters.

The country itself is divided among a number of tribes with strangely Biblical or Crusading names—for example the Beni-Aros (sons of Aaron), which is the famous Raisuli's home tribe; the Beni-Sichar (sons of Issachar); or the Beni-Hassan. Their territories seem to have no very definite geographical boundaries, and before the advent of the Spaniards they lived largely by robbing each other. Every Moor keeps goats, and the majority keep cows or sheep, which stray indiscriminately over the countryside and feed apparently on the ubiquitous thyme shrubs or on the scanty barley and wheat crops which their masters make a pretence of growing. Every self-respecting Moor also has a donkey or mule, which carries his produce and himself to market—though I suspect its chief object is to give its rider an obvious superiority over his women folk who trudge on foot behind. The latter carry the most astonishing burdens. It is no uncommon sight to observe a string of women painfully toiling along the rocky paths bent literally double under bundles of green barley twice as big as their bodies. The men are dressed in shapeless bell-sleeved jelabas of brownish Nauen frieze, like a monk's gown, with wisps of dirty white cloth wound round their heads, leaving a patch of shaven crown bare. Their general bearing is one of sluggish impatience. If the Spaniard's motto is 'To-morrow morning,' the Moor's is 'To-morrow evening,' but the latter has an air of expecting the time to arrive. They make good casual labourers. I saw some thousands of them engaged upon road-making, and all were doing much more than 'minding a hole in the road.' The people of the towns are of a more pacific stamp. Nearly all of them put on a dignified grin when spoken to, and seem perfectly friendly. They are rather unapproachable during the day, particularly during Ramadan, when for a month they neither eat nor drink till the Spanish gun proclaims sunset. Thereafter they work in their tiny box-like shops, and eat all night, while the morning finds every convenient corner tenanted by a sleeper, looking for all the world like a heap of dirty sacking.

There is a brisk internal trade between the town and country, which is rapidly increasing now that the Spaniards have stopped the inter-tribal feuds; but there is practically no export trade. Indeed, there is no high-class workmanship of any kind except in stamped leather, and the working up of English silk. There are a few pieces of pottery and brass, but if the traveller is looking for good native stuff he must go as far as Fez. Native building has entirely died out, possibly because it has been impossible with safety for a city to expand beyond its walls. At any rate, anything good there is in architecture or civil engineering is four or five hundred years old. The water system of Tetuan has been working for four hundred years, and is still efficient, so that the Moorish quarter is sweet and clean compared with the pest-house of Tangier. It was built by those same Moorish exiles from Spain, whose descendants still keep the keys of their houses in Cordoba and Granada. The city of Nauen, seventy kilometres south of Tetuan, was built by these same Spanish Moors, and when the Spaniards took it at the end of last year nothing had been either added to or subtracted from it for five centuries. In all that time no European had set foot in it, except Foucaud, who spent a few dangerous hours there between dark and dawn; yet the houses are quite un-Moorish, with European pointed roofs (instead of flat), made of tiles upon which there has grown a wonderful golden moss. Outside these mediaeval cities, however, there is no trace of a permanent habitation except in the Melilla zone, where the country is sprinkled over with baronial castles. These are, however, little more than square mud walls enclosing big open courtyards into which the livestock can be driven at night. Such living-rooms as there are consist of lean-to shanties on the inside of the walls. The bulk of the population lives in huts of wattles and mud surrounded by hedges of giant cactus. This mode of life is not so stupid as it sounds, for there is no easily quarried stone, and the climate is far colder than the South of France; but the contrast between the Alhambra and a wattle hut is eloquent of the difference between the conquering and the sedentary Moor. The tie of the clan has proved stronger than the tie of Islam, and the predatory instinct more insistent than the proselytising instinct. The Moor has remembered two cardinal doctrines of Mahomet, besides a number of worthless points of ritual. The first is that it is right to fight, and the second is that it is right to have slaves for use and abuse. The first made him a nation so long as he was winning, and destroyed him in defeat because he began to fight his co-religionist; the second has produced among his leaders a passion for the sins of the flesh which has destroyed their mental activity.

Such is my necessarily imperfect impression of the people and the country with whom the Spaniards have to deal. It will

be seen at once that the military problem is troublesome rather than formidable. The Spaniards are winning and holding their zone by the same process by which we won and we hold India. They play off tribe against tribe. They operate on behalf of the native ruler, and under his sign they raise large native forces, who fight with singular readiness against their compatriots. These native Mehallas or companies are a formidable force of infantry numbering some 15,000 men, commanded by white officers. In addition there are 5000 native police, a cavalry force under specially picked Spanish officers, who form the shock troops in an advance. The army is completed by about 45,000 Spanish regulars and Guardia Civiles, and by the Spanish Foreign Legion, recently formed of volunteers, which did not distinguish itself in its first action. These forces are about equally divided between General Berenguer at Tetuan, General Silvestre at Melilla, and General Barrera at Larache. The first named is High Commissioner for the whole zone, but as land communication is difficult with Larache and impossible with Melilla, great discretion is allowed to the subordinate commanders. In two years these officers, with admirable energy and economy of force, have subdued the whole zone except a biggish pocket of country from twenty miles south of Tangier to the French border at Wazan, and a rectangle one hundred miles long by fifty broad between Nauen and a line one hundred miles west of Melilla. The former patch is the last refuge of Raisuli, and the latter is the famous Riff Coast. Another year will probably see the pacification of the whole zone completed.

There is something distinctly humorous in calling the process of filling a country with troops and fighting all over it 'pacification,' particularly when it is a country in which the invading Power has practically no nationals, and when any *casus belli* which may once have existed has disappeared several centuries ago. It would be silly to deny that France and Spain are merely continuing the partition of Africa by Europe with very little more excuse than we or the Germans or the Portuguese had when we were taking a hand in the same game. All European nations are equally guilty, and this fact in itself prevents those who began the practice from being self-righteously indignant with their imitators. Whether the reader approves or disapproves, when the matter is put thus baldly to him, will probably depend upon whether or no he accepts the ethics of a rigid nationalism. If he does he will find no justification whatever for the presence of the Spaniards in Morocco, though he must object equally to the Americans being in America (which ought to be Red India), or the New Zealanders being in New Zealand (which ought to be Maoriland). But to anyone slightly less bigoted some defence

may be offered, and the word pacification in this context be shown to be not wholly hypocritical.

The Spaniards have stopped inter-tribal fighting, and therefore their presence is not displeasing to that part of the population which was formerly lived on by the other part. There is probably less war in quantity and a great deal less crime than before their advent. They have brought to the country the twin props of development—railways and roads. Taking Tetuan as a centre, I found motor roads to Ceuta, Tangier, and half-way to Xauen, of a total length of over 300 kilometres, all engineered in two years through a very mountainous country. From Melilla excellent roads run to the French zone, and for 120 kilometres towards the western front. The railway runs between Ceuta and Tetuan, and the embankment is made between the latter and Tangier. The track is laid in the east for eighty miles west of Melilla. The result has been a very large increase in the volume of trade done in the local markets, and, of course, transport facilities are still mainly military.

Any reader of Roman history will be aware of the agricultural possibilities of North Africa, and will know that not only did these regions support a vast population, but they were the second largest exporters of grain in the Empire. The Spaniards are fully alive to the advantage of restoring these possibilities. Seed corn and barley are distributed free in return for a small percentage on the resulting crops, through the agency of the captains of the chain of police posts which form the intervening line between the front blockhouses and the rear bases. The rainfall is fairly heavy, but it is now being supplemented by the construction of irrigation works. Improved agricultural machinery is gradually replacing the primitive ploughs which have hitherto formed the sole resources of the Moors. The progress of education is astonishing. The Moor picks up the Spanish language with great rapidity, and it is the common tongue, not only in the Spanish zone, but also in the western parts of French Africa. The Spanish military doctors are at present in some instances serving as schoolmasters, and have special opportunities; for they are readily recognised as non-combatants, and their services are in great demand even on the part of the enemy. Syphilis is unfortunately rampant, and up to this time there has been practically no effort to fight it, save that which the Spaniards have begun. The relations between the two races are of the friendliest, and sedulous efforts are being made to cement and improve them. For example, at Tetuan there is a large school where native and Spanish children are taught in the same building. Religious susceptibilities are carefully respected, and not only do the Spanish officers wear native dress, but they rigidly enforce Mahomedan

practices, such as the observance of Ramadan among their native troops. Anti-Spanish residents say, of course, that there is an undercurrent of bitter hatred and an ever-present danger of rebellion. But I cannot say that the least trace of hostility is visible. Military discipline is necessarily severe, but the men are well paid, at higher rates than prevail in the British Army; they seem perfectly happy and contented; and they fight better than the white troops. There has not been the slightest interference with the native administration of justice, and the sole foundation for stories of oppression appears to be that the Spaniards have copied D.O.R.A. methods in erecting their permanent military establishments. For the rest, systematic progress is being made, notably by General Silvestre, in the establishment of native titles to land. No taxation whatever is imposed, except a system of fines for breaches of the peace; in fact the Spanish yoke compares most favourably with the harsher, though possibly more organised, French *régime*.

Our bigoted nationalist, therefore, can find little practical ground for complaint except the mere fact of the presence of the Spaniards in a country which, he says, does not belong to them. Undoubtedly, however, he has a following in Spain, where the parliamentary opposition has succeeded in seriously stinting supplies. The whole cost of the administration, for two years, has not exceeded 5,000,000l, an insignificant sum even for a poor country like Spain. The Spanish taxpayer has no burden of Empire to support. He is asked to find nothing for civil development; and the necessary funds are raised by local loans in the zone itself. The only Spanish money in the country appears to be that invested in private undertakings, such as the hematite deposits near Melilla, where the Compagnia Espagnol de las Minas del Riff has developed a big property whence they extract some half-million tons per annum of excellent ore for the British market. There is great room for improvement in the facilities for the admission of capital, even Spanish capital. Some gentlemen in Madrid complained bitterly that it was impossible for them to obtain farming concessions even upon state property near Larache. This is a great pity; for the country has undoubtedly a bright future. What it has been can be judged from the ruins of the Roman or Berber city now being excavated near Tetuan, whose foundations embrace an area of three quarters of a square mile, and whence coins, pottery, and carvings have been recovered in quantities which imply a large and prosperous population.

I believe, therefore, that the work of these two years proves that Spain is taking her task as a civilising power seriously, and not in that somewhat naïve spirit of grab displayed by her great adventurers in the Americas. She shows a refreshing respect

and toleration for the Moors; and if France is modelling herself on Rome, Spain is consciously modelling herself on Britain. Besides what she is giving to the natives, she is, of course, obtaining something for herself, namely, that same security which we have so long as we possess a guarantee of the innocuousness of Ireland; and that same room for the expansion of her population as we have in virtue of the friendship of Canada, Australia and South Africa. Spain, in common with all neutral countries, advanced perceptibly in wealth during the war, and her population, as always, has increased proportionately. The post-war slump has brought to her the same necessity for finding an outlet for her superfluous population, and, more fortunate than ourselves, she has a first-class white man's country at her very gates. The three alternatives open to a country which has a population it cannot support are new markets, new or accessible territory, and, finally, a decrease of population through plague, famine or abstinence from breeding. Britain, for example, has combined the first and second; China and France have followed the third. Spain, faced with the same choice, has surely a perfect right to make Morocco safe for her colonists. We should not make the usual mistake of decrying the Spanish administrator simply because we are rather jealous of our own reputation as such. The difficult and dangerous work of setting the machinery of modern ideas in motion in a sixteenth-century country is being most altruistically and courageously performed by the subordinate Spanish officers who live a lonely and a harassed life in isolated blockhouses and posts for months on end in the performance of their strict duty. It was hinted to me that there was a certain amount of nepotism and undue influence among the higher officials, and I remembered our own War Office. But so far as I was able to judge they were good soldiers, keen administrators and courteous gentlemen.

There remains just one question of general interest, namely, the future of the city of Tangier and its awkward blob of territory. As a result of the *Panther* disturbances this area, forming the extreme north-west corner of Africa, was placed under an international government, so that the Spaniards police the town and the French the country. The arrangement is admittedly unsatisfactory. Tangier is the rendezvous of all undesirables from both French and Spanish territory. It is the great emporium of the smuggling trade in arms. It is the base of those European adventurers, e.g. the Germans during the war, who desire to create trouble. The division of responsibility leads to the lack of any proper co-ordination in administration. Spaniards and French each claim the supreme control upon a promise of special consideration for the interests of the other, and the question arises

to which should the city be given. I dismiss, as being outside the region of present consideration, the suggestion that we should exchange Gibraltar for Tangier or Ceuta; not because Gibraltar could be of any use to us with a hostile Spain, nor because our presence there is not still deeply resented by all Spaniards, but because public opinion here would not countenance such an exchange. A man wearing a favourite pair of trousers will not give them up, even though they are borrowed, until he is sure of another pair that will fit; and the Ceuta or Tangier trousers would require a great deal of expensive fitting. But I cannot see why France should have Tangier. Her desire for it argues no good intentions towards the Spanish zone, from which she has already filched the country between Rabat and Wazan, originally allotted to Spain under the secret Treaty of 1905. It is quite true that the railways of the future will probably run from Larache by Fez and Alcazar to Tangier, though there is no reason why a further line should not run from Alcazar by Nauen and Tetuan to Ceuta. But if it be admitted that the Spaniards should keep their present zone, France will gain nothing by the possession of Tangier. The city could only be of use to her as the northernmost arm of a pair of pincers, and geographically, as well as economically speaking, Spain is the proper Power to possess it, inasmuch as she is nearest to it and does the biggest trade with it. It is said that the Sultan of Morocco is a French Protected Sovereign, and that it is essential for his authority to be ostensibly paramount in Tangier. This argument applies equally to the whole zone which the French do not claim: and if the Spaniards are the Sultan's representatives in Tetuan they can be the same in Tangier. If the Spaniards can justify their early promise of erecting a just and efficient administration there will be no doubt as to which Power should take over the disputed territory.

The problems of Morocco may seem distant and theoretical to the Englishman engaged in struggling with the relatively gigantic matter of a six-shilling income-tax. But the time is not distant when upon the decision as to the future of this country may depend the peace of Western Europe. In a military sense Spain admits that she is no match for France, and it is therefore all the more important that the *force majeure* which France is rather too fond of applying in out-of-the-way corners should not in this instance be allowed to work its sweet will unchallenged. The question is already a subject of subdued controversy between the two countries, and the views of every single European inhabitant of Morocco are admittedly partisan. But even from an impartial view this source of potential trouble cannot be a matter of unconcern to us. Morocco adjoins the first British stepping-stone on

the route to our Empire in Africa and in the East, and it commands the entrance to the Mediterranean lake. As the ally of France and as the friend of Spain we must in some sense be arbiters in the matter. I have tried to show that the friendship of Spain, a country of great resources in men and minerals, a country of lofty traditions in art, in scholarship and in war, whose people can be won to a lasting and enduring affection for us, is not to be lightly thrown away; and while the legitimate aspirations of France cannot be denied, it would surely be only a matter of justice that Spain should be given a chance to carry through the great experiment which she has begun.

C. R. COOTE.

THE NEW INDIAN LEGISLATURES AT DELHI

LAST November, when the elections to the new legislative bodies in India were about to take place, fears were expressed in many quarters that the results might be unsatisfactory in consequence of Mr. Gandhi's non-co-operation campaign, which was then in full swing. Happily these fears have proved to be groundless, for the elections produced, for the central and provincial Legislatures alike, a large proportion of thoughtful politicians who, notwithstanding the abstention of the extremists, may be said fairly to represent the people of India. This article will, however, only deal with the central Legislatures which lately sat at Delhi, for it is of these alone that the writer can speak with personal knowledge. These Legislatures created by the Government of India Act consist of an Upper and a Lower Chamber, the Upper Chamber being styled the Council of State, and the Lower Chamber the Legislative Assembly. The Council of State was intended by Parliament to be a Senate—a body of Elder Statesmen—its function being to exercise a revising though not an overriding influence over the acts of the popular and larger Chamber. The members of the Viceroy's Executive Council, who form the Viceroy's Cabinet, were divided between the two Chambers. Some were members of the Council of State and some of the Assembly. While they were entitled to a seat and to speak in each Chamber, the right to vote was restricted to the Chamber of which they were respectively members. The Council of State consisted of 59 members, 26 of whom were nominated by the Viceroy (including 19 officials) and the remaining 33 were elected. The Legislative Assembly consisted of 143 members, 40 of whom were nominated by the Viceroy (including 25 officials), and the remaining 103 were elected. There was thus an unofficial majority in each Chamber—a departure from the old Legislative Council, which was superseded, and on which there was always an official majority.

The Session was opened in February last by the Duke of Connaught at a meeting of both Chambers of the Legislature in joint sitting. Lord Chelmsford first addressed them, and in his

speech dealt in detail with the evolution of the scheme of reforms. He was followed by the Duke of Connaught, who at the outset of his speech read a message from the King-Emperor which contained the following passage :

For years, it may be for generations, patriotic and loyal Indians have dreamed of *Swaraj* for their motherland. To-day you have beginnings of *Swaraj* within my Empire, and widest scope and ample opportunity for progress to the liberty which my other Dominions enjoy. On you, the first representatives of the people in the new Councils, there rests a very special responsibility. For on you it lies by the conduct of your business and the justice of your judgments to convince the world of the wisdom of this great constitutional change.

The Duke of Connaught in his speech which followed declared that

The principle of autocracy has all been abandoned. Its retention [he said] would have been incompatible with that contentment which had been declared by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria to be the aim of British rule, and would have been inconsistent with the legitimate demands and aspirations of the Indian people and the stage of political development which they had attained.

In conclusion he said that he trusted that the new Viceroy would find in the new Indian Legislatures

an alleviation of labour, a faithful mirror of India's needs and wishes, and a trusty link between himself and the vast millions under his care.

He declared the Legislatures duly open, and his official task was ended. He then made a personal appeal in words which must be quoted in full, for, as he said, they came from his heart, and they have sunk deep into the hearts of the Indian people. The appeal was as follows.

Gentlemen, I have finished my part in to-day's official proceedings. May I claim your patience and forbearance while I say a few words of a personal nature?

Since I landed I have felt around me bitterness and estrangement between those who have been and should be friends. The shadow of Amritsar has lengthened over the fair face of India. I know how deep is the concern felt by His Majesty the King-Emperor at the terrible chapter of events in the Punjab. No one can deplore those events more intensely than I do myself.

I have reached a time of life when I most desire to heal wounds and to reunite those who have been disunited. In what must be, I fear, my last visit to the India I love so well, here in the new capital, inaugurating a new constitution, I am moved to make you a personal appeal, put in the simple words that come from my heart, not to be coldly and critically interpreted.

My experience tells me that misunderstandings usually mean mistakes on either side. As an old friend of India, I appeal to you all British and Indians--to bury along with the dead past the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past, to forgive where you have to forgive, and to join hands and to work together to realise the hopes that arise from to-day.

In less than a week this moving appeal was put to the test when Mr. Jammadas Dwarkadas, one of the Bombay members, moved in the Assembly a resolution couched in very strong terms condemning the Martial Law administration in the Punjab. Throughout his speech in support of the resolution he referred to the Duke of Connaught's words, and protested that he was animated by a desire not to reopen wounds which were closed, but to heal wounds which he said could not be closed until the matter was faced with a real attempt on the side of each to appreciate the standpoint of the other, and by a frank exchange of views to lay the foundation of real and cordial co-operation in the new era which had opened. Sir William Vincent, the Home member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, was the Government spokesman, and, while the tone of his speech was as conciliatory as possible, he pointed out that it was in his opinion necessary that both sides should be quite candid, and admit that there were many things done on both sides which every honest man must condemn, and which all who have the welfare of India at heart must bitterly regret. On the one hand, he said, there were wanton murders, lootings, attacks on communications, and other crimes of a very grave nature, which at one time threatened the very structure of the administration. On the other hand there was over-drastring and severe punishment, the excessive use of force, and acts which were with reason interpreted as calculated to humiliate the Indian people. Sir William Vincent frankly acknowledged that acts were done, in the tense conditions prevailing at the time, which were reprehensible and wrong, and he expressed the regret of the Government of India that they should have occurred. Among these acts he instanced the crawling order, which, however, was condemned and put an end to by Lord Chelmsford and Sir Michael O'Dwyer directly the order came to their knowledge. Sir William further told the Assembly that the Government had taken every step to prevent the recurrence of acts which cast a blot on the administration of martial law in the Punjab in 1919, and that instructions had been prepared for the use of civil and military officers, if unhappily they should be called upon to face a similar situation in the future. In these instructions the Government had made it clear that the use of force must be limited to the real necessity, that the ordinary Courts of law are to continue, so far as possible, to deal with ordinary crime, that improper punishments are not to be awarded, and above all anything likely to cause racial humiliation to any class of His Majesty's subjects must be avoided. Sir Deva Prasad Sarbadhikari, one of the members from Calcutta, and other members from various parts of India welcomed the line which the debate had taken, and declared that the Government representatives had met the Indian members

more than half-way. In his closing speech Mr. Jamnadas Dwarkadas said 'I would remind this Assembly of the fact that to-day we close the chapter of the Punjab, and that there should be no more Punjab in this Assembly, or if we can help it anywhere in the country.' This was acted up to immediately after this memorable debate when the long string of questions on subjects connected with the Punjab and the administration of Martial Law in that Province, which had been put down for answer both in the Council of State and in the Assembly, were one and all withdrawn.

The main work and interest of the Session naturally centred in the Budget, which was introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Hailey as Finance Member of the Viceroy's Council. His Budget speech, which took an hour and a quarter to deliver, was a very remarkable effort of memory, for he spoke without referring to notes even for his figures. His task was not an enviable one, for the estimated expenditure chargeable to Central Revenues amounted to 129 crores of rupees (that is to say, 129 millions sterling if the rupee be taken at 2s.), while the revenue on the basis of existing taxation was estimated at 110½ crores only. There was thus a deficit of 18½ crores to make good by fresh taxation. Of the estimated expenditure of 129 crores 62.20 crores were due to the military budget, and, as this was not subject to the vote of the Assembly, Mr. Hailey was at pains to explain in some detail the reasons for the growth of the military expenditure. He told the Assembly that the military authorities originally pressed for and had been denied a very much higher figure than that placed in the Budget, and that the Government of India had come to the definite conclusion that it was not possible for the coming year to take a lower figure. The main proposals for making good the deficit were an increase in the general rate of customs duty from 7½ per cent. to 11 per cent., with enhanced duties on luxuries, imported liquors and tobacco; an increased surcharge on railway and inland steamer goods traffic; an increase of the postal rates, and an increase of the income-tax.

Though the military expenditure and certain other items were not subject to the vote of the Assembly, about half the total expenditure was votable, and thus the members of the Assembly had very real power and responsibility vested in them. The proposals for expenditure were scrutinised most closely, and motions for reduction or omission of various items occupied four days, but in the end the reductions made amounted to only a few lakhs of rupees. All the rest of the demands were voted. The question of sessions of the Legislature at Simla was raised in the course of the debates by a motion by Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Ayyar that the provision of five lakhs for building a Chamber at Simla be omitted. Mr. Ayyar claimed that outside the House opinion was practically

unanimous that there should be no legislation from the heights of Simla, and that the Legislatures should meet at Delhi only. He was supported by the majority of the speakers in the debate, but when the division was taken a large majority was shown in favour of Simla sessions, only 21 voting for the reduction and 67 against it. These figures were a surprise to all who had sat in the old Legislative Council, when resolutions condemning the Simla exodus were hardly annuals supported by all the unofficial members and only defeated by the official *bloc*. The existence of the official *bloc*, and the consequent certainty that the resolution would be defeated, tended in the old Legislative Council to consolidate the unofficial members into a permanent opposition to the Government. The large majority in favour of Simla Sessions may be attributed in part to an increased sense of responsibility, but a contributing factor may have been the fact that a violent dust storm was visiting Delhi during the debate. The division list shows, moreover, that the minority was composed of members from Southern India where the variations of climate are less marked than in the North, while the members from Northern India who knew the conditions which would prevail at Delhi during the hot weather voted in the majority. In like manner the expenditure on New Delhi had in past years been subject to constant criticism and attack, but the amount proposed to be expended during the current financial year was not only approved by the Assembly, but the Government were urged to press on the work and spend money more rapidly, so that the whole scheme might be completed earlier.

The additions to existing taxation proposed by the Government for the purpose of raising the required revenue were in the main accepted by the Assembly. The increase of the Customs tariff, though proposed solely on revenue grounds, had, of course, a protective result, and was consequently welcomed by the Assembly, for most Indians are at present protectionists at heart; not only was it welcomed, but an offer was made to raise the proposed rate of duty from 11 per cent. to 12½ per cent. if the Government so desired. The proposed increases of the postal charges, however, met with a different reception, and were criticised on the ground that they would hit the poorest classes. Postal rates in India have been among the lowest in the world—half an anna for a letter weighing less than one tola (an ounce weighs 2½ tolas) and a quarter of an anna for a postcard. For these charges it has been possible to send a letter or a postcard from, say, Rangoon to Aden or from Peshawar to Calcutta or Madras. These very low rates were possible because labour was cheap, but the cost of labour had risen greatly in India during the past year, and the expenditure of the Post Office had increased in consequence. In these circumstances

the proposal was to increase the rate for letters from half an anna to one anna, but at the same time to increase the weight allowed from one tola to $2\frac{1}{2}$ tolas, and to increase the rate for postcards from a quarter of an anna to half an anna. The sense of the Assembly was so strongly in favour of retaining the quarter-anna postcard for the benefit of the poor man that the Government conceded the point and agreed to let the quarter-anna postcard remain. There seemed also from the speeches made that there was an equally strong desire to retain the half anna postage for letters: the Assembly, however, carried an amendment to the Government proposals which, while it fixed the minimum rate for letters at one anna, reduced the weight to be allowed from $2\frac{1}{2}$ tolas to one tola. There had plainly been a misunderstanding, and at a later sitting the Assembly wished to reconsider the amendment, but this, of course, was not possible.

Though the Council of State under the constitution had no right to vote the demands made in the Budget, still the Finance Bill containing the necessary legislation came before them in the ordinary course, and they made certain amendments in the Bill, including a revision of the letter postage rates. The Council of State proposed a rate of 9 pies ($\frac{3}{4}$ of an anna) for a letter weighing not more than one tola, and of one anna for a weight exceeding one tola but not exceeding $2\frac{1}{2}$ tolas. This amendment was more nearly in accord with the general sense of the Assembly than the amendment which the Assembly had passed, but when the various amendments made by the Council of State came before them there seemed every possibility of a deadlock, owing to the desire of some of the members of the Assembly to insist that the Council of State ought to have no voice in Money Bills, and consequently had no right to make any amendment in the Finance Bill. It was urged that there was no constitutional difference between the relative positions of the Assembly and the Council of State, and those of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. A joint sitting of both Houses of the Legislature provided for under the constitution was not a way out of the deadlock, for a joint sitting could under the Act only be held after the lapse of six months. Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer, one of the most experienced legislators from Madras, came to the rescue, and in a statesmanlike speech pointed out how unfortunate it would be if the Assembly in the very first year of their existence had to report to the Governor-General that they were unable to work without friction with the Council of State. The Assembly were obviously anxious to go back on their former decision and retain the rate of half an anna for very light letters. Therefore Mr. Hailey made matters more easy by undertaking that as the 9-pie rate for half a tola proposed by the Council of State was a

maximum rate the maximum should not be worked up to, and that the country should have a half-anna half-tola letter postage. The Finance Bill was eventually passed by the Assembly with all the amendments made by the Council of State, and the possibility of a deadlock was at an end.

The Budget overshadowed all other business during the Session, and the natural result was that the proceedings of the Council of State were rather overshadowed by those of the Assembly. Apart from the Budget, however, a good deal of useful legislation and other business was got through by the two Houses. Resolutions were passed on the motion of Sir Thomas Holland in the Assembly and of Mr. Chatterjee in the Council of State recommending the ratification of the Washington Labour Conventions, and a Bill to amend the Indian Factories Act embodying the principles contained in the Washington conventions was introduced by Sir Thomas Holland and referred to a Joint Committee of both Houses. The same course was followed with regard to a Bill to amend the Indian Electricity Act. A step was taken under the Report of the Calcutta University Commission by the passing of a Bill transferring the control of Calcutta University from the Government of India to the Local Government, the object being that a new and more organic connexion should be established between the University and the Government of Bengal. Throughout the Session the interest taken by members of the Assembly in military affairs generally, and military expenditure in particular, was shown by the Resolutions moved on the subject. A Resolution was moved and carried that 'the Army in India should be entirely under the control, real as well as nominal, of the Government of India, and should be free from any domination or interference by the War Office.' The Esher Committee's Report also was the subject of much debate, and a Resolution was carried declaring that the purpose of the Army in India was the defence of India, and that to the extent to which it was necessary for India to maintain an army for this purpose its organisation and equipment should be up to date, so that co-operation with the British Army when desirable should not be difficult. The Resolution further insisted that the 'obligations resting on India should not be more onerous than those resting on the Self-governing Dominions.' It is not possible in the course of a short article to give any detailed account of the business done in the two Houses, but a Resolution moved in the Council of State recommending the release from prison of the Savarkar brothers is worth mention. It was urged on their behalf that they were political offenders, but after Sir William Vincent had reminded the House that the Savarkar brothers had both been parties to a cold-blooded murder the Resolution was

negatived, the mover being left without any support at all when the Resolution was put to the vote.

On the whole it may be said with confidence that a successful start has been made with the new Legislatures in Delhi, and there is every reason to be optimistic with regard to the future. The *personnel* is good and has real claims to be representative of all creeds and castes, though it is a matter for much regret that men of undoubted ability and who could have rendered good service to their country have chosen to stand outside. The extremist party is unfortunately only represented by two or three members in the Central Legislatures; and of these Mr. Khaparde, who for many years was Mr. Tilak's right-hand man, is the best known. Though the defection of the extremists at the elections last November is a matter for much regret, both the Council of State and the Assembly contain a number of the best-known public men in India, and a perusal of the Indian Hansard would show that the debates both in the Council of State and the Assembly compare not unfavourably with those in the British Parliament. Mr. A. P. Muddiman, who had been closely connected with the old Legislative Council for a long period, was marked out as the first President of the Council of State, and the Assembly has been specially fortunate in the admirable recommendation made by Mr. Montagu for the first President or Speaker of that body, for Mr. Whyte has brought with him from England not only a full knowledge of Parliamentary procedure, but also the best traditions of the Speakership of the House of Commons. The members of the Assembly are proud of their Speaker, and proud too of Mr. Hailey, who as the senior member of the Viceroy's Council sitting in the Assembly has been commonly referred to as the Leader of the House.

The members both of the Council of State and of the Assembly have shown not only that they have a capacity for criticism and debate, but have also shown themselves endowed with a full measure of common sense; real power has been entrusted to them, and they have shown that they know how to use it with a moderation which is born of responsibility. Foolish questions, it is true, have in some cases been set down for answer by the Government, both in the Council of State and in the Assembly, but foolish questions have been asked also in democratic bodies of longer standing than the new Indian Legislatures. Mistakes have doubtless been made, but experience can only be gained through mistakes, and mistakes ought to be the foundation-stones of knowledge.

Throughout the Session held at Delhi there was a spirit of co-operation between the Indian and the British members of the Legislature. The spirit of permanent opposition to the Govern-

ment had disappeared with the official *bloc* of the old Legislative Council, and the members of the Indian Civil Service who were members of the Legislatures, though some of them, doubtless, may not have liked the policy of the reforms, one and all strove their utmost to make the new Legislatures a success. A good beginning has undoubtedly been made and the future is full of hope. It does not seem too bold to say that the foundations begun by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Chelmsford (for Lord Chelmsford began the spade work at the very first meeting of his Executive Council held by him after his arrival in India in April 1916), and continued with tireless energy by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, have been well and truly laid. That the measure of self-government which has been given to India by the British Parliament is rightly due to her few will now deny, and it may be said with confidence that it has been given none too soon. It is fortunate that the spade work was begun in time. For, to use the eloquent words spoken by Sir George Lloyd, the Governor of Bombay, at the farewell dinner given by him in Bombay to Lord Chelmsford,

In the space of five short years India has stirred from her sleep, the inoculation of liberal ideas from England has produced a fever,—a fever, however, which will save India for the Empire, and make her a pillar of Eastern support in that great Imperial span which arches the world.

G. S. BARNES.

INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES AND THEIR LESSONS

THE industrial position left with us by the stoppage in the coal trade, and the lessons of that stoppage, cannot be considered without a glance at the causes which in February and March operated to produce one of the most ruinous trade disputes which have occurred for a generation. We can set aside the merits of state control as a method for attaining a particular object. Unrestricted freedom is defended by many on grounds of both theory and practice. Skilful and far-reaching state supervision is, in the judgment of other people, the method by which alone the state could make certain of protecting itself against abuses by profiteers during continued coal shortage. Whichever plan we may favour, we are faced with the fact that, for good or ill, the coal industry, during the later years of the war, and for long after it terminated, was, for war- and peace-time purposes, subject in form and degree to a greater measure of state control than any other trade.

The trouble from which we have just emerged was in the first instance due to break-down in the prices and supplies of our export coal trade, and to the failure of the Government to handle the problem of decontrol in a manner to make sure that the whole industry would not be flung back to a state where the interests of mine-owners and miners could not be reconciled without a conflict which would involve other industries and the general interests of the public in serious losses and inconvenience.

Legal provision had been made by which the industry was to be subject to state control until August of this year. Without warning, and with a haste in legislative action wholly unjustified, the Government forced a measure through Parliament which suddenly removed conditions of control at the end of March. The stoppage which immediately followed surprised no one who had followed events. Readjustment of wage rates and conditions of work appeared to all those competent to judge an impossibility without entering the arena of an industrial conflict to see which one of the two interests could compel the other to give way.

During the first weeks of the dispute the real issues relating to wages were obscured by absurd but impassioned condemnation

of miners' leaders, who were said to be engaged in a wicked attack upon the life of the community, and desired nothing other than the strangulation of British industries and the downfall of Empire interests. 'Holding a pistol at the head of the nation'; 'starving the country into surrender'; 'seeking to set up by unconstitutional and revolutionary means a Soviet system in place of our Parliamentary Government': these and similar extravagances made it impossible for the public to see the simple realities of the great conflict upon wages. It is true that some of this heated controversy was provoked by the lamentable mistake which in the first week or two of the dispute prevented the working of the pumps at the pits, and caused the flooding to some extent of certain of the mines. Had this mistake not been made, the public would more readily have been able to penetrate the facts, and would have seen what a strong case the miners had in resisting the indefensible reductions in pay which the mine-owners sought to impose. The enormity of the reductions impelled the miners to make use of every weapon in their hands, and for the first time they called away from their work the men whose duty it was to attend to the pumps and engines at the various pits. This step was the natural, if unwise, answer to the notices given by the owners to engine-men to suffer reductions like the rest of their fellows.

This experience proves that the first lesson to be derived from all that has happened is that national interests in which miners' interests are included lie not in considering how to extend a dispute, but in how to make sure of preventing it. Had similar terms to those put forward by the owners when the dispute had lasted three months been submitted to the two sides for exhaustive discussion, say, two months before the stoppage began, there would have been no stoppage at all. It is not as though the Government and the owners were not warned of the consequences of the path which they chose to follow. They were warned, and they were shown that a stoppage was absolutely certain from the line which for six weeks by legislative and other action they elected to pursue.

As in the case of some other great industrial disputes, the coal stoppage has repeated the lesson of how foolish it is for both sides to deal in sweeping and comprehensive pronouncements of what they will never do. Unqualified declarations of fighting policy intended by one side to alarm or terrorise the other seldom have the effect which is desired.

On the fringe of the colliery battle-ground itself there stood a small army of propagandists, which included some distinguished and aristocratic figures. Ministers of the Crown and ecclesiastics, and some of the less enlightened employers of labour raised the cry that the fight for wages was only a screen to hide

the wicked and subversive purposes of men who, having failed to attain certain ends by means of Parliamentary action, were determined to secure these ends by means of force. The country was warned of conspiracies and plots, and asked to defend itself against a repetition of what had been tried in Russia. Solemn pronouncements were delivered, and the Press was extensively used to create in the public mind a feeling of alarm about the revolutionary purposes of Labour Leaders. The public refused to be scared, and the miners and the leaders continued the struggle in such conditions of resignation and good order as to make all those who had hurriedly demanded elaborate military preparations look very foolish indeed.

The general absence of acts of illegality and the peaceful conduct of this extraordinary struggle are a complete answer to the alarmist partisans who see in every wage struggle or economic conflict a deep-rooted and disloyal purpose planned for the overthrow and ruin of the state. These are the people who protest against the preaching of a class war, without knowing that they are just the people whose practice is a more powerful advocacy of a class-war purpose than ever can be found in the platform denunciations of rugged street-corner orators.

The outstanding feature of the coal settlement is the arrangement for a sharing of profits. That arrangement was not a discovery of the week of settlement. It was agreed to by mine-owners and the men's representatives at the end of last year. It shows that, while we can agree on principles, we fight foolishly upon their application. It would be better to deal with the application of principles in a mood of mutual helpfulness than destroy each other in conflicts at the end of which we are driven in a state of exhaustion to come to terms.

We need not in the slightest degree diminish our efforts in the sphere of political action to secure essential and beneficent economic changes. But we must face the facts as they are at the moment, and these facts require an immediate return to productive work and an immediate application of the national will to the service of trade and commerce. The first feature of this service is to find and develop markets for the things which we produce.

The realities of our economic position are now becoming more generally recognised. Some of us tried to indicate the certainties of results which must now be apparent to those who would not face the facts some months ago. A stage has now been reached where a full realisation of the state to which we have been reduced is essential if we are to be saved from far worse conditions. These conditions are now exhibited in the presence of millions of unemployed, producing nothing but a deepening discontent with the

pitiful state to which they have fallen, and living miserably upon a small individual allowance which, however, amounts to the substantial weekly total of nearly 2,000,000*l.* This idleness will continue until the activities of workers in other lands create the demand for the goods which we should be making.

Trade is crippled, and many who are responsible for the conduct of such industries as are kept going are distracted by the uncertainties which surround them and by the financial and commercial difficulties which can be removed only by trade revival. A change for the better in the realm of trade is impossible without some change in spirit. We need not for the main purpose think of any identity of interest between Capital and Labour, but unless the interest of both is pursued in a mood of 'agreeing to differ' but uniting to succeed, both interests will drift farther and farther to the brink of irreparable industrial ruin.

It is useless to make appeals to Labour for sanity and sacrifice without corresponding sanity being shown by the owners and agents of Capital, and without proof of some real sacrifice by the more favoured classes as part of the common method for reaching a higher level of community welfare.

To the mass of wage-earners sacrifice means doing without things which are essential. It means deprivation of physical needs or of humble pleasures or recreation. To other classes sacrifice may mean no more than the forfeiture of an article of luxury or the avoidance of some customary extravagance. It is no use pointing to the burdens of taxation which the exceptionally rich have now to carry. Taxation burdens are heaviest for that class which is far below the class possessing such exceptional wealth as to be able yet to indulge in all the costly delights and pleasures of the season. The patronage of these pleasures does not prove that the rewards of Capital are unduly low. Those rewards clearly have meant inordinate profits even in periods of increasing unemployment. Such profits are reflected in high prices, though they are not the sole cause of high prices.

A working-class response to appeals for the best which is in them would be more likely if the workers could be assured that those who sustained industry by manual and other service got their fair share out of it. Employers are now demanding heavy wage reductions. Demand for reasonable revision of wages might be met without trade disturbance if the descent in the scale of pay could be made to bear a real relation to decreasing prices and were so arranged as to influence such decrease instead of provoking a spirit of conflict and irritation.

People who see no remedy short of an absolutely new social system and who approve no method for change short of revolution are addicted to distrusting the motives of those who suggest any-

thing less than their own crude demands. Men in positions of any responsibility must risk the disapproval of many of their friends by putting forward something less than what is desired in the shape of what it is possible to get.

Like many others, I am absolutely discontented with economic and social conditions which to a great extent have grown up, not as the result of design, but of accident or experiment resting largely upon a desire for individual and not community gain. Those who recognise the facts of the system see that it cannot be changed by talk about revolution, nor modified until as a system it is generally disapproved. Aversion when it comes will find its own outlet for far-reaching change. Even the persistent effort of a class would leave things unaltered, because that class could not succeed in making its wishes effective. But the joint efforts of many classes could soon be successful in making things very much better.

The old relations between employers and employed disappeared with old-fashioned systems of production in which only small groups of workmen laboured under the personal supervision of their employer. The huge aggregations of men in great establishments, where the men individually know nothing of each other, and where the employers know nothing at all of their men, have created a different motive and a new psychology in industry. These factors have something to do with the manner and substance of modern industrial troubles.

About three years ago, when demands were being pressed for comparatively large advances in wages, I said that there was a risk in exacting from some industries more than they could appropriately bear at one time. For this view I was severely reproached, and some said it was an opinion which was not in the interests of the working classes. On the contrary, it is in their interests and experience has confirmed my fears.

I do not mean that working men are to blame for having demanded much. In this they only followed employers' examples. They made the best use of their opportunity; they took advantage of the market; they enforced the best bargain they could. These lines of action are the guiding principles of people in business, and working men should not be blamed for imitating their 'betters.' We are paying now for bad example. Working men got in two or three years advances which it would have been better for industry had they been spread over a longer period. But this view is precisely the one which employers never could be taught. Instead of conceding gradually a share to workmen of the expanding prosperity of trade, they gave nothing except the little which working men could force by the strength of their trade-union organisations.

The level of high wages which workmen were able to reach at a bound has had its effect upon every branch of industry, and has reacted prejudicially upon the very conditions to which workmen must look for continued prosperity. Those conditions are steady trade transactions and healthy uninterrupted demand for the products of labour. Not merely in the case of the miners, but in the case of nearly all the other great groups of organised workers, a willingness has been shown to make substantial sacrifice in the interests of maintaining trade, and workers have consented to considerable reductions.

It is painful to hear some persons fed and educated as gentlemen talking ignorantly about their fellow-countrymen who are angry and hungry because of industrial disputes due to efforts to reduce their wages. Measures of military force or the pressure of starvation seem to these gentlemen to be the only instruments needed to put their poorer brethren in their proper place. Let these gentlemen beware of example. The spirit of class war is not a monopoly of a section of the working class, and we must learn to approach the needs of our industries in a different mood from that which prompted mine-owners to make demands which no one would defend.

Public knowledge on the extent to which effective provisions exist for the settlement of trade disputes is very slight. As there are more than 1000 trade unions, covering many thousands of different grades of employees, and as every hour produces some circumstance tending to raise points of dispute between employer and employed, the cases of serious quarrels and stoppages of work are, after all, very rare. It would be a great national benefit if they could be made more rare still. But little is heard in public of the scores of differences settled every day between employers and workers' representatives through methods which have been developed and established by mutual consent to afford a medium for both parties to settle questions which inevitably arise in factory and workshop.

Notwithstanding these arrangements there is within the trade unions themselves increasing need for reform. The newer movements and changed conditions of recent years cannot always be well handled on the lines of rules and regulations arranged to fit the industrial situation of a generation ago. Questions of internal management, the more rapid movement of executive action, and the degree of authority which appointed representatives or officials may exercise, have all become questions of the greatest interest to trade unions, and these questions should be viewed in the light of present-day industrial needs.

The red-tape grievance against which trade unions rail in the case of Government departments is not without parallel

in some of the movements of the unions. I am not here imputing any special defects to the unions whose members have been involved in recent troubles. There are societies whose procedure and method are out of date, and as so many of them are linked up with others in alliances and federations the need for reform becomes the more real and urgent. The 'rank and file' of the membership should more often be brought to the front line of service and not left at the point of mass meetings for formal endorsement of decisions reached by others. But the efficient administration of trade unions will certainly not be improved by undermining the authority of experienced leaders. If they are deposed they would have to be succeeded by other leaders with no greater qualifications, and certainly with less knowledge. A great but very simple mistake which the individual workmen can make is that of concluding that experienced leaders have unfitted themselves for service by long absence from the workshop. A great issue to be decided requires a long view, and calls not only for knowledge relating to a works or to a trade, but even for knowledge of the world's industrial problems. The Leader has his special function in wage cases as well as the workman. Once the individual workman is given his proper share of this work he is not necessarily disqualified from taking a helpful part in other matters that belong chiefly to the trade-union leaders, who must handle industrial and labour problems in a higher region of effort. The sooner both leaders and followers recognise the special functions and limitations of each, the better it will be for the development of reform within the unions themselves.

The main difference in present after-war conditions, compared with those which have followed from previous wars, is in the fact that the late war was on a far greater scale, and interfered more deeply with normal life conditions than any preceding war. The destruction of life, dislocation of trade, and expenditure of wealth and effort make recovery from the effects of war more difficult than ever before.

Another difference is in the fact that the workers of many countries are politically and industrially more highly organised than during any previous period. New doctrines in economics and in international relations, and new conceptions of state duties and service, have produced a changed outlook compared with any previous period. No one country can hope to recover from the effects of war without a recovery in some degree on the part of every other country. International trade and labour conditions are such that separate escape from after-war conditions is impossible.

Though technically we are not at war with other countries, we have not yet removed ourselves completely from the war frame

of mind, and from the spirit in which peace conditions were imposed. Far too little of the real peace spirit dominated the relations of the countries which the end of the war should have brought more frankly together for the purpose of a true and lasting peace. A reminder of the shifty quality of our relations is given in present newspaper discussion on how to improve Anglo-French friendships!

So long as one side engaged in industry owns nothing but the labour expended in production, and the other side owns the material and exercises authority and control, it will be difficult to cultivate any sense of common interest. We cannot afford to wait for improvements until we can make an approach to perfection. We cannot afford to delay doing something for somebody until we can do everything for everybody. It is along this road of gradual improvement that employers can do much.

They ought not to be pushed to do it. It should be done on their own initiative. They can win confidence by applying the right spirit in management and by giving to their workmen more real participation in controlling those conditions of the service which relate directly to the workmen's daily labour. Employers ought not to assume that if certain workmen are chosen as the instrument of such control they would be predisposed to overlook any neglect or laxity in their fellow-workmen. The contrary is more likely.

If agreement can be reached upon the principle of what is wanted, the practice of that principle would present no difficulties which could not be overcome. A display of the right spirit would mean much more than the production of an atmosphere tending to greater contentment and efficiency. Improvements, developments, and economies are only a few of the results which spring from underlying causes of greater contentment. The employer who said that his workmen could, if they wished, save him 10,000*l.* a year by avoiding waste was asked why he did not pay his men 5000*l.* to do it. Payment for services can often be made in manner as well as in money, and the lines of advance along the road of mutual helpfulness are far from exhausted even without touching conditions of ownership.

The mighty events of the war, after all, left unchanged the fundamental fact that not merely our prosperity, but our common necessities, depend upon the continuance of ordinary services in the thousand forms of manual employment in all parts of the country. Seriously to interfere with the outward supply of British-made commodities is seriously to interfere with the inward flow of our life needs.

Setting aside any endeavour which either the political or the industrial branches of the Labour Movement may make for a

changed social order, what further lessons can we learn from the coal dispute in respect to present-day conditions? At least two : employers must learn how much harm they can do to their country and to any prospect of future good-will between employers and workers by insisting upon heavy reductions in wages at a time when men in the mass can be taken at a disadvantage because unemployment and social distress have deprived them of the power of effective resistance. Reductions there may have to be, but they should be arranged in relation to diminished cost of living and on lines to inflict the least degree of hardship upon those who have to suffer them. Next to treating reasonably workmen whose earning power is lessened, employers should not overlook the injustice to the consuming public involved in the enormous profits which many businesses still yield to those who have capital employed in them. Inordinate profits not only emphasise the class distinctions which it should be our purpose to efface : these profits are a provocation to that form of unrest which extends and deepens until it shows itself in active and angry discontent.

The lesson for the trade unions points to some businesslike re-arrangement in matters of leadership. There are men who are both free-lance lecturers and trade-union officials and make the mistake of not properly separating their tasks. Wage questions, especially when they cover particular groups of workers, should be treated on their merits, according to the opportunities and prospects of the market. The official who cannot do well the job of both trade-union mediator and political propagandist should leave one job alone and follow the other for which he may be fitted. The working class is bound to suffer most from a reckless mixture of both lines of effort.

The lessons of experience mean nothing to certain leaders whose responsibility is only of the second or third degree. Nor do those lessons, when they spring from facts which are industrial, influence the action of men whose motive is political. I do not in the least question the honesty of their motives. It is their muddleheadedness which matters. It is not the good which they wish to do, but the harm they succeed in doing, which matters to the masses of men who suffer that harm. These masses do not know until it is all over.

This is not to imply that certain leaders who, for instance, were opposed to the miners accepting the terms of settlement were all influenced solely by political considerations. I know many who were influenced only by the wage issues ; but it is beyond question that there were others who, throughout the whole course of the struggle, contributed no idea to the stock of knowledge and strategy which leadership requires in the conduct and settlement of wage bargains.

These are usually men who know nothing of the first principles of loyalty to collective Executive action, and whose habit it has become to denounce a colleague who may hint at the wisdom of accepting less than the full demands, because to him it is clear that the full demands never by any effort can be obtained.

Leaders who are competent to take a long view, and think out what probably will happen because of what always has happened in like circumstances, should not be suspected of any wish to settle a trouble on any terms which are offered. On the contrary, they should be credited with the highest degree of capacity to get for their men all which, in the circumstances, is obtainable.

It requires far greater courage to tell men what cannot be won than to tell them to go on fighting anyhow because in the end they are sure to win. And when in the end they have lost, some excuse can be paraded as an explanation for the brainless advice which previously had been offered.

It requires far greater courage to say the truthful thing than the popular thing, and the most serviceable Labour leader is the leader who tries least to collect the cheers of his following by uttering strings of brave words, but is bent upon the unflinching pursuit of what is obtainable, and avoids reckless clamour for what cannot be got at all.

Wage-earners' difficulties never were greater than now. The least sagacious of workmen should see that assistance may come to them more through trusting to the guidance of a trained, experienced, and responsible officer than to the more boisterous novices who are so fond of fighting that they would prefer to let other men fight and suffer rather than counsel compromise or retreat to avert impending disaster.

Labour politically suffers a great deal because of its industrial misfortunes. These misfortunes arise from trade and workshop difficulties which the Labour Party cannot help. Industrially they are inevitable. There are, no doubt, odd cases where disputes could be avoided or even where foolishly they are provoked, but it usually happens that whether employers or employed are at fault the disadvantage and blame fall finally upon the political Labour Party. There have been instances in the last year or two where in political contests it was known that Labour candidates in certain constituencies were doing very well and had every prospect of success until some trade dispute arose the outcome of which turned the scale against Labour. This may not be fair to Labour, but it is a fact which long before this should have taught a lesson. These industrial troubles are the symptoms of a situation which Labour is trying to improve. Strikes and their memory pass away, and the consolation which Labour has in relation to

them is that industrial troubles in themselves are temporary, and what is permanent is the growth and expansion of the Labour movement itself.

The Party suffers from having at its fringe a number of organisations claiming to exist for similar objects, but totally out of sympathy with the political and Parliamentary methods of those who are responsible to the Labour Party. Indeed, it is not too much to say that those who write and speak for these small but busy organisations devote more of their time to denouncing men within the Labour Party than to criticising those who support other political forces. The worst capitalist could not at times be guilty of worse abuse of the Labour Party than stands to the credit of persons who claim to be the only honest and genuine exponents of Labour interests or Socialist doctrine. These divisions and sections are a source of considerable weakness, and go far to mystify and often to mislead the people on the aims of the Labour Party.

J. R. CLYNES.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

THE English-speaking race is face to face with a golden opportunity. To nations, as to individuals, there are moments which never return. They must be seized when offered or lost for ever. Destiny, like the Sibyl, does not give a second chance on the old terms. The golden opportunity before us is the establishment of that 'mutual understanding' between England and America of which President Harding spoke as soon as he entered upon the greatest elective office in the world. The 'mutual understanding' which he desires, though it may seem a weak thing, is really a very strong thing. Its strength lies in the toughness yet elasticity of freedom. It is just because it is not made by Protocols and Minutes that it is so potent. It cannot be denounced in a whim by plotters or intriguers, or wither away from 'niceness and satiety.'

President Harding, I am certain, wants this mutual understanding for its own sake, and because his heart is in it. He hears behind him, and in his innermost mind, the silent voices of generations of Englishmen, and consciously, or unconsciously, springs to obey the call. But that is not all. He wants the mutual understanding because he knows that it, and it alone, can provide him with an instrument to accomplish what is the greatest need of mankind at the moment—the establishment of peace for the world, rest for the world, and amity for the world, and their establishment on a foundation of rock. When once the English-speaking peoples have come to an understanding, and are inspired with a common purpose, we possess a lever which will move the earth.

Here is the key to what President Harding has been saying and doing. He has entered upon a policy which is fraught with the welfare of mankind. His ship carries a cargo more precious than that of any Argosy of which man has ever dreamed. Let us take care that his efforts are not thrown away. Let every politician and every journalist—every one who aspires to lead or to reform public opinion, remember what will be his guilt if he throws obstacles in the way of such a consummation.

Happily the 'mutual understanding' between America and Britain is so nearly accomplished as to be well-nigh inviolable.

We can say here with perfect sincerity that we have not a grudge against America, public or private, and I believe that very soon men will be able to say a similar thing in America. We should indeed be able to say it now but for the unfortunate accident of the Japanese Treaty—soon, I trust, to fade away and be forgotten. America will then cease to be haunted by thoughts which might at any time develop into sources of real ill-will. It is upon the basis of a 'mutual understanding' that President Harding intends to build. The first structure he means to rear upon it is a diplomatic agreement between America, Britain, Japan and China, for a just and reasonable settlement of the affairs of the Far East and of the Pacific. Immediately that is accomplished another story will be put on the building—that will be a disarmament agreement, the product of the Disarmament Conference, to which the President has invited all the Great Powers, and to which the Pacific Conference is to be a preliminary. Lastly, and to crown the whole, I am confident that President Harding means to give us a substitute for the League of Nations. It will be less magnificent in appearance, but it will be stronger in reality, and so more serviceable. The plan to be suggested will, I believe, provide the machinery for enforcing treaties between Powers as long as those treaties remain in existence. It will, that is, at last give us a sanction for international law which up till now the world has longed for.

Our new internationalism will be based upon the sanctity of treaty contracts guaranteed by the civilised world, adjudicated upon by an august Tribunal of the civilised nations, and enforced, not by arms, but by a stronger weapon—the outlawry, when necessary, of a recalcitrant people. So much of the ultimate intentions and aspirations that I believe are behind the immediate and momentous action taken by President Harding. But I have no right to put on the prophetic robe after this fashion. Besides, one thing at a time is the best of rules, and at this moment the thing is the Pacific and Disarmament Conferences.

It will make for clearness to state more specifically what exactly has happened in regard to the matter in hand. President Harding has invited *all* the Powers to a general Disarmament Conference at Washington, which will probably take place in November. It will be preceded by the Pacific and Near East Conference on which only those Powers directly interested will be represented, i.e. America and the British Empire, China and Japan. I venture to say that here is a case of the right thing being done in the right way and under most favourable omens—omens which give one the right to assume success. The first reason for this optimism is to be found in the character of the President of the United States. He is just the man to make a conference succeed,

and to prevent the generating of that heat and distrust which too often mar diplomatic Assemblies. By nature he is a man to dissipate and to prevent the gradual growth of an atmosphere in which intrigues, plottings, misunderstandings about nothing, and jealousies based on personal ambitions spring up like poisonous fungi. President Harding is essentially a sane, careful, reasonable, unexcitable, 'smiling' man. He is not one of those people who are perpetually in a passion or a prayer. He does not suffer from fits of mental exaltation tempered by suspicion and distrust. He is himself a steady man, and he knows how to keep other people steady. He knows the world and takes short views rather than imaginative views, but he is in no sense a disillusioned man. That is all to the good, for remember that the disillusioned and the cynical are never strong. You cannot think it worth while to go on when admittedly you don't know where you are going, and, what is worse, don't care. President Harding knows where he wants to go to, but he will not break his heart if he cannot get there. Certainly he will not be so foolish as to try to obtain what he wants by anything which approaches intrigue—or even diplomatic cajolery. He wants what in the last resort his countrymen like best in politics, and that is the square deal.

But perhaps I have said too much. President Harding is not the kind of man who longs to have smooth things said about him. He is distinctly a bad man to flatter. All that it is really necessary to say about him is that he can be trusted to manage the Conferences wisely and without passion or prejudice. In my opinion Washington is exactly the right place at which to hold them. Geographically the distances from the countries from which the delegates will come are more manageable than they would have been in almost any other place that could have been chosen. What is even more important is the social and intellectual atmosphere of Washington. It is a fascinating city, and one which in the autumn has a delightful climate. Though it has all the dignity of the capital of a great and civilised nation, it has none of the drawbacks of a vast city. The atmosphere is purely political. It is not the natural or spiritual home of financiers, of mammoth millionaires, of ambitious adventurers, or of those men and women, and especially women, who find political excitement one of the most attractive things in the world—who intrigue for the sake of intrigue. No doubt such persons will flock to Washington as they flocked to Paris, and no doubt they will do some harm, but I venture to say that they will not find the atmosphere congenial. The fact that there are only some four first-class hotels is a blessing, not an objection. Let us hope that the official delegates will occupy most of the hotel accommoda-

tion, and will leave little room for the ignoble crowd. If it is a tight fit even with the delegates, so much the better. We want no more Hotel Majestics and crowds of harmful, unnecessary officials. I would ration each delegate to one private secretary and two shorthand typists. As Paris showed us, members of Conferences are apt to write too much and think too little. President Kruger was so successful, so ideal a negotiator because he could neither read nor write. He let his mind work, and so beat all his antagonists—men bemused by paper memoranda and instructions.

Another reason for pronouncing Washington to be the ideal place is to be found in the suspicions entertained in America in regard to the Paris Conference. Wiseacres here have talked much about the new Conference proving of great educational value to the American people and the American Government. In my opinion a far greater gain will be the education of foreign diplomats in the American Constitution and in American ways of looking at things. It is here that education is needed. People who see the Senate with their own eyes and realise its great importance and the tremendous powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, especially in foreign affairs, are not likely to fall into the amazing mistakes in regard to that proud and powerful body into which half the statesmen of Europe were led by President Wilson's well-meaning but most mischievous and erroneous expositions of the powers of the Executive in the matter of treaty-making. No one who visits the Senate Chamber and hears a debate, or who reads a copy of the Constitution in the shadow of the Capitol, is ever likely to take the jaunty line which was too often taken in Paris and London during the Conference. If one expressed fears as to how the Senate would take this or that provision, one met with a smiling deprecation of one's ignorance and folly. 'Don't you worry yourself about the Senate. There is not the slightest reason to do so. Its veto claims, we are told on the very highest authority, are quite obsolete. In anything where it confronts popular public opinion it gives way, and President Wilson has got public opinion entirely on his side. He can do exactly what he likes.'

If the President's character, and also the place of meeting, provide good omens, as I most sincerely believe they do, an equally good omen is to be found in the way in which his invitations were welcomed and accepted by the public opinion of this country. It may be, nay, is, true that for some twenty-four hours there was a hitch in the proceedings, but I am not going to waste time or run the risk of making anybody feel uncomfortable by going into details as to the nature of that hitch. The only thing which I am concerned to note, and it is a matter of no small import-

ance, is that the hitch was got rid of without any real difficulty, in a way that pleased everybody. It was got rid of by the tact, the goodwill and the instinctive appreciation of the American point of view shown by the King, supported by the tact, temper and good sense of the American Ambassador, who, by the way, is fully proving the wisdom of President Harding's choice, and disproving the fears of those who, though they realised Colonel Harvey's intellectual force and brilliance, thought that he was perhaps too fierce a partisan to be a diplomatic envoy. The King and the Ambassador soon got the snarl out of the rope, and, what is more, performed that necessary work without raising jealousy in the minds of anybody here or at Washington. No higher proof of the goodwill prevailing over this whole matter could have been afforded. When nobody stands on his dignity, even though he has a good excuse for doing so, and nobody is jealous or suspicious, though accident has given grounds for being so, one may feel absolutely sure that things are going to go right. In a word, the statesmen of the British Empire as a whole have one and all been steadily sympathetic. Not merely the assent, but the goodwill, of the Premiers of the Dominions was absolutely essential. If the Premiers, who have made the year memorable by their presence at the Imperial Conference, had not joined the Imperial Government in accepting the President's invitation in a sympathetic spirit, they would have barred the essential preliminary to success—the mutual understanding between the whole of the English-speaking race. The entire scheme, including Disarmament, must have failed.

But though there is so great a promise of good one dare not forget the dangers still to be encountered. I hope, therefore, I shall not be thought a busybody or an amateur schoolmaster if I point out how essential it is that the public here should fully understand the problem before them. If they do there is, I am confident, not the slightest fear of any serious friction arising. The essential thing is not merely to feel the sincerest goodwill towards the United States—that beyond question we do already—but to make the Americans realise our feeling and understand its nature. We are always inclined to think that because we mean well everybody else will instantly recognise the fact and that therefore there is no need to think or speak anything more about it. Unfortunately that is not the way of the world. You have got not only to do the right thing, but to make people realise that you are doing it.

I think that there is a good case, as a rule, for keeping Premiers at home to ratify treaties and for leaving the negotiations to their colleagues. That gives an opportunity for cool revision, which may prove very useful. In the present instance, however, it

will, I feel sure, be regarded as a compliment, and so give much satisfaction in America, if we send Mr. Lloyd George. Therefore, and on the balance of good, I hold that if the home situation permits his attending the Conference he should be our chief representative. At the same time, one cannot help realising the inconvenience of having a Prime Minister who has made a speciality of personal government so far removed from London. In view of these facts I venture to repeat a suggestion I have already made in the *Spectator*: Why should not Mr. Lloyd George attend the opening of the Disarmament Conference, take part in its inaugural meetings, approve the general lines of discussion and then return to England? I will venture to be even more specific, for, after all, there is no use in being a journalist if one is not bold and presumptuous. If we have four British delegates—and that should be quite enough—let them be Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Lord Grey, and Mr. Churchill. When the Prime Minister returns and the details of disarmament are taken in hand, why should he not be succeeded by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Lee, who is thoroughly at home in Washington? Such a plan would have many great advantages. Lord Lee, as First Lord of the Admiralty, is one of the persons most concerned in the matter of disarmament. To discuss arrangements for cutting down expenditure on naval preparations would be an absurdity without the presence of the Cabinet Ministers concerned.

If cutting down is to take place, as it must, the direction in which it can most easily be made is naval expenditure. Army expenditure is equally and for almost all countries complicated by the internal police question. If we come to an agreement, or rather, I should say when we have made an agreement as to naval affairs in the Pacific, it should be possible to lift a great load from the shoulders of this poor, overburdened world.

While two Powers hold together, and these Powers are America and the British Empire, we may halve our naval expenditure, and yet both Powers may remain safe themselves, and be able to keep a vigilant eye upon any Power which may desire to provoke unrest or may desire to engage in excessive expenditure. The wise and peaceful admonition of the United States and the British Empire will not be left unheeded when it is clear that we stand together.

Before I leave the subject of the Golden Opportunity may I be allowed a word of personal explanation? I am afraid some of my friends have thought me in danger of becoming an international bore on the question of the denunciation of the Japanese Alliance. I confess to having pressed and stressed the extinction of the Alliance in season and out of season. I did so because I

felt that it was liable to misconstruction and that such misconstruction was a great danger. It might easily put us wrong with American opinion.

I want, and have wanted for the past twenty years, to make the great sign of amity to America which would have been made by dropping the Alliance. I wanted, I confess, to do something dramatic—something which would fly from one end of America to the other—the good tidings that England was after all the friend of the American people.

I shall no doubt be told, and told truly, that in reality this is what has happened, and that the Japanese Alliance has come to an end in effect, though not in appearance. The agreements that are going to be made at Washington will automatically put an end to it. That is diplomatically, legally and 'protocolly' perfectly true. But it is also true that we shall have done the right thing, not in the right way, but in the wrong way. We shall have missed our opportunity for making it clear to the whole of America what our feeling towards them is. After the way of which we are always so fond, we shall have kept our good feeling to ourselves like a sort of guilty secret.

To make matters clear, I would ask people here to use their imaginations for a moment and to try to understand the American point of view in regard to our relations with Japan. Then I think they will realise why I am so insistent in this matter.

The facts are these: In America it is nobody's business to explain to the people at large what, as I have said, the State Department knows very well from its official records, i.e. that there is not an atom of harm or hostility to America in any one of the documents which constitute our Alliance with Japan. Unfortunately, however, there are thousands of people who for one reason or another desire to create the impression in America that we are essentially hostile—so hostile, indeed, that we have gone the length of allying ourselves with an aggressive Oriental people against our own flesh and blood. We are, they assert, encouraging and sustaining the Prussia of the Far East, in order that we may gain our selfish ends thereby.

'What rubbish all this is!' will be said by most English people—who invariably think that their own good consciences and good intentions are quite sufficient proof of anything they assert, and who, when they see doubts expressed, are as angry as the old country gentleman who flies into a tantrum when asked for 'a reference' in a London shop where he is not known.

Our enemies in America are many, and chief among them the Sinn Feiners. They are always eager and ready to stir up trouble between us and their adopted country. The extreme Ultramontanes are hardly less alert. They seldom miss an opportunity

to slip in a bad word against Britain. Our German enemies, the Bolshevik plotters, a section of the American Press, and, finally, that strange remnant, now, thank heaven! a small one, which still cherishes the old grudge against Britain—a grudge which by right belongs not to them, but only to the contemporaries of George the Third and Lord North—all the sections I have named are eager to find grounds for proving their thesis, which is that the British people hate the Americans, are afraid of them, and are always secretly planning to destroy the Republic.

To such persons the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is a positive god-send. It provides them with an argument without which they would be literally bankrupt. When they are asked why they think so badly of Britain they instantly point to the Japanese Alliance. 'There,' they say, 'is positive proof of an iniquitous design.' Remember in this context that America, or a large part of America, holds a perfectly different view of Japan from that which is popularly, and no doubt justly, entertained here. For the Americans, and especially for the vast population of America which lives on the Pacific Slope, Japan means the one menace, the one peril which cannot be laughed at or forgotten. Japan for them is not an interesting Power, as she is so largely for us, a Power with great artistic and literary gifts, possessed of a singular dignity and charm, a Power capable of proving that the East can be as efficient and progressive as the West, a Power whose martial ardour and knightly courage have never been dimmed by luxury nor by those enchanting arts in which her people excel. Japan to America means danger, and danger of an acute kind. Alaska and the Pacific seaboard, now covered with its great cities and possessed of a splendid agriculture, are believed in America's pessimistic moods to lie entirely open to Japan. Though there are so many miles of rolling seas between, men remember that the seas do not sever but unite. Still nearer are America's new acquisitions, the Philippines and the Sandwich Islands.

Put yourself in the place of the American who looks at Japan in this wise, and then imagine an enemy of Britain standing at your shoulder and whispering, or rather, shouting, day by day through a section of the Yellow Press: 'Look at Japan. That is the Power that England has selected out of the whole world to be her friend and ally. Is that how people who are always talking about blood being thicker than water and of our common language and so forth would act if their hearts were faithful and sincere? Consider carefully their acts and you will see their rank hypocrisy. It is they who create the Japanese peril. When they saw that America was going to rival the British Empire they

called Japan in to redress the balance. They are as cunning as they are selfish.'

When people of sincerity and good sense point out the harmlessness of the so-called Alliance and how, as far as America is concerned, it was from the first whittled down to nothing, and further show that Great Britain has always acted as a restraining influence upon Japan, and made it impossible for her to move diplomatically without consulting Britain, the mischief-makers respond by declaring that this is all camouflage and that there are secret clauses in the Treaty which make it a deadly menace to America. There are, of course, no secret clauses of any description, and never have been. But what does that matter to men whose evil imaginings are very much larger than their scruples? Secret clauses, like secret societies and secret intentions, always tend to captivate the mind. There is something *per se* attractive in such an expression as 'How about the secret clauses?' It looks as if the speaker has some wonderful fund of knowledge on which to draw. In addition, there is always the inherent difficulty of proving a negative. And so the trouble is created and maintained.

To cut a long matter short, I hold the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should not be continued, because it is a cause of misunderstanding between us and America, and a cause which ought not to exist. Why not seize the Golden Opportunity for dispelling at once the mischievous illusions that centre in the Japanese Alliance as well as for obtaining President Harding's 'mutual understanding' between the two Governments? Why run the risk of the remnants of the ill-fated Alliance continuing to create ill-feeling and misunderstanding between the two halves of the English-speaking race?

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

AS IT STRIKES AN AMERICAN

It is very hard for an American who is bound to your country by many delightful personal ties to write frankly of Anglo-American relations as they are. Nevertheless, the difficulties must be fully and bluntly stated in order to be understood. If it seems to my readers that I dwell unduly upon British causes of offence to America to the exclusion of American causes of offence to England, I make haste to remind them that this article is not a judicial survey of the whole matter but merely a statement of an American point of view.

Anglo-American relations are certainly strained. This strain is due, in part, to the universal aftermath of irritability left behind by the war. In this connexion there is nothing to be done—it must be left to pass away of itself, as it will surely do. The ‘curve of pugnacity’ everywhere must fall gradually, as a doctor would say. Furthermore, the nations associated against Germany were brought into such close contact with one another that occasions for friction were multiplied a thousandfold. ‘One doesn’t really quarrel with a lady until after one has married her,’ as a cultivated and charming English statesman—he is, by the way, a bachelor—remarked to me a few months ago.

But, besides these general and inevitable obstacles, there are, in the way of friendship between the two English-speaking nations, certain specific political problems and certain current misunderstandings which in themselves have nothing to do with politics. I say ‘the two English-speaking nations,’ and carefully avoid saying ‘the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race,’ or the like, because I respect anyone’s national patriotism far too highly to muddy it with denser stuff, for in my humble opinion the historical evidence is regrettably scanty and vague as to whether there ever was such a thing as the ‘Anglo-Saxon race.’

As to the political problems, there is first of all the traditional opposition between the two countries. Because our tradition is different from yours, very many English people seem to think there is no such thing as tradition in American politics and in American life. They are mistaken. The American is acutely conscious that his ancestors achieved national independence by war against England. Instructed American opinion knows that,

in practically every crisis of American foreign policy previous to 1898, the British Government was hostile to us : 1812-15, 1861-65, and the Venezuela business, when Cleveland was President, prove the point only too well. Irrespective of what anyone desires, the facts remain. God forbid that anyone should recall the past to envenom the present. It is necessary to cite these unhappy facts in order to explain to the Englishman one of the reasons why his present overtures of friendship are not immediately taken up.

I pass over the affair of the mandates during the Paris Conference, which many Americans considered as an attempt to persuade the United States to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire. Mistaken people, perhaps, but there you are. I pass over the six votes of England and her Dominions in the Assembly of the unhappy League of Nations. Certainly, after the magnificent showing of the Anzacs and the Canadians against the Boche, it would have been unthinkable to deny them what they conceived to be their right. At the same time, while they remain attached to the British Empire, and while the United States remains the most populous, the richest, and not the least in naval and in potential military strength among the nations of Christendom, yet we were asked to enter an Assembly in which the British Empire was to have six votes and we were to have one.

The difficult questions of the present moment are chiefly four : the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, England's debt to America, the alleged British discriminations against American business, and the Irish question.

Assuredly, Great Britain has a perfect and absolute right to contract any alliance within her own good pleasure. And I am sure that very few Americans really believe that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is aimed at the United States or could ever be used to unite its two partners in a common war against us. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there is diplomatic tension of the most acute kind between the Japanese and ourselves. We are told that England and Japan allied themselves against possible Russian and German aggression in the Far East. But now, although neither of these two Powers is in a position to threaten in the Pacific, still we see England instructing Japanese military aviators, and, as I write, the Press has not yet given the slightest indication that England intends to follow the French and the Italians in giving us diplomatic support in the Yap business.

Second, as to the debt. The Harding Administration is not composed of demagogues. It is as certain as anything on this earth that they will do their utmost to avoid any act calculated to make more difficult the convalescence of civilisation. They will be reasonable in the matter of Europe's debt to the United States—it is a well-understood maxim in American business that

when an honest debtor is in difficulties he ought to be helped, not hindered. On the other hand, as the Paris Conference and its sequel have borne in upon them the complications of European politics, most Americans have come to regard European diplomats very much as the Germans of Luther's time regarded Italian Nuncios and Cardinals, or as the subjects of Queen Elizabeth regarded Spaniards. That is, they imagine themselves and their representatives confronted with negotiators often much better informed and always far more subtle. So many Americans have this impression that, in my humble opinion, the British Government made a serious mistake in asking publicly for remission all around. To any such proposal, the American reaction—quite unjust and unreasonable if you will—would be merely 'What are they trying to put over on us now?'

Besides the Japanese question and the debt, there is the question of alleged British discrimination against American business. It is my purpose in this article not to discuss this question in detail but merely to present it as it affects American opinion in general—all the more because neither the writer nor the great majority of American citizens possess special knowledge in the matter. What is common knowledge, is that the State Department (I need hardly remind the readers of this Review that such is the designation of our Foreign Office) has seen fit formally to protest against British policy under certain 'mandates' in regard to oil. In the matter of shipping, the London *Times* recently reprinted an editorial from that very solid and reputable paper the *Boston Transcript*, saying that certain British importers of American cotton had made the extraordinary stipulation that the cotton must be shipped in British bottoms. Unfortunately this statement, published on such good authority as that of the *Transcript*, is enough to alarm American opinion, all the more so as the editorial gave no indication as to how far, if at all, such practices were general. More unfortunately still, it is a matter of historical fact that the disappearance of the American merchant marine half a century ago was in great part due to the activities of Confederate privateers who would never have been able to see blue water had it not been for the complacency towards them of Her Majesty's Government, then in the hands of Palmerston and Russell.

The fourth of the political difficulties between us is Ireland. In no matter is America more misunderstood in England than with regard to the American attitude toward the Irish question. Many Englishmen seem to fear that America may intervene in favour of Irish independence. *Per contra*, a vocal minority appears to hope that we will. In so delicate a matter, and one in which religious and political passions run so high, it is neces-

sary that the bald facts as to the American attitude should be clearly stated.

In the first place, American citizens of Irish descent are far more numerous than the whole population of Ireland. In general, there is every reason to believe that these people are loyal to their adopted country. Individually they might have been better pleased to fight the English than the Germans. But when war was declared they fought the Germans very heartily for all that, and so did the great majority of Americans of German descent for that matter. Plenty of men with Irish—and with German—names figure in the lists of Americans decorated in France. Furthermore, the Roman Catholic Church in America comprises a great part of our citizenship. I have not the figures, but I have heard it estimated as high as forty per cent. And the important posts in the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States are filled almost exclusively with men of Irish names. While in almost all cases the hierarchy has avoided any public statement, nevertheless their sympathies are well known and their influence is considerable. Another sphere of Irish activity is that of municipal politics. 'Tammany Hall,' the Democratic Organisation or 'machine' which normally controls New York City, is Irish in its leadership, and the leaders of Tammany Hall virtually control the Democratic Party organisation throughout New York State. In like manner, the Democratic Party organisation which controls the city of Boston, and leads the Democratic Party throughout Massachusetts, has men of Irish names for its leaders. Indeed the Irish are a considerable factor to be reckoned with in politics throughout the Southern States between the prairies and the Atlantic.

On the other hand, the Irish influence has definite limits. The majority of American citizens are Protestants and, to my knowledge, no Roman Catholic has ever been the candidate of either the Republican or the Democratic Party in a Presidential campaign. Furthermore, the sort of municipal government obtained under Irish leadership is not always to be commended. The Irish character itself is almost always either loved or heartily hated—it is hard to consider it dispassionately. Accordingly, it is not unusual to talk to Americans who say that the trouble with the British repressions and reprisals in Ireland is that they have not been enough to break the spirit of the Sinn Feiners. And one American statesman of my acquaintance is fond of saying that there will be an Irish question as long as there is an Irish people.

The sum of these contradictory forces is as follows : While the Irish question remains acute, it will inevitably be a constant source of irritation between America and England. Because of Irish members and influence in America, gestures displeasing to

England will go on. In the streets of New York to-day the sight of an English flag displayed upon a building is enough to start a riot, resulting in broken glass at the very least. In Washington, so I am informed, the wife and children of the British Ambassador go about under guard because of Sinn Fein threats—although it seems hardly possible, quite outside the morals involved, that Sinn Fein would injure the Irish cause in America by attempting to fulfil those threats.

On the other hand, it seems impossible that the Irish question, by itself, should ever trouble Anglo-American relations. If it has been here considered at greater length than the other matters which divide us, the reason is that it involves American internal politics while those other matters do not. It is an additional irritant, and coming in, as it does, on top of the traditional American feeling towards England, plus the six votes in the League of Nations, the Mandates, the Japanese Alliance, etc., it is a more serious matter than it would otherwise be. Unless they have Irish blood in their veins, few Americans are in a chronic state of excitement over Ireland. The present writer finds that many of his friends, unlike himself, cordially dislike the Irish character. He finds himself in the minority in being willing to listen at some length to nice definitions of what constitutes a nation. Most Americans say that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, then yawn and say that it is all a question of the size of the unit which is to exercise self-determination. Altogether, it is well-nigh impossible to conceive of a situation in which the United States Government would interfere between England and Ireland.

Before abandoning the subject of Ireland, let me correct an historical fallacy which has been circulated in that connexion. I refer to the analogy drawn between American Secession and the Sinn Fein movement. With all possible respect to the eminent people who have publicly insisted upon this analogy, I submit that it is true only in a most limited and superficial sense, and that it is flatly contradicted by the fundamental facts in each case. These facts are as follows: The American Federal Constitution was a contract freely entered into by all the States north as well as south. The Southern States later claimed that the union so formed was not indissoluble and attempted to withdraw. Their attempt was broken in arms, and there is in the Southern States to-day, after not much more than half a century, no vestige of a separatist movement. The English first entered Ireland (in arms be it said) in the later half of the twelfth century. According to English historians, they engaged in considerable military operations there in Queen Elizabeth's time, under Cromwell, and under King William. Ever since the mass of the Irish

people received the vote, there seems to have been a vigorous movement looking towards a complete or partial separation from England, and to-day British authority is maintained throughout the greater part of the island by means of a British garrison. Quite irrespective of the merits of the British position in Ireland, the analogy with our Civil War will not bear discussion.

It is pleasant to turn to consider other subjects where the possibilities of misunderstanding are fewer. So far we have been considering specific political difficulties. But surely the atmosphere in which they are to be discussed is as important as the difficulties themselves. This atmosphere, in turn, is generated by hosts of little incidents each one trivial in itself and formidable only in their sum.

In this connexion my countrymen are not blameless. I am told that in 1917 there was an American who approached a British Naval Officer and said 'Say, Limey, do you know what A.E.F.¹ means? After England failed.' Most assuredly, if that legendary American bounder and cad ever existed, and I have heard of his like more than once, he should have been roughly handled, and I hope he was.

Let me hasten to say also that I heartily sympathise with English resentment against American participation in the prohibition campaign in England—from 'Pussyfoot' Johnson to the activities of certain titled expatriates.

But while we are considering pinpricks let me suggest with the greatest deference that the fault here is not all on one side. Take, for instance, the most popular of all really international games—lawn-tennis. I doubt very much whether English tennis-players realise how bad an impression was caused in America when it was learned that Wimbledon had arrogated to its tournament the title, forsooth, of 'World's Championship'! Furthermore, the American volleying game in lawn-tennis has been built up around the use of spiked shoes—'points' I believe you call them. At home they are always worn in grass-court tournaments. And yet in England, even in Davis Cup matches mind you, when an American wants to wear spikes he is treated as a destructive sort of eccentric, nor have I ever seen in the English Press a single notice remarking upon the handicap under which American players suffer in international matches on your courts for want of the spiked shoes to which they are accustomed. These things are trifles, but they help, in their own way, to mould opinion.

One turns with relief from the ungrateful task of going over the differences which make understanding difficult to the means by which it may be made better.

¹ Really, of course, 'American Expeditionary Force'

Do not take it amiss if we seem acutely conscious of the new position of the United States in the world. We know that before 1898 our voice did not carry far in the world's opinion, and that, even as late as 1914, our influence in international affairs was far less than yours. Now that circumstances, over which none of us has had much control, have modified the position, surely you can show us beyond the possibility of mistake that Great Britain has had too long and too splendid a career of power to be jealous now of a newcomer speaking her own tongue.

If such is your purpose, then I beg of you to root out of your mind the habit of assuming that the American is, after all, only a sub-variety of Englishman. He is not. Perhaps he was once, but that day has gone. Americans have precious little use for the poor creatures who throw over their national heritage in the task of making themselves into a second-rate Englishman, and whenever you honour anyone of this type it does no good west of the Atlantic. As long as people go on about cousinship, Anglo-Saxondom, etc., we shall never get on. If only Englishmen would act on the theory that we are a distinctly foreign nation, they would stand a better chance of liking us and our country.

There is much in the American character that must seem altogether foreign to an Englishman. For instance, we have fits of thoroughgoing fanaticism. That sort of thing appears in English history with Cromwell's Ironsides and disappears with their passing. But with us the capability for it is a permanent underlying national trait. It smouldered, as Cecil Chesterton has well put it, until the Civil War, when it burst up again in the north, and rose to its finest literary expression in the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' Something of the finer side of the same quality appeared in the observance of the voluntary restrictions of food and gasoline, which the American people imposed upon itself during the war. Much of its baser side came out in the Prohibition movement.

Examples could be multiplied. For instance, we are far less affected by the prospect of civil tumult; our police have had more practice in putting down riots, and when worst comes to worst, our citizens, especially in the west, have the tradition of forming vigilance committees to maintain order. We go in more for queer religions like Mormonism and Christian Science. Our people of social distinction have more in common with the mercantile aristocracies of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian cities than they have with your territorial 'county' families. If a wealthy American lady recently married a Greek prince of the blood, why there was once a daughter of the great Florentine banking family the Medici who married the King of France—not that I would for the world insinuate that there was the

slightest similarity in character between Catharine de Medici and the American lady in question. We have no such class feeling as you, no Labour Party, and (outside the German districts of Milwaukee and certain Jewish districts of New York City) virtually no Socialist Party. *Per contra*, we are racially more exclusive than you. Our colour-line against the negro is notorious. We are doing our best to keep our Pacific States 'White man's country' by keeping out the Mongolian. There is far more of a barrier against the Jew in New York 'Society' than there appears to be in London. We are, superficially at least, a more energetic, and at the same time we are certainly a far more untidy, 'sloppier,' people than you. One could go on indefinitely in such a fashion.

Besides being a foreign nation, we are a foreign nation that has been overflooded with propaganda. A diplomat of my acquaintance recently told me that in America the French had 'propaganda-ed' a good deal against the English, as had the English against the French, that each had been largely believed at the expense of the other, and that the net result had been more unhappy for both than any amount of German propaganda could possibly have been. Should there be any propaganda for the remission of the debt, in my judgment it will turn out a boomerang. Therefore kindly keep all the would-be propagandists at home. If necessary, lock them up in some place where they will have plenty of room to run about in, but no possible chance of escape. Believe me, you will be far more justly appreciated among us if you allow us to size you up for ourselves than if we hear your merits artificially extolled by people who are making money out of the job.

After all, do you really need propaganda in America? I think not. At home we all formed definite opinions long ago about the Germans, and very definite opinions either for or against the Irish. For at least four years to come you will find our government in the hands of men who are neither demagogues nor would-be rulers of the universe. Throughout our citizenship, the proportion of fools and scoundrels is no higher than in other countries. And with the world as it is to-day, the man who desires or even predicts war between us is either a fool or a scoundrel.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

AMONG CROSS CURRENTS

THE third year of the Coalition Government draws towards its close. Its programme, which embodied so many of the hopes and aspirations of Britain at war, is almost wholly achieved. It has made peace with our enemies abroad, and patched up armistices with the pioneers of social revolt at home. It has tried to do its duty by ex-Service men; to settle the age-old feud with Irish inreconcilables; to fulfil its pledges to safeguard home industries from unfair competition; to get rid of the experiments in State Socialism, which in 1918 still clogged British enterprise and are almost invariably the legacies of great and prolonged wars.

A hostile Press has raged against its efforts, but history, with a kinder hand, will weigh more fairly the difficulties which have beset its whole career,—the vastness of the international problems it had to solve; the demoralisation of certain classes within the state in consequence of their exemption during the war from the general burden of sacrifice; the moral reaction after four years of discipline and restraint; the economic failure of our world markets to respond to the pre-war standards of supply and demand, and thus to provide employment for the mass of demobilised workers. It is useless to make goods for races who cannot afford to buy them unless we first readjust all our previous criterions of profits, wages, and cost of production. The wonder is not that Mr. Lloyd George, as steersman, has struck rock after rock. The wonder is rather that his ship still sails the sea.

We are, however, among cross currents. To what port are we drifting? No doubt, the man at the helm would deny that we are adrift at all. His aim since the overthrow of Germany has been the fusion of all constitutional parties in one common cause against the Socialist and the revolutionary at home. There is a real charm in this vision of all good citizens gathering in that National Party which Beaconsfield held out as the Tory ideal of his age. If unity prevailed against the Germans, let it also prevail against those within our gates who now plot for England's downfall. The appeal has a natural attraction for men accustomed to work harmoniously together in the House of Commons and in Committees. It is to the great personal advantage of those who

have been wafted into high places by the chance eddies of party tactics. A combination of all patriots strengthens the arm of Britain in all oversea diplomacy, and derives much support from the greatly diminished sharpness of pre-war party issues. So many of these are dead or dying that, quite apart from the policy of the Prime Minister, men and women would in any event be groping half unconsciously for new delimitations between schools of political thought.

It is true that partisans still tenaciously preach undying feuds as to Ireland and fiscal policy, but if we analyse these conflicts in their present forms, they seem uncommonly dim and ill-defined. Conservatives abhor the murder campaign of the Sinn Féiners, but they wish at the same time to uphold the high traditions of British military discipline. Liberals with Irish constituents criticise the Crown forces with some bitterness, but lately they have become careful not to condone Irish outrages. All decent people pray for peace and order. None tolerate the idea of a hostile Republic in Ireland. There is in fact a common sense of danger. The only differences arise as to how best to combat it. The Asquithian has believed in letting matters drift—as they drifted to the rising of 1916. Many Conservatives have placed more reliance in firmness, and hold that drives and blockhouses are worth more than phrases. But if the difference between them is only as to method, it cannot be fundamental. Indeed, at the moment there is even a revived hope of a settlement by consent.

A similar feeling of partisanship has sought to galvanise into fresh life the old war on tariffs. After suffering illimitable misfortunes for having accepted such vague theories as that of self-determination, our people, however, are not likely to encourage doctrinaires. Free Trade, no doubt, was once an article of religion in the industrial North. The historian can still smile over the exuberance of its early propagandists like William Marshall who in 1842 claimed to test it 'by the example of Jesus Christ,' and to prove that its triumph would 'diffuse the bounties of God's providence universally among his creatures,' or William Shrewsbury, whose *Christian Thoughts on Free Trade* based Cobdenism upon the book of Genesis, 'that precious portion of sacred antiquity.' Protectionists were said by Lawrence Heyworth in 1843 to be 'revoltingly opposed to the statutes of God and the benign precepts of the Gospel.' Such sallies in dialectic survived down to the eve of the Great War, when they were exhumed in order to rebut the prophecy that Tariff Reform would mean work for all. These wild weapons of rhetoric are very inapt when the actual details of the Government's projects are examined, for the moderate man sees in them no seedplot for fanaticism. The world needs the freest possible interchange of goods, but we can well

endure a 33½ per cent. duty on a few special articles if it will safeguard key industries in time of war. *Salus populi suprema lex.* To be a good Englishman to-day, a man must also be a good European, but a moderate duty on dumped commodities and on imports which can kill British trades solely by reason of the prevailing rates of exchange can do little harm, while it may prevent panics, yield revenue, and afford a measure of protection against unemployment. A tired nation rightly judges such questions as practical business issues, not on first principles. Indeed all the ancient controversies are passing. Even the destinies of the liquor traffic may be decided at a round table.

Thus the terror of Socialism looms gigantic amid the wreckage of exhausted disputes. Professors may endow it with philosophic labels. Clerical sentimentalists may gild it with ethical virtues to which most Socialists are too honest to pretend. Liberal wire-pullers may claim kinship with its adherents as being fellow 'Progressives.' But its true meaning is clear, and on every occasion when Labour leaders invoke direct action and try to stir up a general strike, the country realises the menace not only to democracy, but to the whole fabric of civilisation. It is at such moments that the case for fusion can be put on the strongest grounds.

Nevertheless, in spite of the official encouragement which has been given to bodies like the Centre Party and the New Members' Coalition Group, the actual trend of Parliamentary feeling is against the early merger which Ministers have desired.

This reaction is not due to the theoretic objection that a party cleavage of the type suggested by Mr. Lloyd George would foster the fallacy of a class war between rich and poor. Many Socialists are of the comparatively wealthy bourgeoisie, such as Messrs. Shaw, Webb, Wells, Russell, and MacDonald, and the majority of the rank and file of the party are normally far more prosperous than the community which they are determined to ruin. The majority of the real poor want to have little truck with these disturbers of the world. Few people have a deeper disdain for the rhetoric of the agitator. There can be no affinity, for instance, between the ex-Service man and the Trade Union official who stayed at home. Moreover, the mass of women, however burdened by bad times, are likely to become pillars of the state. It is not poverty but jealousy and evil communications which breed Socialism.

Nor are men's minds much exercised by the argument that fusion involves the perpetuation of Coalition Government owing to the probable remoteness of a Socialist triumph at the polls. This argument is indeed plausible. Alternate succession to office is one of the healthiest attributes of our political system. A

Ministry which enjoys a large majority in the House of Commons and wins easy victories in debate over a foolish, divided, and ill-educated Opposition is apt to be choked with men whose own claims to office rest mainly on their wealth or their opportunism. Nevertheless, the aversion of Parliament from a permanent regrouping on the one issue of the perils of a 'Labour' dominance is prompted by impulses much more intuitive than any such calculation as to constitutional contingencies.

The fundamental difficulty in the way of Mr. Lloyd George's plan for remodelling the people's conception of the party system lies in what Burke styled 'their inflexible perseverance in the wisdom of prejudice.' During the war we all foresaw a new era freed from traditional partialities. Even now we talk of pre-war days much as Frenchmen of the Napoleonic era talked of the world which vanished in the vortex of 1789; but in our actions we cling none the less to the old badges and symbols. Enthusiasts may proclaim new Crusades; and visionaries, new eras; but the common man will still plod steadily to the polling booth in order to vote yellow because his father always voted yellow, or to vote blue because his favourite newspaper always backed the blues. And in the long run it is in the country and not at Westminster that the fate of parties is determined.

In the North of England the Conservative worker distrusts the whole process of Coalition. Even in December 1918 the strongest candidate was the man who could boast that he had no coupon. The errors of various Liberal Ministers have in his view contributed materially to the Government's recent loss of popularity. At their best these Ministers are accounted captains without companies; at their worst, 'Jonahs' with ambiguous principles. The constant attempts in the House of Commons to preserve connexion between Coalition Liberals who have been returned to Parliament by Conservative votes, and the Wee-Free remnant who are frankly enemies, make the idea of fusion unendurably suspect. The tendency of Coalition Liberals to cross the floor into Opposition and on many occasions to vote against the Government on vital issues, has deferred in districts like Manchester all hopes of a real and immediate union on national lines.

The question has thus inevitably arisen as to the feasibility of a purely Conservative Party emerging from the present Coalition, and a project of this character has been put forward in the Press. Nevertheless two obstacles seem at the moment insurmountable. First, however gravely the decline in what may be called the Lloyd George legend has lessened the popularity of the Coalition, it would be disloyal indeed to forget his services and his adherence since the war to every term in the compact made between him and the Unionist leaders. The example of

Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Derby, both of whom are conspicuously faithful to the alliance with the Prime Minister, will be followed by the great bulk of the party, and approved by the good sense of the nation.

Moreover, just as the Whig of the pre-Revolution period would not kill Charles the Second to make James the Second King, so the mass of Conservatives would not abandon their tried chiefs in order to find places for Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Northumberland. It is not merely gratitude and loyalty which move them on this issue. There is a widespread feeling among the Conservative rank and file that we have moved onwards from pre-war standards of thought and conduct. Socialism indeed may be horrible; but extremes meet, and the crude individualism which so often colours the present reaction against state interference with an acrid and inhuman callousness towards all social ills is almost equally repellent.

It follows that the present confusion of political sections will probably continue until some new crystallisation of parties is necessitated by events. So long as Parliament is enriched by the divinations and charmed by the oratory of Mr. Lloyd George, he will retain his hold. Owing to the hostile influence of the Press and to the prevalence of hard times, his name has lost some of its old glamour in the country, but the House is as subject as ever to the wand of the magician. His one failure of the whole session was his speech on the Ministry without portfolio.

But drift has its dangers. In the success of anti-Waste candidates at by-elections we see the power of propaganda which can exploit the healthy scruples of an over-taxed middle-class. Members have been lately too tied to Westminster to educate their constituents as to the true issues of our day and the relative importance of the tasks of Parliament. The country has been more roused by the proposal to grant free railway journeys to members than by the illimitable disaster of the miners' strike. Thousands of men and women cherish the illusion that the Labour movement cannot mean revolution because its leaders pose as champions of the poor. They cannot see that it is buttressed by sheer materialism; that its main appeal is to cupidity; that it exploits the control of certain vital services, and disavows all social obligations beyond the orbit of two or three privileged callings. Thousands more imagine the Sinn Féin assassins to be virtuous pathfinders of freedom. Even the mass of citizens whose instincts prompt a sounder judgment on public affairs still possess a childish belief in the existence of some bottomless money bag which they call the State, and from which every demand for higher pay can be met without injury to a single soul. No one who has spent nearly all his life in the industrial North will be blind to the

splendid side of the English workers. Their daily lives bear witness to 'their energy, their power, their indomitable courage in struggling and fighting, their lurid vividness of existence' which Mrs. Gaskell described long ago in *North and South* (1855) and which have survived all the changes of the years. But their attenuated interest in public affairs is reflected in the diminished length of Parliamentary reports in the Press, and is enhanced by the current abundance of cheap amusements. The instinct which governs every crowd guides the votes of millions. How often does one hear as an apology for having gone over to the other side, 'I truly meant to vote for A., but as everybody in the street was voting for B., I felt I had to vote for B. instead.'

It is vital to cultivate interest and knowledge as to the great issues of our generation if we want to mould its political destinies aright.

The education which the country needs must begin, as the Jesuits realised long ago, with the very young. There is nothing extravagant in believing that if the state teaches children at the nation's expense, it should inculcate duties as well as rights. The fear of Jingoism has led to the absurdity that the normal Briton grows up with no knowledge of imperial history or of modern international relations. The records of wars are looked at askance. They are despised as 'drum and trumpet' history, and therefore as less edifying than genealogies and statistics. Surely we should have had fewer 'conscientious' objectors and readers of the *Daily Herald* had our state-provided schools laid more stress on the example of the soldiers and sailors who created Greater Britain. The Great War itself ought to fill a niche in every curriculum, not to engender any false conception of everlasting enmities, but to impress upon a child's mind the beauty of sacrifice. History, moreover, is taught in absurd watertight compartments. A few years of Greek or Roman vicissitudes are known to perfection; the rest is a blank. Far wiser was Oliver Cromwell's advice to his son to 'take heed of an unactive vain spirit. Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's history; it's a body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of history.' There is real need, too, to revive the Victorian exaltation of Parliament in these times, when 'direct action' threatens the very roots of democracy. Macaulay and Hallam, with all their limitations, realised what are the true safeguards of liberty, for which Labour leaders now seek to substitute the servile state.

Even more urgent is the need to teach the adult population the elements of political economy. Its doctrines may have constituted a 'dismal science' to Carlyle and a fraudulent exaltation of avaricious commerce to Ruskin; in their time it was taught

dismally, and was often used to vindicate wickedness. In our age, however, the true value of understanding economic laws is better appreciated; it serves as a corrective to unthinking sentimentalism. Prices are primarily governed by demand and supply. If you cut down production, you increase prices. If you terrify the capitalist by threats of dispossession and grind him down by high taxes, you lessen the demand for labour and the means by which commodities are produced. A land where idleness abounds is not 'fit for heroes to live in.' Common interests outweigh sectional interests. Waste is bad for trade. Good work pays Labour better than slackness. Wages cannot always rise. A fall in wages may mean a fall in the cost of living and a larger share of the world's trade. The Trades Disputes Act of 1906, by endowing Trade Unions with what Lord Justice Farwell described as 'the unrestricted capacity for injuring other people, a privilege possessed by no other person or corporation in the realm,' is a standing memorial of the folly of legislating under blackmail and of the dangers of irresponsibility. All these may be plain truths, but their truth is, in normal experience, only learned from suffering.

If there is no Autumn Session in 1921 it will be easier for Members of Parliament to regain touch with their constituents, and to dispel the misrepresentations which have for the last two years distorted men's opinions upon the work and difficulties of public life to-day. But there is another condition precedent to any revival of faith in the Government and to any readjustment on large lines of British party politics. It is that the multitude of educated men and women who are so lavish with criticism will themselves take part in the task of enlightening an indifferent people. It is a form of service which has not become more common in recent years, and there is infinite room for it. The people want knowledge. Men of personality and tact have always found attentive audiences among the poor. Indeed the normal worker used to hunger for information. The earliest Labour newspaper, *The Pioneer* (1834), addressed itself to the 'god-like work' of freeing the martyrs of the existing social system 'from ignorance and slavery,' and adopted for its motto the promise, 'The day of redemption draweth nigh.' Its only concession to the frivolity of weaker vessels was a woman's page written by 'our amiable contributor Gertrude.' The Mechanics' Institutes and Free Libraries of the middle of the nineteenth century are memorials of this generation's ambition to learn. It is only the cheap Press which has exalted the prize ring and the horse-race. It is only faulty education which has produced the agitator and the shop steward. The mass of workers are still shrewd and honest enough to realise, if only they are helped to realise, the

crimes and follies of Bolshevism which have ruined the prosperity of Russia and threatened the stability of Europe. Even the slow-witted Trade Unionists who fill the Labour benches in the House of Commons are far from possessing the 'lean and hungry look' of plotters, and their cult of fallacies is only the price which they have to pay in order to enjoy the mockery of power and place.

If then the workers of England need knowledge, they also need sympathy. The growing loss of personal relations between employer and employed has often led those who enjoy authority into a narrow and exclusively economic conception of their position towards Labour. The sense of brotherhood which triumphed in the war has faded under the pressure of peace problems. The industrial magnate can be very hard. The ruling class can be very ignorant. In spite of much idealism among certain groups, there is still need for broader vision in the upbringing of many children of the rich.

Looking at the present welter of political factions and the prevailing economic chaos, it is well to recall how often the country has weathered similar waves of trouble and pessimism. Every great war has left an aftermath of social strife. Swift in his *Conduct of the Allies* (1712) wrote sarcastically that 'it will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall, which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their ancestors were rich and great.' In 1815 Talleyrand summarised England's achievement in overthrowing Napoleon and restoring the Bourbon monarchy as being 'le bel échange de 800,000,000 livres d'Angleterre pour un Louis.' To-day there are people who, in dismay at our entanglements, assume with the inconsequence which comes naturally to cynics that the war might as well have been lost. All the more essential is it for us to keep green the memory of the famous days when all classes stood side by side, and to dedicate ourselves afresh to the common good.

GERALD B. HURST.

THE BALKANS TO-DAY

THE Great War has brought about a revolution in the interest felt among British people in the Balkan States. So many British soldiers fought and died on the Balkan front, so many families lived for months and years on the letters written in Macedonia, that few of us can now recall the view we held of those countries before 1914, still less understand the attitude of mind which prompted one of the most notorious exponents of modern journalism to try to dismiss the whole Balkan question during the tense days of July 1914 with the cry 'To Hell with Serbia.' We can only vaguely recollect that the peoples of the Balkans were regarded as a congeries of semi-savage nations, forming what Lord Lansdowne called 'the powder-magazine of Europe,' and characterised by an inordinate passion for committing atrocities upon one another. The Balkan Peninsula was a fascinating resort for a handful of travellers, but for everyone else it was a sufficiently remote and uninteresting subject to render anyone who spoke of it liable to be looked upon as a crank. Yet the Balkanists were right when they warned the world that trouble would arise from that region if attention were not paid to its problems. And later on, more than one War Office Department wished it could lay its hands on a supply of Balkan experts, for when the expeditionary force landed at Salonika there was deplorable ignorance about the elementary requisites needed for meeting the Balkan climate, and great was the toll of life that resulted from inadequate provision for cold in winter and fever in summer.

Now that the merely personal interest in the Balkans as one of the theatres of war is fading away, what is the rational view to take of these countries? What is their new position in relation to one another and to the rest of Europe, and what is their importance, if any, for Britain?

As a nation we have been made less insular by the war. There is probably not one of us who would deny that his knowledge of geography is now both wider and more detailed than in 1914. At one period of the war every newspaper reader knew exactly where Przemyśl is—and had his own theory about its correct pronunciation. A substantial part of the interest in foreign nations thus

stimulated still persists, and there is discernible (by those who know where to seek it) a widespread moral sympathy with the efforts of the smaller nations to rebuild their social and economic life under the new dispensation. All these considerations apply to the Balkan States, which in addition have acquired a new world-position through the part they played in the war, and two of which share the prestige attaching to the Succession States of the Habsburg Empire. Two special reasons, moreover, have come to the front for interesting ourselves in the Balkan States : first, because the supply of foodstuffs and raw materials and the re-establishment of markets for our manufactures have become matters of vital importance for our national well-being ; second, because we are concerned to prevent future war.

OUR COMMERCIAL INTEREST

The products of the Balkan countries—wheat, oil, currants, olives, tobacco, timber, hides and skins, attar of roses—are all necessary in varying degree to our economic life ; and to the Balkan peoples the products of our own industries are equally, if not more, essential. It is a notorious fact that, in the past, the Balkan markets were not actively cultivated by British manufacturers and merchants. Consular reports invariably contained complaints that British traders showed no disposition to adapt themselves to the local conditions. In the matter of weights and measures, catalogues, and above all the giving of long credit, our exporters were always insular and conservative in the extreme. The way was easy for Austrian and German business men to use the advantage of their geographical proximity for the purpose of obtaining the lion's share of Balkan trade.

To-day the currencies of all the Balkan States are all much depreciated, but it is highly improbable that any of the late enemy countries are in a position to recapture Balkan commerce, because marks are cheaper than sterling in terms of the local currency. The industrial recovery of Germany will have to progress greatly before this becomes possible on a large scale, and meanwhile some considerable advance towards normal rates of exchange may be confidently anticipated if British traders take full advantage of the opportunities now offered to them.

OUR POLITICAL INTEREST

The importance of the second point is well put by Mr. Zimmern in his book entitled *Nationality and Government* when he says :

The English-speaking peoples are vitally concerned with the reconstruction of Eastern Europe, if only because upon its stability and upon

the happiness of its peoples the peace of the world in the future depends; and there is much that both Britain and the United States can do to promote their welfare.

The simile of the powder-magazine arose from the fact that two great races, Teuton and Slav, and two great empires, Russian and Austro-Hungarian, contended for predominance in the Near East, while another great empire, the Turkish, constituted a large part of the object of their ambitions. The growth of the small national States which were carved out of the Turkish Empire in the course of the nineteenth century was remarkable, but was hampered by the incubus of these imperialistic policies. That incubus has passed away, and—unless statesmanship is even more bankrupt than it appears—it will not return. Normal development for the Balkan nations, then, is no longer made impossible by high political considerations over which they have little or no control. The main feature of the Balkan situation to-day is the realisation of nationalisms, perhaps the most intense which have ever inspired the minds of men. The fulfilment of the dreams which to large numbers of people were something more than a religion may, it is true, be causing widespread disillusionment; but the achievement of self-determination on the basis of nationality is a necessary preliminary to real progress, and a great good as a means to that end. And the Balkan peoples are now presented with an opportunity they never before enjoyed of proving to the world that nationalism is not an end in itself, but a means to a greater end.

THE PARIS SETTLEMENT

This is not to say that the Balkan settlement drawn up by the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, from the point of view of nationality, approached anything near the best achievement possible in the circumstances. Its solid feature was the incorporation of the unredeemed Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians of Hungary in their own national States, though even this was not accomplished without the infliction of injustice upon the Magyars. The decision of the Conference upon the question of the Banat, so hotly disputed between Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians, was one of its most creditable actions. In addition, the Conference recognised the incorporation of Bessarabia in Rumania and the union of Montenegro with the Serb-Croat-Slovene State—both of these changes being in harmony with the principle of self-determination. And, after some hesitation, the independent Albania created by the London Conference of 1913 was preserved. Against these successes must be placed positive evils: first, the

purely Bulgarian district of Tsaribrod was lopped off from Bulgaria and given to Serbia simply and solely for the purpose of bringing Sofia within long-range artillery fire from the frontier; and secondly, by the attribution of both Western and Eastern Thrace to Greece, Bulgaria was deprived of territorial access to the Aegean Sea (the one great gain which she had retained after the disastrous Second Balkan War of 1913). The most heinous faults of the Peace Conference in its treatment of Balkan questions were sins of omission. The treaties terminating the Second Balkan War were drawn up in defiance of the decisions of the London Conference a few months earlier, and had never been recognised by the Great Powers. Two grave injustices had been wrought by these treaties: Rumania had annexed the Southern Dobrudja, while Serbia and Greece had partitioned Macedonia (the miserable fragment round Struminitza which Bulgaria saved from the wreck in 1913 has now been taken away). It happened that, with the exception of Turkey (which since 1913 can hardly be regarded as a Balkan State in any real sense), the victors who divided the spoils after the Second Balkan War—Serbia, Rumania and Greece—were numbered in the ranks of the Allies who triumphed in 1918. Now these Powers, as a reward for their services to the common cause, counted on there being no revision of the 1913 settlement derogatory to their interests, and at the Peace Conference all their resources of diplomacy, intrigue, and propaganda were concentrated upon that end.

The concern which British experts and ministers displayed at Paris was naturally for the creation of a force in the Near East which would serve the British need of influence in that part of the world, and of the free route to the Black Sea. We selected for our favourite candidate for this honour the Kingdom of Greece, and when it was pointed out that Greece is not noted for stability and that Venizelos might be defeated or die our pundits appeared to be swayed not by reason but by instinctive attachment to that remarkable personality. The warnings of rational men have proved correct all too soon, and we are witnessing now the attempt to change horses and put our money on the Turks without excessive loss of dignity. In either case it is the British route of influence that is in view, and in this outlook the Balkan States were of no high political concern. At the Paris Conference everything depended upon the application of President Wilson's eleventh Point:

the relations of the several Balkan States to one another should be determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality, and international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

But American influence upon the Balkan settlement was weakened by the fact that the United States had never declared war against either Bulgaria or Turkey. The most it could accomplish was to insist upon a provision in the Treaty of Neuilly that Bulgarian Thrace should be ceded to the Allied and Associated Powers. It was not till the United States had entirely withdrawn from the Conference that this territory was handed over to Greece in full sovereignty. The final result of the peace-making, so far as the application of self-determination to Bulgarians was concerned, was described by the *Daily Chronicle*—an organ which can hardly be accused of unfriendliness towards the authors of the settlement—as involving the exclusion from the Bulgarian State of roughly one quarter of those who are Bulgarian by nationality, inhabitants of Macedonia, Thrace, and the Dobrudja.

This grotesque disregard of self-determination in the case of Bulgaria forms the one serious blot upon the picture presented by the Balkan States to-day. Under the old dispensation such evils could only be remedied by resort to war, but now the optimist may point to the machinery of the League of Nations for enabling territorial readjustments to be made by peaceable means. It must be confessed that at present the prospects that this machinery will function effectually do not appear bright, but it may be argued that any judgment upon this question will be premature until the Supreme Council of the Principal Allied Powers has passed out of existence, and it becomes clear whether the idea of the League or the old idea of the Balance of Power, the alignment of European (and possibly other) Powers in two opposed camps, is to prevail.

Fortunately, however, it is not upon the League of Nations that all hopes of modifying the Balkan settlement in the interests of justice and stability need be staked. Even those who believe that the League will constitute a factor of importance know very well that the eastern European nations in general do not share their views and that trouble will arise at all events more easily there than in other parts of the world. The alternative possibility lies in the realisation—without the League, if necessary—of the Gladstonian ideal, 'The Balkans for the Balkan peoples.' With the passing of the menace of Russification or Austrification, the field has been cleared for a substantial advance in that direction. It is a question for the peoples and politicians of the Western democracies to decide whether new obstacles shall be thrown across the path of progress in the shape of alliances, economic exploitation, financial pressure, and the like. Dealing with the position before the War, Mr. Brailsford, the most eminent authority we possess upon Balkan affairs, made some

apposite remarks upon this aspect. In his book, *The War of Steel and Gold*, he said :

Europe made or pretended to make some futile efforts to prevent the outbreaks of the Balkan Wars. They failed because they were insincere. Either of these wars could have been prevented if French banks had been forbidden to finance the combatants. Our own finance was, comparatively perhaps, wholly innocent. The case is worth citing only as an illustration of the importance of securing first of all that diplomacy shall control finance, and secondly that public opinion shall control diplomacy. . . . Looking back upon the records of recent years, we can see how finance might have been used to prevent Russian aggression in Persia, to save the Duma, to control the aberrations of Turkish policy, to prevent the outbreak of a shameful war. The tool lies ready for the grasp of a European democracy strong enough and united enough to use it.

There is a certain truth in the paradoxical statement that the interest of the Balkan States demands the disappearance of our own political interest in them. What is most needed is a Monroe Doctrine for the Balkans on the broadest possible basis—or at least a self-denying ordinance to be adopted by the non-Balkan Powers. For the present, however, it remains none the less necessary for British politicians and publicists to realise what are the fundamental requisites of Balkan stability still to be provided—the restitution to Bulgaria of the Southern Dobrudja and part of Thrace (including territorial access to the Aegean Sea) and a settlement of the vexed question of Macedonia.

THE BALKANS TO-DAY

The Balkan peoples are a group of nations with many common social and economic characteristics, although each has its own distinctive qualities. You have the Albanian, universally famed for his loyalty, his love of country, his preference for living on the fruits of other men's labours, with his peculiar language and character. You have the Greek, clever and active, and conspicuous as a trader and politician. You have the Serb, full of poetry and romance. You have the Bulgar, noted for industry on the land and a curious stubborn optimism. You have the Rumanian, held in serfdom on his great estates (which exist in no other Balkan land) by a corrupt and dissolute plutocracy. You have Jews and Mohammedan Bulgars, descendants of Slavs converted by force, as well as Greeks of the same kind. All these add to the variety of types, and finally you have the Turks, of a temperament wholly distinct from the others, admirably fitted to make useful peasants. All these have political differences which would be best settled among themselves; and it will be to their own advantage and to the advantage of the rest of the world if they are enabled and encouraged to set their own house in

order and to develop their differing capacities and resources with mutual toleration. In such circumstances as these their political importance for us should be no greater than that of the Scandinavian group.

To realise how great an advance would be represented by the change of outlook suggested we have only to recall some of the outstanding events of the last half-century. The Balkans were often a subject of grave concern for our Government and our newspapers, but a subject always discussed (as was inevitable under the existing political conditions) from the point of view of our imperial interests. The Balkan question was most prominent in the later 'seventies when Disraeli intervened to upset the Treaty of San Stefano imposed by Russia on Turkey. Gladstone roused the country on the Bulgarian atrocities (i.e. atrocities perpetrated upon Bulgarians by Turks), but failed to thwart his opponent's anti-Russian policy. The Congress of Berlin gave a new lease of life to Turkey in the Balkans, prolonging the sufferings of Bulgars and Greeks. Disraeli allowed Austria and Turkey to oppress Serbs and Albanians in order to give those two empires a co-terminous frontier and make Serbia a pawn in the hands of one of Russia's rivals. In 1903 renewed Turkish barbarities in Macedonia were condoned so as to avoid dissensions upon the stage of Europe as a whole. A furious propaganda of education and violence was carried on by the local States under the encouragement of Russia, Austria and Italy in turn. The feuds and barbarities which have been only too characteristic of Balkan life, though largely exaggerated for propagandist purposes, have been themselves to a great extent the product of foreign interference.

A brief glimpse of post-war political conditions in the various Balkan States will probably remove from the reader's mind any suspicions that things are still much as they used to be, and that the Balkan peoples will succeed no better under the new conditions than under the old. Everywhere in the Balkans during the past two years vigorous—and by no means unsuccessful—efforts have been made to set the wheels of society in motion again.

JUGO-SLAVIA

In the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, the Constituent Assembly, which met in December 1920, was presented by the Government of the day with a draft Constitution which it was expected to accept *en bloc*. Many members, however, refused to take the oath. The Radicals and the Democrats who constitute the Government *bloc* are divided on the question of the breaking up

of large estates. The advocates of a satisfactory measure of devolution form a powerful minority. The Government tends to represent the 'Greater Serbia,' and the former provinces of the Habsburg Empire, which are both more civilised and more politically experienced than Serbia proper, have reacted against this tendency. The party led by Radich—republican, Croatian and federalist—is rapidly growing in influence. Radich has proclaimed his desire to unite all the peasants of the Balkans in one state, and he especially invites the kindred branch of the Southern Slavs—'our Bulgarian brothers.' The question of Montenegro has not seriously hampered Jugo-Slavia; reports of British officials have criticised the methods employed by the Serbs in Montenegro, but the elections disposed of the question of unification, and the death of King Nicolas has almost certainly brought to an end the history of Montenegro as an independent State (that is, if it ever was independent in the strictest sense). The best evidence of a new and altogether welcome form of political sagacity in Balkan affairs is provided by the Treaty of Rapallo, disposing of the Adriatic question in a manner which reflects great credit upon both Italy and Jugo-Slavia.

RUMANIA

Rumania has hardly made as much progress as Jugo-Slavia, though she possesses in Take Jonesco one of the three or four Balkan politicians who enjoy a European reputation. Considering the potential 'Alsace-Lorraine' created by the incorporation of the Bulgarian Dobrudja, Rumania's relations with Bulgaria are remarkably good. The country is under the domination of Conservatives, if not reactionaries. Some steps have been taken in the direction of granting fuller rights to Jews. (Rumania, it will be recalled, only agreed under pressure to the clauses in the treaties for the protection of minorities.)

The miserable condition of the peasants on the large estates, always a notorious evil in Rumania, has been slightly mitigated; but the law of 1918 for expropriating large properties has not been fully executed. Discontent is caused by the handing over of estates to peasant associations instead of to individuals, and the uncertainty thus created has resulted in decreased production. That the agrarian problem has not been solved, in spite of the assertions of the extremely corrupt gang which has hitherto held the peasants down with great brutality, is proved by the fact that a new agrarian reform bill is under discussion. The amount of land which owners should be allowed to retain has not been settled. It is not surprising that Socialism finds support in Rumania. The condition of the Socialist party there is typical of its condition in other Balkan States: it has split into three groups—Social

Democrats, Centralists (equivalent to the independent Socialists of Germany), and Communists. Bratiano, the former pro-Entente Premier and a prominent figure at the Paris Conferences, refuses to attend Parliament on the ground that the present Chamber is unfit for him to associate with—a piquant incident which speaks volumes for its character!

GREECE

The condition of Greece is sufficiently familiar to the British public through the able despatches of the correspondents of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph*. Her entanglements in Asia Minor have at any rate had the beneficial result of preventing the execution of imperialistic designs upon Southern Albania. The Greek administration in the European territories recently acquired is far from satisfactory, and provides grounds for the opinion that, unless a term is soon set to the Asiatic adventure, Magna Graecia will undergo still more startling vicissitudes during the present decade. Recollecting the strength and persistence of the kaleidoscopic tradition in Greek politics, one finds it difficult to understand the confidence with which British diplomats at Paris cast their influence so whole-heartedly on the side of Greek megalomania. Rumour and scandal have given explanations in abundance, but the only certainty hitherto is that several interesting chapters in the history of the relations between Britain and Greece during the war and the Conference have still to be written.

BULGARIA

When we turn to Bulgaria, a country which in pre-war days was not unjustly regarded as the most progressive in the Balkans, we find fresh evidence of a remarkable capacity for Western civilisation in a people which had for centuries been obliterated by Turkish misrule. The power of recuperation they have displayed bears out the testimony of their character given by the famous Croat Bishop Strossmayer in 1876: 'The Bulgarians are an extremely quiet, sensible and hard-working people, rich in domestic virtues.' The country is governed by a Cabinet representing the Agrarian Party alone and presided over by Stambulisky. In the single-chamber Parliament, the Agrarians number 110 deputies, while the Communists with forty-two are the only important factor in the opposition. The Agrarian Party is opposed both to the *bourgeois* parties on the one hand and to Bolshevism on the other. It is the chief representative of the peasant movement which has arisen in reaction against the domination of aristocracies or industrialists. It is in sympathy

with the Peasant Party in Croatia, which, if it comes into power, will bring Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria into close relationship. The Agrarians are vigorous supporters of the extension of education and ardent advocates of the brotherhood of the peasants of all countries. It may be that some of us will live to see the 'Green International' rival (and perhaps supersede) the Red. The legislation of the present Government is original. In accordance with its principle that private property should be upheld so long as the land is worked by the owner, a bachelor may hold forty units of land, and a married man 100 units. Expropriation is effected by compulsory purchase at a price based on the average value of the last ten years. Another experiment of the Agrarians, namely, compulsory non-military service, is exciting European attention. By a Labour Act, modelled upon the usual military service laws, every Bulgarian male at the age of twenty and every female at the age of sixteen becomes liable to give a certain period of (civilian) labour service to the community; in an emergency every citizen between the ages of twenty and fifty can be called up for four months' service. Among its stated objects is the desire 'to awaken in all citizens, irrespective of their social status or means, a love of community and manual labour,' and 'to improve the moral and economic condition of the people, fostering in the citizens a consciousness of their duties to themselves and to society, and instructing them in rational methods of work in all branches of economic activity.' Whether consciously or unconsciously, the experiment bears a striking resemblance to the suggestions of a substitute for compulsory military service put forward by William James over twenty years ago.

Pupils in schools come within the scope of the Act. Boys and girls cease their school work for a week in order to fulfil their complement of industrial conscription. The girls clean the schools, while the boys do road-making and nursery gardens. At one town they are to plant the surrounding hills and build bridges. These measures are not freaks of Slav imagination, but must be taken with the well-established devotion of the Bulgarian race to education and their laborious effort towards progress. Though the youngest of the Slav peoples liberated from the Turks, Bulgaria rapidly surpassed her neighbours in the number of schools and teachers, and in establishing a high standard of literacy. In 1880 three per cent. of the population could read and write. In 1910 the figure had risen to 83 per cent. The number of children in elementary schools in that year in Bulgaria was 400,000; in Greece, 274,000, in Serbia, 136,000.

It would not be fair to pass from Bulgaria without mentioning the courageous determination displayed by the Government in fulfilling the terms of the Treaty of Neuilly. Some complaints

have recently been made by the Serbian Government, attributing disturbances in Macedonia to Bulgarian intrigues, but it is clearly proved by the reports of the Allied representatives that Stambulisky has been remarkably successful in preventing the formation of bands, and that Bulgaria is not responsible for the conditions which prevail in Macedonia or Thrace.

In foreign policy M. Stambulisky is so intent on good relations with his neighbours that little has been heard of the inhuman action of Jugo-Slavia and Greece in retaining even to-day large numbers of prisoners of war, and thus although, through the intervention of Dr. Nansen, a special mission of the International Red Cross has visited Belgrade and Athens to urge immediate release.

The firm peace policy of M. Stambulisky and his leaning towards the Allies have the strong support and approval of the Bulgarian peasants. They remember how their Premier was imprisoned during the war for his Allied sympathies. 'You will lose your head for this,' declared M. Stambulisky to King Ferdinand on the occasion of Bulgaria's entry into the war. 'Look after your own,' replied the King, 'yours is a younger head than mine.' As the peasants form 75 per cent. of the population their opposition to the war policy disproves the statement that because ex-King Ferdinand led his armies against the Entente the Bulgarian nation is now deserving of punishment by the Allies.

The vital question of to-day being the maintenance of peace in the future I refrain from enlarging on the attitude which Bulgaria might have been induced to adopt towards the Allies by a wiser diplomacy on their part.

ALBANIA

Turkey not being any longer a Balkan Power there remains only Albania. During the war it seemed doubtful whether this state would be preserved; but its disappearance would have been a grave discredit to the settlement. The British Government has indicated that it adheres to the frontiers of 1913 (which nowhere erred to the advantage of Albania), but as yet the Supreme Council has made no authoritative utterance. Meanwhile some parts of this territory have been invaded by Serbia and Greece, and a considerable number of Albanian villages have been destroyed. The admission of Albania to the League of Nations was a welcome recognition of her right to exist independently, but it will require all the vigilance of the Western Powers to prevent encroachments upon this small but fascinating people.

THE NEW BALKAN OUTLOOK

The most important and fundamental change in the Balkan situation produced by the war does not emerge from the foregoing summary. It could not be included there because it is shared by all the Balkan peoples. This change may be summed up in a phrase: while the critics contend among themselves whether or not Europe has been 'Balkanised,' it is undeniable that the Balkans have been 'Europeanised' to an extent which no man dreamt of seven years ago. Geographically, Bulgaria and Albania are now the only two countries which are Balkan countries and nothing more; Serbia, Rumania and Greece have big parts to play on another stage. Intellectually the years of co-operation in military affairs with the more highly developed countries of the West have left behind a leaven of knowledge and love of new ways of living and thinking which will constitute a civilising force in the Balkans until the present generation passes away. The admirable efforts of such organisations as the Serbian Relief Fund and the Scottish Women's Hospitals have added their contributions to this influence. An eager desire for closer acquaintance with Western literature and culture is everywhere to be noticed, and France in particular has already done much, through the subsidised organisation known as '*L'Alliance française*,' to place her contribution to our civilisation before the enthusiastic youth of the Balkan countries.

The all-important question which it rests with the future to decide is whether this many-sided movement in the direction of 'Europeanisation' will enable the Balkan States to form a self-protecting group or whether it will involve them in fresh entanglements which will leave them no better off in the long run than they were before the war. From this point of view the tendencies towards a rapprochement between the two main branches of the Southern Slavs are significant, although as yet they are no more than tendencies. One event in recent months, however, provides some concrete evidence that non-Balkan Powers may find some difficulty in future if they attempt to carry out the time-honoured policies of buying the alliance of Balkan States for their own political ends. The so-called 'Little Entente,' comprising the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, is in origin a group formed for defence against any possible attempt to restore the Habsburg dynasty. If the recent adventure of the ex-Emperor Karl had met with any success in Hungary the 'Little Entente' would undoubtedly have taken measures to deal with the situation. And it seems equally certain that it would act effectively against any similar *coup*, even if

it were countenanced or engineered by one of the Greater Powers. Thus the 'Little Entente' may perhaps be looked to for the formulation eventually of a sort of Monroe Doctrine for a portion of the Balkans.

In addition, it holds out hopes of developments on a wider scale. One of the partners, Tchecho-Slovakia, is not a Balkan State, but is on excellent terms with the one Balkan Slav Power, Bulgaria, which is at present excluded. Now, if the federalist movement progresses in Jugo-Slavia to the extent which may confidently be anticipated, a satisfactory solution to the problem of Macedonia may be found in some form of provincial autonomy within Jugo-Slavia. The present Bulgarian Government has certainly endeavoured to turn the thoughts of aggrieved Macedonia to other solutions than armed liberation by Bulgaria. A settlement of Macedonia on these lines once achieved Tchecho-Slovakia might very well use influence to bring about the inclusion of Bulgaria within the 'Little Entente.' It might then become possible to look towards the logical development of this movement in the shape of a confederation of the Southern Slavs, comprising Bulgaria, Croatia, Macedonia and Serbia (the order given is alphabetical).

Unfortunately, there do not appear to be any good hopes that Bulgaria's grievance in being cut off from the Aegean Sea will shortly be removed by a process of peaceful readjustment. None of those who are best entitled to form an opinion believes that the clauses in the Treaty giving to Bulgaria guarantees of commercial facilities through Dedeagatch will be a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. If the principal Allied Powers come to see the injustice which they have inflicted upon Bulgaria here an opportunity of rectifying it will arise when Greeks and Turks meet—as they must eventually—to negotiate peace. In this event it is to be hoped that British influence will be directed towards removing one of the gravest dangers to the Balkan settlement.

How far a happier prospect is opening out for a region of the world which in a high degree has suffered for centuries may be tested by recalling what President Wilson said in February 1918 :

First, that each part of the final settlement must be based on the essential justice of that particular case, and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.

Second, that peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game now for ever discredited of the balance of power.

Third, every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not

as part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states.

Fourth, that all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently of the world.

Mr. Wilson's dreams are not altogether unrealised, but the Paris Conference, which General Smuts is said to have described as a thieves' kitchen, was not the body to make their realisation complete. The seeds of Balkan war have again been sown; and even if war be localised its dangers will be far-reaching. The extreme alarmist, fearing a revival of German ambition, must admit that the re-establishment of a decadent Turkey offers an incentive which is increased by denying the self-determination principle to each of the three states which in the Great War linked Germany and Turkey together. The Allied policy was reinforced by the doctrine of punishment, but it fell into the great illusion by which we view other nations as a unified personality, forgetting our own national diversity, and it strengthened the forces which, in each country, we wish to see subordinated.

NOEL BUXTON.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA

LETTERS have reached me several times already from Moscow by a devious but safe channel. My correspondent, whom I know of old, is one of the numerous group of Russian intellectuals who have taken service with the Bolsheviks. Not that they accept the Communist theories. But simply hunger and the impossibility to leave the country have forced them to sell their knowledge to those who control the food supply and who moreover have ample physical means to enforce obedience. The writer has also previously pointed out¹ that the extraordinary lack of moral resistance of the Russian bourgeoisie has made the most amazing compromises possible. Existence under such conditions can have but a singularly depraving influence, and my correspondent recognises this in one of his letters in words full of poignant misery :

‘To the free man in England from the slave of the Kremlin greetings. Hunger and the fear of death have reduced me to slavery, and my name is on the list of those who serve the tyrants. I cower in my dark corner, happy when I am able to escape the scorpions of the slavedrivers. But if I have lost my liberty and if courage has been driven out of me, the hate of the oppressor is intact, and in secret I carefully fan its flame. My hate for the tyrants will never die. It will endure long after they themselves will have disappeared.’

In another passage my friend says :

‘They may have destroyed our courage (of which we never had too much), but our hate they have augmented a hundred-fold. My most agonising thought is that even after the masters have fallen through into hell the mark of slavery will remain burned deeply into our souls. A new generation is necessary to make this country free and happy.’

But if moral resistance has been annihilated, the capacity to observe has been made more acute. My correspondent evidently takes delight in sending me his impressions in the hope that other

¹ *Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1919

luckier people may profit by them. A striking passage describes, for example, the state of mind of the present rulers of Russia :

'I have had the precious advantage of perusing a collection of foreign newspapers. I see with pleasure that your interest in Russia has waned considerably. It was an unhealthy interest, and you are all the better without it. Watching Lenin and others as I do daily, I have arrived at an extraordinary conclusion which will probably astonish you. These people continue to imagine that Moscow is the hub of the Universe. They sincerely believe that the world's attention is concentrated upon them. This amazing intatuation pervades their whole mentality. They are convinced that the Government [the author of the letter means evidently the British Government] has nothing else to do but to get busy on schemes for the overthrow of Bolshevism. In every corner these people see therefore a new menace, some deep-laid plot against the Soviets.

'We know here that the mondial revolution has miscarried. In fact, Lenin has been saying this ever since Bela Kun lost Hungary. Nevertheless and perhaps all the more are they convinced of an active desire on the part of Europe to lay them low. Like a modern Ahasuerus Lenin holds on his predestined course. He has given up long ago the hope of being able to influence events to any extent. He just holds on because he cannot stop. His brain is too capable not to make him see the inevitable end. He has his moments of terrible lucidity. But he cannot stop. You seem to know so very little of what the situation here really is. You would be astonished to learn how little we know about it ourselves. Like an island the Kremlin is being continually attacked by onrushing waves. They come from the open, nobody knows precisely from where. Under the never-ceasing onslaught the shore is crumbling. And nothing can really be done. Our budget of news about events in the Ukraine, in Siberia, and in many other places is remarkably poor. Some energetic comrade penetrates the mysterious region usually with a well-armed expedition. He gets news, does something, and then again a blank. The void is all around us. One thing we have lost definitely : a grip on the brains and on the soul of the nation. What does Russia think? We do not know. Silence all around. This is terrible, and may be the signal of death. At times I think the modern Ahasuerus would welcome the tranquillity of political dissolution. But it is slow, so slow in coming.'

From the very citadel of Bolshevik rule a voice reaches us. And what a voice ! Never until now has the real state of things

been expressed so forcibly and clearly. Witness the following sentences :

'You can imagine with what delight I register all the increasing signs of their approaching downfall. I wonder if you smile when I say this. But here, where time has ceased to be of value and where we live concentrated in our own misfortune, we are better judges of the situation. There is one really important thing : the masters are worn out. The kinetic energy which has driven them so fast and so furiously is on the ebb. Signs of senile decay are evident. You smile again? Let me tell you one thing. Have you not remarked how swiftly human energies have always been devoured by revolutions? The leaders live at high pressure and are constantly replaced by fresh forces pressing from underneath. In the case of the present masters of Russia the rule, curiously enough, has not been followed. The same men are on top as three years ago. No new forces have come along to stiffen their ranks. The veterans are carrying on, and no relief is in sight. The masters are cut off from the nation. The sap from the broadly flung-out roots does not reach the decayed treetop to which they cling. . . . All of them are greatly depressed and apprehensive of the coming day. And we, their slaves, sit in dark corners watching the plight of our masters. . . .'

My correspondent then explains his contention that the Bolsheviks are not a national government. There is a poignant interest for me in seeing him express a view which in better days we had investigated in common :

'The present masters of Russia are not a national government at all. We have seen before tyrants endure for a long time. But for this their rule had to be profitable to at least part of the population. Who profits now from the present administration in Russia? Very few, and their number is dwindling fast. Therefore the tyrants are doomed because (1) they are worn out and new forces are not available to brace them up, (2) they are not a national government, and (3) their rule has ceased to be profitable to any class or any important group in Russia.'

A question in which not sufficient interest is being taken is to know how can people exist under present conditions in Russia. If things are as bad as we have been saying for years past and continue to say, how in the world can anybody be alive in Russia now? An answer is contained in the following illuminating passage :

'If you want to know why we exist and why we are not all gone yet, you must try to forget European civilised conditions. Try to think of Germany after the Thirty Years War, or of England after the Great Plague, or even better of Italy after the collapse of the Western Roman Empire. It is extraordinary how little human beings really need to eke out an existence. Not the existence of a civilised man, but of a sort of Australian savage. Take my case. Though a prominent slave of the rulers I have not eaten my fill since months and months. I do not wash daily. My shirt has not been laundered for many weeks. My dress is greasy, torn, and shapeless. My holed boots have soles of plaited string. My beard is unkempt, my hands are always black, and the nails are broken and soiled. Although only a few years over forty I stoop. There are pouches under my eyes. I have no watch, no handkerchief, and no collar. Go to your slums. You may meet an old peddler slouching furtively with a dirty sack over his shoulder, bent, dirty, and disgusting. Think that you have seen what I am at present. If I remain an intellectual of sorts it is because I cannot help it. I cannot get rid completely of my past. But only wait and see what the future generation will be. Our sons and daughters will pay, and are already paying, for our abasement. The present *régime* has not created a single intellectual worker. As in everything else it draws only on the fast-dwindling material and spiritual reserves accumulated previously. Naturally there are among us fat, sleek, happy individuals who have continued to live comfortably under Bolshevism. But these people, my friend, you must destroy like a brood of vipers. . . .'

It would appear that the only way to exist decently in Soviet Russia is to sell not your services only, but your very soul to the devilish forces now raging in that unhappy country. The truth about the position of the intellectual classes in Russia seems to be that they exist under Bolshevism for the sole reason that they have come into being before, and that they have not all disappeared because human capacity to endure under the most appalling hardships is simply amazing. But my correspondent mentions those sleek individuals who manage to get on even with the Bolsheviks. I have at my disposal the written confession of a Russian bourgeois who seems to have arranged his affairs very well indeed whilst serving the Soviet Republic, and who, availing himself of a propitious moment, has left Russia and Lenin's paradise never to return. He says :

' . . . I was not better off than the others. But then, quite by chance, I met XX, the Bolshevik commissar. Many years

ago he had been in the service of our firm when grandfather was yet alive. I tried to tackle him on the sentimental side. This worked badly. Then I started playing cards with him and arranged a few nice suppers. That helped. Very soon he got me a good job in his own department. So life began to look more rosy. We had the improved Communist rations and other advantages. Also there was a certain guarantee against arrest. Things began to look even better when I prevailed upon XX to come and live at our flat. He is not a bad man really. The world only knows what made him officially a Communist, for at heart he is nothing but a gambler. His presence at the flat protected us against invasion by undesirable elements. We had to give up to him the drawing-room, the library, and the best bedroom. But he was usually away all day and did not bother us. The trouble happened always at night, when he brought company and played cards until morning. When he lost he made an awful row and woke everybody up with the noise. But we were thankful to have him there all the same. . . . There was not much work to do at the office. The great thing was only to pretend to be busy. So we collected statistics and made wonderful comparative tables and diagrams. The Bolsheviks have a superstitious reverence for all things bureaucratic, and the more you write the better they like it. Then we invented a plan which would have revolutionised the whole of Russian industry if it could have been really applied. But for this we did not care. The great thing was to get the statistics and write the reports with diagrams. I had under me sixty clerks, all receiving salaries, rations, etc., and compiling figures. When we were short of facts we invented them. The only thing we did not want was to terminate our work. For that would have meant dismissal. . . . Gradually I came to know other influential people in the party. I can't say who of them was sincere, who was simply a crook. But I think I can say that those who seemed to be honest were the most unpractical persons I have ever met, and those who appeared to be crooks were the greatest blackguards. So I made the acquaintance of ZZ, who, after having met me only twice, proposed to get for me my wife's jewels, which yet remained in her private safe-deposit at the nationalised bank. As I considered them lost in any case, I agreed to give ZZ half if he brought me the other safely. After some misgivings I handed over the keys to him. To my astonishment the same evening he brought me the promised part of my wife's jewels. He must have arranged the thing with the commissar at the bank. But I never asked. . . . After two years of faithful

service the Bolsheviks decided to send me to Riga on a mission. Here XX and other friends helped me, so that my wife, instead of remaining as hostage to the Extraordinary Commission, was allowed to proceed with me. You may imagine that once over the border I could not be prevailed upon to return for any amount of money. . . . Crossing from Norway to England, I quite by chance met YYY, of the Bolshevik delegation. He slyly asked me if I was ever going back. I diplomatically said a few words about going back some day after my health had been re-established. "Do not be a fool," said the great man. This was my last meeting with the Bolsheviks.'

A striking proof of the moral depression is furnished by the following short extract from a letter written by one of the few men in Moscow who have contrived to conserve some energy :

' W. [a prominent member of the old Bar, a young man who had served with distinction all through the war] was brought before Dsershinsky [the head of the Extraordinary Commission], who personally told him that the tribunal had condemned him to death and that nothing could save him. W. made an eloquent speech protesting against the Terror and foretold the inevitable end of the Bolshevik *régime*. But the tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that W. had all the time in his pocket a revolver which we had been able to smuggle to him, and he never thought about using it against the tyrant who was sitting a few feet away. This is terrible. This useless eloquence, when he could have shot him down and then shot himself ! All our Russian intellectuals seem to be rotten ; they have not a spark of virile spirit left in them '

The danger to the young generation is illustrated by a remarkable letter received from a Kiev refugee. He reports to the headmaster of a famous college, who since the catastrophe has been living abroad :

' The building is yet intact. I mean the walls and a part of the furnishings. But the final destruction is inevitable. The heating system does not work. The mains have burst. All is falling to pieces. My heart hurts when I think of the devastation. The sanitary arrangements are useless. Last winter we have been flooded with filth seven times. You can imagine what the basement is like. The garden has ceased to exist. The college is now called a school of labour, but, as all other institutions, exists only nominally. The children are like hooligans. They burn chairs and tables in the stoves and

make every room a lavatory. As there are no servants the building is in a filthy state. The books from the library have disappeared. Lessons do not take more than three hours, and that only nominally. How can you expect hungry sick people to teach? Since January no salaries have been paid. All the teachers are in a terrible state. You remember K., what a handsome woman she was. Now she is reduced to a skeleton, and her face is not larger than a fist. All think only of how to escape. Many wish for death. There are no books, no paper, no ink, no pencils. . . .'

We seem to be in the presence of a colossal catastrophe which is even greater than we, in the security of our comfortable homes and of our well-ordered society, can imagine, something mediaeval. A letter smuggled out of Moscow speaks about the depth of despair which has invaded all classes :

'Joy does not exist in Sovdepia. The most energetic people have become the prey of a great depression which leaves them forceless. People have ceased to believe in themselves. They are waiting for something to happen, for somebody to come to save them. . . . The Communists themselves (the thieves excepted) have also lost courage. They have exhausted their stock of imagination and cannot invent anything. The Extraordinary Commission alone continues its bold activities, which Lenin himself is powerless to put an end to.'

The writer could continue to give endless extracts from authentic letters received from Russia describing the moral and economic bankruptcy of a once great country. But really this would be useless. To convince incredulous people in this country not letters are needed but tangible facts. Let us console ourselves with the thought that time is our best witness and is working for us. Where are those who not so long ago saw Russian Bolshevism sweeping the world in the van of a stupendous revolution? The time is not far distant when the protagonists for trade with the Bolsheviks will join them in the shamed silence which has been imposed upon them by the very course of events. And so it will go on gradually to the inevitable end.

Somewhere beneath this chaotic debris great national forces lie securely hidden. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Russia was in exactly the same state of dissolution as at the present time. Reading the old chronicles one is amazed at the similarity between two periods separated by more than three hundred years. Even the expressions used are the same. Then, as even now, Russians themselves raised blood-

stained sacrilegious hands against their own brothers and their own land. But after all order came out of chaos, and the great period of building up the greatest and the most compact Empire followed. We wish to believe that even now the banners are ready to be unfurled which will lead the nation to a gloriously splendid destiny. But on these banners must be written the words Duty and Honour.

VLADIMIR POLIAKOFF.

VENEREAL DISEASE

NOTWITHSTANDING much recent discussion about venereal disease the public has no conception of the actual truth. The following figures are official and more or less trustworthy. Before the war 10 per cent. of the inhabitants of the great towns suffered from syphilis. Gonorrhoea, since it is more infective, but also because it may be contracted more than once, is many times more common. Both diseases increased greatly during the war, especially in its later years, and have increased still more since. Seventy-nine per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom is urban, and almost the whole rural population has easy access to large cities. The mortality in proportion to the number of infections is small, yet syphilis alone is said to be the fourth killing disease. If these figures are even approximately correct, it would seem that about every other person in the United Kingdom has suffered from venereal disease in some form, and that hardly a family has escaped. Our hospitals and asylums for the blind, paralysed, insane, or otherwise broken in body and mind are full of its victims. It is responsible for an immense infant mortality, and for a great part of the sterility and life of pain led by many women, many of whom are unaware of the cause of their sufferings. There are always at least a million innocent sufferers. The public expenditure for providing free treatment for the infected poor runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds, the cost of maintaining the broken poor is many millions, the total cost to the community through loss of life, health, and efficiency is scores of millions. England has exported venereal disease to many primitive communities, some of which are extinct or are approaching extinction.

Sexual immorality is linked with disease as cause with effect. It has been calculated that, among men, from about thirty to one hundred dangerous exposures result, on the average, in one infection. The proportion is far higher among women. Prostitutes are more diseased than ordinary women, yet three out of four soldiers now acquire their infections from 'amateurs.' From all this the degree of current immorality may be calculated. Evidently prostitutes only hang on the fringe of it. We have to

consider whether it is possible to diminish immorality and disease (a) by improved moral teaching, (b) by inculcating fear of disease, or (c) by ordinary sanitation.

In all discussions about sexual morality appeals to human nature are common. But what is human nature? It is assumed on the one hand that it is such that immorality must always be prevalent, and, on the other, that immorality may be prevented by exhortation and advice. Assumptions are not convincing. Fortunately the facts are simple and within the experience of everyone. If these facts are not taken into account we are liable to be governed by mere prejudice.

Human actions are conditioned by desires and aversions which develop in two distinct ways. Either they arise 'naturally,' in which case they are instincts; or else they are products of experience, in which case they are learnt. Hunger and sexual love are examples of instincts; religious and patriotic devotion of things that are learnt. Instincts are the same for all races of mankind; but learning varies with time and place. Thus religions differ, and everything from promiscuous sexual intercourse to rigid abstinence from all intercourse has been held, even by contemporary peoples, to be holy, or permissible, or damnable. No one would or could be religious or moral unless he had learnt to be so. Morality, sexual and other, is that which restrains instinct. There is no such a thing as instinctive morality. Such an expression is a contradiction in terms.

Man has many instincts. But he is the educable animal and the function of several of his instincts is to incite him to learn. Thus sportiveness develops both body and mind. Imitativeness and curiosity are other examples, and it is with them especially that we are concerned. Imitativeness impels the individual to copy exemplars who as a rule are his most intimate associates. Through them he learns language, the art of walking, religion, ideals of right and wrong, and more subtle things such as habitual attitudes of mind and outlooks on life, in fact almost all that constitutes 'character.' In this way, becoming like-minded, he fits himself for existence in the community in which he is reared—savage or civilised, naked or clothed, Christian or Mohammedan, lowly or exalted, and so forth. Imitativeness is most active very early in life; and though it never quite disappears, wanes swiftly, and with its waning the character sets. The individual ceases to be plastic. In this sense the boy is father to the man. Hence the importance of good homes, schools, and companions. The convictions and mental attitudes established through example in early youth are extraordinarily stable. Every missionary knows the ease with which children may be taught a new religion with all its ideals and habits of mind, and the difficulty of converting

adults. Other excellent instances are supplied by varieties of parents. The better sort make close companions of their offspring, who copy their ideals, and never, or very rarely, 'go to the bad.' Others, because they are too austere, or because they are busy, or wealthy, or indifferent, delegate, consciously or unconsciously, their duty to chance companions, nurses, schoolmasters, and the like. Their children develop as fortune ordains.

Curiosity impels the individual to learn not from example, but from evidence. It persists in strength even in old age, but the convictions founded on it are held without passion and last only till what seems better evidence is available. Compare moral and religious ideals, which are usually inspired by example, with scientific and commercial beliefs, which are usually products of evidence. If a child learns through example that honesty is right, his conviction is unshakable; but if he learns through experience that it is the best policy, more experience may alter his conviction. Unlike imitiveness, curiosity creates not character, but knowledge: not enthusiasm, but common-sense; not stability, but adaptability; not morality and faith, but intelligence and efficiency; not bias, prejudice, fanaticism, but opportuneness; not a sense of duty, but a sense of expediency. The two instincts, working together, fit the individual for his world. Sometimes, however, they are opposed, as when tradition obscures truth and destroys efficiency, as in the case of savages, Turks, and some Christians. Often again, both among communities and individuals, some part of the current local code of morality is so highly esteemed that the rest is ignored, if not in theory yet in practice. Fanaticism, the marks of which are imperviousness to evidence and contempt for all items of morality save one or two, furnishes many examples. Thus, in our religious wars and persecutions, every part of Christian teaching was neglected except the necessity of accepting precisely the right doctrine. Yet again, there are in all communities people who are governed, apparently, merely by expediency—that is, by self-interest. Pure rascals, without morals and without character, they are often found in association with fanatics, whom they use and by whom they are used—as among the Turks and other corrupt but fanatical peoples, who are quite sure that all the rest of the world is on the road to perdition, but have found it themselves.

The reader may confirm much of the foregoing from his own experience. He is aware of the general immorality of the fanatic and the pliancy of the rascal. Introspection will reveal that he himself is capable of learning from facts, and even of changing opinions antecedently founded on facts. But he cannot now alter those ideas and values of right and wrong which he acquired when

very young. They appear to him as incontestably true as his notions of time and space, which also are habitual modes of thought. But, had he been differently trained, he might have held, with a devotion as unquestioning, the ethics of Ancient Greeks, Saxon pirates, or Papuan savages. As he is, so are other men and even half-grown men, for instance errand-boys and university students.

These then are the elements of human nature with which we are concerned—instincts, that arise naturally and are impulses or inclinations to act in this way and that; habitual convictions and modes of thought which, like instincts, impel to certain acts and are often mistaken for instincts, but, unlike them, are learnt as a rule from example in extreme youth; and opinions, based on evidence, which may be acquired at any age and are very changeable.

In most matters adults are intimate with and, therefore, exemplars to children. Consequently the offspring of, for instance, honest, merciful, modest, refined, devout, patriotic, well-mannered, or chivalrous people tend, unless alien influences have been stronger, to be of a like kind. But a convention, more potent than any article of ethics, forbids discussion of sex between persons of different ages. Children, therefore, learn *nothing* about sex from adults except extreme reticence. Nevertheless, a knowledge of sex is traditional among boys, who discuss the subject freely and obscenely. Children, therefore, are the real teachers of sexual morality, such as it is in England. As the twig is bent so the tree grows. Later, when the plastic period has waned, some adults exhort others to chastity. The history of two thousand years affords testimony of the value of mere preaching. Once more the reader should resort to introspection and personal experience. From whom did he learn about sex? Have his ideas about it altered since he was young? Could they now be altered? Is it not true that many unmarried men are not so much immoral as unmoral, and that preaching excites nothing but ribaldry and contempt? Do not such men recall past intrigues with satisfaction, even in old age? Do not they feel as little sense of wrong-doing, and as much contempt for opposing opinions, as an Englishman who eats beef in India?

The question whether there should be free and familiar talk about sex before children is not one of practical politics. The convention of reticence is too strong. Every pulpit would fulminate, and almost every parent obstruct. The unmoral as well as the moral would teach. We have made our bed and must lie on it for the present. Nevertheless it is remarkable that the people who most desire chastity should most oppose the teaching of it. We have an instance here of the stupidity of fanaticism.

Recently, it is true, there has been some recognition of the futility of exhorting adults, and proposals are now made to instruct children in their teens. But, for formation of character, instruction is a feeble thing as compared with intimate example and free discussion. Again, vast efforts are now made to expound the horrors of disease. But this is an appeal to expediency, not to morality. We shall have something to say about it presently. Meanwhile, the point I wish to emphasise is this : a sense of sexual morality, like a sense of honesty, modesty, chivalry, or any other sort of morality, must be acquired by the very young, or, as a rule, it cannot be acquired at all. If it be not acquired, the blame rests primarily with the guardians of the child, or with those who should have taught the guardians how to train the child. The offence is not mitigated by subsequent preaching, or by withholding sanitation from the victims of neglect. All that is then achieved is the poisoning of a number of unhappy people, millions of whom are innocent.

All infectious diseases are caused by microbes. Sanitation, or prevention of disease, is but a name for rational cleanliness. Its methods vary according to the mode in which the microbes travel to their victims—by air, water, food, insects, or direct contact. In the case of the contagious diseases—the surgical fevers, certain skin diseases, and the venereal disorders—the only conceivable method of prevention is *timely personal* disinfection. Surgeons have long perfected a technique which is so effective that it protects even against the exceptionally hardy microbes of surgical fevers, and fails, as a rule, only when (as in abscesses and wounds) the time and place of infection have not been anticipated. Any surgeon neglecting to disinfect swiftly on emergency would be deemed criminal or crazy by his fellows. The microbes of venereal disease are exceptionally delicate, and the time and place of infection may usually be anticipated. We shall see presently that, given desire of success, prevention is easily possible. But it is alleged that to teach prevention is, in effect, to sanction immorality. The reader must judge for himself what effect such 'sanction' is likely to have on men and boys who have been familiar with sex since childhood, and whose bias is already established. Presumably it will be about as potent as exhortation. In any case, the state of affairs can hardly be worse than it is, and we must bear in mind the millions of innocent sufferers.

The story I have now to tell is almost incredible. But the evidence is all on record, and nothing I say will be disputed. In 1906 Metchnikoff demonstrated the possibility of preventing syphilis. An interesting account of his experiments, written by Mr. Hugh Elliot, may be found in this Review for March 1919. Metchnikoff's method of prevention was adopted for the protection

of the British Navy and most of the continental armies. In 1913 a Royal Commission was appointed to 'Inquire into the prevalence of Venereal Diseases, their effects on the Health of the community, and the means by which those effects can be alleviated or prevented.' *Prevented*, be it noted. In 1916, when it published its Report, Metchnikoff's discovery was under employment for the protection of some 20,000,000 fighting men. Only the British Army was not protected. Yet this Commission, appointed to gather information and to advise about prevention, but dominated by its clerical and female elements, ignored Metchnikoff and prevention. The Government and the public were left to infer that there was no such thing. We have before us two alternatives. Either the Commission deliberately suppressed the truth, in which case it was morally unfit for its work, or else it was unaware of the truth, in which case it was intellectually unfit. As a fact, some of the medical members desired to consider the matter, but were told that perseverance in the attempt would wreck the Commission. It is exactly as if the Coal Commission had suppressed material facts which were privately disliked by some of its members.

The Commission advised the Government to increase the facilities for preaching to adults and for curing the sick. As we have seen, the last people who can be reached or influenced by preaching are the immoral. In the case of venereal disease cure is peculiarly ineffective, for the diseased individual conceals his illness, especially from his family, who are most endangered, and during his long period of ineffectiveness is able to follow his usual pursuits and pleasures. In addition the Commission warmly commended to the Government for its future guidance the newly formed National Council for Combating Venereal Disease. In other words, it warmly commended itself, for the Chairman of the one at once became President of the other, and was accompanied to the directorate of the latter by about half his colleagues. Originally it was proposed to call the Council The National Council for Preventing Venereal Disease; but 'Prevention' suggested the accursed thing, and was changed to 'Combating.' So commended, the National Council, or N.C.C. as it is commonly called, entered hopefully on its task of emptying the Atlantic with a tea-cup decorated with a text, and became very influential with a Government which was desirous of delegating disagreeable duties. To-day it is in receipt of large sums of public money which it expends on advertisements in journals that favour its policy and on lecturers who exhort adults to morality, and expatiate on the horrors of disease, but are forbidden to mention sanitation.

The ultimate results of its efforts have been remarkable. Both immorality and disease have increased by leaps and bounds. The

appeal to morality has been entirely futile. The appeal to expediency has been worse. Fear impels not to morality but to caution. It has always been ineffectual. Before the war men who knew more about disease than women were less chaste, and medical students who of all young men knew most were perhaps the least famed for austerity. The special feature of the present epidemic is not its magnitude, great though this is, but the extraordinary number of men infected by 'amateurs'—three out of four on the average. This implies an astonishing spread of disease among 'decent' women, which in turn implies two things: first that the epidemic will be of long duration, and second that men, immoral in any case, have turned their attention from the dangerous prostitute to the pursuit and seduction of the wretched amateur. At any rate, no matter how we explain the spread of disease among the women, it is certain that the National Council's plan of exhorting adults, curing the infected, and blocking sanitation for fear of 'making vice safe,' has failed disastrously. Certainly vice is less safe than ever: but so also is innocence; witness, for example, the blind and imbecile babies. 'And Abraham drew near, and said: *Wilt Thou also destroy the righteous with the guilty? . . . Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?*' And the Lord said, *If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then will I spare the place for their sakes. . . . I will not destroy it for the ten's sake.'*

In 1916 venereal disease was draining the Army of trained men for whom there was due need. The authorities wished to issue 'packets' of disinfectants which, though unnecessary in view of the abundant material available with every body of troops, would have constituted an attempt to bring sanitation within the reach of all endangered soldiers. But 'influential people' intervened, and 'venereal ablution rooms,' available only for men in camps and barracks, were established instead. At that time, it is said that in London alone men on short leave from the Continent were being infected at the rate of a thousand a week. In the venereal ablution rooms, since the men had to wait till return to quarters, the first principle of disinfection—speed—was ignored, and only delayed and therefore inefficient disinfection could be practised. Moreover, this disinfection was untruthfully called 'Early Treatment.' Treatment implies cure, not prevention. It seems that while influential circles think it impossibly wicked to tell men to disinfect at once, it is considered wicked, but not quite impossibly wicked, to tell them to disinfect with delay, provided an attempt be made to deceive them into the belief that they are curing, not preventing disease. So delicately balanced is the conscience of the elect.

Before the war a battalion of British troops serving in India was stationed for a time at a mountain sanatorium where no

women were accessible. It received orders to proceed to Delhi, a notorious hotbed of disease, and the C.O. in alarm consulted with his medical officer. The latter told the men of the perils to which they would be exposed, advised them, if ever they incurred danger, to disinfect *immediately* and supplied a disinfectant to such men as asked for it. That battalion had in four years six infections—instead of at least a thousand. By similar means disease was reduced at Mhow to ‘negligible proportions.’ In 1917 a doctor in charge of troops in the dockyard town of Portsmouth noted that neither the venereal ablution rooms nor the ‘packets’ supplied to the Navy and the continental armies had prevented disease. On the other hand he knew that the microbes were particularly delicate and that they attacked under conditions which made their destruction especially easy. He concluded that the ablution rooms had failed because in them disinfection was delayed, and that the packets had failed because the men were not properly instructed in the use of disinfectants. Thereupon he gave his men brief and simple but clear instructions. In effect, he said ‘I have talked to you till I am tired, and you still go wrong, but I will not have you bringing these beastly infections to barracks where they are a danger to your comrades. In future, if you think you are likely to get into danger, you must carry disinfectants and use them at once. Every moment of delay increases the danger, and on that account the ablution rooms are not good enough. Any disinfectant will do. If you have not got any, bring a small bottle to my orderly and he will fill it for you.’ Immediately venereal disease vanished from among his men. Apart from cases imported with drafts and antecedently infected elsewhere, he saw no cases for six months. In twenty-eight months, during which 20,000 men passed through his hands, he had seven cases—a rate of 1·5 per 1000 per annum. The rate in the garrison generally was 92. Hundreds of soldiers were preserved for the State at a cost of much under a shilling. Not one of the seven infected men had followed instructions. Among sailors Surgeon-Commander Boyden found that of 922 men who had exposed themselves to infection none had acquired disease; but one who had delayed action for six hours had acquired it.

The practice of teaching quick disinfection spread through the Portsmouth Military Area—all Dorsetshire and Hampshire, with the exception of Southampton, Netley, and that corner of Hampshire which is under the Aldershot Command. But in the Portsmouth Area were large camps of highly infected Americans, Colonials, and R.A.F., and into it came infected drafts from other areas, and in 1919 thousands of very highly infected troops from overseas. Consequently the local military authorities kept a

careful count which differentiated disease in the instructed men from all other.

In 1918 the authorities in London learned of the success of the method, and proposed to apply it to the whole Army. It was strongly impressed on them that success depended *solely* on careful and insistent instruction of the men in the necessity of *quick* disinfection, that a formal issue of disinfectants would be offensive to many people and would tend to arouse opposition, that disinfectants in abundance were present with every body of troops, that packets without instruction had never succeeded, whereas instruction without packets had never failed, that the men were flowing into hospital, the Allied armies depleted, and the German offensive impending, that the manufacture of packets involved delay and expense while instruction could be given at once and would not cost a penny, that all that was necessary was to give stringent orders to medical officers—orders which the officers would receive with pleasure and apply with zeal. Nevertheless delay occurred and inquiry elicited the astounding fact that the authorities, acting under 'expert' advice, were awaiting the delivery of 4,000,000 bottles and 1,500,000 tubes. Vehement expostulations proved unavailing. The delay gave 'influential people' their opportunity, and the experts proved obliging. When the packets arrived they were accompanied by directions that they were to be used for 'Early Treatment.' Conceive the real imbecility of the whole procedure. At great expense chemicals were shifted from pails and pots to bottles and tubes—nothing more. There can be no doubt that the highest authorities sincerely intended the introduction of quick disinfection. The failure occurred not in conception but in gestation. Someone was extraordinarily incapable, or did not wish the plan to succeed.

Fanaticism, like morality, sometimes assumes shapes so strange as to excite incredulity. Consider the following. Remember that the evidence is all on record in easily accessible official documents. Early in 1917 Sir Bryan Donkin, convinced of the inadequacy of the measures for combating venereal disease then current in the Army, published a letter in *The Times* which was followed by many other letters and essays, and became the starting-point for the present agitation. Owing chiefly to the infection of amateurs, venereal disease had spread vastly among the civilian population during the war and especially in its later years. When the troops returned for demobilisation in 1919 it became a pestilence. In that year the Ministry of Health appointed an Inter-Departmental Committee to study disease in connexion with demobilisation. This Committee was so composed that it was at once denounced as likely to be dominated by 'influential people.' Anticipations were fully realised. The scandal caused by its

report was such that the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease was founded with a very distinguished membership of leading physicians and laymen which included many seceders from the National Council itself. I need not dwell on the proceedings of the Inter-Departmental Committee; a single instance of its methods will suffice.¹ I have just told how, in spite of vehement protests and predictions of failure, unnecessary packets were forced on the Army with instructions that they were to be used for treatment, not for disinfection. Except in the Portsmouth Area, where the official instructions were not followed, it is alleged that the men did so use them. In any case, the failure was complete in the rest of the Army.

Now, obviously, the task before the Committee was to explain the then alleged, but now admitted, fact that while disease had been reduced to the vanishing point in some of the worst stations in India, Egypt, and England, it still continued rampant in surrounding areas, and to explain why men on leave in the Portsmouth Area rarely contracted disease, while men from other areas frequently contracted it, and lastly to explain why men in the Portsmouth Area used disinfectants only for prevention, while those in the rest of the kingdom used them for cure. The evidence was all at hand. Apparently, however, these problems so little interested the Committee that it forbore even to publish the views of such men as Sir William Osler and Sir James Barrett, both of whom advised prevention. Sir James Barrett had been magnificently successful on a large scale among the Australians in Egypt. Instead the Committee took the Army statistics as a whole, assumed in spite of documentary evidence that the packets had been issued for use as disinfectants, was enormously shocked that the men had used them for treatment, expressed fear that civilians would be equally stupid, and finally recorded 'their opinion that the irreplaceable effect of the moral factor has been too frequently neglected or forgotten,' by which was meant, of course, not the total neglect of moral teaching by the preachers whose business it was, but the alleged neglect of preaching by the sanitarians whose business it was not. Consider a parallel case. Suppose a country ravaged by another microbic disease, typhoid; suppose it were proved that infection was derived from the drains; suppose disinfectants were issued with instructions that they were to be used for 'early treatment'; suppose the sanitary authorities, with exceptions, followed the instructions and failed to reduce disease, while the exceptions who used the disinfectants as such did reduce it; suppose a committee, appointed to investigate, combined all the statistics, struck an average, announced that

¹ A full account may be found in the author's *Prevention of Venereal Disease* (Hornemann)

disinfection had failed, and called attention to the irreplaceable moral factor! Heaven only knows what happened in the privacy of the committee, but only the Chairman signed the Report. This Report is very quotable, and has often been quoted. But it is quite indefensible, and, though often attacked, has never yet been defended.

On the 10th of December 1919 Lord Willoughby de Broke, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, raised a debate in the House of Lords and called for information about the Portsmouth Area. Lord Sandhurst, speaking for the Ministry of Health, stated that previous to 1919 venereal disease was twice as prevalent in the Area as in the rest of Great Britain, and in 1919 two and a half times as prevalent. This statement was at once attacked in the Press as monstrously inaccurate. In February 1920 the Ministry issued a White Paper in which it was admitted that a great mistake had been made. Actually the venereal rate in the country had, owing to the importation of disease, *risen* from 38 to 64. At the same time it had *fallen* in Portsmouth Town from 92 to 54, and in the Area to 47. It is admitted in the White Paper that the ingenious statistician who had used Lord Sandhurst as his mouthpiece had taken the disease in the whole Area—locally acquired and imported, in the British Army and out of it—and attributed it to the relatively small British garrison of Portsmouth Town. Thus had he reached the tremendous total of 163 for the Area. This gentleman does not attempt to explain the *fall* in the Portsmouth rate, but he does attempt to explain why the rate did not *rise* there in correspondence with the rest of the country. The following is his explanation—that the Portsmouth Area, having no port of entry for overseas troops, was spared imported disease. Now, Southampton, the largest port of all, is in peace a part of the Area. During the war it was separated for administrative purposes, but formed a mere enclave. Not a man stepped out of it but into the Area. It is a fact, known to every military man, known to every resident in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, and certainly known to the ingenious statistician, that in 1919 the whole Area was crammed with troops from overseas, and its hospitals swamped with their diseases. Nearly the whole of the 54 and 47 were due to disease thus imported.

All that I have written in this article has already been expressed more harshly on public platforms, in the Reports of Committees and in technical journals. As in the past, I think no defence will be attempted. The instigators and perpetrators of these cooked statistics and false balance-sheets will think it safer to rely on that public convention of reticence which has so long shrouded sex and its terrible diseases, and which has rendered

possible so much inhumanity, stupidity, and real rascality. Here we have the ordinary features of fanaticism—a blind insistence on one or two items of the moral code, a neglect of other items not less important, an incapacity to learn or unlearn, a shocking indifference to human suffering, a policy not so much directed against the evil as against the evildoer. It has been said that bodies so respectable as the Royal Commission, the National Council, and the Ministry of Health cannot knowingly have suppressed the truth. But, as I say, the evidence is on record and is undisputed and indisputable. Obviously, notwithstanding their titles, these bodies, or their 'influential' guides, have sought primarily to combat not disease, but sin. Confusing expediency with morality and preaching with teaching, they have extended the area both of immorality and of disease. The National Council has declared that it does not oppose real sanitation, and has advised the immediate use of soap and water, and the establishment of Early Treatment Centres. But soap and water, because too bulky for carriage, are seldom accessible in the conditions under which the majority of infections occur—in parks, lanes, dark doorways, and the filthy back bedrooms of tenements where the inhabitants wash rarely and promiscuously in the scullery. The early treatment centres are ostensibly designed to cater for sinners who are supposed to rush to them after sinning. But consider the kinds of people who sin, and the circumstances in which they sin. How are the centres to be made known to them? By advertisement? By prominent situation? If they ministered to a fiftieth of their possible clients, every town would have a new sort of queue with numerous interested spectators. The public would be familiarised with immorality. Both proposals are illusory. Hence then moral savour. The Council insists that to provide packets for tender youth with advice to use them if endangered would, in effect, incite to vice, induce a false sense of security, and so spread disease. But all that is as much, or as little, true of soap and water and early treatment centres: it has been admitted that venereal disease has been prevented in India, in Egypt, and in England, before, during, and after the war, by simple teaching; and no responsible person suggests packets or even advice for tender youth. Packets were forced on the Army by present members of the Council against the strenuous opposition of those who are now unctuously accused of advocating them. All that is suggested by the latter is that prospective sinners shall be taught to disinfect themselves without delay. Were such teaching given, I do not know that it would be necessary even to mention venereal disease. For example, warnings against *contagious* disease, affixed to the walls of public lavatories, might be so framed that the innocent boy would think he was cautioned against such

maladies as the skin affections and the surgical fevers, while the prospective sinner would know that the advice was especially tendered to him ; for intending sinners invariably discuss sex and sex diseases with their companions.

It is argued that the Ministry of Health has been misinformed and is guilty of honest error only. Doubtless that is true. But its mistakes, beginning with the statistics of the Inter-Departmental Committee and ending with the White Paper of February 1920, form a long and connected series. By whom was the Ministry misinformed? It is clear that lacking adequate explanations or a radical change in personnel, the statements of the Ministry on this subject must now always be suspect.

We cannot eat our cake and have it too. The truth may be established, but only through open discussion. Lacking discussion fanatics and their tools will turn England into a moral and physical cesspool. Morality may be learned, but not by preaching. If it be not taught the sure alternative is immorality or unmorality. Given the latter we must have sanitation or disease. Sanitation is possible, but, lacking it, the innocent must suffer with the guilty. If the youth be infected, the bride is doomed ; if the sinner rots, the little child must bear its heritage of woe ; in war we shall have depleted legions, and in peace a monstrous waste of life, efficiency, and treasure. These are the alternatives. Anyone may discover through discussion with his fellows that the weight of public opinion is immensely on the side of sanitation. But hitherto organisation has been lacking, and for this the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease at last affords opportunity. I can conceive no clearer duty for men who love their country and are guided by common sense than to give the Society all the support in their power. The Secretary, whose address is 143 Harley Street, will supply all information

G ARCHDALI REID

A NEW HERESY

'We assert our belief that the moral and spiritual welfare of the people demands that the best possible standard of living should everywhere be maintained'—*Manifesto of the Industrial Christian Fellowship and Christian Social Union*.

'I believe I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year.'—THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*.

'From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, Good Lord, deliver us.'—*Book of Common Prayer*.

THE fine old sport of heresy-hunting has of late fallen somewhat into disrepute, mainly because almost always it has been conducted by ecclesiastics who of necessity import an *odium theologicum* which renders it no fit occupation for a gentleman. But for my part I believe that a revival of this exercise may now be attempted with advantage, and that its lost prestige may be regained if its pursuit be confined to those whose own orthodoxy is at the least unproven and whose own failure in matters of conduct restrains them from the use of all bitterness of controversy. For such are able to view the quarry with a detachment peculiarly fitted to engender that sympathy which is the essence of all true criticism.

As the reader of discrimination will have deduced already from the sentences which I have placed at the head of this article, the heresy which I propose to course to-day is that which, commonly known as Christian Socialism, is to all appearance held widely by those who are conventionally termed the superior clergy. Some have suggested that the ecclesiastical dignitaries who have recently taken up an attitude toward industrial questions which, if I do not fail hereinafter, can only be described as anti-Christian are influenced by a desire to stand well with those into whose hands patronage will, they believe, shortly fall. Suspicion indeed must needs be where men transfer their allegiance from the rich to the poor at a time when the latter seem about to grasp political power. Yet to my mind such suspicion is not justified; and the bishops and others, who now protest their subservience to the Labour Party, not regarding the complete repudiation of Christianity which is thereby involved, do so rather because they hope to find in Socialism a way by which obedience to the precepts of their Founder may be deferred for yet a little while. For, if a new

organisation of industry were to be set up, surely we could without disaster still continue for a time to love ourselves more than our neighbours? It is in truth a most attractive idea; but I fear that it has been reached too late for it to be of any real value in practice. For many of us laymen have been forced by the experiences of the last seven years to believe that we have come to one of those crises in the world's history when civilisation may in any event perish, and will most certainly do so unless at least a few of us make some manner of an attempt to be good. This may seem a counsel of despair (and such indeed it is so far as I am concerned); yet it bears two marks of a true remedy for the ills of mankind—it is simple, and it is unpleasant. It is indeed so simple and, judged from the conventional point of view, so unpleasant that it has something of the nature of Christianity. But Socialism does not bear those marks. It has, first, the advantage which arises from lack of definition, so that several generations might well pass in the discussion of its meaning. Thus we of this age, comfortably debating for the rest of our lives the exact principles involved, would be relieved from the necessity of making any change. Nor is there anything really unattractive in a system whose adoption, whatever else it may in the end be found to require, places upon us the immediate duty of selling all that our neighbour has and giving the price to the poor—a duty doubtless to be performed with added zest if we ourselves happen to be the poor.

Because we of the laity have been taught by experience that it is impossible in any circumstances for one man to serve two masters, I say that it is too late for a section of the clergy to attempt to convince us that it can be done by means of a device known as 'Christian Socialism.' For those who formerly blessed the few in their policy of sacrificing the many now bless the many in their policy of sacrificing the few, and thus strive to make Christianity a cogwheel in the Labour Party machine. While we, who are not priests and it may be not even Christians, maintain that the troubles of mankind can be mitigated only when the few sacrifice themselves for the many; and that even this is of no avail unless we ourselves happen to be the few who form the grain of mustard seed. We must confess in this the greatness of our egoism; so gross is it indeed that some of us, regarding the mote in our brother's eye almost with indifference, are inclined to hold the opinion that he is one of those camels which by a miracle can pass into the kingdom whence our riches would most certainly exclude us. We are in truth subjectivists so self-centred that we believe, nay, more, we know, that the progress of mankind comes only through our own self-sacrifice. Therefore we cannot understand that remarkable modern invention the 'collective

conscience'; indeed we doubt its very existence. We cannot, as some bishops exhort us, 'apply Christian principles to industry,' because we are unable to understand how those principles can be applied to anything except individuals. We dare not with them condemn the 'competitive system,' because we know that, in its absence, the greater part of our neighbours would die from starvation, while the remnant would be reduced to a very brutish and mean state of existence, deprived of all possessions except weapons. For as long as men and women act in the main from selfish motives, so long must they be allowed to do what they will with their own; since private property is the only alternative to private war in a community composed of individuals who will not produce unless they gain some material and personal reward by doing so, and who are determined not to starve. 'Thou shalt not steal' is a law rendered inevitable by that which says 'Thou shalt do no murder.' Nor can the latter be repealed until the former is made unnecessary by men no longer coveting.

Before we enter upon an analysis of the term Christian Socialism, it is well that we should try to gain a general conception of the meaning of its two constituent parts. Socialism, in so far as it can be defined, is the belief that happiness depends upon material wealth and that the material prosperity, and therefore the happiness, of mankind can best be increased by taking all means of production out of the hands of individuals and vesting them in an elected authority, whether the latter be chosen by the suffrage of the whole population or only by those actually engaged in the particular branch of industry under consideration. In the one case the system is State Socialism, in the other Guild Socialism. But both are founded upon the belief that an authority democratically elected will direct the production and distribution of wealth so much more effectively than those who now perform these services that men will have a higher material standard of living than they have at present and will on that account be happier. Any person of average intelligence at once will see the absurdity of the idea that it is possible to detach from individuals, and to hold collectively, the means of production. For he will understand that inventive ability, bodily strength, craftsmanship, and character are most important forms of capital which cannot be vested in an elected committee or held in common. Yet it is in theory possible that a collective organisation of the kind contemplated by Socialists could be established in respect of all material means of production by any one of three methods. First, the present owners might voluntarily surrender their capital. This is a remote contingency, though some of us would be quite willing to make the surrender if we did not know that by doing so we should bring disaster upon the wage-earners. For if a man

is a wage-earner and not a capitalist, *ipso facto* he is one who has spent all that he has earned; while a capitalist is one who has earned more than he has spent, or the heir to one who has done so. And experience has always shown that when those, who as individuals eat up the seed-corn, combine together they are still unable to exercise self-restraint. Thus in all nationalised industry in a democratic state the manual workers, being in a majority, will always insist upon the distribution of the whole product of industry as wages, with the inevitable result that industry withers away, unless more than half the electors are men possessing the capitalist spirit, able through their voting power to prevent the others from eating up the seed-corn. Nationalised industry might be very successful under an autocracy, provided that the autocrat were supported by an aristocracy of intellect forming a caste altogether apart from the manual workers and kept loyal by privilege. It is possible that we shall see this system in actual practice in Russia and Germany in the near future; but I have very grave doubts as to its stability even in those countries. The second method of setting up a system based upon collectivism is for the wage-earners in any industry to accumulate such capital as will ensure its continuance by paying into a common fund the excess of their earnings beyond what is necessary for the subsistence of each individual. This plan always breaks down in practice, because those who produce much and consume little invariably find themselves in a minority, and are thus at a hopeless disadvantage in the management of the joint capital as compared with those who, producing little and consuming much, compose the majority. This is the reason why the system of collective ownership of capital is only possible in practice when each individual's share in the product and in the management is proportional to the amount of his contribution to the common fund. In other words, the joint-stock company with voting power proportional to the amount of shares held is the only form of common ownership of capital which can function successfully in industry when a large number of individuals is concerned. The third way of setting up a system of collective ownership of capital is by stealing all existing capital from its present owners. This is really the only effective way of introducing collectivism in practice and is that which Labour Party Socialists advocate. The theft is to be disguised under the name of a capital levy, and by a curious inconsistency is to be committed only in the case of capital accumulations beyond a certain limit. But what I wish the reader particularly to note is this—the Socialist is so convinced that material prosperity is the *summum bonum* that he regards as justified any means to that end.

For my part I cannot think that Christians could possibly hold that opinion. For the Gospels continually impress upon the

reader the extreme danger of material wealth to its possessors. While the Socialist declares that men can be neither good nor happy unless they have a high standard of physical comfort, the Christian is bound to hold that it is almost impossible for men to be either good or happy if they have a high standard of physical comfort. The Socialist is convinced that it is better to receive than to give, and that the mass of the people (that is, the World) ought to keep the aristocracy (that is, the Church) in subjection by means of the device known as democracy, so that human affairs may be guided rather by the selfish aspirations of the many than by the altruism of the few. And this I consider an anti-Christian attitude. For to me it would appear that Christianity is, like all other real religions, the attempt to find an absolute standard of values upon which an aristocracy may be founded. As this standard must be one which does not alter under varying conditions of time and space, it must be revealed supernaturally. For if it be set up by a process of reasoning conducted by intelligences functioning wholly in the material universe because they are inseparable from physical life, it can be relative only. But if it be absolute, it can only be brought within the sphere of human consciousness by some intermediary whose nature is in part human and in part divine, and faith in the divinity of that intermediary is an essential preliminary to the acceptance of the standard. But Christians further believe that those who, having the necessary faith, make this revealed standard the criterion of their conduct immediately enter upon an increasing approximation to complete unity with what is divine or absolute.

But, for our immediate purpose, it is not necessary to go further into these matters. We have seen already that the collectivist system advocated by the Labour Party can hardly be inaugurated except by theft, and that Christians and Socialists hold opinions on the subject of material wealth which are diametrically opposed. Indeed the gulf between them can never, as I believe, be bridged. For the Socialist maintains that progress comes by the democratic action of majorities, while the writers of the Gospels clearly regard progress as impossible unless men are led by an aristocratic minority, which is described as the light of the world and the salt of the earth. This aristocracy, it appears, is composed of those individuals who are prepared to submit to a code of conduct far more stringent than that observed by the majority. The latter must not commit murder, the former must not even be angry. The latter must give alms, the former must sell all that they have and give to the poor. The latter must endeavour to repress material desires and animal instincts, the former must not even possess them. A member of this aristocracy (that is to say, a Christian) devotes his life to service and

renunciation in order that he may learn thereby to love his neighbour. And having learnt to love his neighbour more than himself he will, he believes, find himself in more complete unity with divinity. In the pursuit of this object he is, almost inevitably, forced to live a life of considerable physical discomfort. How then can he subscribe to the Socialist doctrine that a high standard of physical comfort is essential to moral and spiritual development? And how can he, rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, think that any change of system or organisation in any branch of human affairs could make men better or happier? For he knows well that there are no such things as good or bad systems, but only good or bad men. How can he talk about 'just' wages, when he means wages satisfactory to the recipient? For he must remember the employer who paid the men who worked all day no larger wages than those who only worked half the day, and must know that justice is satisfied if the contract is fulfilled, no matter how hard the bargain may be. Nor would he, I think, speak of the 'ideals of Labour'—that phrase so dear to Socialists. For he knows that the desire to have more to eat and drink cannot rightly be termed an ideal. Yet what say our friends of the Industrial Christian Fellowship touching this matter? 'We recognise,' they say, 'that the guiding motive of the Labour Movement at its best is spiritual rather than economic, in that it has steadily aimed at a fuller recognition of human personality.' Let us search out the meaning of that somewhat cryptic sentence. It means that, if the Samaritan in the parable had been a spiritually minded man, he would have collected a number of other spiritually minded Samaritans, who with him would have pursued the Priest and the Levite, and by force compelled them to deliver up their purses. The idealists would then have divided the spoil among themselves, giving one share to the man who had fallen into the hands of the first gang of thieves. For the Labour Movement has, by the admission of its leaders, but two objects, both of which are to be gained by the force of a majority. The first object is to seize wealth, and the second object is to seize power. The adherents of the Labour Party seek to cast out devils by the power of devils, to destroy the selfishness of the rich by organising the selfishness of the poor. It exalts desire and repudiates renunciation. Yet we are informed that there is something peculiarly Christian and spiritual in the Labour Movement. Without doubt it has a full 'recognition of human personality,' inasmuch as its leaders well understand that human personalities are apt to follow those who promise them material wealth which belongs to someone else.

Therefore, when those in authority in the Church endeavour to persuade their flock that Christianity and the Labour Party have

something in common, they are continuing what has been the work of almost all Christian organisations in the past. For they are attempting the old task of proving that the words of their Founder, as handed down to us in the Gospels, do not mean what they seem to mean, that it is possible to serve God and Mammon, that poverty is a danger to the souls of men, and that institutions rather than individuals are in need of re-birth. Not content that Christianity has been blighted for many centuries by the refusal of Churchmen to perceive that civilised men care nothing for a God fashioned in their own image, they now wish to make also a state and an industrial system in the image of man, and to endow these two monsters jointly with a collective conscience, which latter is to be compounded of ignorance and greed.

Surely it were better that those in authority in the Church should devote themselves to the interpretation of the extraordinary changes which are taking place at present in human ideas. They are indeed but blind leaders if they fail to understand that the acceptance of the general theory of relativity by physicists is a development of enormous importance. And now, as ever, we laymen look to ecclesiastics to formulate for us conceptions of divinity which shall not run counter to the continuous revelation which is known as the progress of physical science. Their peculiar detachment from the things of this world, their lack of thought for the morrow, their lives of renunciation and contemplation, and the educational advantages which they have enjoyed, peculiarly fit them for a task too high for us mere shopkeepers, mere wielders of the muck-rake, mere purveyors of increasing material prosperity to the masses who care little for anything else. We feel that too much of the time and energy of, for example, bishops is devoted to the practice of those magical rites which belong to a more primitive stage of human development and have now but an aesthetic or an anthropological interest. It may be that a limited amount of magic is still useful for the instruction of uneducated minds, but surely the actual practice of the anachronism might well be left to the lower orders of the clergy, so that the princes of the Church may be free to instruct us in the proper appreciation of recent discoveries in physics. Let them tell us whether the statement of the general principle of relativity does or does not afford the possibility of a mathematical conception of divinity far clearer than that given by the traditional anthropomorphism which has hitherto provided a glass through which we see darkly. Let them show us that no mathematical conception of divinity based upon Galileian systems of co-ordinates can ever be satisfactory, since such systems are purely conventional and, at the most, special cases. For human personalities in their infinite variety and unknown capacity can only, as I believe, be rightly described by systems of Gaussian

co-ordinates unrestricted in number and varying to an unlimited extent. And it would appear that the nearest approach to the comprehension of the nature of the absolute that we can make in our present state of development would be reached by a study of the equations of transformation which, if we accept the general principle of relativity, we must admit can be presented in a form co-relating descriptions of phenomena derived from any one of those systems of co-ordinates. Investigations along these lines may lead to nothing; yet for my part I believe that theologians are far more likely to find divinity in Tensors than Christianity in Socialism.

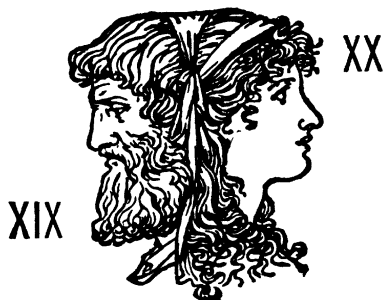
I trust that nothing which I have written above will give pain to young readers who, seeing the unhappiness of many of their neighbours and moved by a generous impulse to cure their troubles, look hopefully to some form of Socialism to right all wrongs. That young people should be Socialists is a most healthy sign; for it shows that they have keen sympathies and brave enthusiasms. It is well that gallant lads should ride out in the shining armour of youth to do battle with dragons. But unhappily that is not the way to slay dragons, who grow fat by feeding on these young knights errant. And those who return alive from these first encounters must learn that dragons are not slain by boys with swords, but only by old men who climb wearily to their dens up the steep path of experience, and strangle them with their bare hands.

Now, touching notes and beams, those whom I accuse of heretical tendencies live noble and self-sacrificing lives.

AUSTIN HOPKINSON.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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HOUSING

WHEN a subject has become controversial, we are apt to engage ourselves on this side or on that, and to become so absorbed in the strife that we may forget or may not give ourselves time to consider what, in fact, it is all about, or how important or unimportant the subject may really be.

This applies to some of the recent controversies on the question of Housing, and it is well to remind ourselves without prejudice as to what the issues are, to estimate their importance in our national life so far as we can, and to consider whether they require to be dealt with by some form of public effort or not, and, if so, in what way.

Every one of us must have a habitation of some kind or another. When it is a place which we have felt to be a home, and it has clustering about it all manner of memories and associations, we recognise that, for good or ill, it has been a factor of great importance in our life.

A child for quite a number of years spends at least half its time in bed, or should do, and if, because of the noise outside or that caused by other occupants of the same room, it has insufficient opportunities for sleep, its growth and health are injuriously

affected. During its waking hours also it must, especially during certain seasons of the year, spend a great part of its time indoors. A mother of a family must pass nearly all her hours at home, and even those of the adult population whose working places are elsewhere, if the hours are reckoned up, spend at least half their lives at home. These are statements of quite ordinary and obvious facts, but it follows from them that the character of the place that people inhabit is of great and abiding importance in their lives.

Questions affecting the houses of the people are indeed much akin to those relating to the other essentials of daily life, and if possible should not become the sport of political partisanship, but be examined and dealt with frankly, on their merits, as practical matters, with as great a common measure of agreement as may be.

What, then, is the character of the housing problem as it exists to-day? It consists of two elements, so far as the demand is concerned. There is, first, a real shortage of houses of any kind which people of small means can maintain, and especially of those which are suitable for family life with those facilities which we all would agree are the minimum necessary for its reasonable and healthy conduct. In the second place, there exists a large number of houses or tenements of different kinds now inhabited which it is agreed are so unhealthy and bereft of decencies that they are unfit for human habitation. The number of houses so classified has been variously estimated, and if we were to include all the damp or unsatisfactory cottages scattered throughout our villages and towns which are on the borderland of the unfit, but which possibly are not beyond repair and improvement, the total would become greatly inflated. If, however, we exclude this class and confine ourselves to those which after repeated inspections have been condemned as not fit for human habitation, the lowest total that has been given for England and Wales is 180,000 and a proportionately higher number for Scotland.

If, however, we leave bad houses out of account altogether for the moment and consider the *bona-fide* demands for additional houses, we have to bear in mind that the demand may vary from time to time and may be greater or less than the real need as measured by the number of houses that could command stable tenants. During times of good trade and high wages, the number of those who wish to obtain a better house than they now have increases. The number of young married people living with their friends who are able to take a house for themselves, as well as the number of those who have occupied tenements and wish to have a separate home of their own, greatly increases the number of those applying for houses. This was markedly the case during 1919, and the demands were further augmented by the increased

number of marriages which followed the conclusion of the war.

If things could be as we wish, it would no doubt be good for society if these demands could be met, but we have to remember that, in a time of bad trade like the present, when people are willing to endure the discomforts of lodgings or to share their house with others, a full supply of the demands in good times would leave us in bad times with many unoccupied houses.

It was necessary for these reasons to discount the returns under the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1919 which came in from Local Authorities during that year. They represented a demand for 800,000 additional houses in England and Wales. Apart, however, from slum-improvement schemes, we were working at that time on a 300,000 house programme in respect of new building.

This house scarcity has been the subject of repeated inquiries, and it is not necessary here to repeat their conclusions. So far as England and Wales are concerned, the Report of Lord Salisbury's Committee to the Ministry of Reconstruction in 1917 represents perhaps the most moderate and carefully considered estimate that we have, and is well worthy of the study of those interested. The inquiries of the Land Agents' Society for rural England were of the most valuable kind, and the conclusions of the Royal Commission on Housing in Scotland based upon existing inquiries have not been challenged.

We have, however, a useful guide in the records of house-building by private enterprise. Houses so supplied represented the compensation for normal wastage and a response to the demands for new and better accommodation which the public were making. Although many features of the houses built during the years previous to the war on the outskirts of our chief towns offer points for criticism, they represented, in the accommodation provided and in the lay-out of the houses upon the ground, a substantial improvement upon former standards. The average number of new houses so provided was about 75,000 per annum. From the year 1910 however to the commencement of the war, a remarkable decline in that number took place, although trade on the whole was good or improving. This decline has been attributed to the risks, real or apprehended, which attached to the provisions of the Budget of 1910, in relation to land. How much those fears were justified or not, we need not discuss in this place, but there appears to be little doubt that they were in fact largely responsible for the decline in this class of house-building.

During the four and a half years of war, the number of new houses built was insignificant—about 50,000. These were built mainly under Government auspices for the accommodation of

munition or other war workers. We find therefore from 1910 onwards a rapidly increasing deficiency entirely apart from the large number of unsatisfactory houses in town and country. Taking as a basis the minimum figure supplied by any authority, the shortage amounted by the beginning of 1919 to 400,000 at the least. However we regard these figures, based solely on the ascertained facts of previous building, and however liberally we may discount them, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the supply is grievously short of the reasonable demand, or to wonder at the persistent and widespread interest of the people in this subject.

In view of this growing scarcity what is happening to the people? They are of course being crowded into the existing houses. In view of what took place before 1910 it is probably true to say that the number of new houses built since that time has not kept pace with the number of those which would have become derelict and uninhabited in normal circumstances. But as the pressure has increased so, at the bottom of the scale, people have had to make shift with houses that are really little better than shelters. From one end of the country to the other the Reports show that, whilst securing what sanitary safeguards they could, local authorities have had to turn a blind eye to this kind of thing. They recognise that great numbers of houses continue to be inhabited which, with the utmost toleration, in normal times would properly be made the subject of closing orders, but that such action is out of the question now, as the only result would be to turn the unfortunate tenants out into the street, gradually to squeeze themselves into and hasten the deterioration of other houses.

It was therefore recognised that substantial progress with slum reclamation schemes was precluded until the pressure had been relaxed at other parts of the scale by the provision of a goodly number of new houses. Under the Act of 1919 a five-year period of assistance is provided in respect of improvement schemes which may include new building as a part of the scheme—as distinguished from a three-year period of assistance for new building as a separate operation. It was not contemplated therefore that it would be possible to make material progress with improvement schemes except during the last two or three years of the assistance period. The estimate made was that the new building might have proceeded far enough to justify improvement schemes being undertaken in respect of 50,000 bad houses by June 1924. On April 1 last tenders had been approved for the erection of some 170,000 new houses, and contracts had been signed and the work begun in respect of schemes providing for 150,000. In addition some 15,000 had been provided by private enterprise aided by the

subsidy. The estimate therefore that sufficient new building would have been completed to justify work in respect of 50,000 insanitary houses by June 1924 was probably a fair one.

We must however guard against thinking of the overcrowding of houses in terms of condemned houses. With the increase of the pressure the number of good, or easily repairable, houses which have come to be occupied in tenements by two, three or more families has progressively increased together with the number of lodgers and of young married couples living with their parents. Such occupation of course increases the wear-and-tear of the houses involved, but in many cases it does not present a special health problem although the personal inconvenience and vexation remain.

When however we have made all the exceptions and qualifications we can in the interest of moderation of statement, we are still confronted by the multitude of people living in the 180,000 condemned houses and in a great many others which, whilst still being fairly sound so far as the fabric is concerned, have become inhabited as tenement houses, and in which, as in the former group, the conditions of living are so bad that it is almost impossible to exaggerate them or to estimate the costliness and evil of their effects.

In the Census return of 1911 there were more than 3,000,000 people in England and Wales described as overcrowded—that is to say, they were living at the rate of more than two persons to each room. We may anticipate that, with the diminished new building and such increase of the population as there may be, the forthcoming Census return will reveal a material increase in that number. At the same time in Scotland 40.4 per cent. of all the houses contained not more than two rooms, and they provided homes for nearly 2,000,000 people.

Figures, however, and averages give at best an inadequate understanding of the real conditions. In order to understand them it is necessary to get behind the fronts of the dreary rows of these houses where the family inhabits one or two rooms only. These rooms serve all the purposes and incidents of life, they are the places of birth, of sleep, of washing and of all household work, of the cooking, preparing and storing of food and the taking of meals, of such reading and rest as may be possible, of sickness and of death. All the year round, all day, every day they are for children and grown-ups alike the sole and narrow home.

Some time ago, in order to obtain the domestic facts, I had a complete report on the conditions in a considerable number of different London streets. Many of them were not in the condemned class, but the houses for the most part had become inhabited in tenements. An example may be given from the

records of the first ten houses on the same side of a street for which the information was complete and in which the houses, so far as their structure went, were still in a sound condition. They are fairly representative of tens of thousands which exist throughout the country. The street is described as

a medium broad street of three-storeyed houses, with basements. The basements are always dark and unfit for habitation. The houses have fairly large windows and fairly lofty rooms. The yards at the back are of a good size, but are shut in by houses at the end

The accompanying table speaks for itself :

House	Number of Lettings	Population			Number of W.C.'s in the House	Number of Water Taps in the House
		Under 18	Over 18	Total		
1	6	11	9	20	2	2
2	4	19	8	27	2	2
3	4	18	6	24	2	2
4	6	5	8	13	1	1
5	8	--	10	10	1	2
6	8	21	13	34	2	1
7	5	19	10	29	2	1
8	7	16	13	29	2	1
9	7	22	12	34	2	1
10	4	12	6	18	2	2
Totals	59	143	95	238	18	15

From the domestic point of view the fact that one water-closet served on the average rather more than three separate lettings, and that the tenants of nearly four separate lettings had to share one water-tap for all purposes, gives perhaps a better indication of the way that family life is carried on than any bare figures of overcrowding or other similar statistics.

The results of the whole inquiry showed that in the main the population in these streets consisted of average working people, regularly employed and constant residents. Many of them had been born there. They lived there because it was 'handy for work,' because they could not get other accommodation, because the father and the children liked 'to come home for dinner,' because they 'could not afford railway fares from the suburbs,' and because they were near a cheap market, and finally because they 'just lived there.' There are many miles of such tenement streets in London, and the returns from elsewhere provide records of vast numbers of similar houses.

It must be remembered that the great majority of houses let in tenements have degenerated to that condition. Originally they were single houses, and it therefore comes about that in most of them the only room in which there is a cooking-stove of any sort is that which was formerly the kitchen. The women prepare

the family meals as best they can on the ordinary fireplace, and have only the most primitive and improvised facilities for keeping food. The patience of the people is splendid, and sometimes the cleanliness is remarkable. But the commonly pervading dirt is inevitable when we take human nature as it is and remember that in most cases it is necessary to go to a tap in the yard or on the next landing for every drop of water that is required for household and family purposes.

It is difficult to use temperate language in describing these things, but the squalor of it all is dreadful and the results are disastrous. Volumes have been written and Reports supplied well-nigh without end on the consequences of these conditions of life, but we are here primarily concerned with the practical question as to whether society as a whole--the taxpayers and the ratepayers--should spend money in a sustained effort to remedy them.

For this purpose we may examine briefly three quite familiar facts. The diet of a large number of the people is of a scrappy and unsuitable kind. Much of this is due to a lack of knowledge or to habit, but you do not find it so prevalent amongst those who live in well-fitted model dwellings or in properly supplied small houses. When there are no decent facilities for cooking or keeping food the result is that the people fall back in an undue proportion on prepared foods, with the tasty accompaniment of pickles and so forth. Quite commonly as much or more money is spent in this way than would suffice to supply a fresher and more suitable diet. When these things are coupled with life in stuffy rooms, a deficiency of restful sleep and wholesome exercise, the resulting widespread dyspeptic disorders are readily understood. During late years, as a result of the better training of health visitors and others, as well as through the instruction of older girls in school on the simple requirements of a baby's diet, there has been a substantial improvement in the infant death-rate and in the conditions of infant life. Beyond this period, however, the usual family diet is shared, and the results of the inspection of school children reveal 500,000 children in attendance at our elementary schools who are described as suffering from malnutrition. The sequence of events is traceable into later life through an examination which was made of the cases of insured persons requiring medical attention in typical representative cities in 1916. Insured persons represent practically all the industrial workers of the country, and it was found that 148 persons out of every thousand seeking medical advice were suffering from disorders of digestion.

Another group of ailments which bulks equally largely in the results of the medical inspection of school children is that described

as disorders of the air passages, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, deafness, and the rest. If a child, whether in a tenement house in a town or in a country cottage, spends more than half its life in a stuffy, ill-ventilated room with other people, the spread of catarrh is facilitated and the power to withstand the development of evil after-effects is diminished. Going thence through life with a lowered resistance it is no wonder that the most numerous group of all amongst those claiming medical attendance under the Insurance Act in the cities examined is that which is described as 'Bronchitis, Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh.' These accounted for 181 out of every 1000 cases.

It should be stated that neither of the above groups included grave illnesses or specific diseases, but between them they accounted for practically one in every three of the insured persons who required medical attention. At the same time, about 8,500,000*l.* are provided annually in payments during sickness and disablement to insured persons, and the cost of medical treatment, including drugs, amounts to a further 9,000,000*l.*, whilst the insured persons of the country lose between them annually no less than fourteen million working weeks through sickness. The indubitable result of the inquiry, moreover, was that much of this sickness was preventible.

The third familiar illustration that may be given is that of tubercle, the spread of which is so facilitated by bad house conditions. It would indeed not be too much to say that, whilst the ravages of this disease may be diminished by improved services, with better feeding, and in other ways, as they have been lately, we cannot expect to master it as long as so many of the people are so deplorably housed. The dispensary system has enabled careful records to be made of the home conditions of phthisis patients. In one borough only 86 out of 483 consumptive patients had a bedroom to themselves; the vast majority of the remainder shared not only a room but a bed with someone else. In another borough only 134 out of 766 cases had a bedroom to themselves, and 453 out of the remainder shared a bed with one or more members of the family.

Some time ago at my request Mr. Vernon, the Registrar-General, made a calculation into the money cost of tuberculosis in this country. He was aided by the records of the largest approved society as to benefits paid to members with tuberculosis, the loss of working weeks, the cost of sanatorium and dispensary treatment, and by other data. Without going into the details I may say that, after making the most liberal deductions in many directions, the annual cost of tuberculosis in this country could not be reckoned as less than 14,000,000*l.*

However they may be examined, the conditions of housing under consideration make for malnutrition, stunted growth, lack

of working power, an increased loss of working time through sickness, and for a mass of charges upon the charitable public and upon the ratepayers and taxpayers of the country which, if it could all be reckoned up, would make an annual bill of prodigious proportions. Every investigation leads to the same conclusion, namely, that as a nation we shall, in one form or another, continue to pour out millions every year upon these wretched results until some policy is devised and pursued through a series of years which is devoted to the removal of the unquestioned causes. The difficulties always begin when we consider ways and means of dealing with them.

Our cities and towns have grown up for the most part in a haphazard fashion determined by transport conditions, by proximity to markets and by the special features of local industries. Houses have been packed together in close rows and on spare patches of ground so that vistas of dismal streets with scarcely a green thing amongst them greet the eye of the railway traveller in approaching nearly any of our large towns. The improvement of transport and the establishment of factories in more open ground which has taken place during recent years is clearly to be encouraged in every way. If we had had a sensible system of town-planning during the last fifty years we should no doubt have escaped many of our present difficulties. Under the Act of 1919 Town-planning becomes obligatory in the larger urban authorities from 1923 onwards. It is of the utmost importance that it should take a common-sense form in the shape of schemes which will encourage development along good and practical lines and avoid restrictions and bye-laws to the utmost possible extent. It provides a great opportunity. It would be little short of a tragedy if it failed to command public support by any such accompaniments. There is no reason why a system of planning which would give more air, light and improved home conditions to the people should not at the same time encourage the development of land, enterprise and transport.

Private enterprise is at the present time under great disadvantages with regard to house-building. The conditions of many branches of the building trade are unattractive, a standard of profit beyond the risks of industrial disturbance and of high taxation has been aimed at, and the restrictive actions of the unions with regard to recruitment, coupled with a low output of work, have made the cost of building so great that it is impossible for the private builder to provide houses at a cost which will give him anything like an economic rent in return. Moreover, here as elsewhere money has to be obtained at a high rate, and its influence on rent will be readily understood when it is pointed out that an increase or decrease of 1 per cent. in the cost of money with a small sinking fund means a difference in rent of 2s. 6d.

a week on a house costing 600*l.* to build. Even with the aid of a subsidy of from 150*l.* to 250*l.* per house it is not expected that the numbers of houses to be built privately will exceed 23,000.

One of the most unfortunate features of the recent decision of the Government is not to give free play to the Act which came into operation on the 1st of July last whereby a subsidy could be earned by a private builder who completed an approved house by June 1922. Whatever may be the share taken by public authorities it is impossible to escape from the vicious circle in which we are at present engaged until private persons can build houses without loss to themselves.

Why do I use the expression 'vicious circle'? It is that because of the scarcity of houses and in order to escape the grave disturbances following evictions and sudden increases of rent it was found necessary to pass various Rent Restriction Acts. It is true that these Acts do not apply to new houses and that they expire in June 1923. But unless house-building has made good progress before that date we shall then find ourselves confronted by the same conditions, and it is safe to predict that whatever Government may be in power it will find itself compelled to prolong these Acts in some form. No one justifies them apart from social necessity as being either sound in economy or in the interests of housing, but so long as they are before him the private builder is not likely to be active in his operations. The free building of houses under well-planned conditions by private persons, by corporations, guilds, or associations as private undertakings is clearly an essential part of a sound policy, and the more they are restricted the more we are driven back upon the work of public authorities.

It was the recognition of these limitations upon the action of private persons that led Lord Salisbury's Committee, in common with all other bodies who examined our post-war needs in this matter, as well as Parliament itself in the Act of 1919, to recognise that for a time at least the increasing and serious needs of the people could be met only by assisting the responsible local authorities to provide houses. An undertaking to do so was prominent in the election pledges of the supporters of the Government and in the speeches of public men, from the Prime Minister downwards.

The period of assistance generally was limited to three years in respect of new building, as apart from improvement schemes, in the hope that by the end of that time some prospect of normality in post-war conditions would be in sight. It was at any rate wise not to commit ourselves to the specific method adopted for more than a limited period. It was provided, however, that where an undertaking had been delayed by difficulties in the supply of labour or materials the time for completion might be extended

beyond June 1922. This extension will have to be allowed for in many cases where such difficulties have unquestionably occurred.

It is now two years since the Act was passed, and the difficulties of local authorities in meeting their new responsibilities have of course been considerable. When a private individual proposes to buy a piece of land and to build a house upon it, he finds that considerable time is taken in negotiating and completing the purchase, in obtaining satisfactory plans, in the specifications being prepared, and in the quantities being taken and an acceptable tender obtained. At the best, in normal times, it is a goodly number of months before he has the satisfaction of seeing the walls above the ground.

The same difficulties accompany the operations of a local authority, and are intensified when, as during 1919 and early 1920, the building trade is very fully occupied in dealing with war arrears of repairs and in industrial building. The fact also that owing to the receipt of financial assistance the schemes require the approval of a State Department interposes further delay.

It was therefore quite twelve months before active operations on an extensive scale were in evidence. At any one moment, with building proceeding, or agreed upon, on thousands of different sites up and down the country an examination of the position reveals a multitude of arrangements in all stages, from the negotiation for the purchase of land through all the tedious series of operations leading up to the signing of a contract and the commencement of work. Such a review was made during February and March of this year, and the result showed that the Government was committed in a definite form to assist the building of some 250,000 houses which might fairly fall within the assisted period. Contracts had been signed and the work begun in respect of schemes representing some 150,000 houses, and it was agreed that in view of falling prices our assistance should be parcelled out on the basis of 250,000 houses with the commitments governed by three conditions: First, that there should be good competition for the work in the building trade; second, that the need was urgent; and third, that substantial reductions in prices should be obtained. It was further agreed between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and myself that, whilst working on this basis during the coming year, the whole matter should be gone into again by June 1922.

This arrangement was designed to secure that whilst our undertakings would be honoured we should be at liberty to take advantage of falling prices whilst keeping the machinery in being, and be free, without prejudice, to explore other alternative and possibly more economical methods.

By the recent Government decision a line is drawn practically at the building contracts entered into on the 1st of July, and local

authorities are informed that it marks the limit of the assistance they are to receive under the Act of 1919. The effect of this is that the whole machinery of effort that was so laboriously built up throughout the country at the behest of the Government and of public opinion will fall to pieces and cease to be available for any alternative form of action. Large numbers of patriotic people have lent their aid in one way or another, and they will feel that they have laboured to no purpose. Sites are being disposed of and contracts for the purchase of others cancelled. Streets and sewers which authorities had been urged to proceed with in order to find useful work for some of the unemployed, and for which houses had been approved, although the contracts for the building of them had not been let (very commonly in the interest of obtaining advantage of the falling prices), will nearly all have to be abandoned and will become grass-grown. In some cases foundations had been laid in advance for similar reasons, and they, too, will provide memorials of the event. There are also hosts of obligations to architects, surveyors, contractors, and others which will have to be discharged on such terms of compensation as may be arranged.

The expectation that the work can be re-started should circumstances become propitious is utterly misleading. You can no more pick up at will abandoned obligations, and the co-operation, goodwill, and trust of thousands of people, with all the manifold arrangements that their co-operation involved, than you can suddenly re-start manufacture in a factory in which the machinery has been dismantled and disposed of.

The further statement of the Prime Minister to the effect that no fewer houses will be built because of the recent decision, inasmuch as, taken in bulk, the number of contracts let is sufficient to keep the building trade well employed for the next twelve months, is equally erroneous. The building trade does not operate *en masse*. It consists of employers, with their staff, yards, and plant, as well as of workmen, who, for the most part, are tied down to the places in which they work and have their homes. The great contractor who operates in bulk in different parts of the country represents but a very small section of the whole, and often he relies for much upon the assistance of local builders and workmen. The fact is that large numbers of authorities where the need is great have purposely let only a section of their contracts because of the high prices, and there are others where the first section of work is about completion. There will be a great many places in which there will be no building at all or in which what building there is will be completed in a short time. It will be no consolation to those with real need and much unemployed building capacity, to learn that there are large contracts in exe-

cution somewhere else. You cannot move the building trade of Southampton to Manchester or that of Middlesbrough to Liverpool.

The gravest reaction of all, however, of the recent decision will be in respect to the slum or improvement side of the work. In all these cases most difficult and complicated questions arise concerning compensation, and disturbance affecting large numbers of owners and others with legitimate interests. The processes relating to them are necessarily deliberate and detailed, although they have been greatly simplified by the Act of 1919. Even when all these have been disposed of the work on any scheme involving several streets or blocks of houses can only be done piecemeal, since otherwise the dishousing and disturbance would inflict intolerable hardship.

During the coming four years a substantial beginning might have been made with this work and a wealth of trial and experience gained which would have been invaluable in the evolution of a policy governing continuous effort. The grant of 200,000*l.* over a sinking-fund period of from forty to sixty years can only be dealt with by an apportionment of it amongst the different authorities. The fact that the share of the whole of Scotland is to be 30,000*l.* will give an indication of what it will amount to even in the larger cities like Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds. The result must be that the whole complicated series of operations which had been set going in all the principal towns will be brought practically to a sudden stop. Apart entirely from the 180,000 condemned houses, the mere making habitable of the great numbers of tenement and other houses that are not in that category at all would much more than absorb the whole total.

It is essential in this connexion to bear in mind that we are here confronted by circumstances that do not exist where the question of new building simply arises. The leaseholders, and often the owners, of houses that are unsatisfactory but are not condemned, just as with the worst class, are for the most part persons of small means. They have not the ability and could not obtain the credit necessary for putting their property into such a condition as we should regard as the minimum necessary for healthy family life. They may be able to give a coat of whitewash now and then or put in a water-tap or two, but no amount of dragooning, even if it were reasonable, could make them do what is to them impossible.

A great amount of repair work has been done during the past two years by private owners either on their own initiative or at the request of local authorities, and a good deal has been done by the authorities themselves. But the limits of patching-up are soon reached, as all recognise who have gone into the question,

and it is not sensible to expect that private owners, at present costs and for the rents they can fairly obtain, will be willing or able to bear the cost of material reconstruction.

This is the consideration that really limits the scope of private enterprise in this branch of housing. Now and then private enterprise steps in and acquires a part of an insanitary area, but nearly always it does so for the purpose of putting up warehouses or other commercial buildings. Except for what has been done by various benevolent trusts it has not been able to contribute much to improved housing in these districts. In the nature of the case, with the multiplicity of owners and the complexity of the interests involved, it could not be otherwise. When private enterprise is concerned with house-building it naturally turns to open and cheaper ground. I have never yet heard of any considered suggestion as to how private enterprise on a business basis can deal with the problem of our slums.

They have been allowed by society to grow up in our midst, and only by the considered will and assistance of society as a whole can they gradually be redeemed. We have either got to face this duty or leave them to stagnate or grow worse, with all the pestilential and corrupting effect which they have upon so large a section of the people.

The inhabitants of our mean streets came forward in the war, and, so far as their physical fitness would allow, they played a worthy and a patriotic part. They received in return many and specific pledges as to our national determination to improve their lot. In my judgment it is unsafe to treat these solemn undertakings as if they were not binding upon us, and, moreover, it is unwise and a false economy to falter in a sustained effort gradually to remove the causes of so much avoidable physical disability, with all the burdens that it clearly casts upon the community in other ways. As experience develops our methods may be modified, and every facility should be afforded to practical local enterprise and ingenuity. But in a matter of this kind, which even the most sanguine must recognise presents a task that will require a long series of years for its accomplishment, it is fatal to success that our endeavour should be subject to precipitate interruptions or be at the mercy of clamour or of considerations of transient political advantage.

CHRISTOPHER ADDISON.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NAVIES:

(I)

WHAT WILL COMMAND THE SEA?

WHETHER people believe in big ships or small ships, surface ships or submarines, aircraft or destroyers, or, indeed, in all of them combined, there is no doubt that they are all searching for the same thing, namely, what should we build in order to keep the command of the sea?

It is necessary to remember for what purpose the command of the sea is obtained. Undoubtedly it is for the purpose of securing one's communications and, in the event of war, destroying those of the enemy. The final factor of victory is the army, but the veins of the army, which bring the lifeblood to its heart, are the communications across the seas. If these are cut the army must perish, and the war be lost. As Sir Walter Raleigh wrote: 'He who commands the sea commands the commerce, and he who commands the commerce commands the world.'

The laws of strategy always remain the same, whatever the type of vessel or its means of propulsion, but the carrying out of the strategic axioms varies according to the types of vessel that come into being. In the sailing days we endeavoured to defeat the battle fleets of the enemy, or at least to neutralise them, in order that our frigates might clear the ocean ways of the enemy craft who wished to prey upon our commerce and food-bearing ships. There were no dangers on the high seas for the big ships, with the exception of the storms of nature, fogs, rocks, and shoals. It was only in harbour that the enemy could damage the capital ship by small vessels called fireships. This form of offence could only be used in certain harbours, not very numerous, and at certain times of the wind and tide. It was easy to guard against by placing booms outside the fleet, and having vessels ready to tow the fireships out of the danger zone. Blockading in the old days was also a much less trying process than it is in the days of steam. When the wind blew directly into the harbour the blockaders could practically go to sleep, or in the nautical parlance of the day 'take a stretch off the land,' an expression which is still used as a synonym for sleeping. Then again a vessel

under full sail was much more easily seen at night, and much more easily followed, as she could only go in certain directions dependent on the wind, and the speed at which she was sailing could be judged within a knot an hour. Steam and oil have altered all this, and the advent of destroyers and submarines has driven the capital ship far away from the enemy's coast. In old days the small vessel avoided the big: at the present time the big vessels shun the small ones as if they had the plague. The problem then is: How are we going to keep command of the sea routes so that our own craft can always use them, and an enemy be debarred from them, should we so wish it?

In the Great War our geographical position enabled us to prevent the enemy's battle-cruisers getting out and clearing the seas of our merchant ships and then protecting cruisers. This was the deciding factor in the war, for although the submarines did us an enormous lot of harm, yet our losses from this cause would have been but a tenth of the damage that would have occurred if the enemy's cruisers had obtained command of the sea. A submarine's range of vision is confined, at the best, to a circle whose radius is six miles. A cruiser, with a man at the masthead, has a vision extending over a circle whose radius is at least twenty miles, and as the principal difficulty of a commerce raider is to find its quarry, it will be obvious what enormous advantage the surface craft has over the submarine. Speed is another important point in the building of a commerce-raider, and it is a fact that no craft designed for underwater as well as surface work can be as fast as a vessel designed solely for above-water cruising. We have, therefore, to consider the problem from different points of view. First of all, dividing it generally into two efforts: the paralyzing of the enemy's above-water attack as distinct from his submarine commerce-destroying, and the anti-submarine warfare which has to be carried on with entirely different weapons from those used against surface craft. Combined with this we have to examine the case of war with an enemy whose battle-fleet base is within reasonable distance of our shores, and also the different position that arises when the bases are so far apart that the battle-fleet cannot steam the distance between the two bases within the space of twenty-four hours.

The attack against above-water enemy craft, when the bases are near together, was exemplified by the British tactics and strategy in the Great War. The enemy wished to send out their light cruisers to harry our communications, and their larger cruisers to destroy our men-of-war, who were policing the seas and giving protection to our floating commerce. The exit to the open sea through the Straits of Dover and down the Channel was too hazardous to be used by the enemy on account of the mines which we had laid, and also our flotillas which patrolled these waters

night and day. The only other way left for the Germans to use was round the north of Scotland, but in order to clear this passage the Grand Fleet had first to be disposed of. This, then, was the German problem—How to defeat the Grand Fleet, which was twice their strength in personnel and *matériel*? It was obvious that they must first reduce its size by tempting it down into waters where they had mines and submarines prepared to deal with the formidable enemy, and destroyers to carry on with the job after dark. This they attempted to do by making raids on the coast and generally playing the game of 'tip and run,' in hopes that the British public would squeal loud enough to make Admiral Jellicoe and the Admiralty lose their heads by putting them in the crocodile's mouth, which the Germans had placed to receive them. Fortunately the danger had been foreseen, and the British authorities did not give way to the complaints made, and instruction given to them, by a few shortsighted and ignorant critics in the country. The battle fleet lying in Scapa Flow was performing the same function as Nelson's fleet off Toulon over one hundred years before; notwithstanding that the latter fleet had to keep at sea off the enemy's port in order to neutralise the power of the capital ships inside it, while the former fleet had to keep away from the enemy's coast in order to avoid destruction by the modern pests that have come in since Nelson's day. Thus, in these restricted waters the battleships of the Grand Fleet kept the above-water command of the sea in the hands of the Allied Navies so completely that the German flag was never seen on the surface of the ocean after the first few months of the war, and the vessels of the Allies, carrying troops, munitions, food-stuffs, and raw materials, were never interrupted in their functions by any surface craft of the enemy.

If the Battle of Jutland had never been fought the result would have been the same, for, before the fight, the command of the surface of the sea had been obtained by the actual fact of the Grand Fleet being in being. The enemy's battle cruisers dared not try to sweep the ocean clear of our protecting vessels, so long as that silent force held the gate of exit and entry to all the oceans of the world. The *status quo* was as we wished it, and the only people who wanted it changed were the Germans, and some ignorant, antiquated, armchair critics in Great Britain, but it could not be changed so long as Jellicoe's fleet remained undefeated. It is obvious, then, that one of the problems is solved: How to neutralise or destroy the enemy's efforts to obtain command of the surface of the sea when the enemy's base is near to your own.

Let us next consider the problem of obtaining the command of the surface of the ocean when the bases of the opposing fleets

are far apart. Let us take as an example war between two maritime nations who have the breadth of the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans between their home ports. In the Middle Ages, and before, it was sometimes the chivalrous custom to settle a quarrel by a tournament between single knights from either side, or by a small body of fighting men of one party against an equal number of similarly armed men from the other. It is a great pity that this charming custom has died out in face of the materialism of the present age, because if it had not become defunct we could easily settle our quarrels by sending a battle fleet to rendezvous at a spot agreed on between ourselves and the enemy and there to decide the war in a great battle between the opposing fleets. As it is, we have to accept the hard logic of this self-seeking time. It never has been, and presumably it never will be, to the advantage of both sides to fight a general engagement. If people who have not studied naval warfare will think for a moment of another game which many of them have acquaintance of, the card game of Bridge, they will remember that if it is to the advantage of one side to get the trumps out, it certainly is the aim of the other side not to get them out. The card-player, then, will understand the reasoning of the above statement, that only one side in a naval war will gain anything by a general engagement. As naval war has been shown to be a war of communications, and taking the example already given of the effect of the Grand Fleet in the late war, it is apparent that the side who is getting the worst of the struggle for communications will be the one who wishes to force a general engagement, and the other side, who is pleased with the *status quo*, will naturally wish to avoid a decisive battle. What will happen? Will the seeker after battle send his battle fleet across the ocean to an enemy's coast that is 2500 miles away from his base if the ocean is the Atlantic, or a great deal further if it is across the Pacific, in the hopes of finding the enemy's fleet and destroying it? Let us suppose, for the moment, that he embarks on this rash adventure. What will he find when he arrives off the enemy's coast? The enemy does not wish for a naval engagement, as it is not to his advantage to have one, so naturally his battle fleet will not come out; but this argument does not apply to his flotillas—they will come out nightly and daily. The druggies will find the fleet, probably about two hundred miles out at sea, and will keep in touch with it, sending wireless messages of its movements and position to headquarters. By day submarines will attack it, in spite of its attendant destroyers, and will keep it steaming up and down and using its fuel, of which it has not too much to spare, taking into consideration that it must always keep sufficient to fight a fleet action at full speed, and afterwards return to its base, 3000 miles, more or less, away. The following night the destroyers will attack it,

and continue to do so rightly. Then a new terror is added to life. Bugles will sound the alert, unexpectedly, as nothing has been in sight for hours, and the day is clear and bright with good visibility. In a few moments a squadron of aeroplanes passes over the fleet at a height of about 10,000 feet, and drops a smoke screen on to the water on either side of the battle line of ships. A few seconds later big aeroplanes or seaplanes, carrying a twenty-one-inch torpedo each, will be approaching from either side of the fleet. They can see the mastheads of the fleet over the smoke screen, but they themselves are invisible to their opponents. On approaching the screen they will leave the height that they have been flying at, probably about 300 feet, and come down close to the water and discharge their torpedos through the smoke screen at the battle fleet on the other side. It is a safe job and a certain one: safe because the battle fleet never sees the torpedo plane at all, except perhaps as he emerges for a moment from the smoke screen after having discharged his torpedo, or in some cases he may fly through the smoke screen and discharge his torpedo the moment he gets into sight; certain because experiments have shown that 40 per cent. of hits have been registered in this manner, firing with torpedos with dummy heads, which collapse on striking.

There is only one counter to this form of attack, and that is defence from the air. This means that the fleet would have to take aeroplane-carrying ships with them with a quantity of fighting planes, of which squadrons would have to be continually in the air, as air attack comes so swiftly that there is no time to get a squadron in the air after the enemy is seen, before the attack is made. This is not a practical proposition. No fleet would be prepared to guard such a number of aeroplane-carriers as would furnish a constant flying escort of squadrons in the air. We have seen what kind of reception the fleet is going to get from the hands of its enemy, but can we see what compensation they are going to get? There is no battle fleet to fight, there is no harbour to re-fuel in. The fleet must be kept steaming at speed at all times and in all weathers, with its guards of destroyers round it. Everybody has to keep their eyes skinned at all times looking out for attacks from the air, sea, or underwater. Fuel is getting low, and armour belts are rising out of the water and soon will be non-effective as a protection, and still no enemy to fight, but all the time this unfortunate fleet is offering a target for the enemy's flotillas to practise on. In the word 'flotilla' I include aircraft, submarines, and destroyers, and these three types will certainly give the fleet something to think about at all hours. Every ship that is wounded will have to be escorted by her own destroyers across the ocean to her base, and every such escort

reduces the defences of the main fleet. Every mile of the homeward journey may contain a submarine, and certainly for the first two days the wounded vessel may expect attack from the surface or the sky, as well as from the underwater craft. Still we have not found out what this fleet can do to hurt the enemy. It may, in despair, bombard a coast town, running tremendous risks to do it. But what is the use of such an action? It will make the enemy angry, no doubt. It will cause the neutrals of the world to hurl abuse at the 'baby-killers,' but apart from this what good would it do? Looking through the history of past wars, it will be seen that raids have never yet affected the ultimate result of a war. Certainly in the last war coast-town raids did the inhabitants more good than they did to the enemy. It moved people to anger and to the recruiting offices, and occasionally cost the enemy a valuable ship, even though we had so few submarines for coast defence and no aircraft which could carry out an offensive against enemy ships. This will not be the case in the future in any country that has eyes to see and ears to hear, and understanding sufficient to profit by the knowledge gained.

When the fuel has been burnt low the fleet will have to return across the ocean to its base, having accomplished nothing but probably having lost some of its number, most of its prestige, and a good deal of the nerves and morale of its personnel.

I have spoken to several Admirals and I have not yet found one who would like to undertake the job, and some foreign Admirals to whom I have spoken have expressed their views quite forcibly as to the impossibility of making an enemy's battle fleet come out and fight when it does not see what it is going to gain by doing so. As blockading by big ships has been shown to be impossible in the face of modern flotillas, it would appear that there is no use for the battleship when the bases are so far apart.

The next question lies below water. How is the submarine to be countered in narrow waters? The first and best method is escort by the air. During the late war there is no case of a vessel being sunk who was escorted by aircraft. The submarine loathes anything in the air. This feeling is quite natural, as while the submarine is coming to the surface she may be seen by aircraft, but at the same time she herself is blind and deaf. She knows that during this period of 'breaking water' she is helpless against attack from the air which comes at such terrific speed. One case I know of which happened in my command, and which is typical of the kind of thing that the submarine dreads. A flying boat which was escorting a convoy up the Channel saw the track of a torpedo missing one of the ships under her charge. She at once put her nose down and proceeded at a speed of about 120 miles an hour to the place where the track of the torpedo commenced.

In a few seconds she was over the spot and dropped two bombs, each weighing 250 pounds, which duly exploded on reaching the depth that they were set for. The result was the submarine opened out and sank. One can think of nothing more upsetting to the nerves of underwater craft than the knowledge that, at any time when 'breaking water' (either with a periscope or with the hull) in the narrow seas, there was more than a chance of an unseen enemy waiting to strike a vital blow from the air. After aircraft the escorting destroyer or 'P' vessel was next in value, and in certain places drifters with nets proved useful, while in others nets with mines, forming a barrage almost impossible to pass, restricted the area in which submarines could work, and sent a good many of those who took the risk to the bottom. In all cases craft that we used for commanding the surface of the water were useless for attack against the submarines, and on the contrary took the greatest pains to avoid these underwater pests. Last, but not least, hydrophones were invaluable for finding and tracing the enemy submarines.

Out in the open sea the submarine is even harder to find than the surface craft, and it has already been pointed out that the submarine and surface cruiser have great difficulty in finding their quarry. Even on the most populous routes ships seldom come within sight of each other, and in war time, where vessels will be sent by unusual paths, the difficulty becomes greater. The surface ship has the advantage over the under-water craft in the extent of her vision, and her greater speed with which to over-haul a vessel when she has sighted one. These difficulties apply as much to finding the commerce-destroyer as they do to the search for the enemy merchant ship by the raider. The dangerous points in a voyage of a transport or freight-bearing vessel are the places of departure and arrival, and at these locations great precautions have to be taken. We have not yet succeeded in devising aircraft who can keep the air for long periods, and consequently their usefulness for some time to come will be confined to working within two hundred miles of those places where the trade routes come in contact with the land; it also follows that on the High Seas they are of little danger to the raiding submarine. Everything, therefore, points to the guarding of the exits and entrances of the merchant routes, and trusting to evasion when the vessels win to the open sea, as the best way of defeating the enemy's commerce-raiding vessels. The British Empire has a great advantage in this method of conducting sea communications on account of the quantity of coaling stations she possesses all over the world, and if the colonies and nations will provide their own defences of flotillas of the air, surface, and underwater, a great part of the expense will be taken off the shoulders of the Mother Country's

Exchequer. The smaller places, such as Gibraltar, for example, must be provided for by the home authorities. These defences would aim at controlling the approaches to the port within a circle with a radius of about two hundred miles. The point of entry into this circle would be constantly varied, as would the point where the escort would pick up the convoy at sea. The same, of course, applies to departing vessels, and these latter would probably leave at night. The defences within these circles would be of the same nature as has been described for anti-submarine warfare in narrow waters.

It is to be hoped that naval manœuvres will be carried out to test the best means of protecting the entrances to harbours, and the most effective way of avoiding the submarine at sea, using the three kinds of flotilla, and nothing larger than a light cruiser. It would certainly be a wise thing to do before embarking in great expenditure on mammoth ships.

If the above statements and arguments are correct, the deduction is clear. Battle fleets are only of use in certain geographical divisions where the bases are not far apart. They are no use for wars in which the combatant countries are separated by thousands of miles of ocean. The command of the great oceans has passed from the battleship, and in future must be obtained by great strength of flotillas at the points where the routes touch the land, and where their terminus are. Between these various places evasion must be the principal defence. In the future, when a new motive power is found for aircraft, or when some system of re-fuelling them, or re-charging their batteries, whilst in flight in the middle of far-distant seas, is found, one can well imagine that the escort of convoys of vessels between the different points mentioned above will be undertaken by aircraft carrying bombs and torpedoes. Then the old struggle for the mastery of the sea will be supplemented by a fight for the command of the air. Someone will ask: 'Why, when this time arrives, have any ships at all? Why should not the air carry the food, troops, and raw material?' The reason is that the lifting power of a vessel borne on the air is extremely small when compared with the carrying power of a vessel borne on the sea. The ship must remain as the most economical method of transport in the world, and it is impossible, outside the expense, to change your transport from sea to air in the event of war, even if it were possible to carry by air all the men and stores to be transported during a conflict of nations.

There is another point to be considered apart from the impossibility of a battle-fleet action between far-distant countries where no base exists for the fleet coming from afar, and this is the folly of the British Empire entering into a building competition with

our kinsmen of the U.S.A. There are faults on both sides of the ocean, faults of education, faults of manners, and a want of consideration for the other's point of view. All these things can be got over by a revision of school books, and an alteration in the tone of some of the newspapers in some of the countries concerned. We have a wonderful example before us of how people can live together in unity year after year, in season and out of season, in spite of family quarrels, when the Anglo-Saxon blood runs in their veins and Anglo-Saxon ideas of justice and fair play are bred up in them. For more than a hundred years Canada and the U.S.A. have had a common frontier of over three thousand miles without a single gun or a soldier on the whole length of it. A sporting competition with the United States as to who could build the greatest quantity of big ships might be an amusing entertainment for some nations foreign to both countries, but would certainly produce bankruptcy in Great Britain without having one single reason for its justification. In this connexion it is interesting to note that Colonel House, one of the most far-seeing men in the U.S.A., in his message to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, as quoted in *The Times* of August 9, 1921, says :

There seems to be an uneasy feeling in Europe regarding the Pacific, and particularly as to our relations with Japan. There are many ingredients for trouble between us, but it would be a sad failure of statesmanship if they should ever bring us to war with one another. War is a bad business at best, but with two countries as far apart as Japan and the United States, and with nothing of advantage to be obtained by either in event of success, it would be criminal. Japan does not want war with us, but she does want a certain liberty of action in the Far East. If we object to her purposes strongly enough to make war upon her, she will probably force us to come to her side of the Pacific to wage it. She will then rely upon her air and undersea fleets to defeat any such adventure on our part.

To the British Empire, far more than any other nation, is the command of the sea communications a vital necessity. We cannot play fast and loose with it, but at the same time we must remember that we have to economise. It is therefore necessary, in the interests of our purse, to decide on what is the only method of keeping our sea communications open during any eventuality. Because some people believe in battleships, others in battle-cruisers, some pin their faith to the underwater, while others are convinced that our salvation is in the air, do not let us expend money on all these various things where they may overlap each other in the work of defence. They all have their proper functions in their proper place, and for that proper place enough should be built, and no more. We have at present sufficient battleships for any eventuality in Europe; if they are of no use in other places we should not spend a single penny more on them. Money wasted

on nine-million-sterling vessels would be money properly spent on providing the necessary craft for preserving the high roads of the sea from molestation. It is a comfort that the building of flotillas is much less expensive than the building of battleships, and also that they do not get obsolete so quickly. In the late war some parts of a flotilla which were fifteen years old were just as effective for their work, when used in the right way, as those of the latest design. We have always been old-fashioned and conservative, and have always followed some neighbour in every new thing connected with sea warfare. Our nearest neighbour at the present time is not wasting money on battleships, but is prudently expending it on submarines. Against whom are they preparing?

I will conclude this article by quoting from a letter I lately received from one of the most prominent people in the political world of the United States : ' England's building programme does not concern us unless it's too small. Our responsibilities are principally south and west. The English building programme would give me concern if it were unable to perform the functions which it has been accustomed to perform.' These are the words of a friend, and not of an enemy. If the two countries could get together a conference of experts, and work together on a plan for keeping the highways open at all times, and free from anyone who wishes to upset the peace of the world, and if the proper education was given to the children of the two countries so that they should grow up recognising that though we are rivals— and good honest rivals—in matters of trade, yet the friendship and working together of the British Empire and the United States of America can secure the peace of the world and that reduction of armaments that everyone is so fervently praying for, then the Anglo-Saxon race would justify its proud boast of being the leader of the world in common-sense, liberty, and freedom.

MARK KERR.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NAVIES:

(II)

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE: JAPAN AND THE POWERS

THE action of President Harding in summoning a Conference of the Powers which should discuss the questions of the Pacific and the Far East was universally welcomed as imparting a new hope to peoples weary of wars; and the acceptance of the invitation by Japan appeared as if it might imply a decision charged with momentous consequences for the future of the world. There has certainly never been confided to the hands of statesmen a more tremendous, and, at the same time, a more delicate business than this of attempting a settlement of great and perplexing problems, and of conflicting interests, which—in the judgment of peoples who have been watching one another jealously for years and girding themselves for the contest—shall be such as to justify the disarmament of the nations concerned, and not only of them, but of others also. It was quickly realised that unless the Pacific problem, with all its implications, be first solved, there could be no useful talk of disarmament. These great fleets and armies have been created in pursuance of definite national objects of security or ambition, and unless either the opposition to these objects be removed or the objects themselves be abandoned, the hostile rivalry must continue until the burdens become at last too great to be borne, and disaster follows.

The Agenda of the Conference will be arranged by the United States Government. The range and scope of its deliberations are not defined. There are idealists in the United States and elsewhere who dream of legislating for the dim future, the perplexities of whose enigma appear to most men intangible and incalculable. All that can reasonably be hoped is, if possible, to avert present dangers, in the hope of frustrating others that might follow; and things may possibly be accomplished now by which policy may hereafter be shaped. But it would be foolish to place hopes too high, for a New World borders the Pacific which may yet evidently be vexed and stricken by many of the embarrassments by which the Old World has been plagued. Moreover, certain

fundamental perplexities of that New World cannot be discussed by the Washington Conference. The Monroe Doctrine will not be touched by it. The White Australia cannot be submitted to it. The permanent integrity of New Zealand cannot be in question. The interests of Canada in the great and permanent problems of the Pacific seaboard are not in the programme. That Dominion, it should be noted, views unfavourably our alliance with Japan, regarding it as an entanglement from the point of view of the Western world.

Whatever other Powers may be represented at Washington, the ultimate voice and decision will rest with the great Sea Powers. What is the concern of Italy in the Pacific? Why should Holland, which is a Pacific Power, have no plenary rights? The interests of Great Britain and of the British Empire in the Pacific and the Indian Ocean are of paramount importance. It was to take counsel with the Dominions on the naval defence of the Empire, primarily in the Far East, the South Pacific, and the Indian Ocean, that Lord Jellicoe made his great tour. The Imperial Cabinet, which concluded its deliberations last month, placed on record its conviction of the need of maintaining the defence essential for security. Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Indian Empire are all concerned. Mr Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, speaking in London on July 31, expressed doubt of war being at an end, and said we were running risks. He said that Australia, the furthest outpost of Western civilisation, with her sparse population of less than 5,000,000, was within a few days' sail of hundreds of millions of people who were jostling one another for room¹. Whether we agree with Mr. Hughes on a danger existing from Japan, or do not - and there can be no such danger in any time we can foresee if we pursue a wise and generous policy - we cannot doubt that we require power if we are to pull our weight in the Pacific or at the Conference. The expressed conviction of the Dominion Prime Ministers, that the whole weight of the Empire should be concentrated behind a united understanding and common action in foreign affairs, cannot be made valid if ever we are weak at sea. In the last resort we stand by the Navy, or without it we fall. We have given evidence of our willingness to abate naval competition by our long delay to replace ships which were practically obsolete, while the United States and Japan were building ships which embody all the lessons of the war. The Admiralty admit that we are running risks (Mr Amery in the House of Commons, August 3). It is therefore a pre-eminently wise and necessary thing for the Government to lay down four battle-cruisers to re-

¹ Population of Japan, 1920, 55,961,140, increasing at the rate of 12.79 per 1000 annually.—*Statesman's Year-Book*, 1921.

place others which have lost their value. In this there can be nothing either aggressive or provocative. Our existing ships have in a large measure become obsolete. The very decision will add to our weight at the Conference. Mr. Amery said well, in the course of his speech in the Commons in introducing the revised Navy Estimates, that the safety and existence of the British Empire must for the coming years be staked more than ever upon the high moral and professional efficiency of the Navy, which cannot be sustained in obsolete ships, and Rear-Admiral Sir R. Hall said the same thing. Mr. Churchill put a far-reaching truth in a terse sentence: 'If we delayed for another year the construction of the vital necessities of the British Fleet we should find ourselves in a position of definite, and perhaps final, naval inferiority.' It cannot be gainsaid, indeed, that an advantage once lost in naval construction can rarely be recovered. It may be true, nevertheless, that we can never again hope to be the one supreme Mistress of the Seas, though, by maintaining preponderating power, we can bring friendly nations to our side.

When we turn to the second great Sea Power we find a remarkable situation. The United States, which expended on her Fleet in 1883, when the new Navy began, only 3,476,890*l.* in the year, spent in 1919-20 130,768,272*l.*, at the same rate of conversion, and in 1920-21 will spend 134,468,717*l.*, with probably a further vote added, according to an Admiralty statement. If big ships and big guns count for anything, her Fleet in 1925 will be much more formidable than the British Fleet. This enormous expansion is being made in pursuance of the 1916 programme—'the first far-reaching constructive programme in the history of the Republic'—including ten battleships, six battle-cruisers, and ten powerful scouts, as well as great flotillas of destroyers (284 of the first line built and building) and submarines. The 'Dreadnought' Fleet will embody thirty-five ships, of which sixteen will be 'post-Jutland' ships mounting 16-inch guns. When Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson Administration, made his report on the year 1919-20, he said the American Navy was far in advance of any other Navy, in ships, in men, and in every element of strength, and afterwards he declared that the ships building would give the Navy 'world primacy.' There seems no doubt that the 1916 programme will be completed.

The object with which this great armada is being created is undoubtedly to give the United States preponderating weight, if possible, in the world's affairs, and especially to exert her will in the Pacific. The Panama Canal had this strategic object, and though the whole Fleet will not always be concentrated on its western side, as was conjectured would be the case, all the oil-burning ships are being placed there, the first completed 16-inch

gun-ship, the *Maryland*, is to be sent there, and on the Pacific side, and at Hawaii, and, as it were, in a chain across the ocean to Guam and the Philippines, are being created all the resources and facilities required by a great fleet. Mr. Harding, though he loves peace and ensues it, is no weak-kneed pacifist. When he was sworn in as President, expressing a desire for world amity and the lessening of the burden of armaments, he declared that if war came upon America he hoped she would be concentrated body and soul on national defence. After he had reviewed the Atlantic Fleet, of fifty fighting vessels with auxiliaries, last April, he proclaimed that the States wanted neither territory nor tribute, and concluded: 'But we do want what is righteously our own, and by the Eternal we mean to have it!'

It is precisely this point of what America may consider righteously her own, in excluding Japanese immigration, settlement and enterprise on the one hand, and seeking too much political influence and too wide a scope on the other that, to the Japanese mind, is troubling the waters of the Pacific. The difficulty is complicated by two distinct but interrelated problems. For good or ill the Western nations have set their faces against the immigration of the Japanese, except under severe restriction, and they cannot ignore the implications of their policy. Australia and New Zealand are an island continent, and have lived and grown, as they were founded, under the protection of the British Navy. If we are not to be called upon to fight for a White Australia, we must maintain that Australia by a just alliance with Japan, and by securing to Japan—the third great Naval Power—proper means for the emigration of her surplus population and the exercise of that enterprise which is essential for her welfare. There is no doubt an economic reason for the Western objection to Japanese cheap labour and the competitive production of manufactures in conditions which are impossible to White people. It was in thinking upon the yellow bar that Mr. Hughes, in an expansive moment, asked what we were going to do at Washington—'You propose ignoring, or at any rate relegating to subordinate positions, those questions which are life and death to us—questions which are the cause of naval rivalries, and which, unless reconciled, will stand as a bar to any agreement. You propose to attack these questions without first telling us, and telling Japan, where we stand.' Washington is to seek some common ground of agreement. On both sides conflicting objects must be defined. It is impossible to suppose that Western civilisation can set up a permanent colour barrier against Japan, unless Japan be given compensation. That is a *sine qua non*. Her action in Chosen (formerly Korea) and in Kiaochow and Shantung, concerning which she wrung recognition of her claims from the Powers at

Versailles, shows that she is determined to exact it. The swarming millions of her country, if driven out from the open field of enterprise by the white people, cannot be denied it on their own side of the Pacific. In the end nothing can prevent them from gaining it. Economics weigh more heavily than armaments. If no outlet be open, demand will be made sooner or later in protest against the white integrity of Australia. It is necessary to bear these great things in mind if we are to attain any security in the Pacific or elsewhere.

The other problem that calls for high statesmanship in its solution is not racial but economic. Trade, the struggle for markets, and for the control of the raw materials necessary for crowded industrial life, have ever lain deep in the causes of war. In the last analysis this mighty cause will be found to have worked at the root and origin of the Great War of 1914-18. China is disorganised and ill-governed, but it would be an error, and worse than error, to regard her as the feeble, unresisting prey of the nations—a territory in which the Powers may help themselves. But the Japanese are an eager people, and a hungry. Their economic necessities demand that they shall find an outlet for their rapidly growing population, and shall attain such advantages in the sparsely populated spaces of Northern China and elsewhere on the mainland, as will enable them to develop their industries and feed their people. Their alliance with Great Britain enabled them to lay hands on Korea. They saw in that alliance a call to new naval expansion. They will not allow anyone to dispute their privileged position to the north and west of Korea. They have joined the financial Consortium touching their interests in Manchuria and Mongolia solely on the understanding that it will not operate against 'the security of the economic life and national defence of Japan.' There is a deep suspicion among the Japanese ruling and commercial classes of the objects of the United States; and the summoning of the Conference has itself raised much questioning. If, they say, America seeks to force China to adopt the policy of the 'open door' and of equal opportunities, why does she not herself adopt the same policy, and suggest or impel its adoption by others?

The Japanese became alarmed when the United States annexed Hawaii, the central point of the Pacific, in July 1898, and intense excitement was caused by the subsequent advance to Guam and the Philippines. They have watched with the keenest scrutiny every step that has been taken by the Americans to fortify these places and organise them as naval bases. They are pre-eminently a patriotic and a calculating people. They were quick to imbibe the doctrine of Mahan. They saw their island Empire dependent upon the sea, and located with relation

to the Asiatic mainland much as the British Isles are to the Continent of Europe. They knew that their necessities and the means of obtaining them must be like to ours. They studied also to some purpose the naval policy of Imperial Germany, and became aware that their future also 'lay upon the water.'² There was little that was faltering in their footsteps towards the object they had in view. To those who would interfere with their policy in the territories of China they would say 'Noli me tangere!' It should be made dangerous, in the spirit of the German Navy Law, for any Power to check them. Whatever they did was consecutive and organic. So long as it was necessary to build warships in England and Germany, they would build them in those countries, but all the time they were mindful to train their naval designers, constructors and engineers with a long purpose, and to that end they sent a constant succession of their best men to the shipyards where their ships were in hand, the engineering works where their machinery was building, and the armament establishments which produced their guns and armour. These were keen and zealous people who carried home the lessons they had learned.

There was the stimulating influence upon warlike industries of a great and continuous programme of naval expansion, covering a series of years and directed to the specific object of attaining and maintaining an accepted standard of strength. Thus the shipbuilding yards and armament and machinery factories developed with confidence, just as those of Germany had done. Admiral Baron Kato, Minister of Marine, announced in 1920 that not only were the ships built in Japan, but that every ounce of material in them was Japanese. It may, however, be questioned, in view of the present enormous demands, whether Japan is yet wholly independent in the matter of steel and machinery. The important state dockyards are at Kure and Yokosuka, where the great post-Jutland battle-cruisers *Akagi* and *Amagi* are in hand, and where the battleships *Ki* and *Owari* are to be built. At Kure 16-inch guns and armour plating are produced, and other plating and structural steel comes from the state establishment at Yawata in the island of Kyushu, and elsewhere. The private shipyards are not less potent than those of the state. At the Mitsubishi yard, Nagasaki, the battleship *Tosa* is completing, and at the Kawasaki establishment at Kobe the sister ship *Kaga* is advancing. These yards are expected to receive contracts for two other battle-cruisers, the *Takao* and *Atago*. All these establishments and others are busy in the construction of light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines.

The shipbuilding programme, whose continuity has led to, and

² 'Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser.' The ex-German Emperor.

justified, the great expansion of constructive resources, is designed to give Japan what is known as the eight-eight strength, that is eight battleships and eight battle-cruisers—sixteen capital ships in all—none of which shall exceed the age of eight years. When we remember that the *Lebensdauer* or life of German battleships under the Navy Law was at first twenty-five years and afterwards twenty, we see what an immense advance the Japanese have made upon their pattern and exemplar. It is, of course, evident

and the point is important—that outside the Fleet of sixteen capital ships, Japan will possess a number of comparatively modern ships and vessels of all classes of little lesser fighting power. The programme was reached by successive stages rapidly following one another. In 1916 there was an eight-four scheme, increased in 1918 to eight-six, and finally in 1918 to the eight-eight strength, approved by an extraordinary session of the Diet. The plan is to give Japan in 1927 or 1928 the eight post-Jutland battleships *Nagato*, *Mutsu* (both completed), *Kaga*, *Tosa*, *Ku*, and *Owari*, with two unnamed, and the battle-cruisers *Amagi*, *Akagi*, *Takao*, *Atago*, and four others not yet named. In addition are twenty light cruisers, about thirty very powerful destroyers and fifty smaller, and, as to submarines, according to trustworthy reports, there will exist about eighty of the first class in 1927. There is also developing a great naval flying service, with aircraft carriers, stations on the coasts under the naval commanders-in-chief, and squadrons attached to the sea-going commands. All kinds of auxiliaries and training establishments are ample in number and character. No difficulty arises in supplying officers and men, for the Japanese are seafarers. All are keen and efficient; the latter are obtained partly by conscription and partly by volunteering.

It cannot be hidden that the Fleet that is coming has already become a disturbing element in the South Pacific. The scheme is stupendous in its character, and demands very heavy sacrifices. Japan, which in 1906-7 was expending about 6,000,000*l.* on her Fleet, increased her outlay within ten years to 15,000,000*l.*, expanded it in 1918-19 to 25,000,000*l.*, and in 1919-20 to nearly 56,000,000*l.*, and was presented in December last with naval estimates of no less than 71,700,000*l.* (498,000,000 yen). These figures are the index of the colossal things at stake. Admiral Kato, who explained that the estimates exceeded the normal by 22,500,000*l.*, contended that this did not represent fresh naval expansion, but merely increased costs of production. He averred that, whatever other nations might do, Japan would not exceed her present programme. The apologists of the scheme say there is nothing new in it. It is merely an old plan which is now receiving effect. There is no aggressive purpose. The naval

authorities regard the programme as the irreducible minimum. The coasts and commerce are to be protected. Interests in Manchuria and China are to be safeguarded. If, therefore, there is to be a limitation of armaments, Japan says she must first complete her programme and maintain the Fleet which will be its outcome. If the policy be pursued, before the last ships of the establishment have been completed, it will be necessary to begin other ships to replace the seniors which will then be approaching their youthful limit of age—ships which now are all post-Jutland and embody the fruit of all the lessons of the war. Quite recently eight capital ships, all completed during the war, and some of them in 1917 and 1918, have been marked for the second line, and do not figure in the new establishment.

It is in the feudal spirit of the Samurai, embodied in the counsels of the Elder Statesmen, that Japanese ambitions and formidable preparations have their root. General Baron Tanaka, Minister of War, declared on New Year's Day that 'in the present world situation disarmament or curtailment of armaments is impossible for Japan.' But to the old Japan thus inspired is opposed the new. Social disorder, strikes and trouble in the shipyards are a manifestation of it. Serious thinkers in Japan are alarmed at the situation. The Independents are opposed to the naval programme. Mr. Yushio Ozaki, formerly Minister of Justice, introduced a disarmament resolution in the House of Representatives, which was defeated by an overwhelming majority, partly, perhaps, because of his liberalism and unpopularity. But Japanese representative institutions do not represent in the European sense. The malcontents ask why Japan should propose to expend 33 per cent. of her national income on her Navy, while the United States spends only about 6.8 per cent. and the United Kingdom about 6.7 per cent.? Why should naval construction in Japan demand 19.1 per cent., or nearly one fifth of the total income, from taxation? Japan will spend upon education in 1921-22 approximately 56 million yen, which is equivalent to 10.4 per cent. of the intended naval expenditure. It is said that anything can be proved by the jugglery of figures, but the opponents of the naval policy of the Japanese Government are accustomed to declare that, while the United States will spend at least seven times as much upon education as upon new warships, Japan will put five times as much into new warships as into the education of her youth.

The answer to these objections is that, great as the burdens may be, the country must and will bear them because Japan cannot endanger her future. Nevertheless, an insistent demand is rising in overburdened Japan for economy and limitation of armaments. Undoubtedly, in the colossal sums expended upon armaments, both in Japan and the United States, lies the key

to the Washington Conference. Vast armaments to support national purposes, in increasing rivalry, involving huge charges, may seem necessary. They may seem even vital to the life of nations. But the ability to bear crushing burdens is another matter. Senator Borah in the United States, like Mr. Ozaki in Japan, sounded the note of alarm. Such burdens, both averse, cannot much longer be borne. They are sapping national vitality. If the conflict of sea strength go on, there will be disaster within or without. Long views must be taken. Danger smoulders in this naval rivalry; but, regarded squarely, the problem lies first between the United States and Japan. The British Navy has already been cut down to the bone.

Indeed when the British representatives join the Conference they will have nothing to give away. How very far the British Navy has been reduced comparatively, a few figures will show. According to adopted programmes the following are the numbers of post-Jutland capital ships (battleships and battle-cruisers), carrying 16-inch guns, which will be possessed by the three great Sea Powers in the year 1927 or 1928—in the case of the United States in 1925. The facts are disquieting in the highest degree to all who know what the Navy has been and is to England and the Empire. The numbers are, of course, in addition to large fleets and flotillas of light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, and aircraft carriers, flying machines and auxiliaries:

United States	16
Japan	16
Great Britain	4

In addition the British Navy has the *Hood*, with 15-inch guns, and possibly others may be laid down. There are, however, programmes, plans and proposals as yet unaccepted, for further expansion both in the United States and Japan. Disarmament cannot therefore begin with the Royal Navy. There has arisen a loud demand in the United States for relief from the crushing burdens. The *Metropolitan Magazine*, which reflects the general view of the Republican Party, has recently made a reasoned appeal for inquiry into this momentous affair, which takes shape in competing navies and the outlaying of non-productive millions.

But, as has been shown above, discussions of disarmament can lead to nothing—they may even be positively harmful—so long as the things exist which conduce to war, and consequentially to armaments, which themselves may become the sanctioning impulse to war. Is it possible so to adjust international differences and to limit national ambitions in the countries of the Pacific and the Far East, that the nations will be willing to turn their swords into ploughshares? Few will dare to expect so great a thing. Yet it may be possible to arrive at some agreed limita-

tion which may relieve the present strain, and perhaps influence the remote future. The thing now is to determine a just and generous policy in what is known as the Pacific Question. The phrases 'sphere of influence' and 'sphere of interest' have become discredited, but some sphere must be allowed to Japan in Northern China or elsewhere. It will not imply annexation, as Korea was annexed, but it will assuredly imply something privileged and reserved. There must be compromises and sacrifices if peace is to be preserved and the rivalry of armaments abated. It may not be possible for the United States to go far without encountering both the ambitions and the practical needs of Japan. Our position at the Conference will be that of throwing all our influence into the scale to attain a settlement. We shall be there as the friends of the United States and the allies of Japan. Both the friendship and the alliance must be maintained. The more closely the position is examined the more clearly will it be seen that the chief, though not the only problem of the Pacific, is centred in the financial and political disruption of China. Advocates of the 'open door' and of 'equal opportunity' should realise that the application of these principles will raise questions of exceeding complexity and far-reaching import. Very earnest must be the endeavour to attain a durable settlement. Happily, when the pundits of the Powers see lying before them the prostrate body of chaotic China, they will have at their elbow a Chinese physician to advise on the resuscitation of this ancient structure of Asia, whose very presence will forbid any hints tending towards dismemberment or partition.

The task of the United States will not be easy, but, as the *Metropolitan* says, it must be faced. 'Mr. Harding will stand or fall according to his manner of tackling this problem.' One thinks his greatest triumph would be won if he could bring his country—it is a bold suggestion—into a Triple Entente or Association—the Monroe Doctrine permitting—with Great Britain and Japan, whereby the reduction of armaments might really begin.

JOHN LEYLAND

THE BOLSHEVIK FOOD SYSTEM

Russia has been visited by a drought of immense severity. The corn and grass have been burnt in the entire south-east, and the trail of the drought extends along a broad area from the north, the province of Viatka, to the lower region of the Volga and the Northern Caucasus. Such a calamity has been unknown in Russia for centuries. The elemental catastrophe has coincided with the economic destruction wrought by an equally unprecedented Socialistic experiment in reconstructing the entire framework of the country's economics upon the basis of nationalisation and of the abolition of private property.

Before the revolution Russia had lived through three years of hardships caused by the war and the war-blockade. Nevertheless, in spite of the devastation of the war, the accumulation of supplies was still considerable at the end of 1917, because the decade preceding the war was marked by a tremendous uplift in economic life. In December 1920 the Commissary Rykov spoke at the eighth Congress of the Soviets of the

drastic reduction, and, in some instances, the complete disappearance of metals, of manufactured and partially manufactured goods which the Soviet regime had inherited from the bourgeois Government.

He quoted the following figures:

In 1918 the Soviet Government requisitioned (nationalised) 1150 millions of yards of textile fabrics. At the end of 1920 about 31 million were left. In 1918 there were 44 million poods of metals. In January 1921 nine millions were left.

The civil war, which began on the day the Bolsheviks seized power in November 1917 and has not yet ceased, also lowered the productive capacity of the land. But the fundamental cause of the economic paralysis is the economic system of the Soviet Government. This is conclusively proved by the statistics published in the Soviet Press, and it is in respect of the food policy that the fatal influence of Communism is most easily discernible.

Before the war Russia exported grain and other foodstuffs. In 1911 food supplies were imported into Russia to the value of

18 million pounds sterling, whilst exports were valued at 95 million pounds, of which 73 million was the price of exported grain. In those days money was much dearer and goods were cheaper. The tonnage of exported grain amounted to nine millions. The extent of grain exports shows that Russia, even when cut off from the rest of the world, might have been self-supporting, had her productive power not been undermined by internal causes.

Organised resistance to the Bolsheviks began on the Don and the Kuban at the end of 1917. The armies of Generals Alexeiev, Kornilov and Denikin were formed in these Cossack lands. And yet at the close of 1919, after the military operations on the Don and the Kuban had lasted for two years, not only was there no shortage, but there was a surplus of grain in the adjacent province of Ekaterinoslav, as well as in the northern districts of the Taurida province and in the province of Kherson. The villages continued to live their own life. Grain was sold freely in the town markets at a comparatively low price. There were millions of poods of grain available for export.

No sooner however did the power of the Soviets spread over the entire south (after the defeat of Denikin) with the exception of the Crimean peninsula, and Communist rule was established, than an acute shortage of foodstuffs became apparent. In Rostov on the Don the price of a pound of bread during Denikin's occupation was 25 roubles; under the Bolsheviks, it rose to 100 roubles, and even so was hardly obtainable.

A typical instance is the distribution of food to the workmen in the Donetsk coalmines whose productive power is of the greatest importance to the Bolsheviks, since industry and the railways are dependent upon the production of coal. In spite of the abundance of the harvest in the black-soil plains surrounding the mines, the Commissariat for food proved incapable of organising the supplies for the workmen. Under Denikin trade was free, the workmen were paid in cash and bought food in the market. The Soviet Government closed the markets, prohibited trade and began to distribute rations. These were very small. According to the category into which the men were placed they received some more, some less than 1 lb. of flour a day, while the members of their families got only $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per head. Besides flour, ration books contained minimum quantities of meal, salt, sugar, oil, etc. In reality during the first nine months of 1920 only a few fortunate men, namely, the highly skilled workers, received 1 lb. of flour a day. The next category of workmen got $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. a day, and their families $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. per head. Apart from flour, only $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meal were distributed per head per month, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of salt, and just over 1 lb. of sugar. And that was all ¹ Obviously, the workmen could

¹ Cf. the *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, November 25, 1920.

not live on such rations. They are fleeing from the mines and returning to the villages. Those who cannot escape buy contraband food secretly and overpay the dealers, but no subterfuge can save them from chronic under-feeding.

When the terrible consequences of the drought became apparent, the Soviet Government in appealing to the Western Powers for help mentioned the numbers of 25-30 million starving people. These figures are quoted in the appeal of the Third International to the world proletariat. The Commissary for Foreign Affairs, Chicherin, however, mentions in his note the figure of 18 millions. It would appear that these contradictory figures represent merely the numbers of the inhabitants of the provinces where the drought has burnt the harvest. In reality, none can tell how many millions are now starving in Russia.

In order to understand the gravity of the disaster which has overtaken Eastern Europe, it should be borne in mind that it is for four years now that the Communists have been artificially creating a famine by enforcing their rigid system. The villages, and especially those in more remote districts, have been trying to evade the imposition, burying grain and potatoes, and struggling by all the means in their power against the decrees. They have thus managed to survive. But in the towns—not only the large cities like Petrograd and Moscow, but even in the small provincial centres—the population is slowly dying from starvation.

The widespread drought is merely completing the work of destruction wrought by the Communist system of food control and production which in itself is an absurdity and a paradox. At present it is no longer the town that seeks bread in the village. The villagers have invaded the towns in their flight from starvation amid scorched fields and storehouses and barns emptied by the Communists. It is equally paradoxical that while the revolution gave the land to the peasants, this has resulted not in an increase, but in a decrease of the productivity of the land and of the peasants' work. They have sown less on their own lands as well as on the lands they have seized.

At the Moscow Congress for Food Supplies in June 1921, when the consequences of the drought were not yet understood, Mr. Popov, the head of the Department of Statistics, made the following forecast of the harvest. He said that the grain production in Russia, which amounted in 1920 to 70,000,000 tons, was this year less by 20,000,000 tons on account of the curtailment of the cultivated area (164 million acres were sown instead of the 218 million of 1920), as well as by 15 million tons on account of the failure of the crops. Thus the total was reduced by 35 million tons; in other words, it represented less than one half of the

average for the last pre-war years.² This statement showed that the failure of the crops had affected the harvest to a less degree than the curtailment of the cultivated area. Since then the conditions have been immeasurably aggravated because in many regions the peasants will not even recover their seed.

Russia is so vast, and the climatic conditions and the productivity of the soil vary to such a degree that under normal conditions of agriculture a failure of crops in one district could easily be compensated for by the abundance of the harvest in other regions. In Soviet Russia such movements of foodstuffs in accordance with supply and demand have completely ceased. Transport is ruined, and the exchange of goods, that nerve of economic prosperity, is killed. The peasants cannot dispose of the produce of their toil and limit therefore their production to their own needs.

The Communist theory is based upon the absolute repudiation of the capitalist system which is held to imply the exploitation of the working class. Private ownership of the means of production is abolished. Capital, factories, houses, land—all belong to the state. Theoretically, even labour is the property of the state or the Commune, which is entitled to allot it. Thus latter right was exercised chiefly in respect of the *intelligentzia* and the remnants of the *bourgeoisie*. When the Soviet Government endeavoured to organise a 'labour mobilisation' (as for example in connexion with the storage of timber) they were unable to obtain any practical results.

The Soviet Government proceeds on the principle that the removal of economic inequality and injustice can be achieved solely by entrusting the supply and distribution of goods to the proletarian state, and in order to put this theory into practice it has assumed control over all economic activity. As regards industry, this control has taken the shape of nationalisation with complete management by the state. In agriculture—after they had broken up the large estates and given all the land, with the exception of the so-called Communist farms, to the peasants—they have deprived the producer of the right to dispose of the products of his labour, while allowing him to produce freely. The Soviet Government requisitioned all foodstuffs at prices considerably below the cost of production. This was done by means of the State Food Control institutions, which distributed the food among the consumers. No one had the right either to acquire or to transport foodstuffs even for his own use. The peasants did all they could to avoid giving up their agricultural produce to the officials of the Commissariat for food. Corn had to be collected by force of arms. Most of the peasant insurrections are caused by the requisitioning of foodstuffs.

² Cf. the *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, June 26

Ever since the Bolsheviks came into power, there has been a violent struggle between the peasantry and the Commissariat for food which relied upon armed detachments. The peasants buried the grain and often met the collectors of food with machine-guns. According to official Soviet statistics these detachments while hunting for food in the three summer months of 1918 lost 7500 men killed and wounded in fighting against the peasants. It was regular warfare, and neither side showed any mercy. The Soviet Government dealt cruelly with the offenders. Entire villages were burnt. Flogging—for which the Tsarist police had always been justly condemned—was practised in the most cynical fashion. Cases of torture and shooting were also frequent. But the villagers would not surrender. Lenin's iron will cannot break the resistance of the peasantry. The dictator has this year repeatedly confessed that the villages do not want Communism, that they repudiate the Communist system of food distribution and production.

There can be no doubt that the resistance of the peasantry to the Communist system of food supply is one of the causes of the development of banditism, which of course undermines the economic life of the country. This is confirmed by the official organ of the Soviet Government. Under the title 'We Must Conquer' the *Izvestia of the Central Committee* (May 26) gave a vivid description of this resistance:

We are faced with the danger of food difficulties. Owing to the impassable state of the roads in the spring all deliveries of grain to the depots and of fuel for the locomotives will cease. Add to this the general disorganisation, the spread of banditism [in the Soviet Press all risings against the Soviet Government are termed 'banditism'] such as Antonov's in the Tambov province, and a multitude of other smaller bandits spurred on by revolutionary specialists round whom the well-to-do peasants are wont to rally. The main blow is dealt to the food supply. These bandits wage a fierce war on the officials of the Commissariat for food and on their activities. They murder them regardless of party, they rob the state granaries, destroy the grain and damage the roads. In one month the bandits killed 200 employees of the Food Commissariat, and destroyed up to 100,000 tons of grain. These 100,000 are equal to four months' rations for Moscow and Petrograd.

Thus the infuriated population struggles against the merciless doctrinaires of the Kremlin. Life does not shape itself according to the dogmatic mould, and the collapse of the economic system of the Communists was evident long before the failure of the crops, for this system has disastrously affected the chief source of Russian wealth, the grain supply.

For the last decade before the war, the Russian harvest of cereals (wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, millet, buckwheat) averaged up to 75 million tons. In 1913 the harvest reached 88 million tons, and in that year 9 million tons were exported

abroad. It may be taken that over one third of the harvest found its way into the market. Even assuming that the provinces of which Russia has been deprived accounted for 10-12 per cent. of the harvest, nevertheless if conditions were normal now at least 28 million tons should be placed upon the home market.

What amount of corn is available for consumption at the present time? The Soviet Government calculated that for the season 1920-21 it would secure from the whole of Russia, excluding the Ukraine, 7 million tons. It actually secured by requisition, from August 1920 till May 1921, 4,719,000 tons, or about one sixth of the amount that was available for the home market alone in an average year before the war.

The yield of other foodstuffs shows an equally catastrophic decline. In 1913 Russian exports of butter amounted to 73,000 tons. Siberia alone had an annual output of 75,000 tons. The *Economicheskaya Zhizn* (April 1, 1921) states that in 1920 the institutions of the Commissariat for Food obtained 23,000 tons of butter, of which Siberia provided 12,100 tons. Up to April 20, 1921— that is for over three months—only 2190 tons were obtained.³

These figures refer only to the quantities actually requisitioned and locally stored. But the foodstuffs have to be transported to the consumer—and that is a matter of considerable difficulty in the present condition of the Russian railways. The foodstuffs are rotting at railway stations, and hardly one third of the collected food reaches the consumer. The peasants see the grain forcibly requisitioned from them perishing at the railway stations owing to the inefficiency and carelessness of the Commissars. Instead of the accustomed markets where he sold the produce of his toil and bought the commodities he required, the peasant sees nothing but a shower of aggressive decrees which prevent him from benefiting from the results of his work. He sees Commissars who requisition grain and give nothing in exchange but worthless paper. The peasant is no longer a free producer, he is in the hands of a band of Soviet officials who sweep down on the village from the town. They have no notion of the usages of the village, of its requirements; they carry out requisitions in the fashion of foreign conquerors who impudently ignore the interests of the population.

The new form of slavery is killing all incentive to work. The productivity of the villages is rapidly declining. The Soviet Press has for some time past expressed alarm at the decrease of 30 per cent. in the area under cultivation. The lack of foodstuffs naturally reacts upon all industrial concerns, because the Soviet Government is unable to feed the workmen, and the workmen

³ *Izvestia of the Central Committee*, May 31.

consequently disperse in search of food. At the Food Congress in Moscow in June the Commissary for Food, Brukhanov, quoted several figures with reference to the decline of industry :

In 1920 the production of iron ore amounted to 2.5 per cent. of the production of 1913, the production of salt to 17 per cent., of coal to 20½ per cent., of cast iron to 2½ per cent., of rough metal manufactured goods to 2.33 per cent., of cotton goods from 5 to 6 per cent., of flax yarn to 25 per cent., of matches to 15 per cent., of sugar to 6 per cent., of tobacco to 5 per cent.⁴

It may be confidently asserted that at least half of this failure is due directly or indirectly to the lack of foodstuffs. The lack of fuel which now handicaps all industries and railways is partly caused by the inability of the Soviet Government to feed the workers. On the other hand, the decline of industry prevents the Government from furnishing the peasants with the goods which they require. Instead of carrying out its theoretical scheme, the Government finds itself in a vicious circle which is narrowing like the coils of a serpent and is stifling the people.

Having introduced the crazy scheme of requisitions of foodstuffs, the Soviet Government has undertaken the distribution of these goods, and has moreover endeavoured to do so on Communist lines. The Communists recognise neither freedom nor equality. In place of these principles they have proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat. The Soviet Federated Republic is a class-state in which theoretically the proletariat enjoys greater privileges than those of the mediaeval barons. But in impoverished Russia now the greatest privilege is the right to obtain bread.

In reality, the dictatorship is one not of a class but of a party. Russia is governed not by workmen or peasants, but by the Communist party. This has been openly stated in the Soviet Press, and is corroborated by the entire method of government, more especially by the system of distribution of the necessities of life. In allotting food rations, the Government gives preference not to the workmen but to the members of the Communist party.

All goods are rationed in Soviet Russia. Bread, salt, potatoes, boots, every scrap of cloth, every button, every needle, soap, writing paper etc. Most of these things only figure on the ration cards. As a matter of fact, they are not delivered, and indeed food rations are very seldom delivered in quantities mentioned in the estimates of the Commissariat. People are capable of doing without needles, even without soap. But even the Communist régime cannot train them to do without food. Meanwhile, the Soviet Government only feeds a favoured minority. Bread and other goods are distributed according to two qualifications: the

⁴ Cf. the *Economicheskaya Zhizn*, June 19.

first is political—allegiance to the Soviet régime. The second is economic—the comparative usefulness of this or that kind of labour to the Soviet Government. As a result a very complicated and elaborate system of rations has been devised. There are about twenty categories. The Communists come first, then the soldiers and the workers in the most important concerns (not their families). The intellectuals who are not in Government employ belong to the lowest, the poorest category. With the exception of the Soviet aristocracy, the members of the Communist party and the officials of the 'Extraordinary Commissions for Combating Counter-Revolution,' all the other townsfolk, including the workmen, have been short of food ever since the Bolsheviks seized power, and as often as not have been simply starving.

It has often occurred in Petrograd that for weeks on end a pound of potatoes per head per week and a few ounces of dried fish were distributed instead of bread. Mention has been made of the rations of the workmen in the Donetz basin. The Soviet authorities have proved equally incapable of feeding the workmen in another important industrial region, that of the Urals. According to a schedule drawn up in the spring it was intended that they should receive 1 lb. of bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of vegetables and of sugar etc. In fact, even this insignificant ration never was granted. The *Economicheskaya Zhizn* (June 23) gives the following data regarding the actual rationing of the Ural workmen: In March and April they got $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread per day and nothing more. They had no meal, no salt, no fats, no other supplies. In May the bread ration was cut down by $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. It should be remembered that the Ural works, like the Donetz coal-mines, are situated in fertile regions.

The Ural and Donetz workmen, however scant their rations, belong to the few privileged groups of the population whose welfare the Soviet Government must needs take to heart. The inhabitants of Central and Northern Russia, where food had to be brought from afar, fared much worse. In the towns of the North, the daily bread ration varied from 1 lb. a week to 1 lb. and even $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. a day. Additional supplies—such as sugar, meal, fats—were rationed even more erratically. Private trade was prohibited, and those who brought goods to the towns were severely punished. Armed detachments searched the trains. Railway stations were surrounded with cordons and all foodstuffs carried by passengers were taken from them. Those who could escape fled to the villages, those who remained lived on the clandestine contraband purchase of foodstuffs, chiefly exchanging for them clothes, furniture and other movable goods. This illicit trade converted the entire population into crowds of hungry and greedy speculators whose one thought was to find something they could

exchange for a pound of potatoes or a slice of fat. The death-rate among the underfed townsfolk became appallingly high, especially among the children. Moreover, the lack of adequate nourishment provoked all kinds of epidemics.

The productivity of labour decreased by 300-400 per cent. The workmen began to disperse, and all industries suffered for want of labour.

In the spring of this year there were twenty vacancies to every application in the building trade in Moscow. The discontent of the producers and of the consumers grew in accordance with the disintegration of every branch of the nationalised industry. Hunger riots became a menace to the very existence of the Soviet régime, and in March 1921 the Soviet was forced to repudiate the principle of state monopoly in foodstuffs, the very basis, that is, of its entire economic system. A decree was issued by which the state monopoly in agricultural produce was replaced by a corn tax payable in kind. This was supplemented by a decree on the exchange of goods, by means of which it was hoped to obtain additional foodstuffs from the peasants.

The gist of the decree concerning the tax payable in kind lies in the fixation of the amount of foodstuffs which is to be delivered to the state by every producer. He may dispose of the rest of the fruits of his labour at his own discretion, whereas under the state monopoly he was not allowed to sell to anyone except the state, to which he was compelled to deliver *all* his produce, a small allowance (utterly inadequate as compared to normal standards) being made for himself and his family. But the right of free disposal of the produce of labour was granted by this decree only to those peasants who had already delivered the requisite quantities of produce according to the estimate of 1920-1921, and only in the provinces that had earned out their share of the estimate. In addition, the decree does not apply to the most fertile regions, the Ukraine, Siberia, and the Caucasus. The amount of the corn-tax is approximately the same as that previously collected by means of requisitioning.

By virtue of a resolution of the Soviet of the People's Commissars the amount of the corn-tax for the whole of Russia (exclusive of the Ukraine) was fixed at 3,900,000 tons. This amount was considered sufficient for the requirements of the Army and of some of the most important workers. For the rest of the population according to the estimates of the Commissariat for Food it will be necessary to obtain by barter another 2,400,000 tons of grain. This calculation was made in the beginning of the year before the failure of the crops. And now Kamenev declares that not more than one third of the corn-tax is likely to be collected.

There still remains the hope of procuring bread by means of an exchange of goods. But here again almost insuperable difficulties arise. The circulation of money is rapidly losing all importance in Soviet Russia, partly owing to the depreciation of paper currency, partly because the Communists regard buying and selling for money as a survival of the capitalist order. In their experiments with the Socialistic exchange of goods they have come to such an absurdity as, for instance, paying the workers in potteries with the cups they manufacture, so that men can be seen wandering about in the neighbouring villages, trying to exchange these cups for potatoes and flour. The Communists are endeavouring to apply these methods on a vast scale to every branch of industry. It is but a peculiar revival of the ancient methods of primitive economics, an absolute economic reaction.

In the second place, there is the problem of fixing the so-called 'equivalent,' in other words, of defining the amount of goods which the peasant may get in return for a pound of grain or of other foodstuffs. And then there is the extreme difficulty of procuring manufactured goods that may be exchanged for food. The Bolsheviks have squandered the old stores accumulated under the bourgeois régime, but have failed to produce goods on their own account.

At the conference on the food problem held in Moscow⁵ in June the following estimate was proclaimed, apparently emanating from official sources: In order to obtain foodstuffs by an exchange of goods, 100,000,000 gold roubles are needed. Assuming the value of the products of industry to have increased threefold, as compared with the products of agriculture, manufactured goods to the value of 135,000,000 gold roubles—or one-third of the above amount—must be available in order that the necessary quantities of foodstuffs may be acquired. Actually the Soviet Government have goods to the value of 70,000,000 gold roubles. The remainder must be purchased abroad, and the Soviet has no cash for purchases on such a scale. Should however these quantities be purchased the goods must be delivered in the regions where grain is to be had. Also, a system of equivalents must be established which will prove acceptable to the peasants. This the Commissariat for Food has so far failed to achieve. The Soviet specialists themselves have pointed out from the outset that the officials of the Food Commissariat were unprepared for such a plan.

An example is given by the *Food Gazette* of June 23. The Soviet Government is endeavouring to raise the productive capacity of the fishing industry, the output of which has fallen from 1,130,000 tons in 1913 to 180,000 tons in 1920. The Soviet economists attribute this decline to the prohibition of free trade

⁵ *The Food Gazette*, June 23.

in fish. The Food Commissariat paid 10 roubles for a pound of fish, whereas in the secret free market the same amount was sold at 3000 roubles. An endeavour was made to apply barter. The fishermen were to receive bread in exchange for fish, but they would not agree to such a scheme. This is not to be wondered at, considering that in Samara one pood of flour was established as an equivalent for 100 poods of fish, whereas in the open market one pood of flour cost 150,000 roubles as against 12,000,000 for 100 poods of fish.

These long rows of zeroes must strike the foreign reader as an absurd invention, for at the pre-war rate of exchange it would mean that in the Russian Socialist Federated Republic a pound of flour costs 370*l.* and a pound of fish 3000*l.*

This however is but one of the endless economic paradoxes originated by the folly of Communist decrees. They have, as it were, grown into the flesh of the Russian body politic as iron chains, they have stopped the circulation of goods as the circulation of blood is stopped in a strangled body.

Owing to the drought, the economic stagnation of four years' duration has become a famine catastrophe which affects not only the regions where the crops have failed but the whole of Russia. In the old days, when there was a partial failure, foodstuffs were conveyed from place to place. Even now there is corn in various parts of Russia, but it cannot be systematically distributed not only because transport is ruined, but because a free movement of goods would be in contradiction with the Communist dogma. The Bolsheviks will not allow the foodstuffs to slip from their hands. Bread to them is the symbol of power. To liberate it would be tantamount to the liberation of the Russian people, and to this the Bolsheviks will never consent.

Having seized the entire economic machinery of the state, the entire economic patrimony of the people, they have been unable to produce anything at all. They have but squandered the accumulations made by the population under the old régime. They have created only hunger and ruin. But they lack the moral courage to confess their failure even now when the nation is faced with a terrible calamity. The famine will assume even more threatening dimensions if the entire economic structure of Russia does not undergo a fundamental change. One of the consequences of the failure of the crops will be the curtailment of the area under cultivation in the provinces in which the crops have been burnt. The peasants have no seed. The seed will hardly be provided in due time. The entire life, the productive energy of the whole of vast Russia must be healed or, rather, must be born again in order that the country may survive the after-effects of the double scourge: famine and Communism.

No resurrection is possible under Soviet rule. The essence of the Bolsheviks' policy is the Communist system of production and distribution. This is their Koran. The repression of political liberty, the extinction of the Press, the utter negation of individual freedom, even terrorism— all these are but the consequences and in a certain degree the weapons of Communist ideas. The population must be placed under a press in order to compel it to accept the new economic methods. If it refuses— so much the worse for it. It must accept or die of starvation.

And they die.

From behind the columns of dry figures the tragic image of stricken Russia appears, and the involved phraseology of Bolshevik restrictive edicts and Communist decrees cannot stifle the groans of the dying millions.

The sufferings of Russia can only be described in the fiery style of the Apocalypse. The trumpet of the sombre Angels of Judgment sounds over the broad Eastern plain :

And behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto him over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth . . .

The cup of calamity is brimming over, and yet the hand is not in sight that will stop the course of the pale horse and will bring salvation to the stricken people. For us Russians this is no remote tragedy. It is the suffering and the ruin of our native Russian land. There, across the impassable border, remain our friends, our near and dear ones. Every hour of delay means new ordeals and trials, maybe, new deaths.

We await with feverish, passionate impatience the hour when international humanitarian organisations will move to the rescue of our suffering brethren. Our impatience is mingled with bitterness, because we know that as long as the bloodstained banner of Communism floats over Russia, there can be no hope of deliverance from the power of 'him that sits on a pale horse, whose name is Death.'

ARIADNA WILLIAMS.

'A TERRIBLE TRAFFIC IN HORSES'

Few characteristics of British insularity so called strike the foreigner more forcibly than the attitude of resentment manifested by the community at occurrences involving suffering to animals, and primarily to horses. On the Continent indeed many horse-masters are humane in the treatment of their charges, and conversely in England not a few may be convicted of cruelty. But where the deep-seated divergence between the Anglo-Saxon and other national or racial mentalities stands forth is rather in the voice of public opinion, when cases of cruel treatment inflicted upon defenceless beings are brought to their knowledge.

Authenticated instances of injuries and suffering wantonly inflicted upon animals evoke instant and widespread interest and sympathy with the victims. Public opinion, the social conscience, finds expressions of adequate weight at once, requiring instant and fitting punishment for the offender. On the Continent public opinion is too often satisfied to acquiesce in conditions which are conveniently labelled unavoidable, enabling individuals to possess their souls in callous peace in the sight of animal distress. Such a difference exists between those two viewpoints as almost to justify the saying that kindness to animals is the test whereby true civilisation stands or falls.

The work of centuries, the evolution of the social conscience can be traced in our growing insight with other eyes than ours, the part in senses outside our own, and especially the experience of mental anguish and sense of physical pain, so to say through the vehicle of another nervous system. This common sense of humanity, defined also fair play, applies with full force to our dumb friends whose language, signs and sounds we can understand so imperfectly—albeit the language of pain needs no interpreter. This quality of fair play, so essentially British as to possess no equivalent in other languages, finds its strongest expression in the marvellous development of organisations tending to protect our dumb friend from his enemy the self-centred individual whose instincts yet override his understanding, making him cruel.

Fair play requires the observance of human law among us, and this is never more imperative than in the conditions of life of animals whose well-being reacts upon us, and who, themselves defenceless, lay down their lives hourly in our service. They and we are friends for life and friendship has its duty—fair play.

Fair play refuses to admit that conditions entailing suffering are of necessity unavoidable or that commercial advantage should be permitted to override the dictates of our social conscience.

Now if fair play to animals is but one of the aspects of humanity and true sportsmanship—traditional qualities upon the possession of which the Briton prides himself—why is it that despite all the evidence collected, all that has been written, and all the devotion given without stint in the good cause, so much remains to be done to carry conviction home to individuals who, calling themselves sportsmen and good comrades in their human intercourse, yet fall so short of their duty to play fair in this matter?

True sportsmanship is thus nothing more or less than the duty of comprehension which, making for fellow feeling with other sentient organisms as highly strung and responsive as our own, should ensure their well-being and fair treatment precisely in the ratio of that response.

No animal shares man's activities in a greater degree, his exhilaration in spaciousness, more than the horse, none can enjoy with him the rhythm of motion more completely. This surely implies a reciprocal comprehension of needs by man and beast, and in this respect we may say that both horse and man are sportsmen. That comradeship of sport carries duties with it we know, and here it must be said the horse is and remains man's creditor. Fair play is not usually the horse's lot.

The horse spends his best years in our service very quickly, each day of his life involves wear and tear of powers far beyond the average twelve months' duration. In those brief days, the space of at most thirty years, the horse's cycle runs its full course. The beauty of his form, his beauty in action, have made him the symbol of our physical energy, and yet where is the reward of these deserts, these undeniable claims upon our sportsmanship: care in sickness, comfort in age, a merciful end? Alas! too often the horse is and remains man's creditor and he is never more our creditor than when the aims of trade and traffic are placed in the scale, opposed to true sportsmanship.

The problem of the 'worn-horse traffic' with the Continent has compelled public attention now for some time past. It would not be fair to say with scant result. Nevertheless a great deal remains to be done. Reluctance to interfere with a legitimate

branch of the trade, reluctance to yield to 'a so-called fad,' to be thought to mind other people's business for them, the fear of responsibility, individual failure of authority to pull its whole weight, have been the thwarting forces to stultify legislation which unreservedly supported by public opinion has nevertheless not succeeded in eradicating abuses which unfortunately send their tap roots deep down into the mud of callous indifference to suffering.

The Act of 1914, worked though it has been fairly by most, has nevertheless proved the saying true : legislation brings evasion in its train. As surely as the means to the end are found where individual interest calls for action, so surely does that interest know no mercy. The law is evaded again because of the confusion between the ideas of absolute ownership in the well-being of our fellow-dwellers upon earth—man and beast—and our trusteeship only in all that pertains to them. Man has been mis-called the lord of creation, yet each generation in turn is but the trustee of the visible universe. That absolute sovereignty with the despot's freedom is a mistaken idea is obvious considering that all our legislation only covers effectually the span of natural life, each successive generation building upon its predecessors' foundations. Whilst the error of absolute ownership has been responsible for a vast amount of avoidable misery to man, and is a stage now in a great measure surpassed, thanks to the awakening of the social conscience, recognition of the individual's rights in the community : the abolition of slave conditions, regulation by the community of reciprocal rights and duties, freedom of association, of contract, the protection of the weaker members, such has not yet been the lot of our dumb friends. Since their domestication has deprived them of the power of retaliation, and of self-defence, it behoves man as the trustee to act in the interest of his trust, and not to evade its plan dictates by neglect, or worse still by prepossessed indifference to suffering for the sake of gain. Instances of this breach of a sacred trust have been recorded so often and eloquently as scarcely to need restatement. Yet it is by continued insistence only that these evils can be mitigated. Public opinion is our judge before whom we bring our case, confident that the spirit of true sportsmanship, once aroused in us all, each one will see to it that an indifferent shrug of the shoulders shall no longer suffice to shift the responsibility we all feel in our trust.

The exportation of horses to the Continent, whether they are intended for work or for butchery purposes, is at the present time regulated by two Acts of Parliament—the Diseases of Animals Act 1910 and the Exportation of Horses Act 1914. By these two

Acts all animals for export have to be certified by an Inspector of the Ministry of Agriculture as being 'capable of being conveyed to such port and disembarked without cruelty' and being 'capable of being worked without suffering.' These words are specific enough, one would have thought, to give the Ministry's Inspectors full power to stop the shipment of all but fit animals, especially when one remembers that the ultimate fate of the animals is really only decided at the ports of disembarkation, so that there can be no possible excuse that an unfit animal, should such be passed in contravention of these two Acts, is only being sent over for slaughter; yet the Ministry has, in its own published Report on the condition of horses shipped to the Continent, had to confess that its Inspectors failed in their duty to such an extent that the Minister himself stated in Parliament that the reading of the Report had 'filled him with horror.' And these, to quote from the Report itself, are 'some of the worst cases' which were passed as fit for shipment under the Acts of 1910 and 1914:

'A chestnut mare, heavy in foal, very lame, chestnut pony, very lame; brown pony, very poor, a miserable-looking skeleton; a three-year old bay gelding with sand crack on off foreleg, not shod—should not have been passed; bay gelding, deformed foot, walked lame, and should not have been shipped, etc., etc' . . . 'I regret to say there were a number lame from Hull and Goole. Making allowances for kicks and accidents on board ship, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that most of the unfit animals were suffering from old standing lameness of a character so evident that they might have been "substitutes" for animals actually passed at the port of embarkation.'

No wonder that the Minister was 'filled with horror' when he realised that his Inspectors were guilty of cruelty of the worst kind—that of knowingly causing unnecessary suffering—and were therefore guilty of infringing the country's laws. Those laws provide for prosecution and punishment where such export certificates of fitness are issued wrongfully or dishonestly, yet the only punishment meted out to these 'half-time inspectors' was removal from the Ministry's staff. They are, one would presume, fully qualified Veterinary Surgeons, Members of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, able to diagnose 'lameness,' 'sand crack,' 'deformed foot,' etc., yet, having passed such cases as fit for export, they are only deprived of the opportunity of earning for themselves, as Government Inspectors appointed to carry out the law, 10s. 6d. per visit to the Docks, with an extra fee of sixpence per horse—such fees not to exceed a maximum of three guineas per day! One can but hope that the Council of the Royal College—realising that the action of these Veterinary Surgeons, whether the result of carelessness, incompetency or dishonesty, has brought

the profession into disrepute not only in this country but also abroad—will deal with these Members as that body can.

And the Minister of Agriculture—'filled with horror' be it remembered—has hastened, so he informs us, to remedy matters by raising the standard of fitness, tightening up the system of examination, and appointing whole-time Veterinary Surgeons, and he begs us to 'wait and see' the good results of all these changes. It should never have been necessary, though I myself heading a deputation from the R.S.P.C.A. urged the Ministry to do this so far back as in June 1920, to raise the standard of fitness and tighten up the system of examination, because the Acts provide a standard which is perfectly plain to all but professional Inspectors. I doubt very much whether the appointment of whole-time Inspectors at the princely salary of 300*l.* a year—and because of this parsimony they have to be pensioned professional gentlemen—will change the face of things: 300*l.* per annum is not much to lose if later on the Ministry of Agriculture should again discover that unfit horses have been passed. We learnt, in reply to questions and answers in the House of Commons, that the fees for examining horses for export had in 1920 brought in a total sum of 14,594*l.*, while the cost of these examinations had amounted to 4006*l.* This shows a clear gain of over 10,500*l.* One would like to know what became of this balance. Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and, if the Minister has any faith in his reformatory measures, I would beg that more adequate salaries be given to avoid the temptations which, alas, seem inevitable where the buying and selling of horses are concerned.

And why is the Minister of Agriculture—'filled with horror' though he was at the cruelties which we, who have worked against this iniquitous traffic for many years, know are inevitably mixed up with it—so anxious that the trade should continue? It is urged by his Department that any interference with the export of horses to the Continent will interfere with the legitimate trade of horse-breeding and horse-selling, and that, therefore, the horrors of the traffic must only be curtailed—for they cannot entirely stop without stopping the export of horses altogether. This aspect is not a new one. Ever since (over twenty-five years ago) the R.S.P.C.A. started to fight these particular cruelties, the Board of Agriculture (as it was then) has used the same argument. Personally I agree with the late Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., who, as one of the deputation from the R.S.P.C.A., received by the President of the Board in 1898, said

We can well understand the reluctance of a Government or a legislature to adopt any measure in restraint of legitimate trade; but a trade which involves gross cruelty to dumb creatures, and to animals which

have faithfully served their masters and the public so long as they are able, is not legitimate.

There you have the whole matter in a nutshell, and you also have the difference between Governmental and humanitarian points of view. We have fought the Government on this matter for over twenty-five years. The history of the fight is illuminating—partly, perhaps, because humanitarians, 'filled with horror' at the revelations recently made by the Ministry, have forgotten it, and have overlooked the fact that, though we have not yet succeeded in stopping the traffic, we have, by introducing the two Acts already referred to, greatly improved conditions. Here I would frankly confess that I—and my Society—were completely misled by the reiterated assurances of the Ministry that all was well with the traffic, so far as this country was concerned, and in this we were supported by humanitarians in Belgium and Holland who, having in mind the condition of things before the passing of the Exportation of Horses Act 1914, considered that things had greatly improved.

But, having been deceived by fair reports, we are not likely to have further faith in the permanent officials whose opposition to our demands has remained unchanged, though Presidents of the Board and Ministers have succeeded each other during all that time. We are, therefore, working to take this matter entirely out of the hands of Inspectors, and to stop the illicit profit of the dealers by imposing an export tax on each horse, ass or mule shipped from this country, for we are convinced that by this means alone will the cruelty of exporting unfit horses for the Continental butchers be stopped. Inspection has proved to be a fallacy, and we see no reason why, should public agitation die down, 'whole-time' inspectors should succeed where 'half-time' work has so tragically failed.

Nearly twenty-five years ago the President of the Board stated, in reply to the R.S.P.C.A. deputation, that it was impossible to have an efficient system of inspection, seeing that horses could be embarked at any port of the Kingdom. It had evidently not occurred to him that, as in the case of cattle, the ports could be limited. This possibility was pointed out to him, and as a result the Board issued an Exportation of Horses Order 1898, which made it illegal to convey from any port in Great Britain any horse which 'owing to age, infirmity, illness, injury, fatigue or any other reason could not be conveyed without cruelty during the intended passage and on landing.' The remedy was simple enough—so simple that the officials of the Board could not devise it themselves—and it would have been efficacious had the order been carried out in the spirit of its inception, for, it will

be noted, even then 'cruelty on landing' had been provided for. But it remained practically a dead letter: unfit horses, instead of being rejected and slaughtered, were accepted at the various ports, were passed, and were sent to the Continental markets, with the result that the dealers continued to buy up and travel such poor creatures to the ports, and the R.S.P.C.A. had to prosecute in thousands of cases for travelling unfit horses to the docks. Had the order, which recognised the possibilities of cruelty during the intended passage and *on landing*—an important point since the Ministry hold that they cannot prevent cruelties which are likely to occur after the animals have once been disembarked on a foreign shore—been properly carried out, we should years ago have put an end to what has rightly been called 'England's Shame.'

In 1906 the R.S.P.C.A. sent a special representative to watch the arrival of British ships at Dutch and Belgian ports, and, among other evidence of maladministration which involved untold suffering on our old horses, he noticed a class of veterinary students at Antwerp, specially sent to examine the English arrivals for the sake of practical demonstrations in the diseases of the horse! As a result of the evidence thus obtained, a deputation from the R.S.P.C.A. again visited the Board of Agriculture to urge the necessity of veterinary inspection. The deputation's suggestions were once more declared to be impossible because the Staff of the Board was not large enough to do the inspection or other detailed work at the ports of embarkation. When one remembers how easily Government office staffs have been increased during, and after, the Great War, such excuses seem laughable! As the Board could not see how the necessary provision of inspectors could be made it was again left to the R.S.P.C.A. to deal with the matter. And again it had to fight permanent officialdom which first claimed that reform was unnecessary—for the Order of 1898 was all-sufficient—and then said that, bearing in mind that in one year 60,000 horses were exported, of which 35,000 were worth under 10*l.* per head, 'a large staff of veterinary surgeons would be necessary to carry out a proper inspection.' Fate certainly seemed against the horses and against the Society, for, after introducing a Bill to provide for such a staff of inspectors, Sir Howard Vincent died. The Bill was re-introduced in December 1908 by Mr. (now Sir) George Greenwood, but, receiving no help from the Government, it had to be dropped.

Here we have the same *official* view of insurmountable difficulties, which has, through each successive stage of our combat for the horses, crippled our efforts. Yet the passing of Acts of

Parliament can overcome most difficulties if the responsible Department will give it support. It would surely have been possible for the Board, through its permanent Secretary, to have introduced a measure giving it the power to appoint the necessary staff of inspectors, and to collect in fees the income required for their payment. The Department, through its President and Secretary, acknowledged the existence of cruelties, just as has the Department again acknowledged them by publishing the White Paper already referred to; but then as now it maintained the traditional *non possumus* attitude, and it will again, I suppose, be left to charitable Societies, aided by the public Press and public opinion, to find a remedy. This time – and I would emphasise this as strongly as possible – we shall take care that the administration of the cure shall not be left in the hands of those who have so many times proved their incapacity to administer it properly. In 1910 the Secretary of the Board said :

I do not hesitate to say that there is not a member of the staff of the Board who does not feel that a stigma of inhumanity and cruelty has rested on this country in regard to this traffic. The Board welcomes the assistance of the newspaper Press. It has strengthened the hands of this authority, and I believe, as a consequence, in a few months we shall have no further cause to complain of this inhumanity.

The President (Earl Carrington, now the Marquis of Lincolnshire) also said :

I am fully alive to the disgusting character of the traffic, and wish it could be abolished, but that is impossible.

At the risk of wearying the readers, I would like to place on record another example of the Governmental attitude, which is to block any reform while it can, and then, when public opinion 'shows which way the wind is blowing,' to welcome the change as one long desired. When the R.S.P.C.A. was, through Mr George Greenwood, striving to introduce a Bill to ensure proper inspection, Sir Edward Strachey (now Lord Strachey), as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board, admitted 'that representations have been made for many years past as to this trade' but 'the Board have no power to stop the traffic or to require the slaughter of particular animals before embarkation.' Later, however, when the Society's Bill was being considered by the Standing Committee of the House, he said :

The Department welcomed the Bill, which, they believed, would have the effect of stopping the the dreadful cruelties of unfit horses being shipped.

That was in 1909, and yet in 1921 the Board – or rather the Ministry, to give it its newest title – has had to acknowledge that

those cruelties still go on. It still clings to its old shibboleths with a monotony that would be boresome were it not so tragic.

The Diseases of Animals Bill, as originally drafted to prevent cruelty during the intended voyage and *after being disembarked*, would have done much to put an end to the traffic; but, unfortunately, the last three words were altered, and in the Act, as passed, the all-important provision 'after being disembarked,' which recognised the future fate of the wretched animal, was changed to read 'capable of being conveyed to such a port and disembarked without cruelty.' This alteration, which watered the Bill and reduced its utility, was made with the full knowledge of what might and did happen after disembarkation, and it was merely a shifting of responsibility to say that such suffering could not be prevented because it was inflicted in another country. What, one may ask, would be said of any civilised country which allowed the export of some of its inhabitants for slavery and torture in another country, fully realising the conditions to which they were going, while claiming that they had no responsibility for what happened outside their own country? Yet that is what we are doing, and have been doing for many years to those old horses which are either British-born or have worked out their lives in faithful service in Britain. The ships which take them to their fate are British, the owners and officers are British. The cruelty commences in Great Britain and continues under the British flag. Why? Because the Ministry of Agriculture, representing the farmers and breeders, fears to hamper a trade which apparently cannot flourish except at the cost of suffering and cruelty which bring disgrace on the whole country. The National Farmers' Union, and, no doubt, all the Horse-breeding Societies, share the Ministry's view—or perhaps inspire that view—and humanitarians are blamed for daring, by the demand of an export tax, to interfere with 'a legitimate trade' which brings money into the country! History repeats itself, with curiously slight variations, for when the R.S.P.C.A., with the co-operation of Our Dumb Friends' League, introduced the Exportation of Horses Bill in 1914, we were told that any interference with the trade would involve hardship on the farmers and small owners who had, in the past, sold their horses, when past work, for this traffic. Now it is the horse-breeders who are to suffer by the imposition of a tax, and in their interests the Minister asks us to cease our agitation, and give him a chance of testing the work of whole-time Inspectors. But the Ministry, in its *Weekly News Service* for May 14, 1921, has itself condemned not only the trade but inspection also, for it has admitted that

the difficulty of administration lies in the fact that the standard of what may be considered fit to travel and work is a matter of judgment; large

numbers of horses have to be examined under conditions which are not always of the best. Undoubtedly, too, a part at least of this trade is in the hands of men who are not too scrupulous in the methods they adopt to get horses passed by the Inspectors It is impossible for the authorities in this country to exercise any control or impose any conditions on the people who handle the horses after landing on the Continent All horses required by the Continental butcher should be slaughtered humanely on this side of the Channel, and unless the Dutch and Belgian authorities can be persuaded to offer the necessary facilities for the development of the trade on these new and humane lines, no consideration of private profits ought to restrain the Ministry from taking the necessary steps to see that the trade as carried on at present is either ended or made so difficult and unprofitable that few will care to take any part in it Either the traders, in conjunction with the Governments concerned, will have to alter their methods and conduct the business as a dead-meat trade, or the Ministry will be forced to ask for powers that will stop the trade entirely.

I shall, I hope, be forgiven for quoting so fully from the Ministry's own *Weekly News Service*. To my mind it is important as showing that the Ministry has little faith in its own remedial measures. It is certainly not an enviable position between, if one may so put it, the devil of horse-breeding and horse-selling interests and the deep sea of public opinion which has condemned the traffic and demands its abolition.

It was my privilege to take the Chair, on the 21st of May last, at a mass meeting of citizens held in the Albert Hall to protest against the continuance of the trade, and the huge audience, which had given up a fine Saturday afternoon to voice its opinion, unanimously passed a resolution 'That this meeting urgently desires to influence the Government to place a tax or licence of not less than 20*l.* on every live horse, mule or ass exported from the British Isles.' Similar resolutions have been passed by countless meetings all over the country. Many important Town and Borough Councils throughout the country have taken up the matter and have expressed their views to the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Minister of Agriculture. All these expressions of public opinion—based on a knowledge of the true and scandalous facts—will not be flouted. On the 24th of June last, a deputation informed the Minister of this resolution and, to quote from the speech of Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., M.P., urged it upon him

that except by a tax there is no way to remedy this evil, and we respectfully suggest to you that you should exercise your great influence to make a system which may be cast iron, so that these grave evils may not recur.

I am, personally, not so simple as to think that a single horse-breeder or dealer will suffer—the tax will be added to the purchase

price, and if English horses are in demand that additional charge will not prevent the exchange of foreign money for English products! And in this connexion it is interesting to compare the pre-war prices with those given at the present time.

In 1912, 18,504 horses under a value of 5*l.*, and 26,409 under a value of 10*l.*, were shipped to Holland and Belgium, while in 1920 out of 56,000 exported there were twenty-four valued at under 5*l.*, and twenty valued at 10*l.* The larger numbers being 25,000 valued at between 20*l.* and 50*l.*, and 28,000 valued between 50*l.* and 100*l.* This does not mean that the horses for butchery purposes, which in pre-war days were roughly valued at 8*l.* to 10*l.* apiece, are not being shipped, but rather that because the value of the pound has fluctuated, and the standard of butcher horses has improved under the Exportation of Horses Act of 1914, the foreign butcher now gives considerably more for the English horse for human consumption. Therefore if, through force of circumstances, he has been compelled to purchase horses at a higher price for his trade, it is conceivable that the foreign horse-dealers and purchasers will also be ready, when they cannot obtain them for a smaller sum, to give such a price as will include also the tax, for the trade or luxury horses which are apparently so much in demand abroad. It is nonsense to say that a tax will cripple the legitimate trade; supply is regulated by demand, and if demand cannot be satisfied without the tax it will pay the tax. On the other hand, unless the dealer can be deprived of his ill-gotten profit, he will still continue to export live horses, for it must be remembered, as Miss Cole has clearly pointed out, 'the market is on the other side, when horses are sold to the highest bidder, whether for slaughter or for work.' The tax will take away the profit and will encourage the slaughter of the horses on this side. You cannot safely ensure the latter without the imposition of the former. Once more to quote Miss Cole, 'It is idle to talk of establishing slaughter in England till means are taken to keep the horses in Great Britain for slaughter.' It will, moreover, tend to increase the value, and therefore the care in shipping the live horses intended for the so-called legitimate trade—a reform which is badly needed as can be proved from such an instance as the following: Last November a boat arrived at Antwerp from Goole with 110 dead or dying horses on board. Would that have been allowed with horses of any value for legitimate trade?

It is, I know, a matter for the Chancellor of the Exchequer: no private member can introduce a measure dealing with finance; therefore I would beg of him to take his courage in both hands, to ignore the special pleadings of his brother Minister of Agricul-

ture, and to carry out the wishes clearly expressed by thousands of decent British men and women who desire to end this traffic and restore England to the place she proudly held before the inception of this wretched huckstering of her old servants, the foremost place among those countries who care for the animals upon whose strength and labour they depend so largely.

LAMBOURNE.

THOMAS HARDY AND OUR OWN TIME

A SEPTEMBER afternoon was lazing to its close when I at length found *The Woodlanders*' country. It was one of those days bathed in a golden dream of sunshine, hallowed by a pauseful silence, and wrapt in a peace so profound as to seem almost unearthly which every autumn brings to England. Not Death but the beautiful foreclose of Death enthralled the land. Not life but the after-reflection of life : that point which a man or a woman reaches after the turning of the prime when he or she looks back in calmness and without regret upon spring and summer, youth and middle-life, feeling painlessly the approach of the day's decline.

I had left Sherborne (Sherston Abbas) by the Dorchester (Casterbridge) road, crossing a river, climbing a steep hill, passing along a woodside. My thoughts had been with 'the louring evening of a bygone winter's day' - that is, with the opening chapter of *The Woodlanders* :

At one place, on the skirts of Blackmoor Vale, where the bold brow of High-Stoy Hill is seen a mile or two ahead, the leaves lie so thick in autumn as to completely bury the track. The spot is lonely, and when the days are darkening the many gay charloteers now perished who have rolled along the way, the blistered soles that have trodden it, and the tears that have wetted it, return upon the mind of the loiterer

It must have been near to this point that I came upon a by-road and a sign-post pointing through a lodge-gate to 'Hillfield and Hermitage.' I then knew that I was near to the 'Himtock villages,' and following a narrow road through a park, came to a large area of oak-coppices and to a stubble-field on which the ploughman was already at work. The lane turned and twisted through the oak-woods until I reached a five-barred gate opening upon a green on one side of which was a small old church with a superadded lead spire, surrounded by leaning greyish-white gravestones of various shape grown high with grass. The green was bordered on one side by the lane along which stood half a dozen cottages and an inn. A stone's throw from the church was a large farmhouse, from which came sounds of ducks, poultry, and cows. The hamlet lay immediately beneath

High Stoy and was completely secluded among the oak-woods, thus fulfilling the characteristics of Marty South's environment, Grace Melbury's, and Giles Winterborne's :

It was one of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more listlessness than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein.

On this day, upwards of a generation after the above words were written, it seemed doubtful whether the inner life of the place, any more than its physical attributes, had in the smallest degree changed. True, the trees were not yet bare as upon that 'bygone winter's day' when the Sherton Abbas carrier set down his load at 'the gates of the world.' The oaks flaunted all shades of colour between rich yellow and pale green; the beeches all shades between brilliant red and coppery brown; the chestnuts were pale saffron; the occasional pines a dark cool green, and the occasional larches an ethereal feathery green. Had not the barber, Percomb, 'paced cautiously over the dead leaves which nearly buried the road or street of the hamlet'? And was not this or some such place the haven which the poet had in mind when he wrote¹ :

Pale beech and pine so blue,
Set in one clay,
Bough to bough cannot you
Live out your day?
When the rains skim and skip,
Why mar sweet comradeship,
Blighting with poison-drip
Neighbourly spray?

Heart-halt and spirit-lame,
City-oppress,
Unto this wood I came
As to a nest;
Dreaming that sylvan peace
Offered the harrowed ease --
Nature a soft release
From men's unrest.

But, having entered in,
Great growths and small
Show them to men akin --
Combatants all!
Sycamore shoulders oak,
Blues the slim sapling yoke,
Ivy-spun halters choke
Elms stout and tall.

¹ 'In the Wood,' *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy* Macmillan and Co

Since, then, no grace I find
Taught me of trees,
Turn I back to my kind,
Worthy as these.
There at least smiles abound,
There discourse trills around,
There, now and then, are found
Life-loyalties.

The churchyard seemed such a one as Marty South might have entered in the moonlight, when she went 'to a secluded corner behind the bushes'—there was such a corner near to the hedge—'where rose the unadorned stone that marked the last bed of Giles Winterborne'; and there, in face of her old rival's defection, laid her flowers and gave utterance to perhaps the most moving declamation in all the Wessex novels:

'Now, my own, own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died! But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!'

Few signs or sounds of life, as was to be expected, disturbed the hemmed-in place. Leaves fluttered down in perfect silence; some children were playing on the green; a far-off caw-ing of rooks and the musical drone of a threshing-machine floated serenely through the golden haze. Near at hand, an old man who might have passed for Mr. South himself was carrying faggots out of the shades of the woodland to the outhouse in his cottage-garden.

'For the winter?'

'Yes. Us'll need all us can get.'

A little further along the road a young man was mending the road. He was a stalwart, clean-shaven labourer with a dull but pleasant face. Such a one Giles Winterborne may have been, though he was a skilled woodman and this an assistant road-mender above which humble station the latter seemed to cherish no desire to rise. Conversation elicited that he had been born at Hillfield, had lived there the whole of his life until joining the Army and, on leaving it, had returned to his native village where—with the exception of a seven-mile bicycle-ride to Sherborne and back on Saturday afternoons, and a dallying there in public-houses—he hoped to remain till the day of his death.

Two years on the Western Front! He had been wounded; he talked of life at Ypres and at Arras. He had not liked the

War—or the Army : was not particularly interested in either. In that he differed from the younger peasants in less secluded parts of Wessex who had been visibly changed by their war-experiences and were as self-assertive on the subject as any Cockney clerk—and as distinct from their elders, the old Wessex type, as young and old can be. A crabbed, queer strain appears sometimes ; and a savage strain. In a village in the heart of Dorset where I stayed, there dwelt a man, also a roadmender, of surly disposition but stalwart and hardworking. One day he disappeared from his home and was found on the following Sunday morning drowned in a neighbouring stream with a kitchen-weight attached to his neck, his coat and waistcoat neatly folded on the bank. No reason could be adduced for the suicide : he was in good work and the prime of life, and except for a certain moroseness had shown no signs of insanity. Near another village in that neighbourhood a savage crime was committed. A local rabbit-catcher lured a village girl to a lonely wood, killed her, and buried her feet-deep in soil under some yews. For this there was a supposititious reason, yet not one sufficient to account for the cold-blooded ferocity of the deed. Something—primeval, or at any rate elemental—seems left to be accounted for in the Wessex character, something that is only exemplified in a type like Henchard. Contact with the world modernises the countryman, brings out what is worst as well as what is best in him, and imposes upon him a knowing varnish that is not knowledge but frequently proves too much for his intelligence. The young roadmender, however, had remained true to the type of Winterborne and Oak and Yeobright : seeing him there in the heart of his own country impassively representative of his forefathers, yet separated from them by the chasm of a dynamic experience, one apprehended the significance of the poem, ' In Time of " The Breaking of Nations " ' (1915)² which in three brief stanzas seems to epitomise that which is changeless in Hardy's peasantry and in our own chaotic time :

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk

II

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass ;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

² *Collected Poems*. Macmillan and Co.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by :
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

Where poetry as a whole seemed so ineffectual, whether of those who took part in the war or of those who did not ; where the younger poets strove to express themselves (with few exceptions) by piling horror upon horror in a monotone of dreadfulness and the older ones by clarion calls and sonorous phrases as though their own note had to be keyed to the tremendous din of the battlefield or of the call for men : the finger of the master laid itself quietly but surely on the pulsing beat of that momentous hour. Masfield did so, in his too-little-known ' August, 1914.' Another note was struck, one more intense, more poignant and agonised, by the young poet, Wilfred Owen, who was killed almost as the curtain rang down upon that war which he detested. Rupert Brooke never knew the war at first-hand, but in two poems at least he got near to the heart of it ; there was a poem about Laventie written by a very young officer, the late Edward Tennant, and published in *The Times*, which struck truly the note of contrast between that shattered and uncomfortable place and the undisturbed spaces of the English countryside.

Wherever the quiet and spacious note was struck, wherever fundamentals were touched, poetry (or prose) got home. It seemed of no use for poets and writers to try to express themselves in terms of noise and tumult ; what, it seemed, they had to do was to express and stress and exemplify fundamental causes, contrasts, and effects, and detach a meaning from them. That was their job, and when they did that they succeeded. A great many men never took to reading (or writing) until the war forced the mind to seek relief from physical actualities and material distresses. And speaking in a personal sense, there seemed to be no established writer of English who so far expressed the then universal sense of impending doom and finality as Thomas Hardy did and does—who so far succeeded, moreover, in impressing upon one a sense of some philosophy in pain, some beauty in pain as well as the bitter irony of a world suffering, some comprehension of inscrutable forces at war behind it all, and of the inevitability of those forces, the uselessness, the futility of evading or defying them.

Popular attitudes were carefully cultivated during the war—if you will, popular fictions. Some of them have been sedulously maintained since the war—adroitly adjusted to suit the necessities of the hour. They had their uses, no doubt—they kept up the fiction of light-heartedness, of sprightliness when, in fact, people's

hearts were heavy as lead. War for the participants was truly defined as : ' Months of infinite boredom interspersed by moments of indescribable fear.' War was falsely and shamly defined (by the halfpenny press and certain hearty optimists, lookers-on) as young men kicking footballs across No Man's Land, and as a series of Bairnsfather cartoons of muddy fellows who waxed facetious in face of death. Others saw only the drab horror and sordid misery of it ; others again a sort of spurious heroism based on a Victorian conception of what ought to be, dating from the Peninsular War and the traditions of Inkerman and the Alma, and ascribing to ordinary men the majestic attributes of super-humans. War, in point of fact and upon a more intimate acquaintance, resolved itself into the moral struggle of ordinary mortals against extraordinary forces—of men who grumbled, who were frightened, who got tired and felt ill, who hated lice and wet feet, who hated cold, mud, tinned food, and discomfort generally yet were pitted through four-and-a-half years against an Unknown comprising inscrutable powers of Irony and Fate, a perpetual threat, physical degradation and mental torture, and were enmeshed in a web of Destiny from which some lucky star alone could extricate them.

There was beauty in pain, there was love in death, there was sacrifice in horror, and there seemed very often behind it all a curious haunting laughter. In these years now past the only philosophy capable of maintaining a man was the watchword : ' What must be must be.' Once he lost his grip of this, once let himself think that the future could be eluded or fate cheated, and—himself was lost. The war was ordained for mankind, and mankind had to go through with it—for larger and undisclosed purposes, to high and beneficent ends as some say, blindly and fruitlessly according to others. Hardy expresses this perhaps negative but necessary attitude for soldiers in the very fibre of his life's work, in his novels, in his poems, and especially in that poem³ written on New Year's Eve 1915-16 :

I

Phantasmal fears,
And the flap of the flame,
And the throb of the clock,
And a loosened slate,
And the blind night's drone,
Which tiredly the spectral pines intone!

II

And the blood in my ears
Strumming always the same,
And the gable-cock
With its fitful grate,
And myself, alone.

III

The twelfth hour nears
 Hand-hid, as in shame;
 I undo the lock,
 And listen, and wait
 For the Young Unknown.

IV

In the dark there careers—
 As if Death astride came
 To numb all with his knock—
 A horse at mad rate
 Over rut and stone.

V

No figure appears,
 No call of my name,
 No sound but "Tic-toe"
 Without check Past the gate
 It clatters—is gone

VI

What rider it bears
 There is none to proclaim;
 And the Old Year has struck,
 And, scarce animate,
 The New makes moan.

VII

Maybe that "More Tears!—
 More Famine and Flame—
 More Severance and Shock!"
 Is the order from Fate
 That the Rider speeds on

To pale Europe: and tiredly the pines intone

Was not that the attitude of a world waiting and weeping, in face of anticipations which were to be realised, in a time when no man could call his soul his own?

The poetry of Thomas Hardy in recent years seems to have taken on a mellowed, a tenderer quality, as though Time had fined down the harshness of experience. Its fateful and ironical qualities are more noticeably reinforced by that superabundant pity which makes of *Tess* a durable literary creation.

A critic has said: I think Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie in his *Critical Study*—that the environment of the Wessex novels with their wonderful descriptions of Wessex life, humour, and scenery is a thing extraneous to the architectural fibre of Mr. Hardy's work, a thing apart from its permanent and spiritual quality. This is, of course, true in the sense that *Tess* is womanhood, frail, patient, suffering, and that she is the woman not of to-day or yesterday, not the Wessex peasant-girl, but, like Shakespeare's

characters, a figure of all time. Take away their environment, take away the things and people that mean Wessex only like the Cantles, the Dewys, and the Poorgrasses, the descriptions of Blackmoor Vale and Egdon Heath, and Hardy's women, Bathsheba Everdene, Eustacia Vye, Arabella Donn, and his men like Angel Clare, Alec D'Urberville, Henchard, and Sergeant Troy—yes, and poor Jude—might have played their respective parts in any surroundings or in any sphere of life. Yet if it were so, Hardy would not be Hardy—England would not be England. What a different thing would *The Return of the Native* convey without its background of Egdon Heath, or *The Woodlanders* without the peculiar environment of the Hintocks, or *Tess* apart from Lower Wessex, or *The Mayor of Casterbridge* if Casterbridge were any town but Dorchester! In reading Hardy, whether in Flanders or the East, or in the remotest outposts of the Empire, one reads of an England which remains and which never can essentially change because it is England. And it is worth while at the present day to take a walk through the Hardy country, to follow the fortunes or misfortunes of the people he has made living. Most of the places can be recognised as the Hintock villages can be; one feels that the countryside is no whit changed even if the people are. There are, of course, disappointments—and puzzles. To seek out Tess's birthplace and the scene of the May Day dance in the opening chapter of the book is to find one of the few uninteresting and even ugly villages in Wessex: you wonder why Tess's early situation was laid here and not in any of the neighbouring villages or hamlets whose beauty would have been a foil to hers. Yet following the course of her weal and woe through narrow hedgegrown lanes, signpostless often and often so tortuous as to make the accident to the bees appear inevitable, as far as Casterbridge, or following her on her first pilgrimage south to 'the valley of the great Dairies, the valley in which milk and butter grew to rankness,' one realises how integrally a part of the Wessex novels is the particular locality of each. Especially the Valley of the Frome in which Talbothays was situated.

The world was drawn to a larger pattern here. The enclosures numbered fifty acres instead of ten, the farmsteads were more extended, the groups of cattle formed tribes hereabout; there [in Blackmoor] only families. These myriads of cows stretching under her eyes from the far east to the far west outnumbered any she had ever seen at one glance before The river itself, which nourished the grass and cows of these renowned dairies, flowed not like the streams in Blackmoor. Those were slow, silent, often turbid; flowing over beds of mud into which the incautious wader might sink and vanish unawares. The Frome waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long.

And it is so to-day. Talbothays itself one cannot locate, but one can discover a dozen lush farmsteads that might be the same, notably one with a great mill-wheel on a secluded reach of the river near Woodford—a rather marshy place populated by wild duck, moorhens, and innumerable snipe. When you come to Wellbridge (Wool), you live word by word and moment by moment the confession and the débâcle of Tess's hours-old wedded life: that terrible scene when, she still wearing the gems with which Clare's playful fancy had in a happier moment adorned her,

the fire in the grate looked impish—demoniacally funny, as if it did not care in the least about her strait. The fender grinned idly, as if it too did not care. The light from the water-bottle was merely engaged in a chromatic problem. All material objects around announced their irresponsibility with terrible iteration

For the Jacobean farmhouse stands by the bridge as you approach the little town from the direction of Bere Regis, and it is said that the haunting D'Urberville women still look down very faintly from its wall, though a child whose mother had gone out would not admit me to their inspection. Instead, I crossed the river, and turning to the left along a by-road—the one no doubt by which the couple had walked, Tess following 'with dumb and vacant fidelity'—came to the site of Bmdon Abbey, a shadowy solemn place amid a rectangle of rook-nested trees. Here, fish-ponds; the ruined choir of the Abbey Church—remains of a Cistercian monastery; and, hidden away in a twilight corner, the stone coffin in which Clare laid the form of his wife. That the site of the monastery is nearly half a mile from the bridge-house is necessarily incidental to the story.

Some time after their separation, it may be remembered, Tess made her way to Enminster Vicarage to obtain news of her husband from his parents. The real place is, of course, Beaminster. On her return journey from this fruitless quest, she stops for breakfast at a cottage at 'Evershed' (Evershot), and this cottage—a pretty one smothered in honeysuckle near to the church at the top of the village street—may be identified, as may the Acorn Inn, called in the book the 'Sow and Acorn,' a little lower down. Over the way is seen a barn which, it is reasonable to suppose, is that wherein she rediscovered Alec D'Urberville making his religious discourse. The unfortunate woman then tramped her way back towards Flintcomb Ash along a high and lonely lane much frequented by rabbits until she came to the solitary stone called Cross-in-hand, whose strange legend is celebrated in the poem called *The Lost Pyx*. It is a wild, lofty place from which one looks out across a vast expanse of the green and fertile Blackmoor to the queer hill about Mere and to the smooth

escarpment of the Great Plain beyond. Here it was that Tess swore solemnly to D'Urberville never to tempt him again. She then proceeded on her way to Flintcomb Ash—where 'the air was dry and cold, and the long cart-roads were blown white and dusty within a few hours after rain.' It is a difficult place to identify, and I spent many hours wandering about and beneath the high bluff known as Nettlecomb Tout, which, together with the yet loftier summit of Bulbarrow, Tess saw ahead of her. At length, a short distance above the remains of a village or hamlet, Melcombe Horsey, in a northerly direction I found a large farm which seemed to answer to the description of Farmer Goby's. It is a drear windblown place, devoid of trees save a nearby plantation, very remote and recognisable at a distance only by the high zinc roof of its barn. Lingering here, it was possible to visualise Tess and Marian and Izz at their weeding in the winter weather and the mood of black despair in which the first-named laboured amid those desolate surroundings while awaiting vainly news of her husband.

Has anybody identified the scene of Tess's last sojourning with Angel Clare in the New Forest? 'Bramshurst Court' is probably one of those large country houses situated in the deeps of the Forest above the Avon Valley near to Ringwood—at least so its situation on the map would lead one to suppose. Yet does it really matter? We are at this point of the story too horrified by Tess's situation, too fearful of its sequel, to care for identifications unless it be for the satisfaction of approaching more really the scene of their brief and last happiness.

The Dynasts has a place in literature which leaves one conjecturing what epic inspiration might have moved its author had recent European events occurred a few years earlier than they did. There is a fundamental quality in Hardy which leads one to believe that he alone among living writers of English could handle adequately the great themes and the grand *spectacles* which these latter years have offered. Standing one darkening autumn day at the cross-roads of Longueval, which is the heart of the battlefield of the Somme, and speechlessly impressed by the sombre majesty of its appearance nearly a year after the drums of war had died away, I searched my memory for some passage in English prose (which I knew existed) that should do justice to the scene. The one which presently came to my mind was Hardy's description of Egdon Heath in *The Return of the Native*. Knowing also the original I detected their spiritual and physical affinity, so inestimably emphasised or heightened in the case of the former by the travail through which it had passed, by the insignia of that travail in the shape of grey crooked wooden

crosses flecking the battlefield's face, and by the litter of phantom armies which lay about on every hand.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had to a great extent arrived thereon, while day stood distinct in the sky The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath, by its mere complexion, added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognised original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

Such, were it not to be ascribed to the stretch of moorland, now considerably broken up, lying between Dorchester and Poole, would be a verifiable description of that battlefield which more than any other to-day preserves its awesome character. Mr. Nevinson, perhaps alone among artists, has struck the same enduring note in his 'Road from Arras to Bapaume.' As for Mr. Hardy, he is an old man, and a tired, and has said that he will not again give prose to the world. But, though he may not visit the battlefields of the twentieth century as he once did that of Waterloo, his description of Egdon Heath is an unforeseen yet monumental tribute to the cataclysmic aftermath of our own time.

WILFRID EWART.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF SWINBURNE

(II)

IN his wanderings over Wimbledon Common and Putney Heath Swinburne cultivated the acquaintance of trees as other men cultivate the acquaintance of their fellow-creatures. His prime favourites were the hawthorns. When the may was in full blossom the Poet's enthusiasm was wonderful to witness. He never tired of talking about the beauty of these sweet-smelling bushes. His endeavour after one of his rambles seemed to be to inspire us with an enthusiasm equal to his own.

Swinburne's interest in trees dated from his early experiences of Northumberland. He often declared that the scenery of his beloved county was wilder and more magnificent than that of any other in England. He knew the name of a tree the moment he saw it. No chance of the Bard mistaking an elm for an oak, or a beech for a birch. And the difference between particular members of the same sylvan species was to him as distinct as the difference between one man and another. Many of the trees he knew by the familiar names bestowed upon them by the rustics of Northumberland. His lore concerning trysting oaks and white poplars, about an old ash or a silver fir, was quite interesting and apparently inexhaustible. I was always prepared to listen sympathetically to his eloquent tributes to his sylvan favourites, but I confess I was not prepared for the proposition he made to me one day on this subject. 'When,' he asked, without any prefatory 'leading up' to the topic—'when are you coming with me to see the hawthorns?' I was thinking of something quite different at the time, and for just a moment his question sounded as if he indicated an afternoon call on a family of that name. A recollection, however, of certain rhapsodies of the Bard over the luncheon table made the illusion a momentary one. The hawthorns to whom he was anxious to introduce me were arboreal friends of his and not mere creatures of flesh and blood. Nothing definite was settled at the time of this first invitation. Swinburne reverted to it almost daily.

On one occasion his tone had a pathetic and pleading note in it. 'Don't let us wait until the blossoms are falling,' he urged,

'When are we going to see the may?' Both Walter and I felt that the expedition could no longer be put off. A day and hour were settled. We arranged to meet the Poet on Putney Heath. It turned out to be an ideal day for the adventure when my husband and I started off to keep our appointment. I had been but six months married, and still felt romantically the novelty of my position.

When we arrived at the trysting-place we found Swinburne already there pacing up and down, watch in hand, in a state of great impatience. We were, as our American friends put it, 'on time,' if, indeed, we were not more than punctual. But the Poet had evidently been experiencing considerable nervousness and anxiety. He would not imagine us forgetful, but he had conjured up some unforeseen and unfortunate circumstance preventing us from keeping our appointment. His relief at our arrival was great, and he was for darting off on the instant to introduce us to the 'hives of the honey of heaven' which at this spot were particularly luxuriant. Walter, however, had a business appointment at home and he left us together. I strolled off with Swinburne. I found very soon that he had personified the trees. He knew each one separately and individually, as one knows old friends. He ran from one to another, jumping over the numerous intersecting dykes and ditches and giving me his hand to help me to leap over to his side. When he got to one large hawthorn of divine loveliness he paused for a long time in front of it and drew in long deep breaths, as though he were inhaling the subtle emanation of the blossoms he so rapturously adored, and softly and repeatedly ejaculated 'Ah-h!' In front of another hawthorn, exceptionally tall and weighed down with 'the marvel of May time,' he said 'This is one I especially want you to see. Of course it is rather too big for a hawthorn.' With this expression of opinion I thought he dismissed the tree, but his respect for it was greater than his disapproval of its dimensions would have led me to expect. Before he turned to leave he took off his hat, and gravely saluted the big beauty of the hawthorn tribe. A little further on the Poet said to me 'Now I will show you one quite different—much smaller.' After some quick walking and occasional jumping of ditches he halted me in front of a short, stumpy and very bushy tree perfectly white in its mantle of blossom. He gazed at it with the idolatrous affection of a lover. Then he turned to me, and asked with a sort of chastened enthusiasm, 'Now, is not *that* a little duck?' 'Duck,' I may add, was a favourite word of the Bard's when alluding to little things that he loved. I thought it strange at the time that he did not appear to take any great interest in the other glories of the Heath—the yellowing gorse, the ferns just showing their fronds,

the heather with its fascinating odour. He was subconsciously aware of them, of course, but his visit—and mine—was to the hawthorns. For the time at all events, the other beauties of the Heath did not count. Looking back on it now, I don't know which of us enjoyed that 'hawthorn time' the more, or which of us was the younger of the two. I think it must have been Swinburne. He was absolutely indefatigable. All this jumping about in the broiling sun in the hottest part of the day did not affect him in the least, whereas it left me decidedly limp. I was struck by his agility: it resembled that of some free animal of the woodlands. He repeated as we moved on, and apparently to himself, without any thought of having a hearer, the lines

In hawthorn time the heart grows light,
The world is sweet in sound and sight

But the hearer on this occasion recognised the quotation. 'Why,' I said to him, 'those are the opening lines of *The Tale of Balen*!' He stopped short in his stride, with an expression, I thought, of both surprise and pleasure. 'Have you read *The Tale of Balen*?' he asked. I told him for the second time—for of course he had completely forgotten all about our first meeting—that not only had I read *Balen* but that Walter had asked me to transcribe it, and that I knew every word of it. He seemed greatly interested in my statement and gave me a look like an unspoken benediction.

Swinburne abominated typewriting and latterly all his poetry was copied by hand before it went to the printers, who set up from the copy while the original remained in the poet's possession. I remember how the Bard would leap on his proofs as soon as they arrived 'to see what the devils were up to'—meaning the compositors. Here I may say that Swinburne's usual practice was to publish everything he wrote as soon as he was satisfied with it. Walter said to me 'Algernon is the exact opposite to me. I am loth to publish anything. Swinburne burns to see his work in proof.'

But to return to our walk. Swinburne's talk as we gained the road was mainly about the gorgeous sights and delicious scents from which we had just emerged. But these did not provide the whole of his subject-matter. I happened to mention the name of a man whom—from the expression that his countenance suddenly assumed—he evidently did not approve. The Poet stopped and growled out a word which I could not catch. It sounded like 'Polly' something, and I supposed my friend wished to convey the idea of effeminacy in the gentleman whose name I had mentioned. Some time after I asked him to tell me what word he had used. He was in one of his most amiable moods, and he not only repeated the word but wrote it down for me in

very large and distinct letters. I have still preserved it as a memento. Here it is :

‘ POLYPSEUDONYMUNCLE.’

Asked about the precise meaning of the word he readily answered that it meant ‘ a horrid little sewer rat who had been convicted under a hundred aliases.’ I expressed my surprise that one word could convey so many. He declared that he quite shared my feeling. As we were nearly home, and about to cross the road, a pony cart passed up the hill. The cargo of the driver consisted of caged birds. It was a miscellaneous lot. It appeared to comprise all sorts and conditions of bird from the canary to the cockatoo. Prominent among the captives were some parrots, and I drew the Poet’s attention to a depressed specimen crouching at the end of his perch in a cage far too small for him. Some association of ideas set the Poet off on a fresh conversational track. He asked me if I had ever heard of a wonderful parrot at one time in the possession of his sister. I shook my head. He proceeded to expatiate on the recorded exploits of the gaudy and gifted creature. His sister’s parrot—so he said he had been assured—both sang and recited *Malbrouck s’en va-t-en guerre* with the utmost fluency. ‘ Did he swear?’ I inquired. ‘ Alas! No,’ said Swinburne. ‘ Although he had been adopted by a naval family, the creature was innately genteel and Victorian.’

After a silence he resumed his reminiscences. He told me that one day Walter and he had gone to lunch with his sister Alice. With a mock-tragic air he explained that it was a sad occasion. The feathered pet had in a tolerably green old age paid the debt of nature. His sister was naturally much distressed at the loss of her bird. And Alice being the Bard’s favourite sister, he was naturally affected by the depression of his hostess. The meal was a dull affair, and on leaving the house Swinburne again and again expressed his regret that anything should have happened to have upset her so gravely. ‘ But,’ said he, ‘ my one regret was that my deafness never allowed me to hear the talented creature sing his famous little French song. How I should have enjoyed that!’

I would dearly have liked to continue our walk, for Swinburne’s ebullient spirits were contagious and he was in a particularly lively mood. But the luncheon hour was approaching, and we were obliged to turn our backs to the country and make tracks for home. He appeared charmed when I told him how much I had enjoyed seeing the hawthorns, and of my wish to pay them another visit. He beamed with pleasure at the idea of being again my *cicerone*, as he called it, and immediately suggested that his sister Isabel

should join our next expedition. 'I'll write her this afternoon,' he said, 'and urge her to come.'

I used to love the days when Isabel came to the Pines. To see the brother and sister greet each other was a positive delight, such sweet simple and devoted affection did the one entertain for the other.

When Swinburne and I got indoors he followed me into the room where Walter sat waiting for us. Full of animation the Poet said 'Clara and I have seen my beautiful hawthorns; and it was like being with a hamadryad—absolutely a hamadryad.'

The letter to Isabel was duly despatched and both Swinburne and I looked forward to showing her 'the little duck' and all the other wonders of the Heath. Alas! on the day she elected to come it rained heavily, and the visit had to be put off until a more propitious occasion. Swinburne was as disappointed as a child.

Any description of the home life of Swinburne that omitted to mention Dickens would be grievously incomplete. The author of the *Pickwick Papers* was simply adored by the Poet—who was usually at extremes in his admirations and dislikes. My husband also admired the great Victorian novelist's works, though in a less ardent degree. Thus, during my married life, I lived more or less in a Dickens atmosphere, but I was born more than a decade too late to share the enthusiasm of those who read Dickens while he was still alive. I had escaped the glamour which 'the Inimitable' shed upon contemporaries. I belong to a generation which has set up other demigods, the worship of whom would be regarded by the true Dickensian as mere idolatry. But the fact remains that the present generation has got rather out of touch with the Dickens cult, and it would be useless to deny or evade it.

Still, I can understand the devotional enthusiasm of those who lived while Dickens was still writing, putting forth—as he himself expressed it—his two green leaves a month. They would feel, as younger people could not, the truth of Dickens's characters and the realism of London scenes which have ceased to be visible as facts. The great 'Dust Heap' of oblivion which, like Mr. Boffin's mounds, is supposed to contain so much that is valuable, is not a dust heap to everybody. The contemporaries of Dickens breathed his atmosphere. We others are mentally too far removed from it to enjoy it as perhaps it deserves.

Unfortunately the Dickens readings to which Swinburne so insistently treated us were not at all calculated to create an enthusiasm. Even his recitation of the dialogues between Sarah

Gamp and Betsey Prigg failed to move me, and the amours of Mrs. Corney and the Beadle left me cold. At school I had gone through a course of elocution. I had 'taken' to it, and was reported by my instructor to show unusual aptitude. Therefore my attitude to reciters was, in a way, that of an expert. When I found that, in his rendering of Dickens, A. C. S. ruthlessly disregarded all the rules of the game as I had been taught to play it, I was first surprised, then bored, but then (such is the influence of a remarkable person, apart from the success or failure of what he happens to be doing when one observes him) interested.

Swinburne's voice was curiously unsuited to the interpretation of Dickens. I was amazed to read that he possessed a rich contralto. To my thinking the quality of his voice was distinctly male, verging on falsetto when he was excited and on its high notes. At its best it was musical and sometimes tender. It did not command many tones, and generally, as I have said, verged on the falsetto, and it had, in later life at any rate, an ineradicable metallic quality which interfered with its flexibility. When the reader was carried away by the pathos or the passion or the humour of his author, his voice had a tendency to rise to a kind of involuntary shriek, unpleasant to hear.

I confess that I went through a stage of boredom during these readings from Dickens—one might almost say, these Dickensian devotions. Happily this stage did not last long. The unalloyed satisfaction, sometimes intensified to obvious rapture, which the reading of his favourite writer of fiction gave the Poet evoked a sympathetic response from his audience of two. One could not witness his excessive affection for Dickens's characters without being moved by a kindred feeling. In spite of his natural defects as an elocutionist Swinburne's peculiar manner of reading grew upon you. You endured, you tolerated, and at last you enjoyed and looked forward to it.

Moreover, his elocutionary exhibitions gave me furiously to think. A new and alluring problem intrigued me. How came it that a man of Swinburne's temperament, tastes, classical equipment, and high poetic achievement, should have come so completely under the thralldom of Dickens? What in the name of wonder could the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Are atque Vale* have in common with the writer of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *Pickwick Papers*?

Some minor resemblances I have not failed to note. Both these great writers, for instance, wrote from time to time in dramatic form. Neither wrote successfully for the stage, though both have been staged. Here let me point out that it has been

stated that *Locrine* was the only work by Swinburne to be played in his lifetime, whereas the fact is that *Atalanta* was staged in 1907, although he himself took precious little interest in the production. It is quite true that in his later years A. C. S. disclaimed any desire to see his plays staged. Almost the only time that I knew him to be cross with me was in connexion with his uncomplimentary attitude to the theatre. He had been reading to me from *The Duke of Gandia*, and when he came to the culminating point of the wonderful last act I could not help exclaiming 'What a splendid curtain!' He put down the book, regarded me freezingly, and said in a tone of grave rebuke 'I never write for the stage.' I knew him pretty well by this time. Moreover, I knew all about the attempt that had been made to get *Bothwell* acted—had indeed pored over a copy of that work which had been cut about, altered and enriched by stage directions. So I did not take the rebuke lying down. On the contrary, I stood up to the Poet, argued the point with him, and saw his little mood of irritation pass and his old boyish spirit return. He was quite abashed at having had the temerity to rebuke me, and when I told him that both Walter and I considered *Chastelard* had splendid dramatic moments and ought to be put on the boards, he looked extremely pleased and never attempted to contradict me.

Both Dickens and Swinburne loved an audience. Swinburne would go on reading to an audience of two persons for hours. Dickens, as is well known, made large sums of money by his public readings. The difference between the readers was greatly in favour of the novelist. Dickens was a born actor. His voice, we have been told, was capable of wonderful inflections, and his mastery over the sympathies of his audience magnetic and irresistible. Almost all that Dickens *was* in this respect Swinburne was *not*. But the attitude towards the audience in both men was the same.

What are known as 'Socialistic leanings' characterised both the novelist and the poet. Both had ideals and envisaged a Socialism that would ameliorate the condition of the poor without putting an undue strain on the social system as it exists. And I imagine that the Socialism of both Dickens and Swinburne was founded quite as much on hatred of the rich as on affection for the needy. They both harboured unkindly feelings towards the wealthy. Dickens has revealed his attitude in *Podsnap*, *Parsons*, *Mr. and Mrs. Merdle*, and *Bounderby*. He had no use whatever for plutocrats unless—like the Cheeryble Brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*—they distributed their gains to the deserving poor. But Swinburne's detestation of the rich was founded on no excessive love for their less fortunate contemporaries. In principle he

made common cause with the proletariat. In practice the needs of the people troubled him no more than the claims of the Equator. His abstract hatred of rich men was, however, very real. He would—if the man possessed compensating qualities—just tolerate the inheritor of riches. But for the citizen who had made money in trade or in the City he harboured the feeling of deadly malevolence. Some of the most eloquent denunciatory outbursts I have ever heard from him were on this subject. He did not value money himself. He detested all those who did.

Perhaps the reader will be inclined to smile when I say that another point of resemblance between Swinburne and Dickens is that both the great writers were poets. True, Dickens was a poet only in a small way, and I do not rest his poetic claim on his occasional lyrics—*The Ivy Green* for example—but on his prose. Here he sang unconsciously. One has only to read the account of the funeral of Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop* to be assured of this. It is rhythmical throughout, and with very slight alteration could be arranged to run its course in blank verse. This was pointed out to me by my husband. I have, I confess, never heard Swinburne's views on the subject. But it is reasonable to infer that the rhythmical quality of much of Dickens's prose appealed to the Bard and cemented the sympathy which he extended to everything Dickens ever wrote.

In English fiction Dickens was his first love. In that small space of his life covered by the expression 'When I was a kid at Eton,' the time during which the Master was still putting out his 'two green leaves' a month, he came under the Dickens spell, and he remained under it to the last. He had the same sort of affection—if less in degree—for Dickens that he entertained for those members of his family who were the companions of his boyhood. He admired Scott. He venerated Hugo. He loved Dickens.

I agree with those critics who regard Swinburne's book *Charles Dickens* as an unsatisfactory performance. It could scarcely be anything else, made up, as it is, of two 'commissioned' articles. It does not adequately inform us of the writer's preferences. It is not a scientific piece of criticism. It is literary adulation—eloquent, interesting, but hardly illuminative. One or two examples of critical insight redeem the essay. He thinks, for instance, that Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop* and Oliver Twist in the novel of the same name are too good to be true to nature. Oliver, indeed, he dismisses as 'rather too like the literary son and heir of a maiden lady.'

Sarah Gamp was one of his prime favourites. He revelled in her conversational eccentricities. It mattered not how often her aphorisms were quoted by him, they never failed to excite him to ecstasies of mirth. One passage was a particular favourite of his. I can hear him now as he repeats it, and I can catch an echo of the unrestrained laughter that followed its delivery. I confess it always failed to tickle my own sense of humour. This is the passage :

'I have know'd that sweetest and best of women,' said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head and shedding tears, 'ever since afore her First, which Mr. Harris, who was dreadful timid, went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs.'

I accustomed myself to join in the laughter that followed the recitation, feeling all the while that I was an awful hypocrite. For a time the cryptic statement 'his owls was organs' interested me. But Walter translated the sentence into English for me, and after that even the owls and organs failed to stir me to the slightest enthusiasm.

Wilkins Micawber and Dick Swiveller were persons whose views and adventures possessed an unfailing attraction for the Poet. He seemed to regard them rather as friends with whom he had been associated all his life than as mere *dramatis personae* in works of fiction. When he referred to them it was as though he were speaking of living contemporaries. But of all the characters in the whole range of the Dickens creation none appealed so surely and directly to Swinburne's sense of humour as one who never appears in person on the novelist's stage—who is always heard but never seen. I refer to Old Bill Barley in *Great Expectations*. Bill Barley, it will be remembered, is a bed-ridden old blasphemer 'with the gout in his right hand—and everywhere else.'

Old Barley's sustained growl vibrated in the beam that crossed the ceiling . . . The growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above as if a giant with a wooden leg was trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us.

The particular passage that Swinburne loved to repeat and how often have I heard him!—was this :

As we passed Mr. Barley's door, he was heard hoarsely muttering within, in a strain that rose and fell like the wind, the following refrain, in which I substitute good wishes for something quite the reverse—'Ahoy! Bless your eyes, here's old Bill Barley. Here's old Bill Barley, bless your eyes. Here's old Bill Barley on the flat of his back, by the Lord Lying on the flat of his back, like a drifting old dead flounder, here's your old Bill Barley, bless your eyes, Ahoy! Bless you!'

Swinburne used to give this with immense unction and emphasis, supplying in place of the innocuous 'Bless you' the form of oburgation which old Bill Barley may have been supposed to employ. In Bill Barley, Swinburne had probably encountered a kindred spirit. His own vituperative vocabulary was most picturesque and was practically unlimited. But with the magnanimity of true genius he permitted Bill Barley to 'go one better.' Whenever he had finished his rendering of Barley's comminatory growl he invariably indulged in warmly appreciative comments, such as 'What a wealth of language!' 'How wonderful!' 'What a magnificent gift of metaphor!' It was impossible to say how much of this commendation was intended to be taken seriously. But his affection for the gouty old reprobate was unaffected and sincere, and the Bill Barley monologue was one of Swinburne's most cherished 'bits.'

If Bill Barley was the character most endeared to A. C. S., the novel in which Barley appears—or rather in which he does *not* appear—was his favourite book of the Dickens series. *David Copperfield* he admired and loved—but *Great Expectations* was his favourite novel. There is a great deal to be said in favour of Swinburne's choice. The monstrously unnatural figure and absurdly unconvincing surroundings of Miss Havisham overshadow the pages and give an air of unreality to the whole narrative. But take out Miss Havisham altogether, and enough remains to justify and account for Swinburne's preference. Jaggers and Wemmick, Joe Gargery and Mr. Pumblechook, Orlick and Magwitch—these are creations worthy of a great novelist. And the story itself shows evidences of constructive power which seem to me to be singularly absent in those earlier works of Dickens which are considered his best. The narrative proceeds without prolixity and has artistic merits which are relatively rare. On the whole, then, Swinburne was justified in selecting *Great Expectations* as his favourite of the works of Charles Dickens.

CLARA WATTS-DUNTON

A FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP

MOST of us are at least casually acquainted with the lives of the more prominent among the frail beauties at the Court of Charles the Second. We have heard of Barbara Villiers, who became Lady Castlemaine, and we realise the rôle played by the baby-faced Duchess of Portsmouth, formerly Mademoiselle de Querouaille, in assuring the subjection of England to France. Some of us have an affection for the picturesque figure of Nell Gwynne, her traits softened and glorified by the kindly hand of Time, and we have read Evelyn's account of the scene in the great gallery at Whitehall six days before Charles the Second's death, when a French boy sang love songs, the great nobles gambled for high stakes, while the King was 'sitting and toying with his concubines.'

The profligacy of Charles's Court is notorious, and it is therefore a striking fact that in the midst of the general corruption a beautiful, gay, and witty maid-of-honour should have had sufficient virtue, and strength of mind, to lead a pious, even a saintly life.

Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin, was born on the 2nd of August 1652. Her father, Colonel Blagge, or 'Tom Blague,' as he was called by Charles the Second, was a member of an old Suffolk family, and a devoted Royalist. He fought for Charles the First, and when Charles the Second escaped to France after his defeat at Worcester, he entrusted his diamond 'George,' which formed part of the Order of the Garter, to Colonel Blagge. This 'scaffold George,' as it was called, was specially precious, as it had been worn by Charles the First on the scaffold, and delivered by him to Bishop Juxon, to be given to his son. After taking part in an unsuccessful skirmish near Newport, the Colonel was carried prisoner to the Tower, having first hidden the precious Order under a heap of chips and dust at 'Mr. Barlow's house at Bloorpipe, eight miles from Stafford.' Loyal hands unearthed the precious token, and it was carried to Colonel Blagge in prison, 'by the trusty hands of Mr. Isaac Walton.' On Colonel Blagge's escape from the Tower, he at once conveyed the 'George' to Charles the Second.

Six months after Charles the Second's restoration to the throne of his fathers Colonel Blagge died, leaving his four young daughters in the charge of their mother, who was, according to John Evelyn, 'a woman soe eminent in all the vertues and perfections of her sex, that it were hard to say whether were superior, her Beauty, Witt, or Piety.' When her father died, Margaret was only eight years old, but she had already seen a little of the world, as before she was six years old she went to France with a lady called by Evelyn 'the old Duchess of Richmond' and was left in the charge of the Duchess's cousin, the Countess of Guildford, who occupied the post of Groom of the Stole to Queen Henrietta Maria.

We are not told why Mrs. Blagge, evidently a very pious member of the Church of England, by whom Margaret had been 'as early instituted in the fear of God as she could speake,' sanctioned the consignment of her small daughter to the charge of a 'Bygott proselitess,' as Evelyn impolitely terms the Countess; and we are tempted to think that, unless the reason were very cogent, common sense cannot be included among her many virtues.

Attempts at the conversion of the young by forcible means were fashionable among the English who surrounded Henrietta Maria in Paris, the persecution of Prince Henry by his mother being a flagrant instance, and Margaret did not escape rough handling for her refusal to attend Mass. Either the precocity of the child was remarkable, or the terror excited by the mysterious iniquities of popery intense, for Margaret, though 'rudely treated and menaced by the Countess, soe as she was become a Confessor, and almost a Martyr, before she was seven years old,' never wavered in her faith, or in her determination to remain constant to the Church of England. Probably Lady Guildford grew impatient at what she considered obstinacy: at any rate Margaret's stay in France was not long, and she returned to England to find her father dead, and her mother—now in straitened circumstances—living in London.

The next event we hear of in her life is her Confirmation, for which she was prepared by Dr. Peter Gunning, Bi-shop of Chichester, who was so much struck by the 'early Graces he discovered' in her that he admitted her to the Sacrament before she was eleven years old. After this, though her spirits were as gay as ever, a change was noticed in her, for she arranged her devotions methodically, and kept certain days as days of abstinence.

Nothing more is told us till the year 1665—momentous as the year of the Great Plague—when a change came to Margaret Blagge's fortunes, and her peaceful life was over for ever. Like

most of 'the people of quality,' the Blagges fled from London during the Plague, and went to stay with Colonel Blagge's relations in Suffolk. During the days of her Court life, Margaret often looked back to that happy time in the country with regret and longing. Her summons to go out into the world now came to her, for the King, and the Duke of York, had not forgotten the debt of gratitude they owed to the preserver of the 'Scaffold George,' and Colonel Blagge having no sons, they determined to provide for his daughters to the best of their ability, or at least to give them the opportunity of providing for themselves, by making suitable marriages.

Margaret's eldest sister Henrietta Maria, a lively frivolous girl, who afterwards married Sir Thomas Yarburgh, was already maid-of-honour to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. She had evidently offended the lively Count Grammont, who describes her spitefully in his memoirs as having hair so fair that it was almost white, a characteristic which, according to him, she shared with her husband; and a complexion 'the same all over; with two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes, as long as one's finger.'

The Duchess of York now asked that Margaret also should enter her service. Margaret was very young to be thrown into the midst of the perils of Court life, and if we believe Grammont her elder sister was hardly likely to be much support to her. Her mother, therefore, parted from her most unwillingly. However, it was evidently impossible to neglect so good an opportunity for her daughter's advancement, and when Margaret was thirteen, she became maid-of-honour to the Duchess of York.

It was an age of licence, and the Court of the Duke of York, though not so brilliant, was little less immoral than that of the King. Matters we should consider unmentionable were discussed freely, even the Royal Princesses when children being told most openly about the Court scandals. Innocence was not the fashion; and doubtless no attempt was made to shield Margaret Blagge from a knowledge of the evil surrounding her. She soon lost her mother, who was, she notes, at first afraid of death, but eventually 'ended her life chearfully, and without paine, left her family in order, and was much lamented.'

Margaret contrasts the happiness of her death with the miserable end of the Duchess of York, 'a princess honoured, in power, had much witt, much mony, much esteeme.' Margaret was most assiduous in her attendance on the Duchess during her last illness and pitied her extremely. 'She died (poore creature,)' she says, 'in doubt of her Religion, without the Sacrament, or divine by her, like a poore wretch; none remembered her after one weeke, none sorry for her.' The misery of Anne Hyde's

deathbed may certainly be accounted for, if we believe the story which imputed her change of faith solely to a desire to conciliate James, after he discovered her love-affair with the fascinating Henry Sidney.

After the death of the Duchess of York, Margaret became maid-of-honour to the Queen. The resolutions in her private diary at this time are noteworthy, as they not only illustrate her character, but throw interesting sidelights on life at Court. The first runs as follows :

I must, till Lent, rise att halfe an hoour after eight o'clock; whilst putting on morning cloathes, say the prayer for Death and the *Te Deum*; then presently to my prayers, and, soe, either dress my selfe or goe to Church prayers. In dressing, I must consider how little it signifeyes to the saveing of my soule, and how foolish 'tis to be angry about a thing so unnecessary. Consider what Our Saviour suffered. Oh Lord, assist me

Looking at the *déagé* costume of Court ladies at that time as depicted by Lely, we wonder that the adjustment of any part of an attire which has been described as 'a nightdress held together by a single brooch,' could have been sufficiently serious, even painful, to give rise to these solemn resolutions of patience.

Other determinations are to eat little at supper if she has 'dyned well,' to have only two dishes at each meal, and not to sit up later than half past eleven, all of them excellent hygienic rules. The resolve that 'On Frydayes and Wednesdaies I'll eat nothing till after evening prayer' seems of more doubtful value, and may have accounted for her delicate appearance, on which Evelyn often comments.

The following rules set the difficulties of Court life in a strong light :

Now as to pleasure, they are speaking of playes and laughing at devout people; well, I will laugh at myself for my impertinincyes, that by degrees I may come to wonder why any body does like me.

Later Margaret says :

When they speake filthyly, tho' I be laughed att, looke grave, remembering that of Micha [Malachi] there will a tyme come when the Lord will bind his Jewells. Never meddle with others bulsness; nor hardly ask a question; talke not slightly of religion. If you speake any thing they like, say 'tis borrowed, and be humble when commended. Before I speake, Lord, assist me; when I pray, Lord, heare me; when I am praised, God, humble me. May the clock, the candle, everything I see, instruct me. Lord, cleanse my hands, lett my feete tread thy pathes. Is any body laughed att, say it may be my case; is any in trouble, say, 'Lord, in justice I deserve it, butt thou art all mercy; make me thankfull'

Reading these remarkable resolutions, we must remember that they were not penned by a quiet, retiring girl, but by a gay, witty

creature, whose reputation for liveliness was so great that Evelyn refused for some time to make her acquaintance, as he 'fancied her some airy thing, that had more Witt than Discretion.'

However Mrs. Howard, who was one of Evelyn's most intimate friends, and whose daughters Anne and Dorothy were maids-of-honour to Queen Catherine, brought Margaret Blagge several times to Evelyn's 'poore villa,' and Mrs. Evelyn was charmed with her.

Nevertheless, in spite of all Evelyn heard of Margaret's perfections, he refused to meet her for nearly seven years, 'considering,' he says playfully, that he 'was the most unfitt person in the world for the entertainments of the Anti-Chamber, and the little Spiritts that dwell in Fairy Land.' At last, however, Evelyn was persuaded to make Margaret's acquaintance, and with the object of doing this he paid a visit to Dorothy Howard, with whom she shared a room.

Evelyn found Margaret in full toilette, prepared for 'Audience and Ceremony'; but it being one of her days of solemn devotion she would not talk much. Pleased with her modest demeanour, he visited her again. This time she invited him to dine with her and he was much charmed to find that wit, beauty, and elegance did not prevent her from being devout, religious, and self-controlled.

When Dorothy Howard left town, Margaret asked Evelyn to come often to see her, 'if he were not weary of her, and would be soe charitable.' Their intimacy increased; and on another occasion, of which Evelyn often thought later with mingled pleasure and grief, she begged him to become her friend, and half in jest, took up a piece of paper on which while they talked, he had idly drawn a figure which resembled an altar. Under this she wrote 'Be this the Symboll of Inviolable Friendship. Marg. Blagge, 16th October, 1672,' and added the words 'For my brother E.'

So was the bond of friendship established, and except on one occasion which hurt John Evelyn deeply, the compact was faithfully observed on both sides. Evelyn was nearly thirty years older than Margaret, so that their relations resembled those of father and daughter, and she confided thoroughly in him. She told him about her love affairs, she entrusted him with the management of her small fortune, they prayed and visited the poor together and she was most dear to his wife and children. His admiration for her was intense.

With her Piety grew up her Witt [he says], which was soe sparkling, accompanied with a Judgment and Eloquence so extraordinary, a Beauty and Ayre soe charming and lovely, in a word, an Address soe universally

taking, that after a few years the Court never saw or had seen such a Constellation of perfections amongst all their splendid Circles. Nor did this, nor the admiration it created, the Eulogies she every day received, and application of the greatest persons at all elate her; she was still the same, allwayes in perfect good humour, allwayes humble, allwayes Religious to exactness. Itt rendred her not a whit moross, tho' sometymes more serious, casting still about how she might continue the hours of publique and private devotion and other exercises of piety, to comply with her duty and attendance on her Royall Mistress without singularity or Reproach.

These words, thrilling with emotion, were written by Evelyn after Margaret Blagge had died—suddenly, and in the flower of her youth, leaving in the heart of her fatherly friend a sorrow which lasted always. It may therefore be argued that a certain exaggeration may be expected in this account of her perfections. There is no gainsaying the fact, however, that in at least one notable instance when beauty and talent were required, Margaret was selected both by the King and by the Duke of York to take the principal place; while if we put into juxtaposition Evelyn's words about 'the application the greatest persons' made to the young maid-of-honour, and the good resolutions in Margaret's private diary: 'not to talke foolishly to men, more especially the King'; and again: 'be sure never to talk to the King'; we may feel sure that Charles, who was a connoisseur in female charms, at least appreciated Margaret Blagge's society.

Margaret was however proof against advances from high quarters, for she had already made her choice with 'Caution and Judgement,' Evelyn says; and for nine years Sidney Godolphin and she 'had been the most intire and faithful lovers in the world.'

Evelyn was a connexion of the Godolphin family, and it is probable that the clear-headed and astute Sidney, realising his valuable qualities, pointed him out to Margaret as likely to be a wise and kind adviser. It is evident that poverty was the reason that the marriage was so long deferred, though Evelyn does not tell us this clearly, indeed seems rather puzzled at the long delay before Margaret became Mrs. Godolphin.

However, we know that Mrs. Blagge was in 'straitened circumstances' during her widowhood, and Sidney was the third son out of a family of sixteen, thirteen of whom were alive when their mother, Lady Godolphin, drew up her will in 1668. Sir Francis Godolphin, Sidney's father, had died the year before, and was only able to divide his money so as to leave some of his children an income of 120*l.*, while others had to be content with one of 40*l.* Therefore Sidney was obliged to make his own way in the world, and started at the age of nineteen as one of Charles the

Second's pages. His aspirations were political, and at the age of twenty-three he became Member of Parliament. This was in the year 1668, and two years earlier an engagement had taken place secretly between him and Margaret Blagge.

Even Sidney's own family were not admitted to his confidence about this, for in 1670 one of his sisters went to London, and wrote from there that she had seen Margaret Blagge, 'and made discoveries that have increased our familiarity, but you are not to make much reply to this, or imagine by it a marriage, for I don't think 'tis so yet.'

That Margaret suffered from the long probation is evident, for Evelyn mentions the 'languishments' to which she was subject, and which were she said due to that mysterious malady 'the spleene'; but which Evelyn attributed to desire for the presence of her lover.

On one occasion, when Sidney had gone with his relation Sir William Godolphin on a mission to Spain, where he was taken ill, she looked 'so solemnly' when Evelyn came to see her, that he asked the cause of her melancholy, and as she said—rather ungratefully, it must be allowed—that she had not a friend in the world, asked how she esteemed 'a certain gentleman beyond the seas.' When she realised that he knew her secret she would often talk to him about her love affairs. Her piety was not free from the morbid element noticeable in the religion of her contemporary, Queen Mary the Second, and she would sometimes be filled with 'sad and frightfull apprehensions,' look upon God as a 'severe exacter,' who would never be satisfied with what she had done, and think that instead of marrying, it was her duty to retire from the world, and give herself up to devotion. Evelyn did his best to combat these ideas, but he agreed with her intention to leave the Court, and to go to live at Berkeley House with Lord and Lady Berkeley of Stratton, relations of the Godolphin family. The first Berkeley House, which was on the site of a farm called Hay Hill Farm, had lately been burnt down, and the new Berkeley House had cost nearly 30,000*l* to build, so that, as Evelyn remarks, it was really a palace.

After obtaining royal permission—apparently with some difficulty—Margaret took up her abode there, to the grief not only of the King and Queen, but also of the whole Court. "'Is Mrs Blagge going?'" says a *faire creature*; "why stay I here any longer?" Margaret for her part wept bitterly at parting from Dorothy Howard, her constant companion at Court, but was delighted to leave her 'Captivitee.'

'The moment she sett foote in the Coach her eyes sparkled with joy' and she rushed into Berkeley House, and 'sprung

into the caresses of my lady.' She was evidently a welcome visitor. However as nothing on earth is perfect, in spite of the Oratory arranged for Margaret in a remote part of the house, she soon began to find it very difficult to give herself up to a life of devotion. Visitors came, Lady Berkeley wanted her society, and besides these distractions there were difficulties—probably monetary—about her love affairs.

Therefore worried and unhappy, in spite of Evelyn's remonstrances, she determined to leave London, and to live by herself at Hereford, under the direction of George Benson, Dean of Hereford, who had long been her spiritual father. Her health was at this time delicate and she looked thin and pale. Evelyn was distressed at her appearance, and made her promise that when Lord Berkeley's family moved to Twickenham Park, she would drink 'the Cows milk in the Morning.' Arrived there, her life of piety continued, each day being carefully mapped out, and she still complained of the 'observances and ceremonies of visits, formal meals, etc.' Evelyn was strong in counselling marriage. 'The trueth is,' he says, 'I did heartyly pittie that worthy Gentleman [Sidney Godolphin], and saw noe reason in the world why they should not both be happy in each other.' Indeed in spite of her heroic resolutions, with charming and most human inconsistency Margaret permitted her lover to come often to see her; in fact she 'almost broke her heart if he abstain'd from coming.'

She now agreed to a compromise, and instead of retiring to complete solitude, she said she would take a little house at Greenwich and lead a religious life there for a time. Evelyn felt very doubtful about the wisdom of this resolution. In the first place he was not quite certain as to the propriety of so young a lady living by herself, and he was also sure that it would not be judicious for one who was naturally very reserved, to shut herself away from the society of her fellow-men. However matters were settled, at least for the time, by a Royal Command.

Charles the Second was intensely fond of the theatre; he was also extremely delighted with anything entailing gaiety, pleasure, and excitement. Women had then only recently appeared on the stage, the women's rôles having before that time been taken by boys. It was therefore a piquant novelty for plays to be performed at Court in which the maids-of-honour took part, and this at the King's instigation had already been done. He now determined to provide further excitement for the fashionable audience, by allowing the Princess Mary, and the Princess Anne, the latter only a child, to take part in the performance.

Both Charles and James appear to have been much fascinated by this idea, and *Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph*, was specially written by John Crone for the occasion. Whatever may be our modern ideas as to its fitness to be acted by young girls, this was according to Evelyn, 'exactly modest, and suiteable to the performers.'

To ensure the success of the theatricals, it was necessary for someone who could act well to take the principal part; and Margaret Blagge, who had on like occasions acquitted herself most brilliantly, was, to her great distress, ordered to take the rôle of Diana.

Margaret was at this time more than usually worried about pecuniary matters. It was customary for the King and Queen to give a sum of money to every maid-of-honour who either married, or retired from Court unmarried with royal sanction. Margaret had not yet received this present, which, if she contemplated matrimony, was of course of great importance to her. It was in vain that she petitioned the Duke of York to approach the King on the subject, and it must have seemed a mockery to her that on the 15th of December 1674—the much-dreaded day of the performance—she was decked out in 20,000*l.* worth of jewels. We are told that she acted her part to perfection, but that heedless of all the plaudits, when she went

into the tiring rooms, where severall Ladies her companions were railing with the Gallants triflingly enough till they were called to re-enter, she, under pretence of coming her next part, was retired into a Corner, reading a booke of devotion.

The enthusiasm about the theatricals was so great that the performance was repeated a week later, when Margaret lost a diamond valued at 80*l.* which had been lent her by the Countess of Suffolk. The stage was immediately swept, and every effort was made to find the jewel, but the search was fruitless. 'Probably it had been taken from her,' says Evelyn, 'as she was oft environ'd with that infinite Crowd which 'tis impossible to avoid upon such occasions.' Margaret was much distressed, as she was of course responsible for the trinket, and her relief was great when the Duke of York sent her money to make good her loss.

Perhaps Sidney Godolphin's love—like Margaret's, of a calm, reasonable order—was stirred to violence by seeing his betrothed the cynosure of all eyes, so that he made great efforts to shorten the time of waiting; at any rate soon after the performance, he managed to obtain the post of Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, and on the 16th of May 1675 he and Margaret Blagge were married secretly at the Temple Church. Dr. Edward Lake per-

formed the ceremony, Lady Berkeley and one of Margaret's servants being the only people present.

Though Margaret had promised that she would never marry without Evelyn's knowledge, and had indeed said that he should give her away, the secret was not divulged to him. However he discovered it, or had at least strong suspicions about it, very soon after 'the Knott' was tied, for Margaret sent to ask him to let her read all the letters she had written to him, which she knew he preserved carefully.

Though Evelyn assures us that there was nothing in them 'which might not have past the severest Eye,' Margaret was anxious to make certain that they could do no harm if they were unfortunately to fall 'into hands that prophane everything.' After reading them carefully she returned them to him intact, and though his feelings were hurt he pretended to suspect nothing unusual. He was really puzzled when she began to consult him as to whether she should go with Lady Berkeley to Paris, and stay there for some time, 'to see how God would dispose of things.'

We cannot help accusing Margaret of duplicity at this time, and we pity the old friend who suspected that he was being deceived, and yet could hardly bring himself to believe it. However, Margaret was in a difficult position, and it is perhaps a concession to human frailty which softens the pure but rather rigid outline of her character, that at the dictation of the husband she lied to the friend. For, as Evelyn discovered later, it was Sidney Godolphin, afterwards the secretive cautious statesman, who had insisted on absolute silence except to Lady Berkeley. Probably Margaret felt no qualm of conscience about the matter, for she was now Godolphin's wife, and marital obedience was no fiction in the days of Charles the Second.

It was eventually decided that Margaret should go to Paris, where Lord Berkeley was being dispatched as special Ambassador; and Evelyn confided to her charge his young son, who was most anxious to travel. The journey was delayed for some time owing to Lord Berkeley being seized with a fit of apoplexy while attending the Council at Whitehall. When it was at last undertaken, the party travelled by easy stages, and Evelyn accompanied them as far as Dover.

Margaret was, he says, 'as full of sorrow as she could hold' and could hardly speak when he parted from her on Dover beach. She had already said good-bye to her husband, who was afraid of showing his feelings publicly if he were to accompany her further. Evelyn, without knowing about the marriage, realised the reason for her intense grief, and tried in vain to persuade her that it

was folly for her and Godolphin to torture themselves by this separation; she declared that she could not forsake Lady Berkeley for fear that Lord Berkeley might be taken ill aboard and she left a widow with no friend beside her.

Arrived in Paris, Margaret led a life of seclusion, and refused even to visit the Court, though Louis the Fourteenth had heard so much of her wit and beauty that he was most anxious to see her. However, in spite of her attempts to lead a life of retirement, she was obliged to play cards four hours every day, and to go into society with Lady Berkeley.

Where ever a certain Lady goes (if my Lady H be nott att hand) I must trudge; soe that poore I can scarce say my Prayers, and seldome or never read.

Margaret was most unhappy in Paris. For one thing she felt very strongly that horror of the Roman Catholic religion which anyone reading about her contemporary, Queen Mary the Second, realises to have been a real determining factor in the life of those days. Mingled with this was no doubt a restlessness born of love which made her miserable while she was absent from Sidney Godolphin.

At any rate when Lord Berkeley prepared to go to Nimeguen where the famous Treaty for which he was Plenipotentiary was in progress, she returned to England under the chaperonage of Mr. Bernard Greenvile, a traveller on his way back from Italy. Young Evelyn was very sorry for her departure, which he correctly ascribed to the overmastering influence of the tender passion. In an amusing letter to his father from Paris, he complains of the flight of his 'Pretty, Pious, Pearly Governesse,' whose going has, he says, made 'this place cease to be either Athens, or any thing else but a very melancholy abode to me,' and he expresses jealousy of 'her Agamemnon,' and says he can 'hardly forbear drawing on him at this distance.'

Evelyn had arranged for a lodging for Margaret at Dr. Warnett's at Covent Garden, and the day after her arrival in London he went to see her, and she expressed with 'such asseveration as in my whole life before I never heard her utter,' her sorrow at having been compelled to deceive him. Though Evelyn was much troubled by what she told him, he of course promised forgiveness, and gave ready help in a business matter to do with some land at Spalding which had been bequeathed by her mother to her and her sisters.

Margaret Godolphin now moved to Berkeley House, her marriage was announced, and she received congratulations from her friends, while the faithful Evelyn managed to secure for her a

considerable sum of money which she had been in danger of losing. He also began to build and furnish 'that pretty habitation for her in Scotland Yard, which she contrived and adorn'd with soe much Ingenuity and decency.'

Her marriage announced, and an accomplished fact, Margaret Godolphin had nothing to wish for but a child; indeed the mother's yearning was so strong in her that she adopted an orphan girl, whom she used to dress and to undress, and treat as her own offspring. Her husband had settled the whole of her portion of 4000*l.* upon herself, and much of this she spent in charity. Her only anxieties now seem to have been the occasional illnesses of her husband, that 'Dear Man,' as she called him, who was subject to feverish attacks. After two years of married life a crowning joy came to her, in the knowledge that she was to become a mother.

On Tuesday, the 3rd of September 1678, a son was born to her: and while in church on the following Sunday, Evelyn received the following letter from Sidney Godolphin:

My poore wife is fallen very ill of a ffever, with lightness in her head. You know who sayes the prayer of the faithfull shall save the sick; I humbly begg your charitable prayers for this poore creature and your distracted servant London, Saturday, 9 a clock.

Evelyn hurried at once to the house, hunted up doctors—for Godolphin was too prostrated with grief to do anything—and with Anne Howard, now Lady Sylvius, held the patient's hands during her paroxysms of delirium. Every resource of the medical science of those days was tried, but in vain; and at about one o'clock, on Monday, September 9, 1678, at the age of 26, Margaret Godolphin, in Evelyn's words, 'quietly rendered up her happy soule to her blessed Redeemer.'

Mrs Godolphin left a very touching letter for her husband.

In the first place, my dear, [she says,] beleive me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or halfe soe good a husband.

After leaving bequests to her servants and friends and begging Sidney's pardon for faults which she humbly imputes to herself, such as bad housekeeping, and fits of occasional melancholy, she goes on

Pray, my deare, be kind to that poore child I leave behind, for my sake, who lov'd you soe well; butt I need not bidd you, I know you will be soe.

This child, who was christened Francis, succeeded his father as Earl of Godolphin, and married Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough. His mother's for-

tune had been at her request settled on him, and Evelyn, at Godolphin's desire, continued to take charge of it, as he had done during Mrs. Godolphin's life-time.

She was buried, as she had wished, with her husband's ancestors at Godolphin in Cornwall. Sidney Godolphin does not rest with her. When he died thirty-four years later, after having been for some years Lord High Treasurer of England, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a slab in the south aisle commemorates his memory.

MARY F. SANDARS.

AN ART DEALER UNDER LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH

AMONG the thousands of people who have admired the treasures of the Wallace Collection there must be many who have wanted to learn something more of the makers and first buyers of those works of French decorative art than is to be found even in the admirable Catalogue. It so happens that there exists a book, little known in England,¹ which contains in wonderful detail a first-hand history of the art trade in Paris during ten central years of the eighteenth century, so far as it concerned the man who, except as regards pictures, may be called the leading dealer. This was Lazare Duvaux, 'Marchand Bijoutier Ordinaire du Roi'; and the book is his *Livre-Journal* for the years 1748-1758, which was published in 1873 for the Société des Bibliophiles Français by that learned student and connoisseur, Louis Courajod. The two volumes are a model of what such a book should be. Whereas the second contains an exact transcript of the two extant parts (B and C) of Duvaux's *Livre-Journal*, or ledger, the first gives a proper setting to the story by exhibiting, under many different headings, the world of producers, buyers and distributors with whom Duvaux had to do. To the ample Introduction wherein, supported by full notes and references, M. Courajod sketches the principal amateurs, dealers and artists of the day—many of them mentioned, with exact details of their purchases, in the *Livre-Journal*—the editor has added a hundred pages on the chief French collections of that time, of which the record remains in the multitude of sale catalogues existing in the Bibliothèque Nationale and elsewhere. It would be interesting to dwell on several of these, such as the collections formed by MM. Blondel de Gagny, Gagnat (who owned *La Gioconda* of Leonardo), La Lave de Jully, and many others, whose pictures, dispersed by the Revolution, have often found their way into English houses, but these details have nothing to do with Duvaux, and we must pass them by.

Lazare Duvaux was born about 1703, and died in 1758, so

¹ It should be mentioned that the book was used, and quoted, by the late Lady Dilke in her admirable work on French Eighteenth-Century Art.

that his business life covered the central period of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth (1715-1774), and, what was more important for his business, the eight best years of the ascendancy of Madame de Pompadour. He carried on his trade first in the Rue de la Monnoie and then in the Rue Saint-Honoré, at that time the centre of 'elegant' business—the Bond Street and Regent Street of Paris—where we know that at least eight or ten leading art dealers were settled at the time. The two parts of Duvaux's Journal which have come down to us begin with the year 1748, but we know from other sources that he was in business quite eight years earlier. His range was wide, and in spite of the rigid corporation laws of the France of that time, Duvaux seems to have been indifferently described as *mercier*, *bijoutier*, *jouaillier*, and *orfèvre*. From Savary, the author of a celebrated *Dictionnaire Universel du Commerce* (1741), we learn strange things about the trade organisation of that time; how, for example, a *mercier* may sell, but not make or mend; and that 'no merchants or artisans, except *orfèvres* or their widows, may do any trade in *orfèvrerie* bearing the Paris mark, though they may sell silversmiths' work coming from abroad.' Such limitations were evidently found intolerable as soon as business began to be done on a large scale; at all events Duvaux, who soon captured many influential clients, and became attached to the Court, was able to practise many cognate trades with a freedom that is almost modern. His Journal shows that he dealt in everything that might ornament the person or the room; he bought and sold precious stones, he mounted them as jewels; he made, or caused to be made, all sorts of silver and gold plate; above all, in pursuit of the handicraft to which he had been trained, he was *fondeur*, *ciseleur*, *monteur en cuivre*, and to him and those he employed are doubtless owing a number of those metal mounts for cabinets, tables, bureaux, chandeliers, and china vases which are seen in such abundance in every collection of French eighteenth-century furniture. On every page of the Journal one finds two or three entries of the kind. Sometimes it is 'deux paires de grands bras à trois branches dorés d'or moulu'; sometimes 'deux encoignures bâties de chêne . . . avec ornemens dorés d'or moulu'; now and then, but rarely, we have a piece mounted with gilt bronze 'dans le goût de Boulle'. But few of the amateurs of 1750 cared for anything so old-fashioned, so wanting in 'elegance' as Boulle's work; they were satisfied with the graceful cabinet work and metal work of their own day, as with the light-hearted painting of Watteau and Boucher. It is curious, however, to notice that among the exceptions was the greatest of all collectors, Madame de Pompadour herself, who had a keen sense of the continuity of French decorative art, and is often

mentioned in the Journal as a buyer of fine old pieces as well as of innumerable new ones.

For whom did Duvaux cater? The answer is written in the Journal. First for the King, the Royal Princes and Princesses, and for the more than Royal lady just named, who for nearly twenty years controlled the policy, and spent the money, of France. Next came the nobles and high officials—ministers, ambassadors, *fermiers-généraux*, who nobly copied their Royal master in buying furniture, porcelain, jewellery, and especially ornamental metalwork, for their houses and châteaux, and, in the case of the ambassadors, for gifts to foreign courts—politically a very important item. Then come a certain number of genuine collectors, men who are chiefly remembered by the catalogues of their pictures (Tallard, Choiseul, Jullienne, La Live de Jully, etc.), but who may be said to have followed and strengthened the French tradition of surrounding fine pictures with fine furniture. Our own Wallace Collection is a supreme example of this; Lord Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace would have thought it almost a contradiction in terms to have hung fine pictures unless the furniture and the decoration of the house were equally fine and equally valuable. In this they were simply doing what was done generally by the customers of Duvaux and their contemporaries. Nearly all the great sale catalogues of the eighteenth century in France, of which a great number are in existence, tell of collections not exclusively of pictures; typical examples are those of Blondel de Gagny, who added to his Dutch and Flemish paintings a multitude of 'groupes de bronze,' *cabarets* of the rarest porcelain, and miniatures; and of Randon de Boisset, the friend of Boucher, and the owner of choice pictures, Italian marbles, and Boulle furniture. It is curious to note that the term 'amateur' and 'collector' was also quite commonly extended to those who gathered together curiosities of natural history. Often a rich man would add to his picture gallery a large collection of *shells*, these being in particular favour. Indeed, one very interesting item in Baron Pichon's Appendix to the Journal specifies that the famous François Boucher, *premier peintre du Roi*, possessed a little cabinet of the kind, including shells, 'which attracted all eyes . . . by the beauty and variety of their colours and by their perfect preservation.' (Could there be a better education for a colourist?)

As we have indicated already, the name of one customer stands out supreme—the name of Madame de Pompadour. Indeed just as she was for nearly twenty years the source and mainspring of the movement of the industrial arts in France, just as she was, through her astonishing activity and no less astonishing command of the public money, the one central employer and inspirer of the great architects, sculptors, and decorators of that day, so she was,

as might have been expected, the most generous customer and patron of the man who, largely through her aid, became the chief dealer in the productions of decorative art in all its branches. It may indeed be said that the principal value of this Journal of Duvaux is to be found in the series of perfectly authentic details which it gives of Madame de Pompadour's minor expenditure, that is to say, her expenditure on matters other than building. With the history of those larger extravagances we are not here directly concerned. It has been told once for all by the Goncourts in what is perhaps the best of the six volumes in which those admirable writers, a generation ago, unveiled so much of the secret history of the eighteenth century in France, and there is no need to do more at this moment than to give as it were a glimpse of her as a builder of those palaces and villas for which Duvaux was to supply so much of the ornament. Assuredly the modern world has never seen a more wonderful woman. Cleopatra among the ancients may have equalled her in fascination and in the love of splendour; but Cleopatra was of royal birth, and Jeanne Poisson was the daughter of a disgraced official and of his scheming wife, in a provincial town in a country where, nominally at least, noble birth was the first and most essential qualification for social or Court success. But she was beautiful, amazingly clever, and amazingly ambitious. She had learnt to sing like a professional, to dance like a lady of the ballet, and to ride with perfection: and from the moment when, she being yet a child, a gypsy had told her fortune and had promised that she should be the mistress of a King, she set herself to become the next successor in that long line of which Madame de Châteauroux was the existing and rather faded representative. At the age of fifteen she married a man of the minor nobility, M. d'Etioles, who was and remained really in love with her; but she got rid of him not without difficulty, and after a short time was installed, in spite of the opposition of a strong party in the Court and of an active band of bitter epigrammatists, as the accepted mistress of the King. Her reign began in 1745 and continued unbroken till her death nineteen years later, during which time she continued with wonderful cleverness to make herself necessary to a sensualist cursed with continuous *ennui*, and, what is from an historical point of view more important, practically to direct, personally or through her nominees, the foreign policy of France.

In this place we are only concerned with Madame de Pompadour as the patroness and employer of artists and as the purchaser of their works. Here are a few details, collected from official records or from contemporary memoirs by the Goncourts, of the houses she bought and built with the money of the King, i.e. the money of an over-taxed people. First came the estate of

Crécy, near Dreux, which she bought originally for 650,000 livres, but which, after the architect L'Assurance and the landscape gardener D'Isle had done with it, and after the château was furnished, cannot have cost less than two millions. Then she felt the need of a smaller house and bought La Celle, close to Versailles (which had somehow become a perquisite of Bacheher, one of the King's valets), for 260,000 livres, and it of course had to be transformed into a fairy palace. This was not enough. Rusticity, Arcadian simplicity, of the expensive type we find in Watteau's pictures, was beginning to be the rage, so that the Favourite must have a 'Hermitage,' nay, three of them. There was the Hermitage of Versailles, built upon ground presented to her by the King, a simple little house costing 283,000 livres; and this was followed by two other Hermitages, at Fontainebleau and at Compiègne. The special object of the Fontainebleau cottage was that the lady might keep a poultry farm there; and it only cost 216,000 livres. At Versailles she built an 'Hôtel' costing about the same, and in Paris, not satisfied with the fine rooms assigned to her in the Hôtel Pontchartrain, she must have a house of her own, so she bought for 730,000 livres the house of the Comte D'Evreux, and promptly set to work to alter it, to provide for it a splendid suite of Gobelins tapestries, and to spend upon its decoration altogether some 95,000 livres. By one of Fate's little ironies this Hôtel D'Evreux is now the Elysée, the official home of the head of the Republican Government. More important than all was the beautiful Palace called Bellevue, with its marvellous series of apartments and its special Picture Gallery designed by Madame de Pompadour herself, adorned with sculptured garlands and furnished with the best pictures of Boucher. This is said to have cost just over two and a half millions, but she presently got tired of it, sold it back to the King (who this time made a good bargain), proceeded to rent a house from the Duc de la Vallière, and spent 200,000 livres in decorating it, and another, a country house near St. Ouen, from another duke, on which in five years she spent half a million livres. It is to the furniture and decoration of these places that her purchases from Duvaux were mainly destined, but let us note that she also took in hand some of the King's own residences, especially Choisy. It is true that all the twenty-three important lots of purchases for this palace recorded in the Journal are in the name of the King himself; that only means that His Majesty paid the bill directly; there can be no question that the lady chose the 'lanterns of silver-mounted crystal,' the 'four sugar-basins on stands of Vincennes porcelain,' and all the rest, just as she chose the hundreds of similar articles that were sent in her name to Crécy and her other 'Pavillons.'

Madame de Pompadour's own big purchases begin in November 1750, and the 19th to the 22nd of that month were evidently for her a glorious time of spending. The items fill nearly three pages of the Journal; among them are several 'feux' of bronze with wonderful mythological decorations, many 'branches' or 'bras,' i.e. wall-lights, some of them costing a thousand livres apiece; many pieces or sets of furniture, many elaborate chandeliers—these and the 'bras' being so costly as to suggest that the lighting of these great houses was one of the most expensive parts of the installations. Here are some of the entries of the furniture:

Ten chests of drawers, of oak inlaid with satinwood with copper locks, the feet and handles gilt with *or moulu*, 1400*L.*; ten writing-tables, 580*L.*; one glass lantern for the King's antechamber, 510*L.*; two others, one with nine branches 1520*L.*; papering the King's *garde-robe*, 54*L.*; restoring a lacquer commode and having it re-varnished by Martin, 80*L.*; a lacquer commode with pagodas mounted with gilt bronze, the drawers lined with satin with gold borders, 2400*L.*

It may be noted that this list contains two or three items indicating the growth of new fashions in furniture; the fashion for Oriental lacquer, which was being largely imported and then successfully imitated both in France and in England (witness the 'Chinese Chippendale' which came into vogue about this time); the success of the 'Vernis Martin,' varnish made by different members of the Martin family; and the new vogue of what soon became an article in universal use, common ordinary wall-papers. On this last point, which has a certain interest, the editor of the Journal has a good deal to say. Wall-papers had been for some time known as the *papier des Indes*, *papier de la Chine*, or *papier tissu*, and, whereas they were at first used merely for screens, over-mantels, etc., they soon began to be largely imitated in France, Germany, and England as inexpensive wall-coverings taking the place of costly panelling and still more costly tapestry. We cannot here dwell upon the history of this rather amusing development; it is enough to note an extract from the national archives which relates how on October 15, 1750, the Garde-Meuble delivered to the Sieur Duvaux for the purpose of making a screen to be used at Choisy twenty-one sheets of *papier de la Chine*.²

It is not stated that the large November purchases just summarised were for Crécy, but eleven months later we find another long list of the same type and described as having been taken to that particular château. Among them are some more *lanternes* more costly than the last, the pair amounting to

² Some of these papers may be seen in the exhibition just opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

3500 livres; but the most interesting little detail is that the bill includes the travelling expenses of three of the Favourite's artists. Duvaux writes: 'Frais de voyage pour MM. Boucher, Guesnon, et ramené M. Lagarde, payé 236 livres.' Note that the good Duvaux was very particular in his accounts; his prices were net, with carriage extra, so that we have such entries as: 'La caisse, papier, ficelle et voiture qui a porté la commode et le marbre, 66 livres.' He always charged for his men's time, and the longest bills for rich porcelain and furniture are dotted with small items such as sending a man to hang pictures. One such item is curious and rather pathetic. It appears that on a certain day the great lady coming to the shop found that she had no money and borrowed three livres from Duvaux to give to a poor beggar-woman outside, a sum which he duly entered in his bill. But the Favourite's confidence in Duvaux extended further still. He was not only her furnisher and jeweller-in-chief, not only on occasion her dispenser of charity, but, strange to say, he now and then supplied her dressing-room and her toilet-table. In her accounts for 1752 he specifies 'un ruband de tête acheté à la Perle, 6*l.*'; at another time he enters to her name '6 polished steel buckles for her corset'; at another we find the entry '24 bottles of oil of Venus, 288*l.*'; and then again 'a box of Portugal water,' a favourite cosmetic.

All these are only samples chosen almost at random from the great lady's series of purchases, which continued to the time of Duvaux's death in 1758. Passing to other customers we find all sorts of names, some of them conspicuous in the history of the time, and many those of apparently ordinary people now quite forgotten. All the great collectors make a frequent appearance in his lists. Such were the Duc d'Aumont, the owner of two great houses in Paris and famous as a collector of porcelain, Oriental and French; the Comte de Caylus, amateur, engraver, and archaeologist; the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, who not only owned a famous collection of pictures of which the catalogue is well known, but collected a quantity of fine Boulle and lacquer furniture, watches, and clocks which were sold by a descendant in 1808; M. de Jullienne, described by Courajod as 'the most perfect type of intelligent collector'; M. La Live de Jully; the Marquis de Marigny, brother of Madame de Pompadour; the Duc de Tallard, whose sale in 1756 made a great sensation; and Louis-Antoine Crozat, Baron de Thiers, nephew and heir of a still more celebrated amateur of the same name. To some of these we shall return, but in the meantime we may mention a few names belonging to other social classes, men perhaps less known to history but quite equally important to the fortunes of Duvaux. There were gentlemen of the Robe and of the Chamber, such as

President Hénault and President Molé, regular customers of our friend, who provided most of the choice furniture for their town and country houses. The Church also smiled upon Duvaux; at least two archbishops bought dessert services of Vincennes porcelain or something of the kind; the Abbé de Bernis, politician rather than cleric, did the same; and a good number of the higher clergy have their names on his lists, though, as was natural, the serious collectors among them confined themselves to books, engravings, and objects of natural history which were outside Duvaux's sphere of influence. Now and then indeed an abbé bought at auction a few fine pictures; such were the Abbé Demée and the famous Abbé Prévost, author of *Manon Lescaut*, who bought at the Pasquier sale a charming small example of Paul Veronese. Different altogether in scale were the purchases of the world of finance, the *Contrôleurs-généraux*, the *Recercurs-généraux*, the *Trésoriers*, the *Fermiers-généraux*, and of course the bankers. At all periods people of this type have been the great support of the art-dealers; it is they who have had both the money and the desire to secure social advancement through the possession of fine things. At no time, moreover, have they played a larger part than in days like those of Louis the Fifteenth, when the public finances were tottering and when the aid of the bankers and the tax-farmers, purchased at a high price, was an absolute necessity for the Government. The greater part of the many collections of fine pictures dispersed by the Paris auctioneers at about this date were formed by financiers, and, as we have said already, the collector of pictures was bound to have fine furniture and bric-à-brac to match, so that naturally a number of these names appear in Duvaux's lists. Grimod de la Revnière, for instance, famous for his splendid apartments and for his wife's parties, frequented by the highest nobles, appears more than fifty times in Duvaux's list of customers. Roussel appears some twenty times, but Randon de Boisset, who was praised by Diderot, and whose sale catalogue of pictures, issued in 1777, is described as 'the most quoted' of all the catalogues of the time, only appears twice. But nearly all these financiers bought something, whether it was a costly lot of furniture or only a Sèvres tea service. As for the rest of the *bourgeoisie*, Courajod justly remarks that fortunes had been so much shaken up and distributed since the days of Law and the Mississippi scheme that there was no possibility of drawing an accurate line, and, while many were ruined, scores of other people could now afford to indulge to a certain extent in the prevailing taste for curiosities. It may almost be said that their names only survive in the list of Duvaux's occasional customers. Other people prominent in those lists were the men and women of the theatre. Jelyotte, the famous tenor, who had been

the Pompadour's singing master, appears as the buyer of a Dresden tea set, and Mademoiselle Crépin made some purchases, as did a less reputable person, Madame Duchapt; but the most famous actress of the day, Hippolyte Clairon, though she had a large and important collection (sold in 1773), does not appear to have yielded to the temptations of Duvaux. The men of letters do not appear in his lists; they were too poor.

Paris then, as now, exercised a great attraction for the foreigners, and all the wealthiest of them did their duty by Duvaux and the other dealers in works of art. Russian princes, English lords, the famous Kaunitz, Austrian ambassador and the author of the Austro-French alliance of 1756, Count Moltke of the Danish branch of a family whose name is only too well remembered in France; representatives, in fact, of most of the noblest and wealthiest houses in Europe visited Paris as a matter of course. Duvaux sold goods to at least three English lords—Baltimore, Hervey and Bolingbroke, the last-named being, not the celebrated statesman, but his nephew and successor. He made six lots of purchases, almost entirely of *porcelaine de France*, that is, of the factory at Sèvres, newly established by Madame de Pompadour, and the note of September 1756 specifies a large and magnificent service, the cost of which ran into several thousand livres. One would like to know what has become of this multitude of plates and dishes with their great centre-piece of gilt bronze and its 'oval vase of Vincennes porcelain of a new form, gilt and adorned with varnished branches imitating Nature and decorated with the most beautiful flowers appropriate to each plant.' Another foreigner of importance, bearing a name which till the recent Revolution was well known in the art world of Russia, was Count Stroganoff: but his celebrated collection seems to have been confined to pictures, bought mostly at the Tallard sale. Another was that of Baron von Heineken, who formed for Augustus the Third of Saxony the fine cabinet of engravings in the Dresden gallery; and among the rest were a number of unnamed Englishmen, assumed by Courajod to have been refugees in the suite of the Young Pretender. Already, he says, English buyers had become formidable competitors in the Paris art market.

Duvaux, of course, had rivals and colleagues in abundance, and of these his editor has much to say. It is indeed to the editor, and not to the Journal itself, that we have to go for information about the highest branch of the art trade, the sales of fine pictures and the formation of the great collections, and on these therefore an article on Duvaux cannot dwell at any length. The chief fact that we learn is that picture-buyers bought mainly at auction, and not from dealers. Auctions abounded, for the rule was that

collections were generally dispersed after the death of those who had formed them. The *vente après décès* was far more of an institution in France than in England, for the obvious reason that, as a rule, the eldest son only inherited a share, and not the whole, of the family fortune. In England, till the present economic situation caused the break-up of the great estates, works of art went, as a rule, with the land, so that—at least till a few years back—Raphaels and Rembrandts remained in the families which had bought them a century or more ago. In France it was different, and from 1750 onwards we have a multitude of catalogues, telling of the dispersal of pictures, statues, and other works of art within a few years of the date when they were brought together. Except in the Louvre and the other public galleries, there are very few French collections of really old date, whereas we have still the Bridgewater, the Woburn, the Alnwick, the Buccleuch, and many other collections remaining with the families that formed them, though no man can say how long, in the face of death duties and war taxation, they will remain there. Meantime, nobody in eighteenth-century France has left a book corresponding to old John Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* of the English collections; nor does it appear that the Paris of that time possessed anyone like the Agnews and Colnaghis, who have led the picture market in London during the last half-century. Perhaps the chief was a certain Lambert, who called himself an English banker in Paris. We know that he somehow acquired a fine collection of pictures and curiosities, that he exported largely to England, and that it was to a 'Veuve Lambert' that Duvaux delivered the goods bought from him by Lords Bolingbroke and Hervey. The collectors bought largely in Italy and in Holland or Belgium; and often they had their importations 'restored' at home. Of this last business M. Courajod has some amusing stories to tell, especially of the doings of a certain Colins, from Brussels, and of a Madame Veuve Godefroy, also a Belgian, who enjoyed the position of restorers of the Royal pictures. Colins restored the *Io* of Correggio, damaged by a son of the Regent, and published a vehement protest because a newspaper critic, while praising his work, had not quite declared him to be Correggio's equal. Another critic described him as one 'able to imitate all masters perfectly'—a testimonial which must have alarmed any collector whose pictures had passed through the Belgian's hands. As to dealers and workers in other branches of art, it would be easy to collect a number of names from the *Journal*, for Duvaux employed them or bought from them habitually, and always put down their names and prices. But perhaps we may be content with mentioning three, friends of each other and of the best

artists of their time : P. J. Mariette, an expert who could write as well as judge ; Gersaint, for whom Watteau painted an ' enseigne,' and Boucher an amusing business card ; and Basan, whose name is to be found at the foot of many an engraving. It was Basan who made the Choiseul collection, and Mariette who formed the picture gallery of Prince Eugene at Vienna and the cabinet of engravings in the Imperial gallery.

The Pompadour outlived Duvaux a few years, and died in 1764, of physical and moral exhaustion, though she was not yet forty-three years old. By a combination of fine taste with lavish expenditure she had certainly given, for the moment, a powerful stimulus to French art, and this has made people who admire that art a little tender to her vices, as they are not to those of her unworthy successor, the Dubarry. There is, of course, another side to the question whether she, in the end, did good or harm. We need not discuss it, but may in conclusion quote one sentence from the Memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson (1752), illustrating that craze for costly building which, as we have said already, possessed the King and his mistress alike. ' The Marchioness and her friends,' writes d'Argenson, ' tell us that absolutely the only way to amuse the King is to provide him with architectural drawings ; that His Majesty can only breathe with plans and designs upon his table—*ce qui ruine les finances.*'

HUMPHRY WARD

THE CURLEW IN DEVONSHIRE

IN the minds of most English people the rippling call of the curlew would conjure up visions of widespread moorlands, with a large brown bird—or probably a pair, for one seldom sees a lone bird on the marshes—flying restlessly to and fro above some wild morass, filling the air with whistling flute-like cries. It is customary to associate him with the moors, and quite rightly, for during early summer his voice is one of the most characteristic and certainly one of the most musical sounds heard upon the uplands. None the less, strictly speaking, he belongs elsewhere. His long legs proclaim him one of the great natural order of Charadriadae, or Waders, and his chosen haunts are rather the sandy shores, or most particularly, the banks of wide estuaries or any tidal waters. But, bird of the coast though he is, the breeding season invariably brings him inland, and here in the West Country many people hail his coming more gladly than they do that of the cuckoo. For his cheery note is considered the first real assurance of spring's arrival, even though snow-showers continue to whiten the peaks, and March winds blow bitter.

Of all birds of this genus which take up purely summer quarters upon Dartmoor—the district about which I write—the curlew is first to arrive, and his departure, therefore, is correspondingly early. He is not content to linger as the landrails do until the bracken dies down, or until the sound of guns over the heather or the upland stubble warns them to be gone. Even the very earliest shooting parties seldom flush a curlew so far inland as this. He never feels quite at home upon the moors, it would seem, and as soon as ever the young birds are strong enough, the return flight to the sea begins. During the last month of his stay it will be observed that the trill or ripple in his note is particularly noticeable. Also he is continually crying, and for ever upon the wing. Visions of salt creeks and ebbing tides are disturbing him, and he is all impatience to be away.

From a sporting point of view, the curlew does not appeal to everybody. For one thing, he is not a favourite table bird, and on this account alone fowlers of the more conscientious type do

not feel justified in shooting him. Also—and this is rather my own feeling in the matter—there is something about the shy, graceful bird with the musical voice, curious ways, and rather charming history which protects him even more effectually than any practical reflection upon his value or otherwise as food. That, however, is a matter of sentiment or taste. The bird is, of course, fair game, and they who are disposed to regard him as such will find him an exceedingly worthy quarry. So much so, indeed, that it will tax the ingenuity of the most expert fowler to circumvent him.

Generally speaking, it is useless to attempt to approach curlews in the ordinary way. During winter they rest largely upon the salt marshes or swampy meadows within easy flight of the beach, and at the first glimpse of an intruder upon their lonely haunts they rise at once, far out of reach, and take wing to quieter country. On these occasions it is simply waste of time to follow them. Once alarmed, they keep a sharp look-out for hours, and he who can evade a curlew's vigilance must be a master of guile indeed. Now and again you can surprise a stray bird roosting on the lee side of a ridge, or in some 'plashy' brake or hollow where cover blinds your approach, but such chance encounters will be few and far between. Any attempt to drive them to guns is futile, as a rule. They know the game too well. Besides, on anything like a still day a single shot is enough to set every bird within a mile on the alert. To ensure anything approaching success, the only thing you can do is to lie in wait for them at feeding time.

This need not involve night work. Unlike his kinsman, the woodcock, the curlew is not strictly nocturnal in his habits. True, he takes long flights by night, so frequently that many people who seldom set eyes on the bird are quite familiar with his cry at dusk, or perhaps when the moon is high at migration time. Thus far he resembles all other wild fowl, who love best to fly after sundown, but it by no means necessarily follows that he is also a night-feeder, though such is perhaps the general impression.

He who would get upon terms with these birds on the winter shore must above all else take stock of the tide. Be it morning, noon or night, soon as ever the ebb sets in, the curlew's feasting time begins, as I have proved over and over again; and it speaks well for his intelligence or the accuracy of his instinct—call it which you like—that he invariably times his arrival to a nicety.

On the North Somerset coast I know of a lonely inlet that the curlew loves. It is a desolate spot, so little frequented that you can spend whole days—if you have nothing better to do—on the vast sweep of sand or barren shore without sight or sound of human life. It faces the open Atlantic, and is without

exception the best spot for water-fowl, particularly waders, that I have been fortunate enough to find on the West Coast. Wide as the bay is, it is seldom covered by any great depth of water, and twice daily thousands of acres of oozy sand and mud are left only partly submerged when the ebb-tide sets oceanwards. Here in the old days I spent many an hour sitting on a boulder under the low granite cliffs, where the wind-swept woods slope nearly to the beach, watching the gentle but inexorable advance of the waves across the broad sandy waste.

The tides move with incredible rapidity on this part of the coast, and when, as sometimes happens, a high wind accelerates the in-flow, there is something very fascinating and even impressive in the spectacle. Miles away, as it seems at first to be, you see the white line of surf upon a level with the most extreme point to which the fanged promontory known as Brean Down thrusts, so far away indeed that you can scarcely determine where sand ends and sea begins. You wait awhile watching the sights and listening to the sounds of the wild shore. These, to the casual observer, might not seem particularly interesting. Even the gulls are nowhere to be seen. They have gone out with the tide, as evidenced by the distant cries that now and then come faintly to your ears. But if you keep very quiet and look carefully about—using a field-glass if you have one—you will soon discover that you are far from being alone on the beach. The *Tringae* are always there, and you can hardly fail to see and to be pleased with the graceful little ringed plover as it courses over the smooth sand, darting from pool to pool in search of the sand-worms and mollusks upon which it feeds. There, too, the oyster-catcher is sure to be, at business with the mussels and limpets which lurk in the wet crevices of the boulders; and if you are lucky you may see a raven hawking around, or hear him so high in the blue that he is but a voice. For the raven, like many other very rare birds, finds occasional sanctuary upon the rocks of Brean. Those dark specks that you can see here and there scattered over the larger pools far out on the water-logged waste are wild duck. They can rest safely there, as they well know, for no boat can cross the bay at low tide, and if you focus the glass upon them you will find the greater number of birds are fast asleep with heads tucked under their wings.

You study them for a time, then again look seaward and become suddenly aware that the entire character of the scene has changed. By magic, as it would seem, the recently silent bay has become full of sound and wind and water; smoothly and irresistibly the tide has swept round the headland, and is almost upon you. With the dull roar of in-rolling billows mingle the screams of innumerable sea-birds, the harsh quack of the shel-

drake. The sandy waste is rapidly transformed into a sheet of tumbling breakers.

Anyone watching from the beach can, of course, observe the high-water mark, and so tell, almost to a minute, when 'that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home.' That is merely a matter of using one's eyes. But how the curlews, roosting perhaps a mile or more inland, out of sight or sound of the sea, also become aware of the fact, is a question that one well may ask. That they do so, however, is too obvious to admit of one instant's doubt. Scarcely has the creamy line of stranded foam which marks the commencement of the ebb become visible before you hear their whistling cries, and the first shadowy bird appears, as from nowhere, at the water's brink.

Now, if ever, is the fowler's chance. Every moment, of course, as the receding sea backs westward, leaving an ever-widening space, incoming birds scatter more widely. But during the first half-hour after the flow ceases, while the strip of newly washed sand is still narrow, they fly to and fro continually along the water-line, following the track of each spent wave, and you are safe to get some shooting if your position is well chosen. Upon the latter proviso much depends. It is easy to understand that certain places are more favoured by the birds than others, for example where the sea bottom has been well fretted so as to leave pits and crevices in which food might lodge, or, better still, small low-lying pools wherein all kinds of shell fish are sure to get deposited. Any little creek or inlet served by a constant current is almost certain to prove a good place for the same reason.

For shooting curlews upon the open shore, it is as well to build—or, rather, dig—a blind. An ordinary pit a few feet deep in the sand will do. But where big rocks abound this would not be necessary. For an hour or so after the tide has turned they continue to come in, but these later birds, who presumably have satisfied their first pangs of hunger elsewhere, are more wary, flying at a great height, and usually alighting far out in the open, well out of reach. On this account when constructing a blind one should study not only the geography of the shore for likely places, but the lines of flight used by incoming birds. Here some people might remark that there are no highways in the air, and that they who travel through space take a straight course from point to point. Not so. The proverbial crow's flight is far less direct than a great many who use the expression imagine. There are aerial highways as surely as there are prescribed routes across land or water; and this anybody may learn for himself simply by watching the comings and goings of rooks, wood-pigeons, or starlings. These species, as every close observer has discovered, are very methodical, and steer their various courses by certain

historic landmarks and halting-places, which have been used since time immemorial. Again, an observant sportsman who for many seasons has been accustomed to shoot woodcock from any particular covert knows the very opening whence the birds will break, and even the trees between which they may be expected to pass. The same applies to all birds of regular habits, and in that respect the wary curlews of North Somerset proved no exceptions to the rule. After watching them come and go once or twice, and carefully noting the landmarks, one could calculate the course of their flight with tolerable certainty.

Weather matters little for this sort of work. Curlews, being strong fliers, do not mind rain or fog, while even snow—so bewildering to most birds—bothers them not at all. The only thing that seems to worry them is a strong gale, which they cannot breast owing to their long wings and comparatively light weight.

When choosing their summer haunts and breeding places, the curlews show great partiality for certain districts, and to these, it should be observed, they return year after year. I know of several little marshy fields in this neighbourhood in which a pair has nested for four or five consecutive seasons. Whether in such cases the identical birds return each spring one cannot say, though circumstances certainly suggest it. If so, they must mate for life, but I leave that question in the hands of the learned. At any rate they pair some time before they come inland, and I have heard the male bird's rich booming love-note on the sands early in February.

Why they habitually frequent certain tracts of country, and as studiously avoid other spots which one would have thought equally favourable from their point of view, has often puzzled me. I have in mind a piece of moorland near my home which every summer seems alive with curlews, while in the same county—indeed only a few miles away—are far wilder marshes where the bird is quite unknown, though other species of the same genus are abundant.

Here, upon Dartmoor, the brooding birds are little molested, I am thankful to say, and their numbers undoubtedly increase yearly. The district is so remote, and the nests are too few and far apart to tempt even the professional egg-thief. Indeed, since the passing of the polecat, their principal enemy is the fox, who, of course, accounts for an enormous number of chicks. Also, I fear, a good many eggs that are laid in the grazing marshes must be destroyed by cattle accidentally trampling upon them. I remember well a certain farmer, who, being particularly anxious to get some curlew's eggs for his children, took pains to watch a pair of birds, and eventually located their nest. It contained but two eggs when he found it, and wishing to secure the whole

clutch, he marked the place and returned two or three days later to find one of the hill ponies lying upon the precise spot. His comments when realising his misfortune will not bear publication.

Country boys—most of whom collect birds' eggs—often look for the nests, of course without much success as a rule. They are so very hard to find, being made usually far out on the treacherous swamps which are almost untraversable so early in the season. Also, the curlew, wily in this respect as in all else, gives the nest-hunter no assistance whatever. The tactics of the parent birds, which differ according to circumstances, are exceedingly interesting to watch. Long before you are anywhere near them they will be up and away, and your only chance of finding the nest, save by the purest fluke, is to see them rise in the first instance, and walk straight to the place whence they got up, keeping your eye fixed upon it. The latter is of the utmost importance, but difficult to do, for the old birds after slipping discreetly away will shortly approach you from quite another direction and circle, peewit fashion, above you, uttering their wild varied cries, and employing every device to monopolise your attention. The temptation to look at them will be almost irresistible, and, if yielded to, fatal. Should your gaze once wander from your objective, the chances are a thousand to one against your finding the exact spot again.

When the period of incubation is well advanced, the female sits like a stone, and until you are right on top of her is practically invisible on the brown heath. Upon all occasions I have noticed that when you are near the nest both birds withdraw, and seemingly take no interest in your movements, while the farther you proceed in the wrong direction the bolder and more clamorous do they become, until they have lured you to a safe distance, when they fly away and leave you. Such is their guile. The nest itself hardly deserves the name, being a rude hollow scraped in the turf, scantily lined with a few wisps of cotton grass, and usually sheltered more or less by the rank herbage of the marsh. The four pear-shaped eggs laid plover-wise, narrow ends together, are olive-green, sprinkled and streaked with dark brown and grey.

The callow chicks are sturdy, independent little fellows from the moment they chip the shell, as all insectivorous birds must needs be. One has little chance to study them, however. They quit the nest as soon as hatched, and are seldom seen again until well grown. Once or twice after lying concealed in a willow brake for several hours, and so wearing out the vigilance or patience of the parents, I have contrived (with the aid of a glass) to get a clear glimpse of broods being fed or led about by the long-legged mottled mother bird, but every attempt to get a nearer view of them has proved abortive. In each case they simply

vanished, just as partridge chicks do, and where I knew they had been barely a minute before, nothing could be seen but the brown turf with its sparse covering of cotton grass and bog flowers. This power of becoming invisible at will is doubtless their chief foil against the swoop of merlin or harrier.

Of all the broods that I have attempted to study through long June days amongst the Devon hills, I have handled but one nestling, and for that experience I was indebted to accident, for I came upon him quite unexpectedly one day early this summer when crossing a lonely swamp in the heart of the Moor. He was squatting right at my feet, his minute heather-coloured body assimilating most beautifully with his surroundings, and so still did he keep that he might easily have passed for a tuft of moss or a little brown stone. It was just his eye, shining like a tiny jewel among the grass stems, that betrayed him.

How frightened he was, and yet how plucky and self-possessed. His little heart was beating tumultuously, but he neither struggled nor attempted to escape when I picked him up. He did nothing so undignified, but just kept very still, as instinct bade him, and let me examine him to my heart's content. A more engaging little person one could not wish to see. By the look of him I should have said he was about three days old. He stood a scanty six inches high, his legs being responsible for the greater part of his stature. Indeed, all considered, he was not quite unlike a fat farmyard chick mounted on stilts, but for his long bill. Thus as yet evinced no tendency towards the curve which later on is a distinguishing feature of the curlew, but was straight and slender as a reed. Thick, plush-like down covered his wee body (pale chestnut above, creamy white below), which, though quite dainty, seemed to me rather superfluous for summer wear, until I remembered how crisp were the May nights and how keen the winds up here a thousand feet above sea-level. His pinions, destined to be so long and graceful, were just beginning to develop, showing like a row of little blue pins against each side. Otherwise he could boast no trace of feathers as yet, save the cutest, daintiest top-knot which adorned his head.

The others of the brood were near, no doubt, but they could not be found; nor was there much time to look for them. We were then on the eve of a storm. It had long been brewing. An ominous hush now reigned over the Moor, broken only by thunder growling away among the hills around. The marsh-fowl had ceased their crying and disappeared mysteriously as they do before a downpour. Mighty clouds were rolling up apace, enveloping the high peaks in black mist, against which the sunlight still flooding the nearer tors—now startlingly clear—looked wan, yellow and sickly.

I set the little chap down where the heather might afford him some shelter, hoping his mother would return and get the brood together before the deluge came. And, that accomplished, nothing remained for it but to make tracks with what speed I could muster.

To encounter a bad storm on the open Moor is not an experience anybody need covet. It is singularly depressing to feel oneself the most exposed thing in all the land, sole target for the bolts of Heaven. Even the half-wild cattle and ponies dread it, and troop to the sheltered slopes when black clouds gather.

It soon began. The first peal of thunder that burst overhead and slowly rolled away until lost in endless roars and rumblings among the crags and coombes; then the light patter of rain-drops, steady at first, but thicker and faster every second; then, all at once, the 'devil's tattoo,' and in its track the hail. For a good half-hour the floodgates were opened while the full reservoirs of the skies descended upon earth. The rain drove down in long straight columns as though poured through a giant sieve. The lightning stabbed wickedly in all directions, and the crackling crash of the thunder, peal volleying upon peal almost without cessation, bade fair to split and shatter the very granite peaks.

Crouching under a boulder while the elements battered out their fury upon heath and crag, I thought of the curlew chicks, and wondered what would be their fate exposed to that howling and pitiless storm. That, however, I never knew, nor indeed could I find the precise spot again. One so seldom can without any pronounced landmark to guide one's search. Every bush, hillock and boulder scattered over the vast brown wilderness are so alike. Their chance seemed slight enough, but it is wonderful what hardships wild fowl must weather at times, and I still hope that my charming little acquaintance may yet whistle to me over those very moors when once again the daffodils bloom and early buds are swelling.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

THE NATION AND FINANCE

PUBLIC attention has, in a startling way, been awakened to the actual burden and stram of the financial position, and the nation is beginning to realise its grim possibilities. It is too much on the alert to be in danger of condoning any dallying with the situation. Soothing words : specious explanations ; vague promises of amendment ; even new-fangled devices for discovering some new cure—all these will avail little if there is not speedy and substantial reform of method. The nation is fretting at the prolonged agony of over-taxation, which is exasperating its temper and crippling its energies. More and more it is becoming uneasy at the still gloomier outlook that faces it. A cure must be found, or the result is plain, so far as the Government is concerned. Patience is all but exhausted.

The two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more.

It will doubtless smite surely enough : but the stroke may fall too late to save national disaster.

It is the least part of the matter to find out who is or who is not to blame : how far it was beyond control : and whether the greater part of our extravagance is due to honest and perhaps inevitable error, or to reckless audacity which sought to achieve party success by bribery on a large scale. At other times these might be useful and interesting inquiries. The crisis is now too urgent for us to waste our time in recriminations. Let us concentrate our attention on the one subject which is of supreme interest to all who value the prosperity and the very existence of the nation ; and focus all our efforts on amending what is false, and compelling those responsible for administration, not only to speak strong words, but to take drastic and effective action, to sweep away the cumbrous accumulations of overgrown machinery. Further we must all, House of Commons and Nation, as well as Government, weigh well all the whimsical schemes of socialistic Utopias—all, perhaps, well in their way, if they were practical, but which, if undertaken when the national credit is bankrupt, would soon crumble, with the nation, into a common ruin.

Above all, let us not fall asunder in our common effort after what we are all equally pursuing. It is a comparatively small

matter whether this or that Government is in power. The nation will have the Government it deserves ; and if it has not the energy of will to make the Government carry out what it desires, then its deservings are of the poorest. As a rule it does know its own will, and, in the long run, attains it. The odd thing is that Governments so rarely have the prescience to anticipate its sudden awakening to action. The Coalition Government may break up or it may continue. That will be according as points of difference or points of agreement count for most in the balance. But it would be strange indeed if the Coalition were to break up, on a point as to which there are hardly two opinions—the supreme need of thrift. On the other hand, if a Coalition Government cannot secure common action on this one point of common agreement, its use and purpose would seem to be more than doubtful. We must concentrate our attention : and above all we must dismiss from our minds the cant of so-called anti-waste frivolities. That is the stock-in-trade of a petty political clique, the flotsam and jetsam of politics—the spawn of an advertising stunt. Their mental grasp is sufficient only for the trivial and small details—which look well in the shop window, and can appeal to the financial outlook of the worthy housekeeper, whose weekly bills are becoming more and more vexatious. Small wonder that she listens to the rhetoric of the back-parlour, which falls sympathetically on her hard-trying ears, and which leaves her just as little informed as before upon the real vices of finance which press heavily upon us all, and can only be cured by virile resolution, and by relentless hunting down of economic error. Do not let us dissipate that resolution and that pursuit by futile puerilities such as tickle the ears of the groundlings at a by-election, and vanish into thin air in the atmosphere of real discussion.

Let us look at the matter with a due sense of proportion. Let us be bold enough to recognise that true economy is wise expenditure as well as wise parsimony. The thrifty man knows when to spend and when to save : his thriftiness consists in his skill in keeping the just proportion. It is precisely the failure to recognise and to admit this that weakens our defence against the political spendthrift.

Let us, above all, fix our minds upon the large things rather than the small. It is easy, as it is natural, to forget this rule. Probably the expenditure which comes under our notice, and which our experience gives us the power to measure, is told in a few hundreds of thousands, or in a very few millions. The vaster outpourings of national resources pass almost unnoted and unrecognised. Once some mischievous principle has crept in, it works its way unobserved : its effects are almost imperceptible, until presently the avalanche of expenditure begins to move, and

soon it crashes on in proportions so vast and with an onset so mighty as to be at once beyond our calculation ; and beyond our powers of resistance. We can only stop it when we have found its source, and killed the germs of its pernicious influence.

If we wish to take a proper measure of our over-spending, and to judge in what direction it may be possible—and therefore our imperative duty—to save, it is well to arrange our ideas as regards national expenditure. Those who clamour vaguely for curtailment of spending find their readiest instrument in an appeal to stay all disbursements on the Army and Navy. It is the most trite and, one would have thought, the most obvious of fallacies. Yet it always satisfies those who use it. ‘Why grudge the expense of a favourite project?’ say they: ‘it will only cost as much as a Dreadnought, or a long-range gun, or, it may be, the money spent on a single regiment.’ It does not occur to them that we do not build Dreadnoughts or exhibit regiments as a pastime. If you can prove that we keep too many soldiers, or equip too large a fleet, then doubtless you prove us wrong. Either they are not needed, and then their maintenance is a crime ; or they are a necessary insurance, and the financier who neglects insurance is fit for Bedlam. Only the experts can measure the necessity, up to which we must go, and beyond which it is extravagant and criminal to go. Policy may no doubt affect that measure. But the balance and distribution of power in the welter of world politics, which are probably altogether beyond control, affect the measure very much more. No doubt an aggressive policy may swell expenditure, and in so far it is to be condemned. But do not let us forget that it is not always easy to distinguish between defence and aggression in foreign policy. It would perhaps disappoint some of those who most loudly decry military expenditure were an estimate supplied to them of the difference in cost between what they call an aggressive and a pacific policy. It would count for less than they think in an annual expenditure of twelve hundred millions. In any case, what is necessary can only be decided on sound expert advice. He who would extend it by wild schemes of aggressive militarism is, equally with the man who would abandon it altogether, beyond the pale of sanity in politics.

Setting aside, then, military expenditure, the really important arenas of discussion as regards the question of extravagance lie in two directions. These are : first, wide-reaching schemes of social reform ; and, next, plans for meeting economical difficulties by defying the laws of political economy.

With respect to the first, we need not base our doubts as to their financial danger upon any sweeping condemnation of their aims. We may fully appreciate the alluring advantages which they offer, and may long, as ardently as any of their most

enthusiastic votaries, for the realisation of these schemes. But our hopes must be governed by practical considerations, or they are merely delusive chimeras. The most beneficent scheme of social reform is useless to a nation overtaken by bankruptcy, and, however ruthlessly we may, by taxation, seize upon all available resources for its support, the time must soon come when these resources run dry, and the Socialistic edifice must crumble into ruin. Surely, in this view, it is wise for us to make a selection; to decide, with some attempt at prudence, upon which special scheme we shall concentrate our efforts; and to watch carefully how far our schemes are really useful, or how far they are wasting our resources in futile experiments.

It is impossible to review all the fields of social reform which attract crowds of votaries, all of whom claim unstinted financial support for their schemes, and consider that any parsimony in regard to them argues impenetrable blindness and stinginess of reactionary greed. But let us consider, as an example, only one, which has established a position of unquestioned supremacy. So firmly has educational restlessness acquired the force of a fetish in the popular mind that the mere discussion of it, much more any doubt of its indubitable value in every new phase and in every novel experiment, is resented as an unforgivable sin, and a sort of intellectual treason.

Do we really recognise what the progress of our educational expenditure has been? Ninety years ago this country was not altogether without intellectual nourishment or scholastic provender. There were, no doubt, lamentable gaps, which voluntary effort, however zealous, had not been able to fill. We attempted to meet these by what was then deemed a public-spirited proposal, and a novel grant of 20,000*l.* was voted in 1832. Seven years later that was raised to 30,000*l.* It was not until 1870 that we added the new source of expenditure from rates. Of course the new expenditure mounted by leaps and bounds. But a fair computation of the total cost—from Treasury grants, voluntary contributions, and local rates—between the years 1839 and 1912 (a period of seventy-three years) amounted to something like 550,000,000*l.* It is startling enough: but it is very moderate compared with what follows. Since the war ended, our educational administrators have launched out upon expenditure on an entirely new scale. At the most moderate computation our total *annual* educational budget (taxes and rates combined) cannot be less than 150,000,000*l.*—or, in other words, a good deal more than one-quarter of our previous (not ungenerous) expenditure during seventy-three years.

A large part of this is due to the obviously necessary and too-long-delayed improvement in teachers' salaries. Palatial

buildings, elaborate equipment, costly and elaborate schemes of education had too long been accepted as the signs of educational efficiency, in forgetfulness of the fact that the matter of prime and final importance is the personality of the teacher. But this necessary and amply justified expenditure was far from being all into which we have been launched by our educational guides. In a fit of unthinking enthusiasm, Parliament was led to give a new extension to the clumsy and untoward engine of compulsion, which ought, if it had been of any use, to have done its work long ago, so as to permit its final abandonment. If we are to be eternally a nation compulsorily educated, we may well begin to doubt whether the game is worth the candle. But now compulsion, instead of being taken as the sorry makeshift that it really is, is worshipped as the sole means of salvation. It is given new functions, and young men and women of seventeen and eighteen are to be forced to attend continuation classes, and to have the intellectual nutriment of their adolescence determined for them by the sovereign wisdom of county council officials. How the compulsion is to be applied, our educational pundits have not thought fit to explain. Is the unhappy parent of the defaulting young gentleman or lady to be sent to prison or fined because his offspring assert their own right to dispose of their time, and to choose their intellectual interests for themselves? Or is the culprit—most probably not amenable to pecuniary penalties—to be imprisoned until he or she consents to receive the miscellaneous educational fare provided for them at the cost of the much-burdened rate and tax payers?

In the new educational emporium every variety of choice is offered. No fad is rejected as unworthy of experimental effort. Every conceivable trade is taught in all its possible details under the most expensive of skilled operators, and with every novelty of equipment—save the one essential quality—that of even the most remote resemblance to the conditions which prevail in the ordinary workshop. And it is under such conditions, amidst the bewildering miscellany of so-called educational freaks that are offered to their choice, that we imagine ourselves to be evolving individual intelligence, or cherishing the invaluable germ of industrial aptitude.

Get the best teacher you can and pay him a worthy salary. Above all, make his work interesting, and his position attractive, by letting him give of his best in his own way, and not at the behest of the maddening gadflies of boards, and committees, and officials. Do what you can to look after the health of those of your pupils who have no one else to care for them. Attract interest instead of perpetually cracking the whip of compulsion. But, first and foremost, simplify your schemes and your curricula, consign nine-tenths of your delusive fads to perpetual oblivion,

and concentrate your efforts on the essential. Deign, for a change, to abandon the baffling entanglements of your office-begotten schemes, and try for once whether the simple and straightforward methods of sanity might not be given their turn. Throw to the winds what appears to be the fixed aim of our new educational administrators—the crushing to death of all voluntary effort, and the transference of its work to the weary shoulders of the taxpayer.

Some of the experiments which are now failing us and swelling the budget would be amusing if they had not a serious side. There is a happy conspiracy of extravagance on the part of the central and local authorities, and between them the expense never stands in the way of a new experiment. Some years ago, it may be remembered, our more austere educational authorities denounced the wickedness of the pack of beagles at Eton. It was cruel: it was culpable waste of time: it was a criminal expenditure for purposes of sport which usurped the place of education. The crusade enlisted the enthusiastic support of the educational Pharisees, because with all their reverence for the educational fetish there is nothing they hate so much as sport. But an unwonted change has come over them. We were all amused the other day to read that the owner of a pack of beagles has had to part with them: and that the enterprising and broad-minded County Council of Durham has found it to be its bounden duty to acquire them for the use of the scholars in the public schools. What is a crime at Eton, when the cost is defrayed by parents, is enlightened philanthropy when it is provided, at the taxpayers' expense, for free pupils. The humour of it never strikes our educational pioneers.

So much for the incalculable extensions given to the educational work which, in its essence, and up to the measure of its public necessity, is rightly assumed by the nation as its duty. But that assumption does not mean that we are bound to welcome every new extravagance which manages to push itself under the guise of that duty. It does not prove that the swelling of expenditure means a necessary increase of efficiency. If we are to stop the insane impulse towards extravagance we must place the stern curb of common sense upon these monomaniacs. If we do not then the burdens will increase, and, just as surely, there will come a wave of reaction that may check educational progress for many a year. Education is an excellent thing, if wisely balanced and adjusted. But we cannot afford to spend upon it an amount almost equal to our total revenue before the war.

Nor do we desire to see education converted, as it easily may be, into a powerful lever for State Socialism. Undoubtedly this is the deliberate, and almost the avowed, purpose of those who

are now dominant in educational administration. Their conspiracy must be met and defeated.

Inflated schemes of social reform are responsible for much. It may be questioned whether the defiance of the elementary laws of political economy is not responsible for even more of our financial strain. Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, Unemployment Insurance—all these things have their beneficial side. It is only right that a complicated society, which rests upon the joint and ordered work of various agents, should make careful provision in order that a hitch in the vast machine may not entail intolerable hardship upon any member of that interdependent society. That is necessary, not only for security, but to satisfy its collective conscience. It must be remembered, however, that there is a danger in all such schemes. We use language which makes them seem to rest on the same foundation as schemes founded for mutual profit, which in truth they do not. They are not and never can be self-supporting: they lack the restraining power of balanced expenditure, and any deficit which accrues must be met out of the taxpayer's pocket. That is to say, you must take out of the pocket of one citizen in order to give to another citizen a benefit for which that other citizen is unable to pay. It follows that there is no balance of profit and loss, and no necessary limit to the amount of the deficit. The more you increase the cost of running your scheme the more you have to take from the superfluity of the citizen whom you lay under contribution, and consequently the less of that superfluity you leave to swell the amount of available capital upon which the commercial life of the nation depends. Of course it is popular to increase Old Age Pensions, to grant easier terms of National Insurance, to relax restrictions upon unemployment pay. The money comes from the minority, the benefits go to the majority: and it is not difficult to foresee what the results of an election must be when the electors see only the first steps in the process. But it is equally certain that the source upon which you are making increasing calls is not inexhaustible: that the fountain must end by running dry: and that it will not be only the overburdened taxpayer, but the whole nation which will suffer in the long run. If our finances are to be put upon a sound foundation we must sternly repress the tendency to a universal concession to claims for new subsidies in one form or another. We have recognised our primary duty of mutual help: we must recognise just as clearly that if we set no bounds to that help, and establish a rivalry in concession, our action will at last inflict incurable injury upon those whom we desire to help. We must find some means of measuring what these vague and indefinite commitments really involve. He who would insist upon such a survey as a necessary condition of restoring sound national

finance must have no lack of boldness, and must shut his eyes to the allurements of popularity.

The opportunity, however, undoubtedly opens itself to a great financial statesman. The nation is thoroughly aroused to the necessity : in every fibre of its being it feels the creeping debility of dwindling resources ; all its limbs are chafing under the restraints upon its spontaneity of life. The perception has spread slowly. At first the crippling effect of over-taxation was felt only by the agricultural interest, and chiefly by the landowners. They were but a negligible minority : and for years the demagogue had found in them the chief mark for his abuse and his political agitation. They were not in a position to conduct an effective campaign of self-defence ; and pride, perhaps, helped to keep them silent when their own pockets were raided. To the great mass of the nation their grievances counted for nothing, and the belief lingered on that the lines of the landlord still lay in pleasant places. Probably it is still to many a very small matter that one stratum of English society, one great branch of the nation's activity, has gradually declined, and must speedily decay altogether ; and that a traditional feature of the nation's life is doomed to disappear. This is not the place to attempt an estimate of that class, or to institute comparisons between it and others. Suffice it to say that the picture of our common life will be the poorer by its vanishing. It has been killed by no vices of its own, by no inexorable economic law. It has been done to death by over-taxation. A new generation may perhaps recall its memory with regret.

The commercial class has not fared so badly. Undoubtedly the paralysing effect of State interference was a sore trial to it. Lured by the fancied necessities of a crisis—which some believed could be alleviated by the reversal of economic laws—we attempted to submit commerce to irksome restraints, of which past experience might have taught us the futility. An aggressive bureaucracy made that restraint more galling by its unnecessary prolongation—upon which the survival of that improvised bureaucracy largely depended. Commerce felt itself crippled. But it had resources and a power of resistance far beyond those of the landed class : and it was able to make even a bureaucracy beware of trying it unduly. It fought doggedly, and at last successfully, against the Excess Profits Tax. Perhaps the keenness of that resistance was a little out of proportion to the hardships involved, in a temporary tax, to which the circumstances of the time seemed to lend a fair amount of justification. But commerce is still crippled by over-taxation : and as common sufferers we need not grudge to its good fortune in shifting the burden of a tax which some of us, perhaps, would have deemed ourselves happy to be called upon to pay.

But the heaviest burden of all has now fallen with crushing weight upon the widely diffused professional and middle class. That class is in a peculiarly unfortunate position. As compared with the vast numbers who escape all direct taxation, it constitutes but a small part of the voting power of the nation. It is almost inarticulate, or, at least, it finds utterance only slowly and after painful effort. Combined action is alien to its habits and convictions, which teach it above all things to prize freedom of individual action. It is not prone to noise abroad its grievances, and pride often dictates silence regarding them. It has inherited traditions which for long were dominant in the political world, and it has perhaps not learned to adapt itself to electoral conditions in which, instead of being a majority, it is an ill-organised minority.

Let us see what has been the plight of that professional and middle class. To the vast majority of them heavy taxation has cut deeply into resources already cruelly curtailed—except for those privileged few who are within the safe shelter of public employment. They have found themselves surrounded on every side by those to whom war and its sequel have brought enhanced revenues, and with whom they have to compete in the ordinary markets. It is no uncommon thing for numbers of the professional class to find themselves forced, with an income diminished by one-third, to deal in markets where the income remaining to them has only one-half of its pre-war buying power. Quietly and without parading their privations they have accustomed themselves to dispense with what once seemed the unobserved but indispensable appliances of life. They have restricted hospitality: they live more plainly, and are content with inferior qualities and smaller quantities of food and drink. Their visits to the tailor and the bootmaker are few and far between, and they have severely repressed those smaller luxuries which had come to be a habit. All this, and much more, could be, and was, endured without any great hardship: it is surprising how soon petty privations become almost unnoticed. But the screw has gradually become more and more tight and galling. It ceases to be possible to lay aside the small saving to meet unforeseen contingencies; and its absence opens the door to gnawing anxiety. The loss of holiday recreation: the refreshment of an occasional change of scene: the deprivation of that sustenance of brain and heart that comes from an occasional theatrical or musical indulgence—all these begin by degrees to tell upon our buoyancy, and to cripple our powers for routine work, much more for all the efforts of imagination or initiation. Next comes the inability to meet claims that we would once have held imperative—the maimed education of a child: the abandonment,

by reason of the *res angusta*, of old friendships and old associations and of much that sweetened life. And last of all comes the chill grasp of pressing financial anxiety, the grim menace of debt, and the surrender of independence which it implies—a surrender equivalent in the eyes of many to death itself. All these might have come from misfortune, from unforeseen causes, from some sudden blast of fate; and all we would have to do would have been to meet them with such fortitude as we might. But that cumulative taxation which deprives life of all its zest, and stimulus, and makes work, instead of a thing of vivid energy, only a cramped and dull monotony of treadmill routine—that indeed chills the heart; and when once the consciousness has penetrated to the brain of the thinking part of the nation, that this carking trouble is the result of financial extravagance, and a failure, on the part of those responsible, to check that extravagance at the source, it is small wonder that the resentment should be deep, and the thirst for vengeance irrepressible. To that state the great mass of the nation is being reduced, and to these feelings is due the fact that all political aims are instinctively concentrating upon the one imperious demand, that the orgy of extravagance shall cease. Our rulers must learn the lesson which bitter experience has impressed upon the nation, or they must expect the menace of the nation's just anger. In large things and in small there must be rigid and unrelenting thrift. Public officials must be restricted, not according to their own estimates, but to the measure that the nation can afford. Their pay must be regulated by the nation's purse. Schemes of State interference in social problems must be limited to the measure of the nation's solvency. Visionary ideals must no longer be allowed to undermine the substantial basis of the nation's life. We can no longer afford a Labour Department which demands an annual revenue of 20,000,000*l.* for work the utility of which is at best problematical: which busies itself in fussy interference with matters which would be much better left to private bargain, and in which its interference only leads to friction; and which spends a quarter of the 20,000,000*l.* on its own remuneration. We may indulge in futile talk about supporting a Coalition or reviving the old party labels. Such talk seems to yield little practical result. But this at least is sure, that this haphazard extravagance must cease, and that any Government which condones it, or which is too weak to curb it, must receive short shrift at the hands of an indignant nation.

HENRY CRAIK.

THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS AND THE REMEDY

(II)

SINCE I contributed my first article under this heading to the July number of this Review, settlements have been effected in the cotton, coal, engineering, woollen and other industries, and I am happy to say that they have been reached along the lines suggested in that article, namely, by mutual arrangement between employers and employed, and without Government interference. In saying this one must not, of course, forget the 10,000,000*l.* which the mining industry received from the Government, but that, after all, was something due to the miners owing to the way decontrol was brought about, while the real settlement was one based upon wages and hammered out between masters and men.

This is as it should be. Of what practical use can lawyer politicians at Westminster be in such crises to the men who are engaged in industry? I remember but one head of a Government Department who was candid enough to own the truth as to Departmental incapacity to deal with such questions, and that was Sir Albert Stanley (now Lord Ashfield) when at the Board of Trade. Sir Albert frankly stated that it was impossible for politicians to master the intricacies which surrounded some of these disputes, and on one occasion told the two parties to a wages quarrel to get back to their own district and thrash out the matter between themselves.

Had this been done in the cases of cotton and coal, to take but two instances, how much better off we should have been. The disputes would have ended earlier, and in the case of coal, at least, there is good reason for believing that the men would have secured better terms. In my own opinion, the dispute in the cotton trade ought never to have occurred, seeing that the parties already had at their disposal machinery for the regulation of wages according to the state of trade. This scheme, which in the spinning section of the cotton trade had been available for over a dozen years, is one which I have frequently described as being the sequel to the Brooklands Agreement. It is one that could be adapted to all industries, it being conceived on a sound

and equitable basis. Its great feature is that employers and employed have equal rights in ascertaining the earnings of industry, and this obviates those misunderstandings and exaggerated notions of profits which so often lead to trouble between masters and men.

This scheme, which I recommended the Government to apply to all industries at the outbreak of war, would have saved us a world of trouble. It is quite simple in its method of working and can be best illustrated in noting how it is applied to the cotton-spinning industry. Experts not concerned in the spinning of cotton make bi-weekly records which show the gross profit secured by selling yarn and covering the sale by buying raw cotton on the same days, and this gross profit, after the deduction of expenses, gives the net profit upon the whole of the capital employed in the industry. The accuracy of the figures arrived at may be checked by the accountants employed by the employers and operatives by applying them at mutually selected mills and testing them. The scheme, of course, eliminates all speculative buying of cotton, and does not make any distinction between the various kinds of capital, private, share, debenture or loan, seeing that all alike are necessary to run the industry. Such a scheme could have been universally applied and would have given satisfaction all round, but instead of adopting it, with, maybe, some subsidiary system of bonuses which could have been raised or lowered as the cost of living fluctuated, the Government chose to disregard a scheme obviously based on equity and common-sense and took a high-handed course in the settlement of disputes with a total disregard of all business principles and economics.

And what a whirlwind they have reaped as a result of it all! In the place of prudence we have had the recklessness of the spendthrift; instead of wise and careful management we have had 'controls' which have brought the country to the verge of disaster. The taxpayer has had a lesson in state management that will serve him a lifetime, and trade and commerce will feel the effects of departmental extravagance and incapacity for a generation to come.

Whatever justification there may have been during the war for the introduction of the Excess Profits Duty, there was absolutely none for its continuance after the war; indeed it is extremely doubtful whether it was not a mistake introducing it at all. Its working has done more than anything else to enhance the cost of living with all its attendant disadvantages. These excess profits are proving to have been largely the result of the rise in values, and the slump which has followed is causing serious losses which undoubtedly will result in the Government having to refund a large portion of the money collected by the Excess Profits Duty.

One grain of wisdom, perhaps, we may garner from this great harvest of folly. It is that Government interference with industry must in future be sternly discountenanced. Politicians and industry must be kept apart, and employers and employees left to settle their own differences without that sinister influence which is centred in the fortunes of the ballot-box. What we have to aim at is the establishment of such a scheme for the regulation of wages in our industries as that I have outlined. With masters and men formed into strong organisations, there ought to be no difficulty in ensuring discipline—although in cases where three quarters of an industry agree to any line of action in accordance with the rule of the majority it would be a wise provision to have a Government enactment to compel the remaining quarter to fall into line, as was recommended by the Industrial Council in 1912.

At this point it would not be out of place, perhaps, to say that it is utterly foolish for people to imagine that we could get along better had we no trade union organisations to contend with. I am not, and never was, an advocate for 'smashing the unions.' My experience as President of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation and of twenty-one years presiding over numerous conferences of masters and men in connexion with disputes, convinced me that we could not go back to the chaotic state of things which existed before we had collective bargaining. It would not be good for either masters or men; indeed it would be the greatest mistake imaginable to attempt such a thing, even were it possible. During the whole of the period to which I am referring only one general stoppage of the cotton industry relating to a question of wages occurred. Collective bargaining is indispensable nowadays, and no one who has had experience of negotiation would wish to be without it. Granted that the unions are strong and well handled, and the members thoroughly loyal and united, demands can be voiced and agreements made which would be impossible if each employee or master was a law unto himself. Such an industry as the cotton industry owing to its size and complexity could not be carried on at all if the leaders of the big unions could not be called together to settle with the employers the hundred and one points which are constantly cropping up in the industry.

It will be noted, however, that I make a point of the loyalty of the members to their own unions. It is the disloyalty of an extreme, if small, element in our unions which has been responsible for much of the trouble we have had in this country of late, and that this noisy section does more harm than good there can be no doubt whatever. We had a telling case of what I mean in the twenty weeks' struggle which took place in the cotton industry in 1892-3, and we have seen how this indiscipline has affected

the coal dispute of the last few months. In both instances these were prolonged by the action of extremists. In the case of the cotton dispute the terms actually agreed upon were proposed at a conference held six weeks before the actual settlement, but the extremists would not agree to them, and we all know now that the coal strike could have been settled four weeks before it actually was on terms quite as good as those secured—indeed, Mr. Frank Hodges has made the statement that the earlier terms were even more advantageous than those which were accepted in the end.

This forces upon us the conclusion, again, that, had we had in being such a body as the Industrial Council to which I referred in my first article, and which Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, in his letter to me, so highly approved but afterwards so lamentably failed to utilise, the recent disastrous coal strike might never have occurred, or, having occurred, might possibly have been settled in a short space of time, and hundreds of millions of pounds saved to the country. The miners could scarcely have failed to accept the recommendation of so influential and impartial a body, and with the co-operation of the State, extremists could hardly have blocked the way to peace.

Perhaps we shall learn to see things more clearly in time, and meanwhile we must be thankful that something really useful has been achieved in the way of getting the country to work again. Matters have improved considerably recently, and with proper management and harmonious relationship between Capital and Labour there are great prospects in store for the country and the Empire. With practical men managing the affairs of the country instead of theorists, my opinion is, with the world scarcity of goods caused by the war, we ought to have a very prosperous time.

I cannot see, for instance, why there should not be a long era of peace in the coal industry upon which our industrial prosperity absolutely depends. The splendid restraint which has been shown by the miners during the dispute is an augury for good, and is worthy of all admiration. All that is required now is that miners and mine-owners should settle down amicably to carry out their agreements, sparing no efforts in their endeavour to restore the coal industry to its normal conditions. What can be done in the cotton trade can be done in the coal trade, and it has always been a satisfaction to me to recall that during my presidency of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation, whenever settlements of disputes in the industry were reached, the joint agreements were loyally kept by both sides.

Both mineowners and miners have now an incentive, which never existed before, in that the agreement signed by both parties provides for profit-sharing. This, as in the case of the cotton spinners, will no doubt mean a scheme for the regulation of wages

according to the state of trade, with employers and workers enjoying equal rights in ascertaining the profits of industry. Profit-sharing in the coal industry will have a vital effect in increasing the output and reducing the cost, so essential to the prosperity of all our industries. As I have said previously, if we could have such a scheme applied to every industry, and advances to work-people given and accepted as a monetary interest in those industries, we should have taken a long stride towards reaching that goal of peaceful industrialism for which I have striven during the whole of my public career. I need not dwell upon the enormous advantages which would follow the general adoption of such a project as I have outlined: there would be an ever-present stimulus to the worker, a discouragement of strife in every form, and the monetary interest would carry with it the right to a share in the control of industry, and so bring about nationalisation in its best form.

But cheering as the situation is, it would be idle to say as yet that we are out of the wood. We have still unsettled conditions in the greatest of our industries—agriculture, and also in the railways. Unless we can get these matters adjusted the settlements we have reached will be seriously prejudiced. I am glad to observe that Mr. J. H. Thomas is very sanguine as to the outcome for a peaceful settlement so far as the railwaymen are concerned.

It is to be hoped that the men in our transport services will now cease to follow that will-o'-the-wisp of nationalisation which has so misled them during the past few years, and which has proved so disastrous to their interests. Not only Russia, but every other country in the world where the State has been called in to manage matters, has provided us with ample evidence of the futility of expecting any good thing from bureaucracy. It is quite certain that this country need not look to nationalisation for a way out of its troubles, either in the matter of railways, agriculture, or anything else. Whenever nationalisation has been tried it has been a failure. The Swiss are an ingenious and industrious race, but they have not been able to do anything on Communist lines with their railways. Nationalised twenty years ago, the State railways of Switzerland are now in a condition bordering on ruin. A Swiss engineer, in an important article contributed to the *Journal de Genève*, points out that the whole system has proved a huge financial failure. But for having been artificially bolstered up, it would long since have gone into liquidation. The department is overburdened with officials and placemen. For a total mileage of only 2700 kilometres, there are twenty general and departmental managers and six boards of direction, with about 150 members in the total. This state of affairs the writer contrasts with the French example of the Paris, Lyons, and Mar-

seilles Railway, with its mileage of 10,000 kilometres, under the direction of one general manager only. The actual administration of the Swiss railways is put down as a 'miracle of bungling incompetence,' and the army of railwaymen has become such a power in the State that in order to meet their demands rates and charges have to be raised constantly. These fall heavily on the economic life of the country, affecting equally both home and export trade. The writer concludes by saying that no mere palliative can remedy the financial disaster which must inevitably overtake the Federal railways of Switzerland before long.

The nationalising experiments of Australia, again, are notorious for their want of success. Not only has State-owned shipping been a failure, but the same may be said of every other form of State competition in industry. Railways, sheep and cattle stations, trawling, coal mines, and even public-houses, have been the subject of 'experiment' by the Queensland Government, and in every case with unfortunate results to the taxpayer. The annual deficit on the Queensland railways from 1916 to 1919 rose from 504,244*l.* to 1,421,328*l.*, and every mile of the line lost on an average 225*l.* per annum, increased charges notwithstanding. No wonder, then, that when Mr. Theodore, the Queensland Prime Minister, came to London recently for the purpose of raising money, his proposed loan of several millions fell flat, and that there has since been talk of compulsory loans in Queensland.

So far as land is concerned, we have the ghastly spectacle of what 'socialisation' or 'nationalisation' has done for Russia; before the Bolsheviks took hold Russia had wheat and other agricultural produce in abundance to export; immediately Lenin and Trotsky came upon the scene the peasantry began to produce nothing beyond what would cover their own wants, and the people in the towns were brought to the verge of starvation. Having no incentive to produce for the community when all gain had been eliminated, the peasants did as all people do in similar circumstances—they just did enough on their own land to ensure their own sustenance and left the rest of their countrymen to their fate. This callousness on the part of the peasantry, wholly engendered by Communism, whilst it has been the chief means of bringing the two arch-adventurers to their senses, has also resulted in bringing about the appalling famine which threatens to carry off millions of the population. Now we are told that Lenin and Trotsky are anxious to see the capitalist at work again, although they endeavour to throw dust in the eyes of their followers by talking about Capitalism being converted into a special State brand of their own.

One could quote many other instances of how the workers have been deceived into thinking that there is some short cut to wealth.

Enough has, however, been said to show how false is the idea of State appropriation of any industry, and that it is only by patient, ungrudging labour that prosperity and contentment are to be achieved. Those who adopt nationalisation only exchange their free labour for a State serfdom, involving hardships far greater than were ever previously experienced. New Zealand's land policy proved this. John Mackenzie's Land Bill brought every farmer under the Government, but it was soon found that the scheme made a serf of every Crown tenant, and after twenty years it proved such an utter failure that it was completely reversed, the people of the country voting emphatically in favour of its abandonment.

Much of the present unrest is based either on these wild ideas of what nationalisation will bring, or on grossly exaggerated notions of the profits accruing to industry. It would astonish many Labour leaders, and especially the extremists, to see how little is the margin left over after all charges have been met in many of our industries, and how infinitesimal would be the share of each individual if it were distributed among the workpeople. When people talk glibly about 'Labour producing all wealth,' they forget what a large proportion of that wealth Labour gets. In the coal industry the normal amount paid in wages is close upon 80 per cent. of the cost; in cotton about 50 per cent. of the difference between the value of the raw material and the finished manufactures goes to the operatives. Out of the balance left the Capitalist has to meet all the charges of rent, rates, insurance, high taxes, upkeep of machinery, renewal of buildings and plant, increased private and personal demands, while he must set aside reserves to meet periods of depression in business when all the loss involved in keeping his business in working order falls upon him.

Many agitators urge that increased wages should be demanded at every possible opportunity. The effect on the cost of living of such a policy is obvious. The higher wages have to be transferred to the cost of manufacture, and the consumer has to pay, the working-man himself being the ultimate victim of the policy, and the heroic measures advocated for enforcing their demands would inflict suffering upon the whole community of which they themselves form part.

The standard of living of the workers cannot be advanced by this method. Nor can the advances be paid out of the profits of industry: in other words, workers cannot improve their position by impoverishing the employers. The remedy, I contend, is not to be found in making blind attacks upon Capital. It is that in future all advances of wages, beyond what is necessary at the time to compensate the worker for the increased cost of living, should be given and accepted, as I have said, in the form of a monetary

interest in the industry. By this method the workers would attain a position and power they have never yet possessed, and the plan would end nine-tenths of the industrial strife which is sapping our trade foundations.

One aspect of the matter I have not yet touched upon, and yet its importance is second to none; I refer to the fact that we have not yet grasped to the full the value and meaning of the interdependence of industries; indeed, I might go much further and speak of the interdependence of nations as well as industries. It is one of the great universal truths, and one which I have preached in season and out of season in my national and international work for the cotton industry. We all know how necessary it is to 'keep step,' as we say, in the various sections of an industry, but it is not realised that the same unbreakable links exist between all industries, however diverse. Dislocate the cotton industry and you damage innumerable interests—those of the cotton growers in America, India, and Egypt, the transport systems, the machine-makers, and so forth, not to mention the commercial interests connected with the distribution of the raw materials and the products of the spindles and looms, as well as the financial and other interests.

It is this interdependence that we should keep in mind when we come to deal with the settlements in agriculture and the railways. You cannot have an injury done to agriculture without affecting the textile and other manufacturing industries, for it is the people engaged in our towns who take the greater part of the produce of the country; and yet again, of course, the railwayman's own bread and butter is bound up in carrying the produce of the one to the empty cupboard of the other. Yet the people in towns are apt to be indifferent to what happens to agriculture, though agriculture is the greatest of our industries and affects all.

Personally, I have a special interest in this question of agriculture, and worked unceasingly to prevent the recent Agricultural Bill from becoming law. We have had Government control in many undesirable forms, but never has it reached such a pitch of absurdity as in relation to agricultural matters. The idea of attempting to industrialise agriculture on the lines of a business carried on in towns and within the four walls of a factory! It is ridiculous to reduce hours of labour in the country to accord with those in places where manufacturing is carried on, seeing that sunshine and fine weather are not necessary in a factory with closed doors and a good roof. Likewise it is stupid to a degree to saddle the community with corn subsidies on the off-chance that at some date in the distant future we might be again engaged in war.

Some months ago I was responsible for the wide circulation of an article written by a skilled agriculturist in Herefordshire, which threw into bold relief the glaring absurdities of the Agricultural Bill, and no doubt had much effect in bringing about the 'scrapping' of the whole scheme. The article conclusively proved that even if the Bill became law, English agriculture could not economically produce all the food required for the industrial millions of this country, while Imperial, Colonial and foreign interests and exchanges must perforce suffer in order that corn might be cultivated on land at home which was economically unsuitable for the purpose. The Agricultural Bill, he pointed out, might mean the production of more corn here, but only at a greater cost and ruin to the nation. It would be a national weakness, folly and scandal to apply capital and labour to produce something that could be done much cheaper and easier in more favoured climes, and would put out of joint the system that had made us so great a manufacturing nation.

I agree with the views of the expert referred to, and as a general rule I am determinedly against all subsidies. In the case of coal, I admit—as I have said before—that I have been in favour of the giving of the 10,000,000*l.* to the miners, but this was an exceptional case where money was required to compensate for the gross mismanagement of the industry by the Government. I like subsidies as little as I like strikes, and both strikes and lock-outs are methods of barbarism. I have never yet known them to do an atom of good to anyone, while scores of times they have resulted in endless loss to both masters and men and to the whole community. As an example, I may say that if we had gone on in the way we did during the twenty years before the signing of the Brooklands Agreement, we should, instead of being able to point to the great development we have made in cotton manufacture, have lost by this time half the trade of Lancashire, and forfeited our great position as the chief cotton manufacturing country in the world.

While I have dealt at some length with the various factors which have made for unrest and dislocation of industry, I think I ought to say that I am not and never have been a pessimist regarding the future of the country and the Empire. With proper guidance and good statesmanship, England, I feel sure, will yet enjoy a prosperity such as she has never before seen in all her history. But there must be certain broad principles observed if we are to reap the fruits of our efforts. There must be, above all, a permanent industrial peace, and a new spirit of co-operation between Capital and Labour. As the principal promoter of the Industrial Council appointed by the Government in 1911, I considered it my duty during the worst period of the

recent coal strike to get into personal contact with the leaders of both Capital and Labour, and to do everything possible to bring about good relations between the contending parties. The result of my personal interviews and the wide publicity my views obtained in the Press and elsewhere convinced me that I was on right lines, and nothing impressed me more than the evidence I found on every hand of a desire for some instrument of permanent industrial peace. The world is tired of wrangling, and will, I am sure, respond readily to those employers and leaders of the workers who display the necessary wisdom and fair-mindedness.

To secure a lasting peace in industry it is necessary for us to change our policy fundamentally. Let me sum up my own views: I contend that the Government of the country, whatever its politics, should cease to meddle in the internal affairs of industry, confining itself to the development of industry and commerce on general lines and backing the conclusions of the practical men; that industries being interdependent, each should be viewed in its relation to the whole, no set of employers or employed being at liberty to bring about stoppages which would involve others without having exhausted every resource available for a peaceful settlement; that each industry should be managed as a whole; that some such scheme as that in existence among cotton spinners for the regulation of wages according to the state of trade should be applied to all industries; that an industrial court of appeal to which deadlocks in all disputes can be referred should be set up at once on the lines of the Industrial Council of 1911, composed of twenty-six men who hold or have held leading positions in connexion with the organisations representing Capital and Labour controlling the staple industries of the country which embrace three quarters of the whole of our industries; and that the international idea should be developed in industrial organisation with a view to removing inequalities in the standards of wages in accordance with the conditions obtaining in various countries, so as to remove unfair competition for the world's trade.

This may seem a tall order, but I see no insuperable difficulties in carrying out the entire programme, given the necessary goodwill and good faith of everyone concerned. All the items I have named exist already in the embryonic stage, and it remains but to carry them step by step to their desired achievement. We shall have to take the large view if we wish to succeed: it is not by temporary expedients that we can restore prosperity and establish the conditions which will make for a lasting peace.

There must be recognition on both sides of new economic principles, for only by acknowledging the new status of the workers can strikes and lock-outs be made impossible. There

must be, in the new arrangements between master and man, an acceptance of the principle that the workers have won the right to a higher standard of living, a shorter working day, and a share in control: that unemployment should be a charge on industry; and that wages and conditions of work in all countries should be so adjusted that unfair competition, through advantage being taken of the workers, should be avoided. The last-named condition would have seemed impossible of attainment some years ago, but since the war it has become apparent that such calculations can be made with almost scientific accuracy. I do not, therefore, despair of seeing industrial affairs properly and fairly co-ordinated, nationally and internationally.

What I have in mind can be best illustrated by what is happening in the cotton trade. England and America have now agreed upon a 48-hour week, and it is understood that other nations will soon adopt similar hours. There is also a general agreement among cotton-using nations on the question of short time, and before long I hope to see an agreement with regard to wages. Important questions affecting wages, hours of labour, finance, general shortage, high prices, and the relations of Capital and Labour, will have to be faced in earnest all over the world. Many of the subjects I have mentioned are complicated by local and national considerations, but in the main they are common to every country, and could be dealt with on an international basis. It is well known that employers in different countries are often deterred from giving effect to such important proposals as profit-sharing, and other methods of giving workers a monetary interest in an industry, by consideration of the effect it will have elsewhere. In these circumstances, does it not become apparent that we require an international scheme which will take into account the varying conditions in different countries and establish a fair rate of wages, so that there should be no unfair competition for trade?

As examples of practical men working on international lines, I would call attention to two organisations already in being—the International Cotton Federation established in 1904 and the International Institute of Agriculture, established in 1905. In these two organisations we have actually had a League of Nations established during the past sixteen years, and their work has proved conclusively not only how complete is the interdependence of nations, but that in the production of the two prime necessities of life—food and clothing—the nations of the world can work in perfect harmony. I would like also to call attention to the fact that the workers of the world have been organised on an international basis for many years and that at a recent congress in London, delegates representing 27,000,000 workers were present

Let me emphasise, in conclusion, the necessity for all these matters being dealt with by industrial experts and not by politicians. We have at our disposal some of the finest leaders of industry in the world, men of vision, who are eminently capable of undertaking the great work of reconstruction. What the interference of politicians has done has been to set masters and men by the ears in war-time, and then to hamper, harass and restrict recovery when hostilities have come to an end. This interference in regard to agriculture, coal, transport, postal facilities, telephones and in other directions, which should be helpful to trade has been pernicious and retrograde. Instead of giving more and better facilities in order to get all the wheels of industry turning at the earliest possible moment, progress has been clogged at every turn, and methods reintroduced which recall old Corn Law days and the era of the toll-bar.

There is no question as to our future in the hands of our great captains of industry ; they are men capable of restoring our trade and our credit, of bringing us back to our old-time happiness and prosperity, at the same time being not unmindful of the great destiny in store for our beloved country and Empire

CHARLES W. MACARA.

THE SOCIALISATION OF INDUSTRY

For why?—Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

WORDSWORTH, *Rob Roy's Grave*.

'We are all Socialists now,' once exclaimed Sir William Harcourt, and the saying was considered startling by people who had failed to recognise that, in the scientific sense of the term, we have all of us to a great extent always been Socialists. We have practised Socialism without knowing it, as M. Jourdain talked prose, for we have recognised that many matters must, in the common interest, be regulated by a central authority, i.e. the state. The dispute has been as to the number and nature of these activities. Defence against foreign aggression and maintenance of order within the realm, of the King's Peace, in the words of the jurists, have at all times been regarded as the business of the Government, but during the nineteenth century manufacture was considered as emphatically a non-Socialistic affair. This view however was by no means always taken during our history, and even during the nineteenth century industry was regulated to some extent, necessarily on Socialist lines.

In the matter of communications, the line between Socialism and Individualism was very finely drawn. Roads were Socialist, railways and shipping Individualist. But the Socialism of the roads was watered down by their being assigned to counties and districts, while the Individualism of the great railway companies was almost confined to their ownership, management, and competition with each other. Apart from that they were administered by their proprietors, largely on the lines of a Government department, their charges and area were defined by Act of Parliament, and recently their wages-scale has been decided for them by governmental authority.

In fact throughout the ages and in all countries the pendulum representing the state has swung within the arch of which one side is inscribed Individualism and the other Socialism. The most consistent Individualist of whom we have record was Rob Roy. On the other hand as a leading exponent of the Socialistic

school of thought we might suggest Henri Quatre of France, whose policy was directed to enabling every French peasant to have a fowl in the pot on Sunday. And this policy was also that of his immediate successors and advisers, of Sully, of Colbert, and of the two great Cardinals.

In England we had the philosopher Hobbes with his *Leviathan*, and in the time of the early Tudors and Plantagenets we pursued a policy largely Socialistic, viz. the feudal system. The Civil Wars and the Revolution of 1688 indicated the swing of the pendulum towards Individualism, and it continued so to swing up to the middle of the nineteenth century. The great French Revolution showed a similar tendency on the Continent.

We are now quite obviously entering on a new epoch. The pendulum is clearly pointing towards Socialism. But we do not yet know how far it will swing in that direction, nor have we generally made up our minds whether it is better to accentuate, or endeavour to arrest its movement. To drop metaphor, our industries, organised in accordance with nineteenth-century doctrine on a strictly Individualist basis, are everywhere disintegrating and breaking down. The state sees itself menaced by the failure of its communications; of other essential services such as lighting; by the flooding of its mines, and the withdrawal of the cheap coal on which its existence as a commercial community depends. This on the top of unprecedented and unbearable taxation, and all the incidental losses of a Great War.

If the present disorganisation of production and of all business dependent on production continues, the state, as we know it, is inevitably doomed. We shall decline by ways the mind hardly dares envisage to the condition of a small agricultural community.

But every living organism defends itself when attacked. Our state is being attacked. If it has life in it, it will react to the danger. If our industries, organised on an Individualistic basis, are floundering and deliquescing on all sides, may they not be reorganised on a Socialistic basis so as to provide for a period of reasonable security and prosperity? If under dynamic conditions we have failed to live and prosper, can we not make a spring to safety by reverting to conditions which are static?

It behoves us to do what we can, for the permanent discontent, felt by the whole of our working classes with the conditions of industry as actually organised, is the reef whereon our ship of State is at present shattering itself to pieces. The bedrock reason for their discontent may be summed up in five words: *Low wages and uncertain employment*. Raise their wages or, let us say, maintain them at the present standards as fixed during the years of the Great War; remove simultaneously the fear of unemployment, and strikes will cease forthwith, the wheels of

industry will again go round obediently, purchasing power and effective demand will revive, and all will be well with the community.

We now come to the point at issue between the Socialist and the Individualist. The latter asserts roundly that beyond providing doles to assist the out-of-works the state can do practically nothing. Slack years must alternate with boom years, bad trade with good. During the good years of the boom there will be plenty of work for everyone and wages will rise to satisfactory figures, but when the slack time comes wages must necessarily be reduced and great numbers of the workers will fail to find employment. To his mind it is a natural process like the alternation between winter and summer and as little to be controlled by human effort. It is the object of this article to show that this view is erroneous; that by the Socialisation of industry the alternations of good and bad years can to a very large extent be controlled, and a steady level of prosperity maintained; that the full granaries of the boom years can, as in the time of Joseph in Egypt, be utilised to tide workers and nation over the slack.

To understand how this can be, let us investigate the course of a boom period as affecting (A) employers, (B) employed. We will take an example from the woollen trade.

Let it be supposed that in a normal average year a yard of a particular kind of cloth costs 6s. to make, and the costs of production are distributed as follows: Wages, 3s.; owner's profit, exclusive of interest on capital, 3d. All other expenses, i.e. cost of raw material, marketing etc., maintenance of mill, and interest on capital, 2s. 9d.¹

Let it be also supposed that the daily production of each individual workman averages out at 3 yards of cloth, that he therefore earns 9s. per day, or say 2l. 10s. a week, while the owner's profit, or royalty on the total number of yards sold, amounts to 2000l. a year, which latter sum constitutes his wages of superintendence, or the cost of direction, in addition to the interest he receives on his capital.

Let it now be further supposed that some increase of effective demand for this particular kind of cloth enables the mill-owner to sell it at 9s. the yard instead of at 6s. In the first instance there will be, during some little time—say in this case six months

¹ These figures and those that follow, are used for the purpose of illustration only. From a scientific point of view it would be better to employ algebraical symbols x and y , but these would be less easy or agreeable for the general reader to follow. While representing accurately the general effect of the alternation between years that are normal boom, and slack, I do not intend to convey that in the woollen or any other industry wages represent *exactly* one half of the costs of production, or that the employer's profit, or royalty on each yard of cloth, is *exactly* 1d. to the workman's 1s.

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Let it be also supposed that the daily production of each individual workman averages out at 3 yards of cloth, that he therefore earns 9s. per day, or say 2l. 10s. a week, while the owner's profit, or royalty on the total number of yards sold, amounts to 2000l. a year, which latter sum constitutes his wages of superintendence, or the cost of direction, in addition to the interest he receives on his capital.

Let it now be further supposed that some increase of effective demand for this particular kind of cloth enables the mill-owner to sell it at 9s. the yard instead of at 6s. In the first instance there will be, during some little time—say in this case six months

¹ These figures and those that follow, are used for the purpose of illustration only. From a scientific point of view it would be better to employ algebraical symbols x and y , but these would be less easy or agreeable for the general reader to follow. While representing accurately the general effect of the alternation between years that are normal boom, and slack, I do not intend to convey that in the woollen or any other industry wages represent *exactly* one half of the costs of production, or that the employer's profit, or royalty on each yard of cloth, is *exactly* 1d. to the workman's 1s.

—uncertainty whether this rise in the price of the cloth is accidental and temporary or likely to continue and increase. Until this question is determined, and until the stocks of raw material in the manufacturer's hands are exhausted, the costs of production will not be affected, and we have what, for the purposes of this article, I will call an Unacknowledged Boom. If however the increased demand for the cloth continues it will lead to an increased demand for the wool, dyestuffs etc. entering into its manufacture. Their price will rise in turn. The boom going on, existing mills will be enlarged and will employ more looms. New mills will be built. There will result an increased demand for labour, and wages will rise. But the price of the cloth will not remain at the Unacknowledged Boom figure referred to. The circumstances supposed above imply a steady and increasing demand considerably in excess of the capacity of existing mills to supply, and this involves in turn a steady increase in the price of the cloth, which we will suppose rises to 18s. the yard. We have now the Acknowledged Boom in full swing.

Let us consider the effects of these happenings on A. and B. respectively.

During the period of the Unacknowledged Boom there has been no increase of expenditure on either wages or raw materials, therefore B., the employed cloth-makers, are not affected at all, but A. the employer is affected most materially. His cloth costs him the same to make, but he sells it at a much higher figure, and on each yard sold, instead of reckoning 3s. wages, 2s. 9d. cost of raw material etc., and 3d. royalty, he now reckons 3s. wages, 2s. 9d. cost of raw material, and 3s. 3d. royalty. That is to say, the owner's wages of superintendence are thirteen times as much as before the boom. If his income from this source for six months was formerly 1000*l.* it is now 13,000*l.* If he chooses to live as before, he can invest 12,000*l.* at 5 per cent. to bring him in an income of 600*l.* a year: 60 per cent. of his half-yearly wages of superintendence is henceforward assured to him for ever, and for it he need do no further work. Probably, in practice, he uses this money, or some of it, to enlarge his mill and extend his business. But he is under no obligation to do so, while if he does do so he, as will be shown, immensely increases his ultimate takings. And meantime his employed workpeople have taken nothing. Rob Roy, having had the power, has taken everything. Such are the results of Rob Roy's economic principles, sanctified by law and custom, and applied to industry.

We now pass to the period of the Acknowledged Boom, which we will assume to last two years. Let it be supposed that, the price of cloth having trebled, the price of raw material has doubled,

and that wages have also doubled. Let us confine our attention to wages: (a) the wages of superintendence, i.e. the share of the owner; (b) the share of the workpeople.

Out of our yard of cloth costing 18s. the workman now receives 6s., equal to 18s. a day, or say 5*l.* a week. His recklessness in spending this increase of income is usually a source of grief and tears to the orthodox economist. As some slight concession to the orthodox economist's feelings we will suppose that the employer exercises equal recklessness—that he spends out of the profits of his mill 1000*l.* a year instead of 2000*l.* Allowing for the doubled cost of production he now draws to himself, as his royalty on each yard of cloth produced, 6s. 6*d.* instead of his original 3*d.* His share has now increased to 26 times his original wage of 2000*l.* a year. During the two years of the boom he will receive 104,000*l.* We agreed that he should increase his expenditure *pari passu* with that of his workpeople, so he now spends 8000*l.* He still, with the 12,000*l.* previously earned, has considerably upwards of 100,000*l.* to invest. If his original 12,000*l.* was put into increasing his premises he may very well have twice as much.

Rob Roy can now retire. Booms and Slumps no longer matter to him. He can make a bonfire of his mill if he likes to celebrate his retirement, but more probably he turns it into a Limited Company and disposes of it to a confiding public on the basis of his boom-year profits. He can enjoy without working for it an income of anything between five and fifteen thousand a year, say four to five times the amount of his original wages of superintendence.

But what of B.? What of his employees, how much have they been able to keep, as a provision against the inevitable slump? For it is indeed a condition of our present system of industry that the slump should follow the boom as inevitably as winter follows summer. This is the necessary consequence of overproduction. When fortunes are to be made out of manufacture there is naturally a rush to share the bonanza profits, and a race ensues to get in and out in time, and the Devil takes the hindmost.

So now our market is glutted, demand ceases, and the slump begins. Since the cloth can no longer be sold the mill runs on short time, or closes down altogether. During the boom both employer and employed increased their expenditure proportionally. Both probably spent a certain amount on luxuries. He perhaps bought a motor car, they perhaps pianos. The difference is that while he can go on buying motor cars indefinitely, more motor cars than ever, metaphorically speaking, they must sell their pianos for bread, and this poor resource being

soon exhausted find themselves faced with starvation and the workhouse. And while their late employer revels in country houses, grouse moors, and other luxuries of the new rich, they see their children starving round them. Naturally the contrast strikes them as unfair. Naturally they are discontented. Their deep inarticulate discontent is wrecking British industry, and if a remedy cannot be found will wreck the British Empire. There can be no effectual remedy except on the lines of Socialisation of industry.

Consider what would have happened if the mill had been a Government concern with a Government-appointed manager drawing a salary of 2000*l.* a year in the place of the owner. We may even grant our manager bonuses in the good years of the industry that will double his income.

Let us take, on the basis of the figures given, the profits of this particular mill during the boom at 150,000*l.*, a most conservative estimate. The original wages bill of the mill, in a normal year, was 24,000*l.* During the boom wages were doubled and amounted to 48,000*l.* During the slump, we will suppose that the mill was shut down and no wages paid at all. But had the 150,000*l.* of profit been available as a reserve for wages, the mill need never have shut down, and even at the higher rate wages could have been paid for three years although not a single yard of cloth had been sold. But such cloth would have been continuously produced, there would have accumulated great stores in the Government warehouses attached to the mill, available to meet the demand when the markets ceased to be glutted.

In practice, if industry generally were run on these lines these reserves would result in such a steadying of the market, production and demand would be so harmoniously regularised, that exaggerated booms and slumps would be a thing of the past. In that case the consumer would benefit by being able at all times to purchase cloth at a reasonable price. But if the alternation of booms and slumps did continue, what he lost as a consumer he would get back as a taxpayer, for after satisfying all legitimate demands of the workpeople there would be left out of the profits of the boom a large margin to be devoted to the liquidation of the National Debt, or other national purpose. All that would be wanted would be a Government guarantee and the appointment of a Government manager. The guarantee would cost nothing, for it is presumed that the mill-owner gets interest on his money invested in addition to the wages of superintendence. Moreover, in the case of such a mill as has been suggested, the freehold value of the business could have been paid for over and over again out of profits.

It is the incredible inflation of the wages of superintendence during the boom year that sucks all the life-blood out of industry and leaves it anaemic and helpless to face the inevitable slump. Let the state become owner, and these wages of superintendence will be earmarked in the first instance for the needs of the industrials concerned, and when these have been fairly met, available for public purposes generally. In the case of one particular mill we should be the poorer for such amusement as we might derive from witnessing the antics of one *nouveau riche*, but we should be the richer for out-of-work pay saved over nearly 10,000 work-people and their dependents, who instead of rotting in idleness would be happily and profitably employed at a rate of wage satisfactory to themselves. We should also be the richer for the cloth they produced. And since the community has now to support the unemployed the community is obviously entitled to have a say in the matter.

But it may be argued that all this is purely theoretical and has no bearing on practical politics, since it is impossible, even if desirable, suddenly to alter our entire system of production. This of course is so, nevertheless it is only by the study of an A. B. case, such as that put forward for the purpose of illustration, that we can arrive at the principles which must guide us when we come to deal with matters of practical politics.

There are at present two burning questions—two Sphinx's riddles they may be called—set the British public for solution, viz. the coal strike and the unemployment problem. Space does not permit me, on the present occasion, to deal with both. I will confine myself to the question of the miners. Their case seems to me to have been very badly put before the public. Nobody seemed to understand it. Nobody, with the honourable exception of *The Times* newspaper, seems to have even tried to understand it. Yet if the principle be conceded that the industrial profits of boom years ought, in justice, to be earmarked for the maintenance, during a slump, of the workers concerned, then the miners' demands will appear to have been most moderate.

They made two claims: first, that as the community had benefited by boom profits amounting, as they believed, to 750,000,000*l.* during the fat years, 100,000,000*l.* should be restored to the industry to enable it to carry on with over the slack times. This was represented as asking for a subsidy. It is nothing of the sort. Miners or any other workers have an absolute right to live by the proceeds of their industry, whether in bad years or good, since their exertions are indispensable to its continued existence. After all they cannot, as in a Wellsian romance, be put to sleep until the wheels of trade have swung back from slack to boom.

And if the concession of their claim were demanded by justice it was at least equally dictated by expediency. Had we seen fit to concede it we should have secured two years peaceful production, and long before the end of that period was reached the assistance asked for, viz. 1,000,000*l.* a week, would no longer have been required, owing to revival of business. As a result of our refusal to recognise a just claim we have, according to official estimates, lost as a Government exactly the sum in dispute, viz. 100,000,000*l.* in revenue. As to the losses of private individuals, including those of the miners themselves, and of traders generally, they are incalculable.

The miners' second claim, fairly considered, will be seen to be equally reasonable. They ask that with a view to controlling the excessive oscillations to which their trade is peculiarly liable, a national fund should be created to serve, so to speak, as a fly-wheel and exert a steadying influence. It has been shown that the suffering caused by these oscillations of industry falls almost exclusively on the workers, and it must be noted that the mining industry, as compared with almost any other, is at a disadvantage, in so far that—whereas in the woollen manufacture, for example, variations occur in time only, as between year and year—in the mining industry, besides the variations in time, you have considerable variations in place. At any given time every properly conducted woollen mill might, subject to minor local differences, pay very much the same wages. This is not the case with mines. Besides boom years and slack years affecting the industry generally you have, as Sir William Beveridge pointed out in an illuminating letter to *The Times*, local booms and slacks, affecting a particular district, i.e. South Wales or Yorkshire. You also have mines which under the most efficient management cannot pay adequate wages because of the difficulty of extracting the coal. It may be argued that these should be closed down. Yes, but if you do that you diminish *pro tanto* the total amount of coal brought to the surface. We do not raise any too much as it is. If we raise less the price of the coal we do raise will increase. This will no doubt increase the profits of the better mines, but the community in general will suffer, and suffer greatly, in consequence.

It is therefore clear that this proposal of a National Pool is entirely in the interest of the community as well as of the industry, and, we may add, of industrial peace. It is in no way incompatible with the closing down of unprofitable mines, in fact it implies the necessity of so doing. But it also implies that this action be taken as the result of long views affecting the industry generally, and not in a hurry of panic following on a local or temporary slump. It is the more necessary to move

with caution in this matter because a mine once closed down cannot be reopened, except at vast expense.

It would further be the duty of the Trustees of the National Pool to deal with all other means of increasing production, e.g. by the introduction of improved machinery, and the public would benefit accordingly.

The conclusion submitted is that it will be useless, during the times that are coming, to attempt to meet the arguments of our industrial workers with a flat *non possumus*. They demand definitely better and more secure conditions of life, and these can be provided only in one way, by the state regulation of industry and interception of excessive profit. It is no good our saying that we cannot and will not socialise our industries.

If I may be permitted to enliven a dry subject with a quotation from that immortal work of humour *In the Wrong Box*, when Michael the lawyer and Pitman the artist were on their way to Gideon Forsyth's chambers, where they meant to deposit the piano containing the body, Michael tells Pitman he must invent some story to account for their arrival, and get Gideon away. 'But I can't invent, I never could invent,' exclaims the nervous little artist. Michael answers him: '*You'll find you're got to, my boy*'

ARTHUR S. HERBERT.

THE CHILD OF THE UNMARRIED MOTHER

THE fundamental idea upon which the new movement for the assistance of the unmarried mother rests is the need of protecting her child. It is an assertion of the child's right to be saved, as far as this is possible, from paying the penalty of its illegitimate parentage. The claim of the child overrides all other considerations.

Never has child-life been so precious as it is to-day. War has acted in a terribly effective way in dealing not only with men, but with their problems. We have learnt new and sharp lessons. The immense loss of life and of the powers of life in the war first forced us to consider the necessity of preserving the new generation even to its last and meanest members. England could afford no longer to be wasteful of the lives of little children. At last the movements to improve the conditions and protect those children whose parents have not married each other, for which many of us have struggled for long years in vain, have received new impetus. And it is well. What humanity has been powerless to do, war seems likely to accomplish.

If we take an entirely practical view of the position certain grave dangers must become evident. The births registered in 1919¹ include 41,876 illegitimate births, an increase of 424 upon the numbers of 1918. In one year nearly 42,000 children born out of wedlock in this land of ours. Try to realise what these figures mean. In the course of a single generation of twenty-five years one million shame-branded little ones are born—branded because their parents have acted illegitimately.

The exact figures for England and Wales during the past five years are as follows.

Year	Total Births	Legitimate	Illegitimate
1914	879,096	841,767	37,329
1915	814,614	778,369	36,245
1916	785,520	747,831	37,689
1917	668,346	631,336	37,010
1918	662,661	621,209	41,452
1919	692,438	650,562	41,876

¹ The last years for which the complete figures have been published

Year	Illegitimate Births in Proportion to Total Births				In proportion to the Unmarried and Widows and Female Population Aged 15-45			
	1st Quarter	2nd Quarter	3rd Quarter	4th Quarter	1st Quarter	2nd Quarter	3rd Quarter	4th Quarter
1915	42	44	41	42	7.8	8.3	7.7	7.2
1916	46	48	43	42	8.5	8.0	6.9	6.3
1917	48	48	49	47	7.6	8.1	7.7	7.0
1918	54	55	57	57	7.8	7.7	7.6	8.9
1919	70	68	65	46	8.2	8.1	9.0	8.1
1920	44	49 ²	—	—	9.6	9.7	—	—

Do not fail to note that the illegitimate birth-rate, which for some years before 1915 had remained approximately stationary, is now steadily increasing. Nor do these statistics show the full extent of the evil. In England, unfortunately, still-born births need not be registered; were they recorded, the illegitimate birth-rate would be much higher than these figures show. In those countries where the records are kept, the number of still-born, illegitimate births is always very high—sometimes twice as high as it is for children born under the protection of marriage.

And what has been the result of what we have done, or rather, of what we have left undone? Everywhere we find an unusually high infant mortality among illegitimate children: 20 per cent die before one year. The death-rate among illegitimate children is at least *twice* as great as that of the legitimate; indeed, when all allowances are made it is probably much higher. *At least two unprotected children die for each protected child.*

The mortality among unmarried mothers is proportionately great; a fact of special importance, seeing that when a mother dies in child-bed no claim for a maintenance order for the child's upbringing can be made by any other person. Again, we are compelled to note the cruel inadequacy of our laws to protect these children.

But I have no wish to weary my readers with the pitiful details of the wrongs suffered by these innocent victims of their parents' want of control. The facts do not allow of any exaggeration, they are saddening and horrible enough in themselves. Who can doubt the greatness of the evil that has been, and still is, going on? I could add many more facts at least equally as impressive as the few I have given, all witnessing to a pitiful neglect of our duty. I have said nothing of the damage-rate, moral and physical, among the children who survive, for that is a misery-rate beyond all human calculation. No statistics can do more than shadow the extent of the evil, motherhood brought to despair—child-murders that fortunately remain hidden; the

² Provisional figures.

secret abortions, the concealed births, the still-born children who might have been born alive.

The practical aspects of the question are indeed serious. And for this reason alone the altering of our antiquated and cruel bastardy laws has become a necessity. We cannot go on in the old ways of neglect. Punishment and indifference as applied to this problem have not worked well. They have led to an amount of appalling suffering among innocent children, which cannot be tolerated now that we have come to know and think about it. Everyone is agreed about this. There is a wide measure of unanimity also as to main principles, in regard to what ought to be done, though there is still considerable difference of opinion as to the details. What is agreed by all is that the bastardy laws must be amended so as (1) to protect the child, (2) to help the mother, (3) to fasten responsibility on the father; what there is disagreement upon is the best way in which this threefold object may be obtained.

Last year (May 1920) Mr. Neville Chamberlain, acting for the National Council for the better care of the unmarried mother and her child, brought forward a most admirable Bill, whose simple but revolutionary intention was to give each illegitimately born child two parents instead of one. Unfortunately, the original Bill underwent so much modification in its progress through Committee that its sponsors could hardly recognise it.

Great opposition was shown to some of the proposals, in particular to the attempt made by the Bill to get paternity settled at the earliest moment, and in the surest way. To do this it was proposed to make it compulsory for the mother, or other person who registered the birth of the child, to give the name of the alleged father to the registrar, so that steps could at once be taken, if paternity was established, to secure provision for the child. It was held, in particular by women, that this compulsory divulgence of the father's name was an unjustifiable interference with the mother's rights. But the evil of the old system is that the child's right to maintenance from its father is made dependent on the caprice of the mother. She may, and often does, wish to shield the man; but this is wronging the child. It ought not to be by any caprice, but by justice, that the relationship of the child to its father should be decided, if we are to consider national welfare. The child will become a future citizen, and it is not good for the State to permit its father to neglect it.

Provision was further made to protect the child by placing all illegitimately born children for guardianship as Wards of Court under the Children's Act 1902. Objection was also taken to this clause.

It was, perhaps, too much to hope that a Bill so moral and so drastic could find acceptance. Even the modest Bill into which the original Bill shrank, after passing the Committee stage, was thrust aside and, for want of time, no further steps were taken. Had it passed in its original form it would undoubtedly have been the most rational and thorough-going attack on irresponsible parenthood that has ever been attempted in this country.

This year a new Bill has been brought forward by Captain Bowyer, framed on the uncontested clauses of Mr. Chamberlain's Bill. It has passed both readings in the House of Commons without opposition, and has emerged through the Committee stage with little alteration, except in its title. The unjust and hateful term of 'bastard' has been discarded. And the new title, 'Children of Unmarried Parents Bill,' shows, as perhaps nothing else could, the change that is slowly, but certainly, taking place in public opinion.

The main provisions of the Bill will, if it passes into law, do away with two of the greatest evils under which the illegitimately born child suffers. To be born illegitimate in this country is to be illegitimate for ever. In Scotland this injustice is not found. There (as also in any other civilised land except our own) the child becomes legitimised by the simple and natural process of the mother marrying the father. Everyone must be in agreement with Clause V. of the new Bill, which proposes to end this cruelty of our law. By it, in future the marriage of the parents of all illegitimately born children will automatically legitimise them, whether born before or after the passing of the Act. Proposals are further made for the inheritance of property from either of the parents, with certain limitations, by all children so legitimised.

Clause III of the Bill increases the maximum weekly sum that can be claimed from the father until the child is sixteen from 10s. to 40s. This is not too high a maximum payment, if a maximum is to be fixed at all. Personally, I should prefer a minimum to be assigned, beneath which the payments could not fall, and to leave the maximum to be decided, as it is in Norway, by the income and social position of both parents.

The Bill also provides wider facilities for the appointment of the urgently necessary intermediary between the mother and the father, by making it permissible to delegate to some authorised person the duty of collecting the weekly payments from the father, in those districts where a Collecting Officer has not been appointed for this purpose.

While I write, the fate of the Bill is still uncertain. Unfortunately, we know that these useful Bills, to reform evils which lie outside the experience of large numbers of people, have few

natural friends. Too often they perish because of the caution and inertia of the average statesman, killed by one of those methods which Parliament can always find for destroying a troublesome Bill without anyone being to blame; somehow the time when it should have passed through its final stage is otherwise occupied.

It is certain that something will have to be done. The evil is increasing, and the public conscience is increasingly troubled at the sacrifice of innocent children. The position of the unmarried mothers, always sufficiently bad, has become much worse under conditions which have arisen since the war. For one thing, the supply of foster-mothers has diminished everywhere, especially in London and the larger cities. Even where women suitable for this purpose are still available, the weekly sum asked for the child's keep is so high that, in spite of wages being higher than in pre-war days, few mothers can afford to pay it and live decently themselves.

The helplessness of the majority of these mothers is very great. They are not as a rule the quickest, brightest, healthiest girls. Some are feeble-minded, or verging on the feeble-minded. Many are of poor physique and untrained, and thus are low wage-earners. Almost always it is an absolute impossibility for such mothers, unassisted, to place their children in proper conditions for their upbringing. Few of the girls have relations or friends able and willing to help them. They are faced with the hopeless task of finding someone to look after the baby. In such circumstances, the child is regarded as a burden so heavy it must be cast off. The bitter cry of these driven mothers is: 'Help me to get rid of my baby!' 'Help me to get rid of my baby!'

Here is one case that recently has come to my notice. A young mother gave birth to a healthy and bonny baby. She did not know the name of the father and she could claim no allowance. She was fortunate, however, and obtained a situation as general servant, where she was allowed to have her baby with her. But the place was a hard one; she was unable to give attention to the baby, and, shut up in a bedroom for the greater part of the day, it pined and failed. The mother was advised to take the child to the Infirmary, but the child could not be taken in unless the mother too went in. This would entail the loss of her situation; therefore nothing was done. The baby stayed in the bedroom; in a few days it was dead.

We need not be surprised at the high death-rate among illegitimately born children. Appalling are the risks that await them. At birth they are quite as hardy as legitimate children; they would even seem to be born stronger, since they die, unlike the legitimate, more frequently in the second month than in the first, and

more frequently in the third month than in the second month. Three times as many among the illegitimates die before reaching adolescence as compared with protected children who have a father and a home. It is overwhelmingly evident that the high death-rate among these unprotected children is caused by defective nutrition, bad home conditions, and want of sufficient care. In other words, these children die of our neglect. For the sin of their deaths rests upon each and all of us, until we rise up and refuse to accept conditions that permit children to be born only to die.

We have demanded too much from the unmarried mother. The case I have given is in no way exceptional: it is just a single instance of a child's unnecessary death among tens of thousands of cases that remain hidden. Investigation reveals case after case of infants having been absolutely done to death by dirt, cruelties, and neglect that ought not to be permitted. As a rule, the mother is very young, often she is irresponsible and characterless—incapable, without guidance, of so difficult a duty as the upbringing of the poor little creature she has helped so greatly to wrong by its very birth.

But this is not to say that such mothers must be left unhelped and be punished: rather is it the more necessary that they should be supported, helped and guided, just because of, and in proportion to, their weakness, for this is the only way of salvation for the child. Society has dealt harshly in the past with these unhonoured girl-mothers, heedless that by so doing it penalises their children, and in this way injures itself. Is it not obvious, then, that unless we are content for the waste of child-life to go on, and that things should remain as they are, we must put the position of all illegitimately born children on some more secure and stronger basis than it is at the present time? We have placed a burden on the one parent that she cannot bear, with the certain result, in uncounted cases, of the loss to society of the child. Now, the life of the child is of universal importance, and ought not to be left in the sole power of the mother: it should be a matter of our collective concern.

This truth is what I want to drive home with all the power that I have. Feeble tinkering with this question are extreme foolishness. Admirable as are the many voluntary and charitable agencies, they are quite inadequate to meet to-day's needs. Co-ordinated work has become imperative, if the difficulties are to be met. In almost every case of illegitimacy, the mother is in need of some assistance and the interests of each illegitimate infant must be carefully watched. The state should become the guardian or over-parent of these worse than orphaned little ones. This is a national, not a private, work.

The first practical duty—and it is a duty that cannot wait—is the provision of more hostels or homes for mothers and babies, to which day nurseries are attached, where the mothers can live with their babies for at least two years, and go out to work. The advantage of such homes is too obvious to need dwelling on; indeed, the saving of the child and the redemption of the mother depend alike on the possibility of both living a normal life. There should be a hostel in every town. One good will be that the hostel makes it possible for mothers to nurse their babies and thus give them the best physical start in life, while, at the same time (an advantage of even more vital importance) mother and child will be living under supervision, so that there will be much less chance of a mother of unstable character doing hurt to her child. No mother ought to be able to regard the child as 'her property,' to do with what she likes.

There are, however, mothers suffering from such moral, mental, or physical defects as should prevent them being with their babies. For these mothers, special reformatory homes will be needed, while for their children, small homes, foster-mothers or adopting parents must be found. In these unfortunate cases, the only safeguard is to keep the child wholly out of the mother's power. Maternity homes, in connexion with which there should be waiting homes for expectant mothers, must also be provided. This would ensure specialised medical and preventive treatment being given in all cases where it was needed. Many of these mothers suffer from syphilis. If they can be treated in the early months of their pregnancy, their children can be saved and born healthy.⁴

Already a National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child has been formed, as a result of the conference held at the Mansion House on February 14, 1918. The Council is composed of representatives appointed by public authorities, as well as representatives of national voluntary organisations, and to these are added individual members. In this way, the co-ordination of efforts so greatly needed is gained. Much admirable work has been done, especially in educating public opinion.

The right of the illegitimately born child to special protection by the state is being more and more recognised by all progressive countries. Norway, in particular, in its law concerning children whose parents have not married each other, has provided an excellent example of what can be done. Great Britain, even if the present Bill passes into law, will still lag behind. It will

⁴ Forty-six mothers treated for syphilis at the London Hospital have all given birth to normal children. This encouraging fact was told by Dr Sequerra, to a meeting at the Guildhall January 1919, held by the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child.

not be for long. A new sense of our responsibility—a responsibility not to punish sin, but to prevent sin—is surely dawning in our social conscience. And as soon as we understand this, we must hasten to reform our inhuman laws.

As regards suggestions for further amending the law, I propose to point out some of the most obvious needs, without attempting to touch on more fundamental changes, which, even if held to be advisable, would certainly be difficult of attainment in this country. Almost everyone will be in agreement, I think, with the following reforms :

(1) There should be no maximum amount (though a minimum, as I have stated, would be advisable) in the maintenance order, which should be fixed according to the financial position of the parents. The payments of the weekly amount awarded should in all cases begin from the date of the child's birth. The age of support should be raised from sixteen to eighteen years, while the alimony paid ought to include the cost of training the child to earn its own living. If it should be physically or mentally deficient, so as to be unable to support itself, the father should continue his aid for its life. A further charge should be made on the father for the support of the mother for a period certainly not less than one month before, and three months after, the birth of the child.

These liabilities should be met by each man who heedlessly becomes a father. Nothing will so effectively check irresponsible parenthood as a strict enforcement of responsible conduct. The law cannot, however, ensure good behaviour.

(2) Therefore, failing the enforcement of payments by the father, as well as in all cases in which paternity cannot be established, the state should help necessitous mothers and provide for the upbringing and training of the child in hostels with the mother or with foster-parents.

The stigma attaching to the fatherhood of all illegitimate children is, at present, a direct cause of the neglect of his duties by the father. He may be willing to do his duty, but not if it involves the ruin of his entire career.

Personally I would plead that not only the parents who afterwards marry shall give to their children the protection of lawful union, but that any man, whose affections turn to his offspring, should be empowered by declaration to make his lovechild his own, giving to it his name and the sanction of the law.

This opportunity for right conduct once given by the law, I believe many men would voluntarily take the right course and gladly acknowledge their illegitimate fatherhood.

(3) Another hardship to the illegitimate child arises from its having no rights of inheritance from either parent. The child should inherit, at least from its mother, on her dying intestate, as if it were legitimate. While this might not affect very many cases, it would raise the status of illegitimates and give them legal relations.

(4) In view of the large number of illegitimate children at present being adopted, it is urgently necessary that the principle of adoption be recognised by the law. There is hope that this much-needed reform will be undertaken; since the Committee on Child Adoption issued its report, considerable attention has been given to the question. It is felt that the time has come when adoption must be legalised. Until this is done, there is no kind of safeguard for the adopted child.

There is much more in our laws that ought to be reformed. We shall still be far behind Norway. But the carrying out of even these simple measures will lead us a great step forward. Amendments of the law, however, will not alone suffice to meet the needs if these children are to be saved. Even more indispensable is the appointment of some responsible local authority to see that the best means are being taken (even under the existing laws) for the welfare of every child illegitimately born in the district. This should be done at once: it ought not to be difficult.

I would suggest that in every town and rural district a guardian should be appointed in addition to the Collecting Officer (preferably a woman), either paid or voluntary, but officially appointed, whose duty it would be (1) to help the mother before and after the birth of the child; (2) to seek out the father and urge a voluntary acknowledgment of paternity, and, when this cannot be gained, to see that the law is rightly administered; (3) to watch over the interests of the child and as far as possible protect it from any injustice, either from its father or its mother, or from foster-parents. The kind of help given would have to be varied and must be made suitable to each individual case. Regular visitation of every illegitimate child until the age of sixteen would be undertaken, whether living with its mother, alone, or in hostels, or boarded-out with foster-parents or permanently adopted. I would suggest also that there should be placed over these visiting guardians a Government-appointed, permanent, highly salaried official—a kind of over-guardian or consultant, who would supervise the work of the ordinary guardians in difficult cases or advise as to the best methods of carrying out the existing laws. This high official ought, in my opinion, to be a woman.

Such a scheme as I have outlined (briefly and, I know, inadequately) would achieve the threefold object (1) of helping the mother; (2) of safeguarding the child; (3) of fastening proper responsibility on the father. If wisely administered by guardians acting with sympathy and understanding, it could hardly fail to achieve the desired result of protecting the child. Every illegitimately born child would be placed under authorised oversight.

As a preliminary step, and pending legislation, it would be an excellent plan if groups of interested people or societies were to form local representative committees to appoint voluntary visiting guardians. By this means the plan could be tried. Some kind of responsible and authoritative guardianship at once could be undertaken. The state could then begin its responsibility as guardian-parent to these helpless children whose natural parents have proved themselves lacking in the sense of parental responsibility.

In claiming protective guardianship for every illegitimately born child; in demanding homes and help for them and for their mothers, I am not pleading that sin may be made easy. I deny such a charge: rather am I pleading that virtue may not be made impossible. Save these mothers from worse than death; give these babies a right start in life. Let both be able to say in after years 'Thou hast considered my trouble. Thou hast known my soul in adversities. Thou hast set my foot in a large room.'

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

⁴ Within the last few weeks, a fresh Bill attempting to remedy the defects in the present law has been introduced in Parliament by Mr. James Wignall, a Labour member. The new bill, like Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Bill and Captain Bowyer's, would raise the maximum weekly payments to 2*l.* and cause subsequent marriage of the parents to legitimize the child. A further beneficial clause would make the father chargeable for the training of the child to earn a living and for the continuance of payments for its keep throughout life, if the child is unable to support itself owing to physical or mental defect.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM:

A REPLY TO MR. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.

THE pleasure of heresy-hunting never dies. Mr. Austin Hopkinson has revived it, when it looked as though it were moribund, by his article on *A New Heresy*. But it is now the clergy who are the subjects, and a layman who is the author, of the intolerance. There is some reason indeed for thinking that the term 'heretic,' in view of the lofty and noble persons to whom it has at different times been applied, is one of the most honourable terms in history. But little credit, if any at all, is due to the heresy-hunter.

Mr. Hopkinson complains that the ecclesiastics who generally 'conduct the fine old sport of heresy-hunting' have imported into it 'an *odium theologium* which renders it no fit occupation for a gentleman.' The truth is, I think, that the persecuting spirit in human nature is one element of original sin; it is common both to clergymen and to laymen; it has infected both these orders of society during many ages, and, although it now assumes less rigorous and violent forms than of old, yet in neither of these orders is it altogether extinct. Mr. Hopkinson can scarcely be said to have shown by his example that it is a 'fit occupation for a gentleman.' At the beginning of his article he states that the heresy which he impugns, i.e. Christian Socialism, is 'to all appearance held widely by those who are conventionally termed the superior clergy.' But the Christian Socialists among the clergy to-day are not generally bishops and deans: they are the hard-working poverty-stricken priests who labour in the slums of great cities. Mr. Hopkinson quotes the suggestion, although he quotes it only to reject it, that 'the ecclesiastical dignitaries' who now profess Socialistic opinions are 'influenced by a desire to stand well with those into whose hands patronage will, they believe, shortly fall,' i.e. apparently the Labour Party, as that is the Party which seems 'about to grasp political power.' Mr. Hopkinson's own explanation of the conduct which he alleges to have been adopted by certain ecclesiastical dignitaries is, I believe, as untrue as the alleged conduct itself: it is that they 'hope to find in Socialism a way by which obedience to the

precepts of their Founder may be deferred for yet a little while.' It may be well, however, to examine Christian Socialism apart from uncharitable suggestions of motive; for it is an article of duty which has been taught, and indeed a feature of the example which has been set, by Christian teachers of the highest spiritual authority in the Church of England within the last fifty or more years, from Maurice and Kingsley to Westcott and Scott Holland.

It is true indeed that some clergymen, and still more some bishops, have of late put themselves at times in a somewhat ridiculous position by entering directly into controversial politics. The Prime Minister gave them a wholesome rebuke when he told them that the function of the Church or the Churches was rather to create a righteous atmosphere in which the solution of political problems would be facilitated than to prescribe what the solution ought to be. Ecclesiastical dignitaries, as Mr. Hopkinson calls them, however highly they may be placed, cannot possess the technical knowledge and the practical experience which could alone enable them to offer a valuable opinion upon a matter at once so delicate and so difficult as the proper rate of wages in the mining industry. But they may and do justly plead for justice, good faith, equity, a strict observance of contracts, and a frank recognition of human rights in the relation between mine-owners and miners. Similarly, when ecclesiastical dignitaries call for a new spirit in the treatment of Irish affairs, they may mean little or nothing; but if their meaning is that Ireland ought to be governed in accordance with the dictates of Sinn Féin or of Orangeism, and that consequently British troops ought to be wholly removed from Ireland or strongly reinforced in Ireland, or that Ireland as a whole should or should not be allowed to become a Republic, however strong may be the devotion of Ulster to the throne, it is clear that they do not and cannot so intimately understand all the conditions of policy in Ireland as to lay down the law for statesmen and administrators not only in Ireland but in England and for the Government itself.

But what is Socialism, and what is Christian Socialism, if they are regarded in themselves, without reference to possible or actual developments which have compromised the Socialistic or the Christian Socialistic ideal? For every great social or spiritual reform is apt to be prejudiced in the eyes of the world by persons who hang on to it and make use of it for their own ends, and, while professing loyalty to it, yet distort and pervert it until it becomes unrecognisable to its originators. It was so that the Anabaptists professed to be children of the Protestant Reformation; but their vagaries cannot rightly be taken to prove that the spirit of Protestantism was essentially immoral. There is nothing wrong in Socialism itself, although there may be much

that is wrong in particular interpretations of Socialism. Socialism is opposed to Individualism; it aims at the good not of the individual but of the society; nay, it insists that the individual himself should aim at the good of the society. It may misconceive the good of society, or the right and true means of attaining that good; but its aim is nothing less than the good of society as a whole. Whatever Socialistic experiments have been made, as by the Comte de Saint-Simon or Fourier or Louis Blanc in France, or by Robert Owen in Great Britain, it has been a characteristic of them all that they have designed to achieve community of happiness by community of effort. Socialism therefore is in its nature unselfish; and, however gravely it may have been prejudiced by its supposed descent from the doctrines of the French Revolution or by Robert Owen's anti-Christian and anti-social opinions, as e.g. in regard to marriage, yet, so far as it takes a man out of himself and enlarges his sympathies and interests to the full limits of the society in which he lives, it is in a true sense akin to Christianity.

Socialism again is opposed not only to Individualism but to Syndicalism. It can no more recognise the justice of subordinating the good of the whole to sectional than to individual good. Its goal, and its only possible goal, is the good of the whole. A critic of the Labour Party has maintained that 'the failure of the Labour Movement is in the fact that it is a Labour movement, instead of a citizens' movement.' If the Labour Party is called, as it may well be called, to form a Government, it will be naturally exposed to the criticism, that, while other parties whether Whig, Liberal, Radical, Tory or Conservative, professedly seek the good of the nation as a whole, the Labour Party, as its name implies, seeks and is bound to seek the good of a party within the nation. But the attempt at enforcing the will of a section of the people upon the whole of the people by a lock-out or a strike is essentially as anti-social as it is anti-democratic. 'A strike,' in M. Barberet's words, 'is a crime of lèse-démocratie.' For Democracy is the expression of the spirit which aims at promoting the good of the people as a whole by the will of the people as a whole. It is therefore a form of government which Socialism instinctively approves, but Syndicalism instinctively dislikes.

Some at least then of the objects which modern Socialism proposes to itself must be condemned—if they are condemned at all—upon other than moral grounds. The nationalisation of the railways or the coalmines, for example, so long as it does not involve the confiscation of property, is an entirely legitimate policy; yet it may be opposed on the ground that private control is, as experience teaches, more likely than public control to ensure

efficiency of administration and production. So, too, the municipalisation of local undertakings, such as gasworks and tramways, is entirely legitimate; but it may not be sound and wise, and it may not promote the common interest of all citizens, if it prevents or retards the adoption of new discoveries in lighting and transport, because a large part of the city's wealth is locked up in the existing means of lighting and transport. Nobody seems to mind what happens to the private speculator, if some new invention deprives him of his income; but a city or a borough which is threatened with insolvency makes an appeal for universal compassion.

Yet Socialism, however laudable or justifiable it may be in itself, is not and cannot be free from certain positive dangers. It may teach that every man ought to regard the interest of all his fellow-citizens and even of all his fellow-countrymen as well as his own, but it does not supply an immediate motive to self-sacrifice. It is naturally tempted to embrace a materialistic view of human good, if only because the statistics of material welfare are so much more easily accessible and intelligible than other statistics. But when Socialism becomes vitiated by a materialistic theory of life, it may soon fall first into economic fallacy and then into moral obliquity. Karl Marx held that the one dominant evil in society was capital; and as he wrongly believed that all capital was the product of labour, forgetting how great had been the contribution made to it by intellectual capacity, he wanted to banish capital, and he did not greatly care what means he used for the banishment of capital, from Society. Mr. Hopkinson caustically remarks that

Socialism, in so far as it can be defined, is the belief that happiness depends upon material wealth, and that the material prosperity and therefore the happiness of mankind can best be increased by taking all means of production out of the hands of individuals and vesting them in an elected authority, whether the latter be chosen by the suffrage of the whole population or only by those actually engaged in the particular branch of industry under consideration.

Such language as this may represent a particular phase or mode of Socialism; but it does not reflect the spirit of Socialism itself. Yet Socialism, in its revolt at the conditions under which the vast majority of the people were living, working and dying, has not unfairly set before itself as its primary task the duty of ameliorating the homes, the habits and the social conditions of the poor. So far it has been a true ally of Christianity. Charles Kingsley, in such contributions as he made by his *Letters to the Chartist*s with the signature 'Parson Lot' upon *Politics for the People*, was fond of arguing that the Bible not only dwells on the rights of property and the duties of labour, but, 'for once that it does that, it preaches ten times over the duties of property and

the rights of labour.' Socialism too may be and has been proletarian as well as materialistic in its temper. It has been so much absorbed in the wrongs of the majority, and, indeed, of the great majority, of the people as to forget or ignore the possibility of inflicting wrongs upon the minority; and if it has not preached sheer spoliation, it has not always shrunk from the thought of using its political power to tax out of existence the classes which it regarded as superior in position or in privilege to the proletariat.

In all these circumstances it seems clear that as Socialism is both good and evil, Christian doctrine, if it is brought to bear upon Socialism, may tend to augment Socialistic good and to diminish Socialistic evil.

In Maurice's book *The Kingdom of Christ* occurs a remarkable passage bearing upon the need of the religious motive in Socialism.

The St. Simonians [he says] felt that a universal society, even of the kind which they imagined—even a universal bank—could not be established by mere human hands. Here was another indication of the deeper wisdom which was at work amidst their extravagancies and contradictions. They must have asked themselves as they repeated the words 'Chacun selon sa capacité'—but where shall we find the judge of capacities? Where dwells that seeing eye which shall perceive in each, that mighty power which shall assign to each, his rightful vocation? The question carried them into a mysterious region. There must be some supernatural foundation for this commonwealth, some supernatural superintendence over it. It was inconceivable upon any other hypothesis.

Socialism, in fact, if it is wholly irreligious, wholly materialistic, is one thing; it is quite another thing when it is informed by the Christian spirit. About the middle of the nineteenth century a small body of clergymen, among whom were the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the Rev. C. Kingsley, and the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, with the hearty co-operation of some laymen like-minded with themselves, conceived the idea of modifying Socialism by the leaven of Christianity. They remembered that the early Christians had practised a Socialistic or Communistic manner of life. 'The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one will; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common.' The community of heart and will was vital, as they believed, to the community of goods. It was that community which made all the difference between Christian and non-Christian Socialism. In Rénan's words, 'Une différence profonde venait de ce que le Communisme Chrétien avait une base religieuse, tandis que le Socialisme moderne n'en a pas. Il est clair qu'une association où le dividend est en raison des besoins de chacun, et non en raison du capital apporté, ne peut reposer que sur un sentiment d'abnégation très exalté, et sur une foi évidente en un

idéel religieux.' The object then of the Christian Socialists was to Christianise or to re-Christianise society. It was to permeate the Churches as well as individual Christians with the social spirit of their Master. They did not indeed aspire to repeat the experiment of Communism in the early Church. Still less did they dream of making Christianity 'a cog-wheel in the Labour Party machine.' But they did profoundly believe that the spirit which had produced Communism in the early Church might produce similar or even better results in the modern world.

Such watchwords of Socialism as liberty, equality, and fraternity, evidently admit more interpretations than one; but it is only when they are Christianised that they become potent motives to the highest civic action. For liberty, as Christians conceive it, so far from being the equivalent, is the opposite to licence. There is a sense in which a savage enjoys greater freedom than a civilised man. But in another and higher sense the restraints which civilisation imposes are the very conditions of liberty. The true liberty of every individual is relative to the whole society in which he lives. It ends where the liberty of other citizens begins. It is in fact the liberty not to do wrong, but to do right. It is the liberty which attains full realisation in the most highly organised and civilised community. It is the liberty with which Christ has made His Christians free. Equality again is a phrase which may be and often has been misleading. There is no equality of talents or graces, as there is none of physical proportions, among human beings. In the circumstances of life men never have been and never will be equal. Equality of opportunity, which is the true democratic goal, in itself means inequality of attainment. It is upon the equality of all souls in the sight of God that human equality ultimately depends. But this is the equality which is taught by religion, by Christianity alone. As Bishop Westcott says in his *Social Aspects of Christianity* :

Each fellow man is by God's will made for eternal life, made to discipline and cultivate his powers, made to serve his race and learn the end of his service; and we are bound, as far as lies in us, to strive that each shall attain his end. His cause is our own. Every inequality of earth is lost in the equality of souls.

Here lies the secret not of Christian equality alone but of Christian Democracy. For Democracy, according to Lord Bryce, 'in its true sense is the product of Christianity, whose principle, asserted from the first and asserted until now, has been the spiritual equality of all men before God.' Nor is the ethical spirit which inspires a true sense of liberty and of equality different in regard to fraternity. The question which lies before social reformers is not whether men are all brothers, but how they shall be induced to realise and emphasise their brotherhood. Cain and

Abel were brothers; yet one was the murderer of the other. Men are brothers, as Christianity conceives them, because they are all sons of the same Almighty Father. They are brothers too one of another, because they are all brothers of Jesus Christ. If a motive is sought for the offices of brotherhood all the world over, it is most easily discoverable in His Person and in His Gospel. When Dr. Livingstone was asked on the shore of Lake Nyassa why he had come so far at so great a cost of suffering to evangelise the tribes of Central Africa, his reply was 'We are all children of the same Father, and I think we ought to know each other a little better.'

But a further service which the Church may render to Socialism, if she succeeds in Christianising social theory, is that she considers not one part of human nature alone but the whole human nature. Mr. Hopkinson tries to exhibit the breach between Christianity and Socialism by saying that

While the Socialist declares that men can be neither good nor happy unless they have a high standard of physical comfort, the Christian is bound to hold that it is almost impossible for men to be either good or happy if they have a high standard of physical comfort. The Socialist is convinced that it is better to receive than to give, and that the mass of the people (that is, the World) ought to keep the aristocracy (that is, the Church) in subjection by means of the device known as democracy, so that human affairs may be guided rather by the selfish aspirations of the many than by the altruism of the few.

History does not I think, show that when political power has been concentrated in an oligarchy it has been exercised in an altruistic spirit. The contrast between the Church as an aristocracy and the mass of the people as a democracy, or as a body which uses 'the device known as democracy,' is belied as much by the original history as by the essential character of Christianity. It is the glory of Christian Socialists that they have tried to raise the standard of physical comfort among the poor. Charles Kingsley's books, such as *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, are stirring protests against the degradation of humanity. There are moral and spiritual dangers in poverty as well as in riches. But no Christian Socialist imagines the possibility of raising the standard of comfort among the poor to the point at which they will incur such spiritual danger as Jesus Christ undoubtedly discerned in the possession and enjoyment of great wealth. He Himself was wont to feed the hungry and to heal the suffering. He 'went about doing good,' not only spiritual but physical good. It was through the bodies of men that He won His way to the saving of their souls. The Church is true to His example, in so far as she ministers to men's temporal needs. But she is untrue if she allows those needs to be the sole or the chief objects of her

ministry. Modern Socialism, if it must plead guilty—as has been alleged—to an ‘unblushing confession of purely materialistic views of life,’ has gone far astray from the spirit of Christianity. It calls for the correcting and reforming power of that spirit, and calls for it at once. But the founders of Christian Socialism did not confine their regenerative work to the physical amelioration of human life. They might be called muscular or materialistic Christians, but they were much more. They kept their eyes fixed upon man’s body; but they kept them fixed yet more intently upon his mind and upon his soul. The lives of F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley are witnesses to their deeply rooted concern for the intellectual life of the working class. The Working Men’s College has been the parent of all similar undertakings down to the Workers’ Educational Association in the present day. But they realised that Christian Socialism must be a moral and spiritual movement. It could never countenance the violation of the Christian moral law. It must lift its voice in behalf of righteousness at all times and among all classes. It laid its main stress upon the reformation or regeneration of individual lives. Some recent utterances in the name or in behalf of the Church are therefore not unreasonably liable to Mr. Hopkinson’s criticism, as expressing a one-sided or at the best a half-hearted idea of Christian duty. Nobody who is not a fanatic of Socialism will find grave fault with the measured language of the Encyclical Letter issued by the Archbishops and Bishops who assembled at the Lambeth Conference in 1920 upon the Church and Industrial Problems. But the report of the Archbishops’ Committee of Inquiry upon Christianity and Industrial Problems, prefaced as it is by the desire that ‘a call as of a trumpet should go forth to the Church to reconsider the moral and social meaning and bearings of its faith,’ leans too much to the support of one class only in the world of industry; nor does it sufficiently guard itself against supporting such action as, even if it aims at a righteous end, does or easily may come into practical conflict with the law of righteousness. The Industrial Christian Fellowship, too, if its true spirit is represented by the words which Mr. Hopkinson quotes, has in practice so far departed from its perfectly legitimate objects as to incur the charge of assuming that an elevation in the standard of physical living will necessarily involve an elevation in the standard of the moral life.

Christianity insists that all true social reform begins with the reform of individuals. Charles Kingsley, Socialist as he was, was wont in the days of the Chartists to complain that the Charter did not go far enough in reform; for

God [he added] will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own self, while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend

the laws and the Parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and personal request as that a man should mend himself.

To sum up then : Christian Socialism is in its nature an effort to leaven society by the Christian principle of the second great Commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

It aims at improving the social and economical conditions under which the people, and especially the poorest of the people, live, in order to make the conditions such as will help and not hinder moral conduct.

But it holds with a strong and sure conviction that its true end is the good of society as a whole, not of any part or section in society; and that the good of every part and every section will ultimately prove to be fully accordant with the good of the whole.

It desires to elevate human nature as a whole by supplying the needs of man's intellect and his spirit as well as of his body.

It cannot in any circumstances condone breaches of the moral law for the attainment of social and economical ends.

It feels assured that material benefits will not regenerate society, if they are divorced from the conversion of individual hearts and lives.

It finds the Cross of Jesus Christ the supreme motive to the complete realisation of the liberty, equality, and fraternity which are the principles of all true Socialism.

It is led, therefore, to the conclusion that Socialism will not and cannot attain its ideal, except so far as it is instinct with the spirit of Christianity.

The Church of Christ, if she enters into a formal alliance with either Capital or Labour, will enter into it at the cost of surrendering her allegiance to Jesus Christ. But the Church, if she expresses and enforces, so far as in her lies, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, may redeem not only Capital and Labour but Society and Socialism itself.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

TWO YEARS OF COMMERCIAL FLYING

FLYING has had good friends. It has also had some very bad ones. It has had the sort of friends who have done far more harm than good, because they have led people who do not know much about flying—which means the general public—to expect far more than it has been possible to achieve. And nothing irritates more, nowadays, than the over-statement of a case. Exaggeration brings its inevitable, speedy penalty.

Personally, when in 1919 I gathered round me an expert staff and began to run the world's first international daily 'air express' between London and Paris, I felt I suffered from no illusions. Flying, I realised, was a transport problem, and not any miraculous power which would escape the toils and set-backs of other new enterprises. I and others, in fact, saw that the very speed of flight, its immense advantage in sheer pace over all other transport, would involve us in the delicate task of finding a new public, a new market, for this very special and remarkable convenience. Those who come forward with a scheme that has no place at all in a transport system which has been built up by centuries must be patient, diplomatic, very sure of themselves and of the new method they employ.

Standing as one can now, looking back over two short and troublous years of commercial aviation, one feels an almost painful necessity to see clearly and to think without prejudice.

Nothing could be worse for flying, looked upon as it should be as a healthy, self-supporting enterprise, than the conviction so many people now have that it can never succeed commercially; that the heavily burdened taxpayer must always regard it as yet another millstone round his neck. That there should be this belief is not surprising. The tale so far, in pioneer air transport enterprises, has been one of high hopes doomed to quick disappointment. But to say that aerial transport cannot be made to pay, as so many are saying now, to declare that commercially it is a failure and must always be so unless heavily subsidised by the State, is to make assertions which are quite unwarranted; as it will be one of my purposes here to show. Flying can pay,

and will pay, given only a reasonable chance which it has been denied hitherto.

Here I come to a concrete, dominating point. It is not so much the experimental flying itself which has failed. That has been extraordinarily successful. What has brought failure—though this is, really, quite the wrong word to use—what has cramped and stifled the work of commercial air pioneers ever since the war ended, has been circumstances which have equally affected many other things. The decision to stop the London-Paris 'air express' could not have been based on its future prospects as shown by its first year's running, but much more likely the necessity for providing capital for up-to-date commercial 'flying stock'—if such a term can be used—and the difficulty in doing so when the great 'slump' was engulfing other better-established and more familiar enterprises. Flying went to the wall, and a bitterly pessimistic tone developed, not because of the failure of the machines, or the men who flew them, but because this new and hopeful business was borne down to temporary ruin with all the other projects which were falling right and left.

Let me make this point quite clear, as I can with one convincing illustration. In the summer of 1920, just twelve months after I had started it, the London-Paris aeroplane express was actually showing a definite, legitimate, commercial profit. When all overhead charges had been allowed for, when depreciation of machines and their running costs had been placed in the books at an ample figure—and with traffic still coming spasmodically rather than regularly—this one perfectly experimental air line, running only the merest skeleton of traffic, had been able not only to show a profit for a week, or a month, but had done so for a period as long as three months. This success, coming so soon, was all the more remarkable, seeing that only two machines actually built for commercial flying were then available. The others, converted war craft, were some of them so uncommercial that even when they carried as much freight as they could be filled with, they did not pay their way. Even so, and with the drawback from the point of view of maintenance and repairs of operating machines with different engines and of different construction, aeroplane transport showed it could pay—and that without subsidy or any other artificial aid.

Why, then, did the crash follow so soon afterwards, and all British services to the Continent cease? The answer is twofold. In the first place the financial strain of developing the Paris service so rapidly that a balance on the right side of the books could be shown in a year had been extremely heavy; and, before the winter months of 1920-21 were faced, it became necessary to find more money, not so much for just keeping the service

running, as for the ordering of an entirely new fleet of aeroplanes for the spring and summer of 1921. In this last respect the need was urgent. If anything had been proved at all by the first year of commercial flying, it was that it was little short of suicide to attempt to make air transport pay with the use of craft converted from their real war use to an artificial service in the carriage of passengers and goods. These machines had been built to achieve a given result almost irrespective of the engine-power they used up in doing so. But in business flying, as in any other form of business transport, your aim is to carry a maximum load possible, at any given speed, for a minimum expenditure of engine-power and fuel. Therefore the converted war aeroplane, though it could demonstrate the speed of regular flying, and also its trustworthiness, could do little else. It was, in fact, a white elephant from the point of view of trying to make money with it. This fact, appreciated more or less from the first, became the keynote of the whole situation when the summer flying of 1920 was reached, and a first machine was delivered which had actually been designed to carry as big a load as was aerodynamically possible for a reasonable amount of engine power. What the introduction of a really business aeroplane meant, even though the first of its kind and admittedly crude, it is quite easy to show. With the best biplane we had been using prior to its appearance we were carrying four passengers at 100 miles an hour for a motor expenditure of 350 horse-power. The new machine, still flying at 100 miles an hour, increased the carrying capacity from four to eight persons, with an addition of only 100 horse-power.¹

With the use of this machine the receipts and expenditure figures showed such a revolution, in the direction of a better financial return, that, in addition to seeking additional capital to go through the winter of 1920-1, the aim was to scrap all converted war craft, and embark on the season of 1921 with a complete fleet of these new and improved machines, which would certainly have allowed the three months' profit of the previous summer to have been developed into an appreciable gain during the whole of the fine weather months, and with a prospect of creating some useful reserve for the winter of 1921-22, when a diminution of traffic was to be expected in severe weather.

II

Alas, though, for the hopes of those who thought that commercial aeroplane transport was on the eve of turning its first corner. The need for more money, to dispense with old flying

¹ Now we have a new monoplane 'air express' which, without any addition of power, will increase the carrying capacity from eight passengers to ten.

stock and make a further start with new, came just at that very adverse moment when we were face to face with the first fruits of the calamitous 'slump.' There was no money, temporarily, for even assured, proved enterprises, much less for such a strange and speculative affair as many business men still regarded flying as being. But even this adverse position might have been surmounted, so excellent were the prospects of air transport on the actual figures which could now be produced, had it not been for a second calamity, striking right at the very heart of British flying, which an unkind fate sent just at the same moment as the general trade 'slump.' It was this second catastrophe which, turning the tide definitely in the wrong direction, brought about the collapse in aerial transport which should never, at any normal time, have been allowed to occur; and which could have been obviated, even at the eleventh hour, had our authorities possessed a constructive policy instead of drifting helplessly.

What happened was this. The French Government, dissatisfied with reason at the showing their air lines had made on the Paris-London route when contrasted with the swift, dependable flying of British machines, decided to take a very definite hand in the game. Impressed as they had been time and again during the war by the destructive power of aircraft even when air war was in its infancy, the French Senators and public required little persuasion when they were told that France could never rest secure until she was as powerful as she could be made in the air. And air-power, particularly during years of peace, could, it was decided, best be secured by (in addition to purely military efforts) developing with all the power of the State the construction, piloting, and public use of French commercial aeroplanes.

A bombshell was accordingly prepared more or less in secret by the French Government, and, when it burst, it affected profoundly the fortunes of the British air lines, trembling as these were, at that moment, in the balance. What the French had determined upon was the maintenance in commission, as a potential asset at any time of crisis, of a large number of commercial aeroplanes and pilots. This necessitated the further step of doing everything possible to encourage an increase in air-borne traffic, and so provide loads for the augmented fleet of craft.

There is, of course, one perfectly familiar way of stimulating a demand for any article if you cannot rest content with a normal growth in demand. That expedient is suddenly to cut the price. And the French did this with the London-Paris air fare. Though our experience had showed that, even with an improved commercial aeroplane, a single London-Paris fare of at least 10*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* was necessary in order to show a sufficient working margin of profit over expenditure, and to ensure a reserve for the

acquisition, as they came along, of still better commercial machines, the French air lines, acting on Government instructions, suddenly 'cut' this Paris-London fare to 300 francs (or, at the then rate of exchange, five guineas) with an additional charge for motor-car transport between aerodromes and cities, which brought it to a total of 6*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.*

It was recognised, of course, that this fare, as it stood, was ruinously uncommercial in the sense that it was very little more than half what it ought to be. Nothing but the direct subsidy of the French Government, and their other indirect aid, made it possible for the French firms to operate at such a rate.

This blow, catching British air transport when it was, so to say, 'between wind and water,' and with its future finance uncertain, brought about a simply impossible state of affairs. All balance sheets for the period immediately ahead, based on a 10*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* fare, were now worth no more than the paper they were written on. Capital could not be raised on them; business men would not look at them. It was, in fact, obvious that a passenger who could travel for 6*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.* on one machine would not patronise another for which the fare was 10*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* The ground was cut completely from under our feet.

III

At this psychological moment, assuming that we had possessed a Government capable of acting with boldness and decision, the disintegration of the finest flying organisation in the world might have been obviated; but, unfortunately, our commercial air future was, so far as Government action was concerned, in the hands of those who allowed themselves to be dictated to rather than themselves show any initiative. Overshadowed by a dictum that commercial aviation 'must fly by itself,' our Government Air Department was in the inglorious position of standing by and seeing the crash come without lifting any effective hand to prevent it. Though, governmentally, we were understood to be in the closest possible touch with the French, no definite steps seem to have been taken to mitigate the suddenness of the shock which accompanied the virtual halving of the air fare by the French. Had they agreed to do this at some predetermined date, and had our powers-that-be entered closely into discussion with the commercial air transport industry, the sheer ruin which followed might at least have been lessened. But it was not so. At this crisis, involving the dissolution, and scattering in all directions, of a British organisation which was the first in the world to show that air transport could be made a going concern, we might just

as well have been without a Government for all the service it rendered. Private air enterprise did all it could, but it was fighting not only French commercial aviation, but also the whole power of the French Government, going hand-in-hand with its own industry. On the one hand there was our industry left to fight its battle unaided, and on the other there was an industry so assisted that it could afford to halve the Paris fare, and lay down a constructional programme of new and much improved machines. And when our industry appealed bitterly for assistance it was promised not bread but a stone—or, to put the matter concretely, it was promised the setting up of a committee of inquiry. The stable was, in effect, being locked after the horse had gone.

The indictment of officialdom, at this time of stress, could not very well be graver. Of policy there was none; of initiative there was none. Having already, to its hand, a privately developed air transport enterprise which had, as the result of its own individual efforts, accomplished things which had won the admiration of the world, this supine Government Department allowed British prestige to suffer, and British pilots and experts to lose their employment and drift out of flying altogether, when concrete assistance to the extent of only a few thousand pounds, applied promptly, might have saved the situation.

As it was, British flying to the Continent, rendered impossible by the stroke of the French Government, to which our authorities could only make the reply of setting up a Committee, simply came to a disastrous end, and we had the spectacle of our fine terminal aerodrome at Croydon—maintained by the taxpayers' money—being provided for the convenience of those state-aided foreign machines which had driven ours out of the air. It was a very dark page indeed, thus, in British aerial history, and, speaking without any heat, all one can say is that the whole episode rebounded almost completely to the discredit of those who were officially at the helm. Nearly every mistake was made that it seemed possible to make, and British commercial flying was robbed, in the eyes of the world, of that credit to which the splendid all-weather piloting of its airmen had so fully entitled it.

Even at this juncture, with our cup of bitterness brimming, and British air transport prostrate, the obtuseness of officialdom failed to profit by an opportunity which suddenly presented itself. Through the length and breadth of the land there was mortification at the thought that, after our fine beginning, we should not now have a single aeroplane flying between London and the Continent, and that our airway to the coast should hum only with the engines of foreign craft. It was a great psychological moment.

Those who control our finance, as well as ordinary citizens, were sturred by the humiliation of this sudden collapse. If the iron had been struck, then, while it was hot, British commercial flying might have been made to rise again, in a day, to heights greater than it had attained before. But bureaucracy, into the hands of which the official direction of flying had so unfortunately fallen, knows nothing about psychological moments, or striking while irons are hot. Red tape obscures rather than clarifies. Here, therefore, there was another folly to record. Though I do not propose to introduce any personal note, the whole question being too large and too serious, the statement of facts necessitates my saying that after consultation with banks and other leading financial interests, I was enabled to place before the Air Ministry a scheme for the reinstatement of flying which, assuming only that such reasonable privileges were granted as a national company would expect, provided for the guaranteed finding of 1,000,000*l.* of capital. This would have enabled British flying to the Continent to have been recommenced upon a sound, permanent footing, and it would—which was most important of all to those who had expert knowledge—have enabled full advantage to have been taken of design and construction in the provision of aeroplanes of newer and better types.

But officialdom, though forced by the crisis to action, was willing only to aim at some quite limited and temporary objective. The wider vision was conspicuous by its complete absence. A great national corporation, capable of developing flying till it had overcome all inertia and was firmly on its feet, was too bold a step. Hence there was procrastination when there ought to have been firm, prompt action. The golden moments were frittered away in the bringing up of side issues, and in the end all the public saw was a purely temporary scheme whereby certain British aeroplanes—some of them completely out-of-date and prohibitively costly to run—were got into the air again between London and Paris, running the most limited possible service, and subsidised heavily, so that it might be possible for them to compete with the state-aided, low-fare machines of the French.

IV

All this was profoundly unsatisfactory. Officially, instead of having a policy of our own, we had been forced in a hurry, and without knowing where the next step would lead us, into a course of action which more astute minds, on the other side of the Channel, had dictated. We were playing second fiddle, whereas we ourselves ought to have called the tune.

That, too, is symptomatic of what is happening still. And it is not only those who are in high places in this country, but also, one might say, the rulers of the world, who are failing to envisage or handle air transport in a way which the absolutely novel character of this new power implies. Take, for example, the question of the rates charged for transport by air at 100 miles an hour. Here the policy which has been drifted into is one which is vicious and fundamentally unsound; one making, in fact, for all sorts of troubles and complications in the future, because it violates the firmest of all principles—that of supply and demand.

When we started the London-Paris service we said to ourselves that to carry a load between the two capitals at appreciably more than twice the pace of any existing mode of transport was a very special privilege for the public, which should be paid for in a very special way—in the same way, in fact, that you pay a District Messenger boy a couple of shillings to take a letter for you by hand, which would by the normal routine of post cost you only a couple of pence.

The principle was laid down, indeed, that for a four hours' journey between London and Paris by aeroplane and fast connecting cars a traveller should be asked to pay what was roughly twice as much as he would expend on an eight or nine hours' journey by train and boat. Whereas, in fact, reckoning the incidentals of a long earth journey, it would cost him about 5*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* to go by land and sea, he was asked to pay 10*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* for the super-express journey by air: a proposition which, one contends, was reasonable and perfectly good value for money. So, in fact, many people began actually to regard it, as there was a steadily growing volume of passenger traffic between London and Paris, at a ten-guinea fare, during the summer of 1920. Then, however, without waiting to allow this traffic to continue its normal growth, we had the perfectly unjustified 'cut' to a fee which brought air transport, even when it was in its veriest infancy—with many of its economic problems unsolved—to a rate which was very little higher than earth transport. Why? Simply to increase artificially, and quite abnormally, that flow of travellers which was already setting in towards the air, and to provide loads, by hook or by crook, for machines operating in such a state-aided fashion that ordinary commercial arguments could be flouted and ignored.

But in this illogical and foolish process of giving a facility at ridiculously low rates it is the taxpaying public which in the end suffers. We have reached already, in fact, the stage at which, with a land organisation for an 'airway' provided more or less

at the public expense, and with actual flying assisted by a subsidy of 25 per cent., it is doubted by many experts whether it will be possible, even with an increase in passenger traffic, to cover expenses, let alone make anything in the nature of a profit. At the end of two years commercial flying, therefore, though at the end of the first it was shown that flying, unassisted, could pay, we have retrograded to the extent that we are doubtful of making both ends meet even with a heavily subsidised service. And the keynote of this wretched position is to be found not with the aeroplanes or the men who fly them, and not even with the patronage of the public—which, though very moderate, has at the same time proved encouraging. It lies in the inherent error that air transport is being given at rates which are preposterously low; while a contributing factor also to a position hopelessly unsound is that too many small, struggling air companies are scrambling among themselves for a volume of traffic which does not justify or reward any such dispersal of effort. Competition is healthy, when it serves a good purpose; but when it points the way to nothing but failure and a dissipation of energies which, as in flying, require, for eventual success, the utmost concentration, then it is demonstrably bad. For half a dozen different companies to be competing among each other for traffic which, unless fares are very high, cannot support them on anything like an all-the-year basis, is poor business for the individual company, and worse for the hard-pressed taxpayer, who is called upon to pay more in subsidies than would be the case if national effort were centralised.

V

It is here, in my view, that one comes veritably to the crux of the whole problem. We have a purely military air service. The public pays for that. Then we have the commercial use of aeroplanes, which in addition to giving a high-speed, peace-time transport, maintains pilots, machines, and a designing and manufacturing organisation which are all potential assets, should we find ourselves faced again by any time of crisis. Therefore we say, and say rightly, that commercial aerial transport is worth supporting and developing in national interests, apart from its immediate speed value in the facilitation of travel. And aerial transport wants state assisting, in the years of its infancy, for two good reasons. One is that, in these days of post-war stress, private capital is not forthcoming in sufficiently large quantities to see flying right through its phase of early development; and the second reason, explanatory really of the first, is that we must be prepared to wait some considerable time—how long nobody can

say—before the world has learned to use the air as a highway just as readily as it has learned through centuries to use the land and sea. This factor, really, looms behind all others. One foresaw it before commercial flying began; and everything which has happened since has merely confirmed one's appreciation of an essential truth. We must face a big 'lag,' or lapse, a big period of inertia, between the organised provision of aerial transport and the regular and constant use of it by the world at large. One has, taking things at random, only to turn to the history of the introduction of such new conveniences as the telegraph and the telephone to appreciate how seriously this factor of human inertia has to be reckoned with. With flying, envisaged on anything like a comprehensive scale, we have years of strenuous work before us ere any large or regular volume of traffic is diverted from earth to air; and it is uniform, dependable loads, rather than spasmodic, fluctuating ones, which will make for business success in the air as with any other form of transport.

I have made this point firmly because almost every day that passes now it becomes clearer that the only way a country can tackle this commercial air problem and make flying serve the community at large with the least need to draw upon public funds, and at the same time ensure the largest reservoir of mercantile air power, is by a general national effort, in which Government, industry, and public all play their part. One is not thinking here of nationalisation in the sense that commercial flying should be run by the State. The successful development of aeronautics, being a question of enthusiasm and initiative, is the last thing one can expect from bureaucracy. Such a new idea, in fact, as we have seen, withers almost directly the breath of officialdom touches it. Salvation lies in no state ownership. Where it does lie is in a great national company, chartered and approved by the state, and with its directorate representative of every phase of national activity. Then, and then only, will the commercial exploitation of the air become possible on a scale commensurate with the immense benefits it can bring. This is no small parochial sort of business: it is a great movement into which all countries must, for the acceleration and betterment of the trade of the world, throw themselves now, not piecemeal or by a number of separate efforts, but with their entire energies focussed first upon their own national development of flying, and then upon the improvement of air communication between themselves and the rest of the world.

Two post-war years of vicissitude, of dissipated energies and conflicting interests, have merely confirmed us in that first idealistic vision of a commercial air age which we gained when we were

making our tentative plans early in 1919. The development of aerial navigation, with all it implies, is first of all, domestically, a question for a complete and well-directed national effort; and then, in its wider implications, a question for all great countries, through the medium of a traffic conference or pool, to facilitate and improve—in the interests not of one but of all—the working of the main, international trunk ‘airways.’ What one wants more than anything else, and what is more grievously required to-day than ever before, is that broad, international view of flying which the speed of the aeroplane, and its ignoring of all such natural barriers as seas or mountains, makes so absolutely necessary.

No ordinary conception of transport, or of the working of inter-connecting services, suffices when you come to envisage, as of course you must, a network of airways serving the whole of Europe and, eventually, the entire world; but, from our point of view, especially the British Empire.

Take one simple instance which two years of experiment only serves now to emphasise—the international transport of urgent merchandise. It is necessary here to provide for a load dispatched, say, from Madrid or Rome coming through to London, or *vice versa*, with the greatest speed and with the least expenditure of time and money on handling while it is *en route*. Transshipments will be inevitable.

The goods from Rome will do the first stage of their journey in an Italian machine; the second stage in a French machine; and they will come on to London in a British machine. Now if there is not the closest co-operation between the national air lines of these three countries so far as this constant international traffic is concerned—and a co-operation far closer and more intimate than we have ever seen with earth transport—there will not only be confusion and delay, but also a far greater cost in transport than is really necessary.

This brings up the extraordinarily important point, which emerges so unquestionably from our first two years’ flying, that there can be no widespread development of ‘airways’ until traffic flows along them by night as well as day, as it does on the railways.

Taking my recent example of Rome to London, it will be imperative to the growth of aerial goods transport that a load put into the air at nightfall in Rome should be transported by relays of cargo-planes, flying along illuminated routes, and actually delivered in London at about the beginning of business hours the following morning. That, in fact, in the light of such experience as we have gained, is what we understand now by the aerial carriage of merchandise in Europe.

It implies taking up loads in one great city at the close of the business day, and carrying them swiftly for hundreds of miles during the hours of darkness, so that they may reach their destination before another day's work begins. This, when you contemplate journeys such as from London to Madrid, Rome, Prague, or Berlin, is where organised air transport, regarded not as a national but an international convenience, will do something, thanks to its speed, that earth transport can never do.

It was with this in mind, and the need to simplify international connexions so clearly apparent, that I took steps to form the International Air Traffic Association, the first body of its kind in the world, which started its life under British auspices at the Hague in 1919 with the sole object of facilitating the operation of international 'airways.' That Association is still in existence, with its offices at the Hague, and has done useful work, in several directions already, in the matter of adjusting international air tariffs and times of services; but British influence, unhappily, as a result of the temporary complete collapse of our international flying, fell away from being predominant until it was negligible.

Also there has been a growing tendency for specialised Government Departments to endeavour to make arrangements, and thrust in their oars, when it would be far better on all counts to leave matters for adjustment between purely commercial and business interests.

State assistance is one thing; state interference is another. But, as many business interests know now to their cost, there is a dangerously narrow dividing line between the two. Far better is it not to have to ask the state for any help at all, and so escape the entrammelling red tape with which that assistance is wrapped up; but, if a new industry, or rather, in the case of flying, a new world movement, does find it necessary to invoke Government aid, then it is in a far better position to obtain wise help, and avoid any hampering dictation from small bureaucrats, if it is enrolled as a national corporation rather than as a series of individual and unorganised concerns which may defeat their own purpose by a confusion of counsel.

This aspect of the matter has been emphasised, during the quite recent history of flying, by the almost complete overshadowing of clear business arguments and points of view by the uncommercial voice of officialdom. But it will not do; it is bad in the extreme for flying - and for the pocket of the taxpayer.

These big purely trade questions, such as the development of international air transport by night, and the way in which the commercial air line of one country shall fit in its routine with that of another, are for discussion and decision by aerial experts when brought into direct conference with all the real business

interests which it is the purpose of the airway to serve. This is the unanswerable case for the creation of a series of great national bodies for the development of world flying, each perfectly free to study its own interests and securities, but each linked with its neighbours in facilitating the swift passage of traffic along the airways which should soon extend not merely across continents but across the world.

On a great national corporation, chartered by the state, you can bring all interests of the community into play. The state can be represented by its official on the directorate; so can every branch of trade which is to benefit by air transport. Your technical experts, your designers, constructors, and actual airway operators, can tell the world of trade what they can do with their machines at any given time; and the heads of great businesses, on their part, can explain what sort of service, either night or day, will best suit their particular purpose.

You can get transport, trade, finance, officialdom, all working in with each other; and, what is supremely important with a new and still unfamiliar idea like the navigation of the air, you can concentrate upon a scheme for popularising and advertising flight which, through the association of the air organisations of various countries, can be made world-wide.

It is by such combined, irresistible means, persisted in according to a well-devised campaign, that aerial navigation will be lifted from its present spasmodic and unsatisfactory condition and extended link by link until it girdles the globe. Nothing less will meet the case, because it is a case susceptible to only one sort of treatment. When you have an entirely new transport machine which moves at twice the speed of the fastest train, and which does so in an element, the air, which encompasses the entire world without interruption, and in which any great city, whether on the coast or inland, is merely a port of call, then you must discard your previous notions and begin to 'think aerially'; and, above all, you must begin to think in terms of thousands of miles rather than in hundreds. Your viewpoint must, in a word, be world-wide; you must develop new visions both of distance and of time.

Aerial transport, in its first two trying years, has proved itself immensely swift, wonderfully trustworthy, and, even though all necessary safeguards are not yet provided, quite adequately safe.

The next great step, which now faces us, is to convert an experiment into a regular daily convenience not for the few but for the many.

Pilots, machines, operating experience—all now justify a great development of commercial flying, in which our first short test routes are extended until they form a vast network of high-

speed aerial ways, permitting journeys which have lasted weeks to be made in days, and those of days to be accelerated till they become a matter merely of hours.

But the world cannot hope to enter this air age, with all it implies, unless it acts co-operatively and according to a unified plan. The issue is now simple, but it is also large. A world scheme of aerial transport is the biggest thing we have ever tackled, and it can only be solved in a big, bold way.

G. HOLT THOMAS.

MATTERS OF FACT

IN the May number of this Review I exposed the character of a series of singular misrepresentations made in the January number by the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke as part of an ambitious attempt to persuade his readers that 'Evolution is' (to use his own obscure phrase) 'a fiction of ingenious theorists that no longer seriously corresponds with the facts of Nature.' Mr. Clarke actually states in so many words that either 'Evolution' or else 'the facts of Nature' or both of them have undergone some change, so that Evolution is 'no longer' (as he suggests that it once was) in correspondence with the facts of Nature. Such a proposition is obviously absurd. It is one of the rhetorical inaccuracies which give a special charm to Mr. Clarke's essays. What he meant to say was that the theory of Evolution no longer corresponds with *our knowledge* of the facts of Nature. His grandiose ambition is to discredit the Darwinian doctrine of the evolution of man from the lower animals. He declares that this doctrine and the doctrine of organic evolution, of which it is a part, are 'no longer' supported by what we know of the facts of Nature but are at variance with, or contradicted by, those facts as *now* ascertained.

It behoves him accordingly to adduce evidence in support of that assertion. But he does not do so. He does not even make any attempt to do so. He is altogether unacquainted with the facts now ascertained and with the recent progress of knowledge and discussion in regard to Evolution and the ancestry of man. He makes an empty assertion—an assertion which is notoriously contrary to fact—as to the invalidity of the doctrine of organic evolution, and then proceeds to misrepresent and misquote some of the older and most honoured writers on that doctrine and on the descent of man—in order to lessen, if possible, the weight attaching to their work.

The task undertaken by Mr. Clarke is a hopeless one. The doctrine of organic evolution is so firmly established by solid fact and argument and has so long been in that position that those familiar with biological science treat the wild attacks of casual assailants with silent contempt and do not care to wrangle with

them about the historic utterances of the great founders of Darwinism. But inasmuch as a large body of readers are liable to be misled by repeated inexactitudes when published in the pages of this Review, I have considered it to be a duty, no less than a pleasure, to indicate Mr. Clarke's errors. I am not engaging in any argument but am concerned with plain matters of fact.

Mr. Clarke in his last contribution to this Review (July 1921) has added to the evidences of his incapacity for the part of a critic of the doctrine of organic evolution.

I will briefly cite here 'the matters of fact' an appreciation of which will, I think, enable the reader to derive some amusement from Mr. Clarke's efforts, and at the same time to decide, once for all, that he is not to be taken seriously.

I will take Mr. Clarke's statements one by one in the order in which he first made them in these pages, and will comment on them and the additions given by him in his article of July last. I give Mr. Clarke's words in italics.

1. *'Darwin and Huxley long ago said "Science has nothing to do with Christ."'* This is untrue—Huxley did not say this or anything like it. Apparently Mr. Clarke admits that he has misrepresented the fact.

2. *'Huxley so little assumed the case for evolution as proven that he never allowed himself to use the word in his official lectures.'* In his course of lectures and laboratory work at the Royal College of Science Huxley made it his business to give his students as complete a knowledge of the *facts* of animal structure as the time permitted, and did not deal with the doctrine of evolution. In other public lectures he set forth what he described as 'the demonstrative evidence of evolution.' In one of his memorable 'American addresses' given in New York (September 22, 1876, and published by Macmillan in 1877) he writes :

An inductive hypothesis is said to be demonstrated when the facts are shown to be in entire accordance with it. The doctrine of evolution, at the present time, rests upon exactly as secure a foundation as the Copernican theory of the heavenly bodies did at the time of its promulgation. Its logical basis is precisely of the same character—the coincidence of the observed facts with theoretical requirements.

3. *'He [Huxley] had hoped against hope (with Darwin) that "spontaneous generation" might yet be proved. That hope was shattered by Pasteur and Tyndall.'* A bare acquaintance with the history of the controversy concerning the proof of the occurrence of 'spontaneous generation' in the liquids boiled in test tubes by M. Pouchet of Rouen and later by Dr. Bastian would have saved Mr. Clarke from this absurd statement. Huxley examined and repeated the experiments advanced by Dr. Bastian as proving present-day 'spontaneous generation,' and definitely

rejected them as inconclusive before either Pasteur or Tyndall had tested them. It was a confirmation of Huxley's own conclusions (and those published by other experimenters, of whom I was one¹) when the supposed demonstration of 'spontaneous generation' put forward by Dr. Bastian received its final *coup de grâce* at the hands of M. Pasteur. Mr. Clarke wishes us to believe that Darwin's *hopes* were shattered by Bastian's failure because he writes that he would like to see spontaneous generation proved to be true.

A desire is not the same as a hope though it suits Mr. Clarke's purpose to pretend that it is.

Our assailant of the great Darwinians makes a blunder when, in a note to Huxley's statement that the 'germ-theory' explains many cases of supposed spontaneous generation, he writes² that he presumes that 'the germ-theory' of Weismann is meant. This is one of the many evidences of Mr. Clarke's incompetence. The 'germ-theory' mentioned by Huxley is the theory (started by Theodore Schwann in 1836) of the causation of putrefaction and disease by minute organisms or 'germs,' later more generally spoken of as 'microbes' and 'bacteria.' The 'germ-theory' of Weismann is another theory altogether, and is concerned with the origin and character of the reproductive germs (ova and sperms). It is no less a mark of ignorance and a blunder in matter of fact to credit Weismann with Schwann's discovery of putrefaction by the agency of living germs than to declare—as Mr. Clarke also does—that Weismann 'discovered' that 'Nature never transmits acquired characteristics' and thereby destroyed the Darwinian hypothesis. No such 'discovery' has been made. Were it made, the opinion held by very many Darwinians would be confirmed and 'the Darwinian hypothesis' would remain untouched.

4. 'He [Huxley] christened a possible source of life "*Bathybius*," but lived to dismiss it as an error.' I pointed out in my article last May that this was a very simple misinterpretation of some appearances in deep-sea mud—of no consequence either to Darwinism or to Huxley's attitude as an exponent of organic evolution. That is the 'matter of fact,' as declared by Huxley himself in this Review for November 1887. I, as acting Editor, published Huxley's description of the supposed '*Bathybius*' in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* in 1868. Mr. Clarke 'makes theatrical gestures over it, calls it 'the fatal subject of *Bathybius*,' and states that Leonard Huxley tells us that his father had 'unfortunately' characterised *Bathybius* as a new form of the *Monera*. Here again we find that Mr. Clarke is

¹ *Proc. Royal Society*, 1873.

² *Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1921, p. 167.

³ *Ibid.* n. 168.

condemned by matter of fact. The word 'unfortunately' was not used by Mr. Leonard Huxley. It is deliberately introduced by the ingenious Mr. Clarke to make it appear that Huxley's son considered this trivial affair as important.

Long ago, in 1890, twenty-two years after its creation, Mr. Mallock made use of 'the Bathybius myth' in an essay in this Review, and it is now set up again by another showman although it is a worn-out stage property. Huxley foresaw its present use and the attempt to make it effectual. He wrote in 1890 to a friend (see his *Life and Letters*):

'Bathybius' is far too convenient a stick to beat this dog with—to be ever given up, however many lies may be needed to make the weapon effectual.

5. 'He [Huxley] lived to dismiss it as an error along with his theory of the European descent of the horse.' This is an ingenious *suggestio falsi* on the part of Mr. Clarke. The matter of fact is that Huxley selected from the known specimens of extinct horse-like creatures a series from the earlier and later Tertiary deposits which show a continuous modification of the toes, limb bones and teeth, leading from small ancestors with four toes on each of the front feet and three on each of the hind feet through larger and larger forms with increasingly complex teeth and reduction of the toes to one central and two small side toes, until the typical horse is reached with a single toe and a pair of splint bones on each foot. Huxley conclusively showed that the series of probable horse ancestors selected by him are 'facts' in accordance with Darwin's doctrine of organic evolution. They, like other facts known to zoologists, are demonstrative evidence of evolution—they furnish the decisive coincidence of the observed facts with theoretical requirements. Examples of this horse ancestry have been found in the American portion of the great northern land area, which complete in some details the evidence afforded by those originally dug out in the European and Asiatic area. They serve the same purpose as demonstrative evidence of evolution. It is a matter of absolute indifference whether the series is better seen in American or in European collections. Huxley made use impartially of both as soon as they became known to him, and made no claim for European precedence or significance. For Mr. Clarke to pretend that Huxley had contended for an exclusively 'European' ancestry of the horse, and that he had to give up his 'pedigree of the horse,' is another amusing outcome of Mr. Clarke's total want of understanding of the matter in hand. Palaeontology is not a matter of international rivalry. He has been misled by the phrases employed by Mr. Leonard Huxley and by Mr. Clodd.

who are neither of them authorities on the subject. The first speaks of a forecast fulfilled 'at the expense of the European ancestry of the horse,' and the second writes that 'the accepted theory of the European origin of the horse must be abandoned.' They are both wrong in so far as they suggest that an exclusively 'European' ancestry had been claimed by Huxley for the horse or accepted by those who knew anything of the subject. Their mistake has been a pitfall for the purblind assailant of Huxley's demonstration of palaeontological evidence in favour of organic evolution.

6. *'Huxley hoped much from the missing link argument in those days supported by the Java and Neanderthal skulls.'* Here we have our Anti-Darwinian champion at his best—or shall we say 'his maddest'? My reader will not be surprised to learn that the assertion that 'Huxley hoped much from the "missing-link" argument, in those days supported by the Java and Neanderthal skulls' is contrary to fact. Huxley published his *Man's Place in Nature* in 1863, and re-published it without alteration (as he expressly states) thirty-one years later. He never wrote anything else on the subject. In it he declares explicitly that in no sense can the Neanderthal bones be regarded as the remains of a human being intermediate between man and apes. And it should make Mr. Clarke regret his rash and futile attempt to deal with this matter when he learns that the Java 'skull' and thigh-bone known as *Pithecanthropus* were *never mentioned or seen by Huxley at all!* Dubois discovered them in 1894 and Huxley died in 1895—before they were available for study by European anatomists. Can flippant disregard of fact go further than that here shown by Mr. Clarke?

In his reply in July to my exposure of his methods, this astonishing controversialist manages to make his pretensions yet more ridiculous than they were by the assertion that '*fresh specimens*' of *Pithecanthropus* have just been dug up by its original discoverer M. Eugène Dubois.' This is a very foolish invention. Nothing of the sort has occurred. On the contrary, a search for fresh specimens organised by Madame Selenka a few years ago completely failed to obtain any such specimens.

7. In reference to the Neanderthal bones. Mr. Clarke in the January number of this Review attributed to me the statement that 'earliest man' had a larger brain than our own. I proceeded to show (in this Review for May 1921) that I had made no such statement, and that 'Neanderthal man' is not the same thing as 'earliest man'. Mr. Clarke makes an ineffectual effort (in July) to justify his blunder and misrepresentation and to confuse the issue. He asserts that Huxley made 'with Lyell' a special study of the Neanderthal skull. He obviously does not know

that Lyell had no special knowledge of skulls. The fact is that Huxley examined certain skulls expressly in order to give to his honoured friend Lyell information which would be of use to him in his work on *The Antiquity of Man*. When Huxley wrote on this subject (1863), only the original specimen from the Neanderthal near Düsseldorf was known, and he stated: 'In no sense can the Neanderthal bones be regarded as the remains of a human being intermediate between man and apes.' Mr. Clarke wastes time and trouble in offering us other detached statements by Huxley which he imagines to be opposed to this, and in quoting the opinion given in out-of-date text-books. The fact is that the knowledge of the race of the Neanderthal man has of late years been vastly increased. Professor Boule has described and illustrated very fully the skull and skeleton of the Neanderthal race from the Chapelle-aux-Saints (1908). The Spy skull (1886), the Gibraltar skull, that of le Moustier (1909), those of la Ferrassie (1909, 1910) (with two skeletons nearly as complete as that of the Chapelle individual), of La Quina (1911), and more fragmentary specimens from some dozen other localities, are further examples of the Neanderthal race, recently discovered, and well known to anthropologists by excellent figures and descriptions. They confirm the opinion which I have quoted without alteration given by Huxley in 1863. But they also give us further evidence which is really to the point, whilst the remarks made sixty years ago by Fuhlrott, Schaaffhausen, Virchow, and others, quoted by Mr. Clarke, are now out of date, as is also Mr. Duckworth's attempt at a human family tree, which is brought up as something authoritative by Mr. Clarke.

The facts known at the present moment in regard to the Neanderthal race have led me to the conclusion that the race should be regarded as a distinct species of the genus *Homo*—viz. *Homo Neanderthalensis*—and that this species, now extinct, is not the ancestor of *Homo sapiens*—is not in fact 'earliest man,' but represents a collateral branch of the genus. The grounds for this opinion and some of its consequences are put forward with abundant illustrative pictures in the work by my friend Professor Marcelin Boule—entitled *Les hommes fossiles* (Paris, 1921).

8. I must as a final contrast of fact with fiction quote Lyell's words as to his acceptance of the animal descent of man. Mr. Clarke without the smallest warrant writes of 'Lyell's contempt' for the anthropoid ancestry of man. So far from having 'contempt' for it, he had a dislike to it—an 'antipathy' (as Huxley tells us)—which is a very different feeling. Lyell writes to Darwin (March 11, 1863) that the descent of man from the brutes 'though I am prepared to accept it, takes away much of the

charm from my speculations on the past, relating to such matters.'

The 'wish' of Darwin is altered by Mr. Clarke to 'hope against hope,' shared with him by Huxley, though neither of them, as a matter of fact, ever expressed such a hope; whilst Lyell is boldly declared to have expressed 'contempt' for a theory which he himself says he is prepared to accept though it is distasteful to him. Such garbling of professed citations renders Mr. Clarke's advocacy worthless.

In conclusion I wish to emphasise the statement that I have not engaged here in discussion or argument. I have merely brought forward, giving chapter and verse, the plainest matters of fact to confute a series of fictions and misrepresentations.

E. RAY LANKESTER.

SOWING AND REAPING

'THERE are five houses in a court off Craven Street,' said Marston, 'which I should like to show you.' He proceeded to give details, not altogether suitable for publication except in a Blue Book. 'Last week,' he continued, 'a child died there, and when I spoke rather angrily about it, the mother was shocked and said it was God's will, so that we must not complain. It was not evasion of responsibility; in fact she was not responsible, for she had tried hard to find a decent place to live in. No, it was downright piety, uncomplaining submission to a decree past understanding. But what can you do with people who believe in a God like that?'

'I have had something worse than that,' said the Doctor. 'It was a man, though; he wouldn't do what I ordered for his wife, and said that if it was the will of the Almighty for her to die she would die, and if it was the will of the Almighty for her to live she would live. So I told him that in that case he had better go to the Almighty for a death certificate. That brought him to his senses.'

'It wasn't worse,' protested Marston, 'nor as bad. The terrible thing about my woman is that she really believed what she said.'

'Did she?' asked Goodall; 'or was it sloth? A good deal of that kind of piety seems to be nothing but lazy acquiescence in what happens.'

Marston was indignant; he knew the woman, and was sure that she had done all she could for the child. 'Acquiescence,' he cried, 'yes; lazy acquiescence, no. I don't find fault with her for that. Acquiescence in what has happened is good; fuming about spilt milk is a waste of energy. Nay, I don't find fault with her at all; she spoke as she had been taught to speak, as she had been taught to believe. Who taught her? I don't know. Everybody about her; all the street; Sunday School teachers, perhaps; a priest for aught I know. Here is the point. That child was killed; you may say murdered, if you like; killed by the conditions in which he was trying to live. Who is responsible? The owner of the houses? How do I know? He may be a poor devil who hasn't a penny to spend on them. No, that

will not do; the rents would pay for some improvement. But I don't want to make it too personal——'

'If you don't make it personal,' interjected the Doctor, 'you will never get anything done.'

'Well, leave it at that,' he resumed; 'but what I want to swear about is the habit of shirking responsibility. We all do it. We hold up a state of things of which this is the outcome; and when it comes out, we say it is the will of God, and there's an end of it.'

'Do we?' said Goodall. 'I thought most of us were leaving God out altogether. But suppose we do.' He had slipped across the room to a window, from which was an outlook over the river to a field where the first sheaves of the harvest were being handled. Craven Street and all the squalor of the town lay on the other side of the house, out of sight. 'Suppose we do. Would you say that it is the will of God a man should reap what he sows?' He waited for assent, and as it came in silence he continued. 'They do something to wheat before they sow it; I don't know what it is, but if that farmer over there refused to take the trouble and then began to curse because the crop was black with smut, I should try to calm him by telling him it was the will of God.'

'Why bring God in at all?' asked the Doctor.

'If I could keep him out!' he retorted.

'I thought it was agreed,' said the Doctor, 'that miracles are not to be assumed except in case of necessity.'

Goodall corrected him: 'Not to be multiplied. But I have no use for a miracle here: unless the whole world is a miracle.'

'It is a question of definition,' said Marston.

'Then why drag God in?' persisted the Doctor, ignoring this enlargement.

Goodall was visibly impatient. 'Whom or what would you drag in?' he demanded.

'I should talk about cause and effect,' replied the Doctor.

'How illuminating!' cried Goodall; 'what a complete explanation! And then, perhaps, you will tell us, in ten words or thereabouts, exactly what you mean by a cause.'

'Of course,' replied the Doctor good-humouredly; 'I should say that it is what produces an effect.'

'Produces,' mused Goodall; 'what a beautiful word! Mr. Egerton produces a play at the theatre. I suppose he is the cause, and the play is the effect. Can you tell me why he produces it?'

'He said the other night that he does it for the elevation of the popular taste,' replied the Doctor; 'but I am inclined to suspect that he has another motive as well.'

'In any case you think he has a motive?' inquired Goodall. 'It looks as if the motive might be the cause of the play. But suppose the motive failed to move him. That does happen sometimes, doesn't it?'

We all agreed with this rather obvious conjecture. Goodall watched the harvest operations for some moments, but before anyone interposed he began again: 'Who produces the smut in the wheat? Doesn't it grow from a germ or something? That is rather like the author of the play, or like the first idea of the play in the author's mind. But Mr. Egerton produces the play. The author doesn't, nor the company, nor the costumier, nor the dressers, nor the scene-painter, nor the carpenters. He does it; and he does it only because he has a motive, and not then unless he lets the motive move him. Well, do we really know anything about any kind of production except that kind? Where did you find your idea of a cause except in the knowledge that you can do some things yourself?'

He knocked out the ashes of his pipe, which he had failed to keep alight, and gathered them carefully on the window-sill. 'There was a white spot there,' he said, 'and the whim took me to cover it with those ashes. I can't tell you why. In fact I rather think I took the whim. The result is that the spot is covered. I can understand cause and effect there, and I don't know how else to understand it.'

'Then are we to take it,' asked the Doctor, 'that God is a whimsical person who puts smut on the wheat?'

'I would not say a person,' he replied, 'because I try to be orthodox when I can, and I would not say whimsical, because I really do not know.'

'You mean that God probably has a good motive,' suggested Marston.

'Please don't ask me whether God is the unmoved Mover,' he replied, 'for that is beyond me.'

'What then?' asked the Doctor. Marston murmured again that it was a question of definition.

Goodall smilingly asked him, 'Do you want me to define God? Well, no; if I could do that, God would be something in the world; and then he would not be God.'

'Not even the *Anima Mundi* perhaps?' said the Doctor.

'Certainly not,' he replied, 'because then he would be something less than the world. There is the Body too, you see. Suppose we say that God is the Will at the back of all things that happen, as my whim is at the back of that little heap of ash.'

Marston was frowning, but the Doctor got in before him. 'I can understand it if you put it that way,' he said, 'and there is

a probability about it; but I have never found any evidence of such a will.'

'Perhaps,' replied Goodall, 'because you look for it in out-of-the-way corners, instead of straight before you. We have a queer way of calling an unusual event, in which we cannot trace human agency, an "Act of God." Some people seem to think they could find God in a miracle. I am afraid that if I saw St. Elizabeth's loaves turned into roses, I should only be moved to doubt the evidence of my senses. But when I look at that wheatfield, and follow the corn to the mill and the bakehouse, and see it turn to roses on the cheeks of little children, I am ready to sing "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord!"'

Marston burst in: 'Beautiful! But what about the children's cheeks in Craven Street? There are no roses there. If you make God responsible for everything, you make him responsible for sickness as well as health, and for evil as well as good. I want a God who is all good.'

'So far as I can see,' said the Doctor, 'our friend's God is not particularly good, except to some favoured people. He seems to be like the Nature that people spell with a capital letter, beyond good and evil, beyond morality.'

'Yes,' said Goodall placidly: 'I think you have to get to know him first in that way.'

'It is sheer fatalism,' cried Marston angrily. 'So that child in Craven Street had to die because God willed it. I should call it a doctrine of devils, if I believed in any devil.'

'Our friend Marston is an amazing fellow,' said Goodall. 'He spends nights and days fighting the devil, in whose existence he does not believe. Neither did Emerson, if you remember, though Carlyle took him to see Whitechapel, and even the House of Commons. But Emerson was not a fighting man; Marston is.'

'I don't fight bogeys,' protested the champion, 'but real palpable evils. You will be saying they are not evils at all. Whatever is, is right: it is the will of God. If I thought so, I would fight God, and that comes to much the same as fighting the devil. But I don't believe it. I repudiate it: I call it a lie. You don't believe in God if you say that. You are a fatalist.'

'Not a fatalist,' said Goodall patiently, 'but the exact opposite. Fatalism means necessity: a necessity, mind you, imposed on God. Will is freedom.'

'Freedom for the one who wills, no doubt,' said the Doctor, 'if there is such a thing; but what about the other poor beggars on whom he imposes his will? A slum becomes a necessity for them.'

'For some of them—yes,' replied Goodall, while Marston seemed to be gathering his forces for another attack: 'an in-

evitable consequence, the effect of a cause, and so of the will of God. I would put it in this way: It is the will of God that if men will not work, both they and others shall go hungry, and if they make slums children shall die there.' He added after a pause: 'Or if Governments play the fool, young men shall be blown to bits by shells.'

'A contingent necessity, it seems,' said the Doctor. Goodall asked him if he had any objection. 'Oh, no,' he replied; 'you mean that we must take the consequences of everything that we do. But I thought your Church taught the forgiveness of sins.'

'My Church!' he cried; 'I have none. I am the merest lodger, a vagrant. But yes, there is a Church that teaches the forgiveness of sins, and I have no quarrel with it. In fact, that is another instance of what I am saying. Forgiveness follows repentance, a necessary consequence according to the will of God. It is sowing and reaping over again. Repentance is the seed, absolution is the fruit.'

'In fact, one nail knocks out another,' said the Doctor; 'or one growth smothers another. It is like raising a crop simply to clean the ground.'

Marston did not deliver his attack, and for some moments there was the silent communion of pipes. Then the Doctor spoke: 'You seem to take God a roundabout way to the end in view. Have I got it right? A speculative builder and a factory-owner produce the slum—I might go further back, but I am content to begin there in the middle; the slum kills the child; the child's death stirs the wrath of Marston; Marston's wrath—a doubtful proposition—rouses the voters; the voters, less improbably, frighten the Town Councillors; the Town Council makes things unpleasant for the slum-owner; the slum-owner repents, does some cleaning up, and is absolved; Marston begins to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land—*videlicet* in Craven Street. No, my dear fellow, I am not laughing at you. I am trying to understand the Gospel according to Goodall, and I find the way of salvation rather crooked.'

'What else should it be?' cried Goodall impetuously. 'It must fit the world that is to be saved. Most things are so. Think of the crooked ways by which we men have come to be what we are! And then we make them crookeder. You don't complain of it in biology. It is just so, and you take it as it comes. It would be an impertinence to complain. And why should you expect it to be different in ethics, or politics, or economics? Or do you expect to find two worlds, and two Gods? Remember the hypothesis. God is the Will at the back of all that happens in the world; if there is one world there is one God, and one Will at the back of physics and ethics and politics. If not, there is

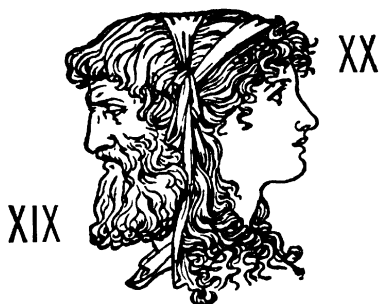
chaos. Pluralism is no good ; if it were true, we could not think continuously, and we can. You say that if God is the Will at the back of everything, then that Will is imposed on us, and we have no freedom. But what if the Will of God imposes freedom upon us? I know that I have some freedom ; not much, perhaps, and I cannot draw the limits of it, but it is here. It is one of the facts that I can't get away from. So, on the hypothesis, it is imposed on me, and I am made responsible, and I have to take consequences. If a farmer won't use a spud, he sows thistle-down and reaps thistles. We have all sown corruption and reap —Craven Street. It is no use raging at the consequences. Marston's woman was even wiser than he thought. She can't cure the trouble, poor thing, and what you cannot cure you must endure. It is the will of God, she said ; and that is the beginning of wisdom. If Marston will believe it, he may be able to climb the ladder of causes far enough to begin a cure ; a partial cure, at all events. Crooked? Of course it is ; as crooked as your practice. You don't use specifics nowadays, do you? You work round to causes. You have prepared vaccines, haven't you? That is crooked enough, as a way of healing ; and you do it because you have found out something about the will of God, O worker of miracles! *Dixi.*

'Time!' said the Doctor, rising to go. 'You make a rather complicated business of it.'

'Did you ever find life a simple business?' he retorted.

T. A. LACEY.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



No. DXXXVI—OCTOBER 1921

THE ISSUE IN IRELAND

WHETHER the Lloyd George Government did the correct thing in opening up negotiations with Sinn Fein is questionable from many points of view; that the most inopportune moment was chosen for the negotiations is beyond dispute. For two years supporters of the Coalition have been sustained in their backing by the repeated declarations of the Prime Minister and Chief Secretary that while they were prepared to meet and discuss the future government of Ireland with representatives of sober Southern Irish opinion, they refused to hold any parley with people whose hands still held the assassin pistol and were red with the warm blood of the murdered servants of the Crown.

As a Home-ruler I have always felt an aversion from the use of force in an internal dispute between the different elements which go to make the British race. But in this case Sinn Fein chose its own weapon in the shape of murder and outrage; having deliberately chosen force as its method for settling a purely political problem, as a democrat I and doubtless many others determined to resist to the death this criminal attempt to substitute the bullet and the dagger for constitutional action.

It is only natural to assume that many who have supported the Coalition in their Irish policy were impelled by similar motives. We have looked upon our soldiers and police in Ireland as the stalwart defenders of our popular and democratic institutions. It is this feeling which has made us resent with so much heat the continuous and never-ending string of usually false, always mendacious, charges of outrage and abuse which have been hurled against the British Army in Ireland.

The officers and men of the British Army in Ireland are performing the duty not only of guarding the rights of the Crown and the authority of Parliament, but the very life and existence of democratic government. It was as the representative of British democracy that the Coalition took up the challenge so recklessly thrown down by Sinn Féin. It was in that character they should have continued, having led the country to believe that there would be no temporising with those who had decided to rely upon a policy of murder to bring about political changes. Great as the rôle was which the Coalition had taken upon itself, as the defender of our democratic faith, it was still a cardinal blunder for the Government to have entered the lists, if there was the slightest mental reservation about continuing the struggle to its logical conclusion. Now the question naturally arises whether the Government had any Irish policy, beyond merely pitting the forces of the Crown against the forces of Sinn Féin. If they had, the moment to have announced it was when picking up the gauntlet of the enemy, not half-way through the game, which makes it appear that they had given up any idea of ever recovering the ball. Having accepted the challenge without parley, no further chance should have arisen until the god of battles had given the victory.

Suddenly produced as by a sleight of hand in the middle of the contest, the proposals of the Government sink into insignificance compared to the far-reaching fact that the Government's enemies are now entitled to claim that they were extracted from them by a successful campaign of violence. This message will travel to the South Atlantic, and if I mistake not will reverberate along our Eastern Empire with the sinister sound of a tocsin of war, and will produce some very ugly effects indeed before this page of our history is closed.

Not only was the time chosen for surrender inopportune, and disastrous from the effect it may have upon the whole Empire, but it tended to create difficulties and dangers which have militated against the possible acceptance of the proposals themselves. Let any Englishman put himself in the position of an average moderate Sinn Féiner. Every Irishman believes himself to be a politician, and follows closely the affairs of the different Irish

policies and parties. Such a man cannot fail to see the difference in the treatment of such great national leaders as Parnell, and especially of John Redmond, as compared with the 'Play Boys of the West,' who have by a judicious use of the knife and pistol forced themselves into conference with the King's present Ministers. If so much has been forced from a reluctant enemy by these anarchic and brutal means, surely a threat to renew the same sordid strife may be reasonably expected to wring from the 'hated Saxon' the full measure of their claim. The proposals will help to solidify, and let us hope strengthen, the Empire; the policy as to time and method of making them must have put, not sand, but some pretty big flints into a very delicate human mechanism. It would have been more useful and less undignified if His Majesty's ministers had from the first publicly announced their Irish policy to the British Commonwealth and the world. If they had done so they would have been sustained by British public opinion in hunting down the ruffians whose only idea of a political argument is assassination. This would have given sober Irish opinion an opportunity of successfully inaugurating the new régime.

I think it is now clear that the temporary surrender of the Government has emboldened Sinn Féin practically to reject the most generous offer recently made to them on behalf of British democracy. They may continue this attitude in the hope that the play of opposing political forces in the Imperial Parliament will make it impossible to maintain the King's Government in Ireland, and that eventually we may accept Sinn Féin's price for the sake of peace. That will be a vain hope, for only a defeated England could agree to this first great step in the disruption of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

If the negotiations break down, as at the moment appears most likely, it is well to consider beforehand what is to be the next step. 'Every malady has its remedy' is a saying as old as these Hampshire hills. But in this case, though the advisers are many, the fever will take its natural course, for the simple reason that many of the remedies proposed are as bad as or worse than the disease. One brilliant journalist has suggested that, if the present negotiations break down, we should evacuate the interior of the South of Ireland, by withdrawing our forces to the coast, and I presume constructing a military line for the defence of Ulster against Catholic Ireland. Fortunately this policy of despair has not received support from any responsible quarter. It is all right as a week-end digression, but has no relation to the practical difficulties of the Irish situation. Apart from the military aspect of the case, great constitutional questions are involved. If the sovereign power deliberately deserts and refuses protection to the

subject, surely that power's authority over both territory and people ceases, never to be revived except at the request of the deserted subjects themselves. Evacuation would be worse than throwing up the sponge and deserting Ireland altogether. It could not take the form of a hurried scuttle, every man to look after himself: loyal subjects who desired to leave must be given the opportunity, and compensated for the loss or destruction of their property. This is the least we could do if we hoped to escape the derision of our enemies and the contempt of the whole world. It is an unpractical proposition, only possible after admitted defeat.

It has been suggested that, in case the leaders of Sinn Fein break off the parley, we should go over their heads and take a plebiscite of the people of Ireland. I put this point to an old Nationalist ex-member of Parliament, as a way out. The utter scorn with which he treated the subject left little doubt of its futility. He said the British Government had for two years allowed Nationalist Ireland to be intimidated and destroyed until for an Irishman to utter a good word for England was equal to a sentence of death. If an Irishman were to advocate friendship for England under Lloyd George's proposals, as would be necessary if such proposals are to have any chance in a plebiscite he would be hounded out of the country or into his grave. The fact is the man with the pistol rules Ireland; she has no articulate voice but the report of the gun. You must wrench the pistol from the hand of Sinn Fein before Ireland can give you the free expression of her will either upon this or any other subject. The fact that the Sinn Fein terror has bereft Ireland of her free will makes it incumbent upon the other members of the British family to prescribe the remedy, and make decisions for her during her incapacity.

Though Sinn Fein and their friends in this country may claim to have defeated the Government they would be extremely unwise if they imagined this to include the people. The determination of the British people to maintain the integrity of the great commonwealth of nations to which they belong was never stronger than it is to-day. A Cabinet is the most timid thing the world has yet produced. It lives from hand to mouth, when it is not dying from day to day. It can only be relied upon to pursue a definite policy so long as it can win elections. The first sign of a new party slogan or shibboleth deflects it from its course. It appears to possess only one settled conviction—that it is the only possible combination of persons capable at the moment of carrying on the King's Government. But the fatal defect in this one point on which they appear to agree is an individual rather than a collective conviction; any minister carrying out an onerous duty

or unthankful task, if attacked, becomes the scapegoat for the pack. A change of policy or a resignation is the certain result of sustained attack. The present Chief Secretary has kept a stiff upper lip, but he has on more than one occasion failed to secure the necessary support of his colleagues. Little wonder that the stable elements of the country show doubt and hesitation, if our leaders fail in the first duty of leadership. If the Government cannot make up their mind as to what the present position of the Irish problem demands, the people have at least made up their mind upon the things they will not tolerate from any Government. There must be no attempt to force upon Ulster anything to which Ulster objects. If the unity of Ireland is to be secured, it must be by the free and unfettered act of the Northern Parliament. The party which proposes to interfere with that accomplished fact is courting disaster and destruction. There must be no desertion of our duty to the law-abiding part of the southern community under the name of evacuation. This may be a mere negative policy, but I hold that if we distinguish what is fixed and unalterable, we have secured a common platform from which the things that are possible can be approached.

If the negotiations fail to secure a settlement it is important that the country should contemplate the next step calmly and dispassionately for the reason that there is no second step after this. Here again the possible courses open to the Government are extremely limited. First and foremost they must take such steps as may be necessary to maintain the authority of Parliament and the constitution in Ireland at all costs. This may involve us in war, not the sort of bandit business which has done duty for rebellion in Ireland during the last two years. Real war, under every known war condition, such is Sinn Féin's demand, and therefore it must be so. But, to carry on war of the relentless type necessary to this case, the Government must make their future policy for Ireland perfectly clear: first, to the Irish people, as it is they who (if the offer of the Government is rejected) will suffer, and secondly to the English people because the necessary effort cannot be successfully made without their wholehearted approval and support.

In all our past dealings with Ireland the element of mutual suspicion has cast its dark shadow over every effort at conciliation. It is useless to attempt to explain the reason: perhaps a hard-working practical people will always be liable to be misunderstood by one that is both indolent and imaginative. The points of difference are now reduced to one formula—the maintenance of the unity of the British people under the sovereignty of the Crown. All the rest is the merest makeweight, so many words meaning less than nothing to the man who will risk his life for

an idea. This is the offer and the promise of the British Government, but suspicious Ireland retorts the offer is still only words, and the honest English citizen has mental reservations too. His experience shows that Governments come and go, and with new men come new policies, the old being easily repudiated. Then, too, even the same Minister holds quite different views, when trying to avoid a conflict, from those he will hold when the work of the soldier has removed the impending danger. Remember, this will be almost a fratricidal war, and we must therefore fight, if a fight is forced upon us, only on the clearest issues. There must be left no room for mistake, doubt or hesitation, once the issue is joined. The statement of the present Premier, even the written proposals of the Cabinet, are not binding upon their successors. Parliament must be called together (it is immaterial whether before or after a General Election), and must be asked to put into statutory form the essence of the Government offer in full. This should be performed in no niggardly spirit, but in the most generous terms; the Act of Parliament (not the offer of any set of politicians) must be the bedrock foundation from which to wage real war if necessary for the maintenance of the British Empire. Ireland would be free to help rescue the population from the terror of Sinn Féin, knowing that the suppression of the murder gang and the object for which we fought would be as much to her interest as our own. Even if she decided for war, in the vain hope of bringing about the downfall of Britain, she would know that the moment she threw away her poniard she would be accepted as a self-governing unit of the British Commonwealth.

JOHN WARD.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

AND THE 'HAND-FASTING' OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA

THE Romans believed that every nation, every community, and every city had its 'Genius,' a quickening and enlightening spirit which at once represented and inspired. If the Genius of the British people and Empire were to appear to Mr. Lloyd George on the eve of his departure for America to take part in the Washington Conference, what would it say to him? Would it not be something of this nature?—

You are about to perform a duty greater than any which you have ever undertaken, perhaps greater than has ever yet been imposed upon any statesman. You will need imagination, a vision that will not only embrace the wide world, but which must look into the future and read there the signs which ban and bless human endeavour. You must determine what seeds planted now will prove fit for futurity, and what will wither and die.

You must have the widest sympathy, and not only the sympathy of approval but the sympathy of understanding. You must never disapprove, oppose, or condemn without the fullest and most just comprehension. You must have the passion which alone generates power and so action, but at the same time you must have it without prejudice.

Above all, you must be the remover, the eliminator of misunderstanding. This is essential to the work in hand, for you will find the way blocked again and again by ignorance and mental sloth. The first thing you must do is to make it clear to President Harding, and through him to the American nation, that the British people have not come into the Conference in order to serve any ulterior motive, or to gain any selfish and private ends. They have come into it, because they see in it a golden opportunity to place the relations of the two halves of the English-speaking race upon a sure foundation—a foundation of friendship and so of fellow-service, and yet a foundation of perfect freedom

I

Incidentally this declaration and realisation of the ties which bind the English-speaking world will be of incalculable value to

mankind as a whole. Neither the United States nor the British Empire wants to prey upon other nations, or to dominate them. All they desire is peace and peaceful development on existing lines. Both realise that there can be no permanent, no real peace if the nations are to be stretched upon the rack of military and naval preparation. But though the road to Peace Disarmament, the establishment of a system of International Law, and the settlement of Disputes by an International Judiciary lies through the hand-fasting of the two parts of the English-speaking race, it must never be forgotten that not these, but far deeper ties are the *causa causans* of the movement which unconsciously, but none the less surely and potently, is bringing Britain and the United States together. This being so, it would be the worst of errors for us to appear to have responded to President Harding's invitation because we thought it would pay us to do so and not, as was assuredly the case, because we felt that at last the opportunity had come to obliterate even the markings of old wounds.

Having made this clear the British Premier must show its practical application. He must tell in plain terms that the British Delegates to the Conference will have one overmastering instruction, and that it will run as follows: '*In case of any marked or important divergence of views or interests among the members of the Congress consult your American colleagues.*' That instruction will not mean that we are prepared to acknowledge any paramountcy in the United States, but only that in this particular episode of development we feel that America is entitled to take the lead, and that it is our duty and also our privilege to support her. In the essential matter of naval disarmament her interests are our interests. We know that America is not an aggressive Power, and that even if she felt obliged to build so as to secure the command of the sea in *the absolute sense* we should not be endangered. Lest this truth should be mistaken for rhetoric or sentiment by the keen-minded dialecticians of the State Department and the Senate it must be made clear that we fully realise that physical conditions would make it absurd, nay impossible, for us to enter upon a competition in naval armaments with America. We know that the United States has already the power completely to outbid us at a naval supremacy auction should we refuse to yield her precedence in this matter.

II

So much for the general question and for making it clear that we may be relied on absolutely by America never to attempt to play off one Power against another at the Conference. We

concede to America an unquestioned lead in this matter. In the Pacific questions we should repose a confidence in the United States no less absolute. We should at once tell President Harding that our policy as regards sea-control is that just stated, and we should go on to mark out the North Pacific as wholly within America's sphere of influence. We should in effect say 'You must run the naval show in the Pacific just as we must run it in the Atlantic. We are able to say this because we feel sure that you would never betray our confidence by sacrificing the interests of Canada, Australia, or New Zealand—all of them Pacific Powers, and all possessing claims upon us which render their interests as dear to us as our own. The Pacific Ocean will be as safe in your hands as the Atlantic will be in ours. In neither case need there be any exclusiveness. We shall be as free to send ships into the Pacific as you will be to send them into the Atlantic, and as indeed will be all nations. As to the adjustment of Japanese and American naval force, we shall endorse any agreement which satisfies the United States, *and none other.*'

As regards the politics of the Far East our Delegates should be specially careful to make clear that we shall keep step with America both as regards the rights of China and as regards the claims of Japan to be given some portion of the Asiatic Continent into which she can pour her surplus population. The United States and the Dominions have jointly and severally come to recognise that they cannot insist, as they must insist, on forbidding Japanese immigration into their territories unless they are prepared to provide some space for the human overflow of Japan.

In a word it must be made clear that we are seizing the opportunity offered us by President Harding's invitation to prove to the American people first, and afterwards to the world at large, that we are seeking something much bigger than diplomatic triumphs, or for business-like arrangements, or for killing Japanese Jingoism with kindness, or even than saving ourselves and the world from bankruptcy. *We mean to show that we are prepared, in partnership with the United States, to undertake a trust which shall secure the freedom of the seas, shall safeguard white civilisation, and finally shall free us from all fear of a Japanese domination founded on the jealousy of the component portions of the English-speaking kin.*

III

I sincerely trust that I have not wearied my readers by putting into the mouth of the Genius of the British people views and sentiments which are regarded as commonplaces by most thinking

Englishmen. If I have been too obvious I must plead in excuse that this article will be read by Americans both in America and in England, and that what are truisms to us may be to many of them news in its original sense, i.e. statements of fact not previously known. There are millions of Americans of good standing, political and literary, who up till now have not realised how complete has been the reorientation of our policy, and who, thanks to our foolish inertia in regard to the Japanese Alliance, still half-believe that in spite of the risk of mortally offending the Dominions we have entered into an alliance with Japan under which we might be compelled to assist the Japanese in an attempt to invade the Pacific slope of the American Continent. The thing sounds, I admit, almost too silly to write about, and yet I am assured that there are people in America who have persuaded themselves, or rather who have been persuaded, into the belief that Japan has got us so tight in a Diplomatic wire entanglement that we must do whatever she tells us.

But after all have we any right to smile if Americans, whose knowledge of us is derived from European correspondents, believe that we are on the Japanese side? When Americans ask 'If you are not on the side of Japan and against us, why have you not taken the first opportunity to get rid of the Alliance?' what answer are we to give? The answer is unfortunately one which it is difficult, nay impossible, to supply to the ordinary man. Shortly it is that our statesmen are tired and languid; are altogether lacking in imagination; and have made a hideous error in not putting an end immediately on the declaration of Peace to the Japanese Alliance. That is not an agreeable thing to have to say of the statesmen whom we are sending to Washington to represent us at the Conference, and whom, in the next breath or at any rate at the next Banquet, we are compelled by the exigencies of the situation to describe in glowing terms as statesmen of the highest insight and the profoundest knowledge.

The most we can venture to do, and this we should certainly attempt, is to induce the Americans to abandon the idea too often held by them that our statesmen are men of astonishing ingenuity and even cunning, men capable, unless carefully watched, of persuading the simple and unsuspecting holders of high office at Washington to sacrifice the dearest interests of their own country to the selfish demands of men at once arrogant and cringing, men in whom the fawning flatterer and the insolent bully vie for ascendancy. If we could only persuade them that the truth is very different surely great good might result. Let them consider what their own representatives are and then judge of ours by them. If they do that they will soon abandon the theory that our

statesmen are so dangerous and so insinuating that a Senator from the West could hardly be left alone with them for half an hour without risking the loss of his political honour.

IV

We are of course equally foolish about American statesmen. We are inclined to think them far better diplomatic bargainers than any Britisher, and to regard it as absolutely certain that we must get the worst of it in any negotiation with the United States. As a matter of fact there is very little to choose between the American and the British statesmen in their clumsy but painstaking endeavours to surpass each other in gimlet-eyed suspiciousness. I suggest, however, that for once our statesmen should give a lead in a new direction and should say in so many words : 'This is too big a thing for suspicion and amity tempered by an occasional attempt to trip up a friend's heels. We mean to trust you, not to watch you. We want the same things in the main as you do, and in the small we shall trust you to consider our interests as well as your own. Whatever happens we are not going to squabble in front of strangers.'

Such action would, it is obvious, pay with Americans, who as a people are more responsive to chivalrous treatment, and to confidence reposed in their sense of honour, than any race on the planet. I do not, however, make the suggestion as a 'tip' to get something beneficent to England out of the Conference, but solely as a good way of dissolving the condition of mutual suspicion. One of us two must be first to hoist the signal of essential amity and of trust free from even a scintilla of suspicion. Let us as the senior claim it as our right to make the noble gesture.

V

There are two practical points of great importance which must be faced and promptly faced by the Conference or rather by the Anglo-American partners when they reach the Pacific section of the Agenda. The first is : How are we to meet Japan's unexpressed but none the less impressive demand that some portion of the Asiatic Continent (north-eastern section if possible) must be assigned to her as a place into which her Empire can expand? The obvious places open to her are Eastern Siberia, i.e. Vladivostok and its hinterland, and also portions of Mongolia. That objections can and will be raised by Russia is obvious, but it is difficult to see where else Japan's claims to expansion can be satisfied, and satisfied they must be if there is to be peace in the

North Pacific, and if the determination of America and the Dominions not to allow Japanese immigration is to be maintained.

The need to meet Japan's 'just pretence' to room for expansion brings us at once to the great issue of the maintenance of the Chinese Empire, as a single independent State in which neither internal chaos nor the dominance of any one great Power shall deprive the world of Chinese trade and Chinese production. All the European Powers are now in complete agreement with America's persistent demand, that politically China shall not fall into the hands of any one Power, and that commercially her doors shall always stand open and trade be pursued on equal terms.

The answers to the questions I have been raising depend upon what view is taken as to the possibility of China being able to place her affairs, political and financial, on a sound and stable basis. If she can do this of herself while the Great Powers agree not merely to cry 'Hands off,' but to see that hands are kept off, China should prove no obstacle to what I will venture to call the Harding settlement. All depends upon China's power to reform herself or rather to maintain internal order, to keep out of money troubles, and to prevent corruption from stopping the beneficial development of her natural resources, and of her huge man-power.

For myself, I believe that the Chinese people in spite of all the rocks in their rough path will be able to keep the even if slow tenour of their way, for I have a strong faith in a race at once so rational and so steadfast in essential ethics. China possesses a rock, the rock of the Family, which has looked on a thousand social and political tempests and has never been shaken. The drums and trappings of Kings, Emperors, and mighty conquerors have had as little effect as the preachings and doctrines of the adherents of countless religious sects, or the reflections of Philosophers, Law-givers, and Poets. The ties that bind parent and child remain unaffected. That they are too unbending is obvious, but as foundations for the State they are without rivals.

But suppose that this view is too optimistic and that China cannot run herself, what then? I admit that in that case the world will be faced with a terrific danger. If we try a condominium of two Great Powers or of a group of Great Powers we shall fail to reform China, and if we allow a single Power to 'protect' China, either that Power will have to be Japan, or else Japan will stand out and devote herself to the task of making any attempted settlement abortive.

But the Great Powers cannot allow the Japanese to protect and so to exploit China. Either she would succeed and would become the mistress of the world or else she would cause a resistance so fierce and so persistent among the Chinese as to reduce

their Empire to a condition of chaos and ruin—the thing which everyone is agreed must be avoided at all costs.

What then we have got to do is to keep China going without destroying her independence or placing her under the domination of any one Power. But if this is so there is only one way in which it can be accomplished, and that is by an honourable agreement on the part of America and Britain to act as trustees towards China and to help her without annexing her, and also without keeping the plums for themselves, a difficult thing to do, but yet not impossible.

VI

And so I come back once more to the point whence I started—the essential need for a bond of amity between America and Britain. To this all roads lead—for those who desire to see healed the wounds of a stricken world, and who believe that the English-speaking race are best fitted to be the healers;—are indeed the only race able to accomplish a task so arduous and so magnificent.

I believe that the great majority of thinking Englishmen agree in their hearts with this assertion, and that the bulk of Americans are also agreed. I would, however, impress upon my countrymen that nothing can ever come in this world of a sleepy acquiescence. Unless action follows thought aspirations soon grow cold. But what action? Make it clear to the American people that we will stand by them and back them in their proposals at the Conference. If they will lead we will follow. No one need fear being committed too much. We are much more likely to find the lead too cautious than too bold; for the American in external policy is a supremely conservative person.

The power which can help most on this side to make the Conference a success by making America feel that they are understood here and will have an ungrudging support, is the power of the Press. It is therefore to the men of my own great and well-loved profession, to the journalists, that I appeal to treat the Conference not with a weary politeness, or a dogged and painstaking sympathy, but with zeal and enthusiasm and with that appreciation with which a great cause should be handled. If our newspaper-men can only be made to see and do their duty here they will soon inspire our statesmen to vigorous action. Let them remember that the greatest causes demand the greatest care in their presentation. Let them be stirred to emotion, and not be content to be perfunctory and conventional.

Never think it necessary to be timid and childish in the highest concerns of life, but when you defend your country defend it with enlarged wisdom and with the spirit of magnanimity; praise its great excellences, do not

perpetuate its little defects, be its liberal defender, be its wise patron, be its real friend. If you can be great and bold in business affairs do not think it necessary to be narrow and timid in national concerns: bind yourself up with the real and important interests of your country and hold yourself accountable to God for its safety; but yield up trifles to the altered state of the world.

So said, with a few changes of word and phrase, a great English writer of a hundred years ago. So I now venture to address the journalists, not only of the United Kingdom and the British Empire, but of the whole English-speaking world.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

THE LAND :

(I)

A BILL 'TO ABOLISH PRIVATE PROPERTY IN LAND'

THE Labour Party have at length embodied their pet policy of land nationalisation in a Bill which has been read a first time in the House of Commons and printed and is therefore available for everybody to study. I propose to examine the provisions of this Bill in respect of agricultural land; I shall only touch upon its effects on urban or industrial land incidentally, but it should certainly be examined carefully also from that point of view. If, in the course of this article, I misrepresent the effects of the Bill, I can assure its authors that the misrepresentation is unintentional; but the Bill is not easy to understand; its drafting is clumsy and the inter-relation of the clauses is obscure. For instance, from my point of view, much depends upon the distinction made between agricultural land and land that is not agricultural, and yet there is no definition at all of agricultural land!

The Bill applies to all Great Britain but not to Ireland, and its first object, as set forth in the introductory memorandum, is 'to abolish private property in land,' and the plan of the operation is as follows. In the case of land, other than agricultural land, the State is to become the owner of 'the land itself, together with all minerals and water rights, and any trees, forests, orchards, and fruit or other bushes and shrubs thereon,' and together with all buildings of every sort 'erected by a lease-holder subject to their reversion to the owner of the land at the end of a term of years.' In the case of agricultural land, the State is to become the owner of the land itself and of 'all farmhouses, farm buildings, walls, hedges, ditches, roads, bridges, or other improvements or works erected upon or made therein.'

All other houses and buildings of any sort whatever, whether situated on agricultural land or on non-agricultural land, are to remain the property of their present owners, but, although these house-owners are informed that their houses will remain their property, it will clearly be in the power of the Ministry of Lands and of the Public Lands Committees to charge them a rent for

the use of the State land on which their houses or buildings stand. This is how I read the Bill in the light of the various clauses which interact on each other, but the result is curious. Forests, which do not exist so far as I know anywhere except on agricultural land, will not become the property of the State if they are situated on agricultural land, but they will become the property of the State if they are situated (which they never are) on other land. Again a comparatively fortunate owner, whose house is situated in an area of agricultural land, will apparently be allowed to retain possession of the trees, orchards, fruit and other bushes and shrubs, which happen to exist in his garden, but the suburban resident will see all these cherished possessions pass into the ownership of the State. And again apparently the State is not going to take possession of minerals or of water rights or of buildings erected under a building lease, if they are found upon agricultural land, whereas these valuable forms of property will pass to the State without any compensation to the owner in the case of all other land. I feel confident, however, that these distinctions represent the inexperience of the draughtsman rather than the intention of the authors of the Bill.

In the case of agricultural land it is carefully provided that the tenant or occupier of the land shall have the right to purchase the farm house, farm buildings, hedges, ditches, roads, bridges, or other erections or improvements from the State, but, as I shall be able to show presently, he is not at all likely to do this, and perhaps it is just as well; otherwise this extraordinary position would be created: the State would own the land, the occupier of the farm would own the farm house, the farm buildings, the hedges, ditches, roads and bridges, and the late landowner would remain in possession of all the cottages scattered over the farm. Three commingled ownerships on one farm!

There are many reflections which might be made on the social state so carefully created, but two occur to me with special force. What individual is henceforth going to build any houses for agricultural labourers or for anybody else on agricultural land? Not the present landowner, who is to remain under this scheme a house-owner, though no longer a landowner. He has in the past done a remarkable national and social service in providing good cottages at a wholly uncommercial rent for the labourers on his estate. It is one of the particularly ungracious attitudes of the Labour Party that they ceaselessly harp on the existence of a very small proportion of unworthy cottages on these estates and seldom make mention of the vast majority of excellent cottages provided at a real financial sacrifice to the owner. The agricultural landowner has hitherto built these cottages because of his pride in his estate and of his acute sense of responsibility for it, but

he is not going to build cottages on an estate which is no longer his; and indeed I do not see what sufficient incentive he will have towards keeping the existing cottages in proper repair. As I shall be able to show presently, he will by this Bill, if it becomes an Act, have been robbed by the State of a large proportion of the capital which he and his forefathers have sunk in the improvement of his property, and, if he cannot let his houses for a rent which will prove a commercial investment, he may very reasonably decide to abandon them altogether. Equally it is certain the occupier will not build cottages on a farm, where his tenure will, as I can also presently show, be far more insecure than it is at present. I cannot conceive any other individual intruding into this State land moved by either philanthropy or the love of gain. Therefore it seems clear that the whole future provision of houses of every sort on agricultural land must be made by the State. What machinery is provided for these administrative purposes we shall presently see, but the taxpayers and the ratepayers will be under no delusion as to what the result will mean to them.

Then as regards gardens it is quite seriously proposed that all trees, orchards, fruit or other bushes and shrubs shall become the property of the State. Conceive the position of the present owner of a house and garden! The house, if not built on a building lease, will remain in his possession, but not only will all the land of his precious garden, but every tree, bush and shrub therein, become the property of the State. Apparently the vegetables and the annual flowers will remain his property; but it will be a nice question for the Law Courts to decide what is and what is not a bush. A currant is presumably a bush, but what is a rose? Clearly he will no longer be master in his own garden. He will not be able to cut down a tree, or a shrub, or a bush, divert a path, or make a bed without the leave of the local representatives of the State. He will be chary about planting, because he will be planting for the State and not for himself. It is thought by a very large number of human beings that there is no greater earthly pleasure than the ownership and management of a garden, but how much of that pleasure will remain when it has to be exercised under the supervision and control of a local 'Public Lands Committee' will surely be considered doubtful. This particular provision appears to me to be either savage or pedantic according to the particular mood of its unknown author.

We will now consider how this vast State property is to be managed. First of all there is to be a Minister of Lands, and on him will be conferred immense powers, as indeed is inevitable, if he is to be entrusted with such a superhuman task as the efficient control and management of all the land of Great Britain. But he is not to be without the benefit of advice. He is to

establish an Advisory or Consultative Council which may give him advice and assistance ; but he is not apparently obliged to follow their advice, because any provision to that effect is expressly omitted ; nor will he be obliged to seek their assistance because no provision is made for the time or occasion of their sitting ; and perhaps this is just as well for the sake of the unhappy dwellers in the country when we consider how this Council is to be constituted. It is to consist of twelve members, of whom three only will presumably be wholly interested in the welfare of agriculture and of rural society, and these three are to be appointed by the Minister of Lands from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, from the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, and from 'a Farmers' Association.' Two other members will be partly interested in rural affairs and partly in urban, and they are to be appointed by the Minister from the County Councils Association and from the Rural District Councils Association. Another member ought to be a champion of rural interests, because he is to be appointed by the Minister from 'a Farm Workers' Association,' but the official representatives of Farm Workers' Associations have hitherto appeared to act as if their allegiance was exclusively due to the official programme of the Labour Party, and that programme is naturally devised entirely from the point of view of the industrial worker and the urban dweller, because the vast majority of the members of the Labour Party are industrial workers and urban dwellers. The other members are to be appointed by the Minister from the Ministry of Health, the Municipal Corporations Association, the Urban District Councils Association, the National Chamber of Commerce, the Trade Union Congress, and the Co-operative Congress. It will certainly be nothing but an accident if any single member of this Council, except those appointed from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries for England and Wales, and the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, and from 'a Farmers' Association,' know anything whatever about agricultural land, or its management, and therefore it is fortunate that this Council appears to be nothing more than a piece of window-dressing. I do not propose to study it further, but to pass to the consideration of the real working bodies on whose efficiency of administration will depend the proper utilisation of the land and the whole welfare and comfort of life of those who live in the country.

The management of the landed estate of the State will be entrusted, in London to the County Council, in all County Boroughs, or Boroughs other than Metropolitan Boroughs, to the Councils of those Boroughs, and in all Urban or Rural Districts to the Councils of those districts. Each of these bodies 'shall be responsible' to the Minister 'for the details of the administra-

tion of the trust estate in their respective areas,' and for this purpose these Local Authorities are each to appoint a Public Lands Committee, consisting of members of the Authority and a number of co-opted members, not exceeding one fourth of the total number of the Committee. This Public Lands Committee 'shall have power to act in the name of and with the full authority of' the Local Authority by which it is appointed, and it 'shall make such reports to and obey such instructions of the Minister as shall from time to time be prescribed by him.' This is centralisation of power with a vengeance, and I hope that the Labour Party have their super-man ready for the post of Minister of Lands. Subject to obedience to the instructions of the Minister, the Public Lands Committee is entrusted with the task of deciding to whom the land situated within its area is to be let, and it has full power to 'prescribe, define, and regulate the terms and conditions upon which, and the persons to whom, the said land shall be let.' It is obviously intended that one of its most important duties shall be to see that the land is used to the best possible national advantage, and that none of the public lands shall be wasted.

The belief of the Labour Party, that the nationalisation of the land will make English men and women much happier and result in the land being put to much better use and in producing much more than it does at present, is really pathetic, and it is still more pathetic to contemplate the machinery by which this Earthly Paradise is to be created. The powers of these Public Lands Committees extend far beyond what has yet been mentioned. Clause 18 of the Bill will be pointed to by its authors as that which confers complete security of tenure on the tenant farmer or occupier; but whether, when he understands its provisions, he will be enthusiastic over his security, remains to be seen. The Public Lands Committee of his district will fix the rent of his holding, and it is specifically directed to revise that rent after every period of seven years; rent in fact would become a form of taxation to be screwed up like any other tax to the highest point it would stand without diminishing its returns; but the occupier is given an appeal against the rent so fixed to the County Court, which in one casual clause has all the functions of a Rent Court added to its existing duties. Most County Court Judges do not possess and do not claim any knowledge whatever of the value of land: yet the whole of this vast question affecting the welfare of every occupier of land, large or small, and the whole financial soundness of the scheme of land nationalisation is thrown into their lap in fourteen lines of this Bill. The Public Lands Committee has also the power of fixing the terms and conditions upon which the occupier shall hold his holding, but no appeal

in respect of these terms and conditions is given to the County Court Judge, or to anybody else. The Public Lands Committee has also to satisfy itself that the land is properly and sufficiently cultivated, and thus in one line of this Bill the State makes itself responsible for seeing that every farmer, or small holder, or occupier of a garden (whether it be attached to a country house, a suburban villa, or a cottage), farms or gardens according to the method approved by itself. If the occupier does not satisfy the Public Lands Committee or the Minister, who gives instructions to it, that he is properly and sufficiently cultivating his farm, small holding, allotment, or garden, or if he neglects or refuses to comply with the conditions imposed upon him by one or the other authority, he can be ejected from his holding. The Public Lands Committee, or the Minister, may also eject the occupier from his holding if they consider that it is 'required for public purposes.' Whatever may be the cause of his ejection the occupier is to receive no compensation for disturbance, but he will receive compensation for improvements made or carried out by him. Notwithstanding this fact I venture to think he will consider that Clause 18 gives him the strangest form of security of tenure ever devised by a legislator, and that he will be very shy of accepting the offer of the Minister under Clause 9 to purchase the equipment of his farm. In this connexion it is worthy of note that under this Bill as drafted it might easily happen that an occupier, who was so ill-advised as to purchase the farm house, farm buildings, hedges, ditches, roads, bridges, etc. situated on his farm, from the State, would pay more for them to the State than the State had paid to the owner for all these 'creations, erections, and improvements' and the freehold of the land itself.

It is abundantly clear that the responsibility placed on a Public Lands Committee in any given area will be a heavy one, and that the powers entrusted to it are very large, and that its influence for good or for evil on the happiness of the inhabitants of the area which it controls will be great. It will, therefore, be interesting to consider in a concrete case what the task entrusted to this Committee really is, and how the Committee itself is likely to be composed. I live in the district of a typical rural Council consisting of 22 Parishes and containing an area of 57,833 acres. There are 25 rural Councillors, and their vocations are as follows: Farmers, 16; Clergymen, 3; Women, 2; Grocer, 1; Miller, 1; Estate Agent, 1; seat vacant, 1; total, 25. From these 25 Councillors a Public Lands Committee would under this Bill be formed to which the immense powers already described, and still to be described, would be entrusted. Let us suppose that the Council decides that the Committee is to consist of 12 persons. It would therefore have to select 9 of its own number,

who could co-opt 3 other persons, not necessarily being members of the Council.

Have the authors of the Bill seriously considered how very heavy and difficult is the task of managing an estate of 57,833 acres? of controlling, directing, and supervising the cultivation of all the farms, small holdings, gardens, and allotments comprised within that area? of ensuring that no land within that area is wasted? of keeping the buildings in repair? of dealing with the housing problems within it? of being the sole authority to take decisions affecting the welfare, employment, and happiness of 15,782 persons living in 22 separate parishes? It would be a very heavy whole-time task for an extremely efficient specially trained and educated man, aided by a competent staff of technical assistants and clerks in a large office; and yet by this Bill this work is to be done by a Committee consisting of (say) four Farmers, one Estate Agent, one Clergyman, one Lady, one Grocer, one Miller and three co-opted Agricultural Labourers. But every one of these possible members of the potential Public Lands Committee of my district is a fully occupied person with his own duties and profession to attend to. It would involve a great personal sacrifice on their part if they devoted one day a week to a meeting of a Public Lands Committee, and then can anybody imagine the conditions of such a meeting? Every human being in these 22 parishes who in one given week to-day settles his or her affairs, either alone if he or she is the owner of land, or in consultation with the owner or the representative of the owner if he or she is an occupier, would have to meet this Public Lands Committee on a fixed day in each week to settle any point, however small, in respect of which the consent of the owner has to be obtained; and considering how very exacting and interfering is the ideal of State ownership held by the authors of this Bill and how grievous may be the penalties for infringing the conditions of tenure, the number of references to the Public Lands Committee by the unfortunate future occupiers must be far more numerous than the references required to-day to private owners of land. All these people would have to be interviewed by the Public Lands Committee, and at the same time important questions of policy such as the building or repair of cottages, the draining of land, the cutting or planting of woodlands, the letting and the terms of letting of the land, the selection of tenants, reports on cultivation, reports to the Minister, and instructions from the Minister, would have to be considered by the Committee at the same meeting. And I have not yet exhausted the extent of the powers or the importance of the duties entrusted to it, *for the whole of an occupier's right to sub-let his holding, to sell the tenant-right of his holding to another*

party, or to leave the occupancy of his holding to his son, is to be subject to the approval of the Local Authority or Public Lands Committee. If either of those bodies is satisfied that the proposed sub-tenant or assignee or legatee is a suitable and responsible person, it may allow the occupier to sub-let, sell, or bequeath his holding; but, if that consent is withheld, then the transaction must fall through. Just fancy such a Committee sitting in judgment on the character of an occupier's son and solemnly deciding whether the father will be justified in bequeathing his holding to him! Why, of course it would not attempt anything whatever of the kind. I doubt very much whether in most rural districts a sufficient number of Councillors could be found willing to serve on such a Committee, so invidious and impossible would most men consider the task. Only those would be anxious to serve who thought that from the power placed in their hands some material advantage could be gained; and, if such a system were really established all over the country, I should have the gravest fears of a corrupt administration. But putting aside that very real danger, let us seriously consider how the work could possibly be done supposing that a sufficient number of capable, honest, and public-spirited persons were found willing to serve on such a Committee and to give up one day in each week to its work. It could only be done through a bureaucracy. In each rural district a large and properly equipped Estate Office would have to be established; at the head must be placed a properly trained, highly educated and experienced Director; such a man would be cheap at 2000*l.* a year, and, considering the immense temptations that might be put in his way, it would be wiser to pay him 3000*l.* Under him would have to be at least two fully qualified Inspectors to deal with the letting of holdings and their proper cultivation; a Legal Assistant to draw leases, carry through prosecutions, and conduct all legal work; and an Architect fully qualified to deal with all questions of buildings; and to assist the Director and his Staff, there must be a strong body of clerks and typists. It would also be necessary to call in expert assistance when required to deal with special and technical matters such as forestry, drainage, etc. With all the incidental expenses for office accommodation, travelling (including motor cars), postage and stationery, I cannot easily imagine such an office being run in a rural district of this size for much under 10,000*l.* a year, and in many cases the cost would be much larger. But what is much more important is that the whole power would really be in the hands of the local Director and his Inspectors and the Minister of Lands. The Public Lands Committee would meet once a week; it would have the greatest difficulty in getting through a crowded agenda paper; and it would more and more

trust its Director, and very wisely so, for he would certainly do the work much better than it would. But this would be nothing else than bureaucratic government on a colossal scale. The kind of office rules which would prevail are familiar to us. The farmer who wanted some urgent repairs to the State buildings would have to fill in Form 99B; if he required permission to lop the overhanging branches of a State tree he would have to make requisition on Form 201z; or, if he or any other house-owner desired to enlarge his house or even to attach to it a lean-to for a coal-shed, sanction to encroach on the State land would have to be sought on a special pink form and no application in any unorthodox shape would be recognised.

I know the Labour Party think that the kind of management which would result from their scheme of nationalisation would be something quite different from the State control of which the whole nation, including the Labour Party itself, became heartily sick during their four years' war experience; but there can be no greater delusion than this. Nationalisation may be a wise or an unwise policy: that may well be a matter of opinion; but what really is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow is that it means bureaucratic government, affecting the comfort and welfare of every individual in the land in his daily life. I have in the course of this article attempted to give a sketch of what in a country district would be the position of the general public, of the members of the Public Lands Committee, and of the occupiers of land, but I have not yet said anything about the terms on which this land is to be acquired by the State from the owners, and something must be said about that to complete the picture.

Who are the owners of land and how many are there? I am convinced that they are far more numerous than the authors of this Bill imagine. First there are the Corporations which own land, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Universities, the Colleges, the Schools and Public Charities, great Friendly Societies, Co-operative Societies of many sorts, and many other corporate bodies. If these bodies do not receive a fair price for the land taken from them they will be ruined. Imagine for instance a school dependent for its income mainly on land, the fair market value of which to-day is 50,000*l.*, and suppose it received from the State in compensation for the loss of that land 25,000*l.* in unmarketable stock; what is going to be the financial position of that school? But the individual owners are far more numerous than the Corporations, and in my district the owners of land happily include many men and women whom the Labour Party would class as 'Workers.' I have not exact statistics to refer to, but my impression is that there are in my district two or three properties of perhaps 3000 or 4000 acres; a certain number

varying from 500 to 2000 acres; a large number between 100 and 500 acres, and many varying from an acre to 100 acres. Now on what terms are these persons going to be compensated for the loss of their land by the State under this Bill? The governing clause is Clause 11, and by it they are to be paid in National Land Stock bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

'such a sum as will represent twenty years purchase of the annual rental value of the land, less reasonable expenses of management, such value being calculated as the annual value of the land for the purposes for which it is being used at the time it is transferred as aforesaid'

to the State. It has already been mentioned in the early part of this article that nothing is to be allowed for minerals, and that I have no doubt is a question of principle with the authors, but do they realise that this basis of compensation includes nothing for expenditure on afforestation? An owner of an estate may have, as many have, spent large sums in improving his old woods and in forming new plantations, and I am sure that the Labour Party themselves would admit that that is an act of good citizenship and one to be commended by the State. But these woods and plantations have no real annual rental value, and by this clause they would be simply confiscated! But that is only an incident of the general confiscation contemplated by this clause. I can speak from personal knowledge of a small estate on which for nearly sixty years past the owners have spent their capital, for the most part wisely but certainly never with any intention except that of improving the estate and of benefiting those who live upon it. They have built and rebuilt cottages farmhouses and farm buildings, they have planted and replanted, they have fenced and drained made roads and water supplies. The result to the estate is that it is greatly improved from what it was half a century ago; the result to the people who live on the estate is that they have constant good employment, a sufficient supply of good houses and gardens, and the parish is provided with schools, recreation-grounds and clubs. The result to the owners' family is that they are much poorer than they would have been if during all these years they had owned no agricultural estate and had invested their surplus income in some other security. But they have had their reward in the happiness of an English country life, in the excellence of their relations with their neighbours of every class, and in their devotion to the land on which they live. Now everything is to be taken from them under this Bill except the houses in which they or the labourers live; and under clause 11 the nominal value of the land stock paid to them in compensation for the loss of the estate would be 24,000*l*. But it so happens that for revenue purposes this estate has just been valued by the Inland

Revenue Commissioners, and the value they put upon it was 57,000*l.*, and duty was paid to the State on that amount!

The finance of this scheme of nationalisation deserves full treatment at more competent hands than mine, but the picture I have tried to draw would be incomplete without some reference to it. By Clause 10 of the Bill the whole of the land of Great Britain is to be purchased by the issue of Land Stock to any amount equivalent to the aggregate of the purchase price. Although, as I have shown, the unfortunate owner is to receive in this stock something much less than the value of his property, the amount of land stock to be issued by the Government must be enormous. As its value in the market is likely to be something much less than par, the position of the expropriated owner will be so serious as to amount to nothing less than a catastrophe for his family. But what will be the position of the State? On the Land Stock so issued it will have to pay 5 per cent. interest and such a sinking fund as will enable it to be 'redeemed at par at the end of thirty years.' It will also have to find the expenses of the Super-Ministry of Lands set up in the first seven clauses of the Bill from some source or other.

In addition, as I have shown, an Estate Office on a large scale will have to be set up in the area of every local authority in Great Britain which under Clause 16 becomes responsible for the detailed administration of the State lands. Against these charges have to be set what remains of the gross rents received from the land after all the costs of equipment, repairs, insurance, rates, tithe &c. incidental to ownership have been met. As I read Clauses 14 and 15 it appears that the authors of the Bill think that there will be a handsome balance left over for them to dispose of at will. All rents are in the first place to be received by the Minister, 'but where the total rental revenue in any district exceeds the total interest payable on the stock issued as compensation for the land in that area, the Minister shall remit the excess to the Public Lands Committee, in whose hands the local administration of such land is vested.'

Clauses 14 and 15 are obscurely drafted, but I understand Clause 15 to mean that the Local Authority in each district is to apply the funds transmitted by the Minister to the Public Lands Committee under Clause 14 'as to three fourths thereof to the costs of administration and other local purposes, and the remainder shall be transmitted to the Minister, who shall cause it to be paid into the Treasury to form part of the consolidated fund.' This seems a cumbrous plan, and, if the local authorities are never to handle more than three fourths of the 'excess of this rental revenue,' it would seem simpler if the Minister remitted that exact proportion to them and paid the other quarter direct into the Treasury.

With the example before our eyes of the municipal administration of Socialists and with our dearly bought experience of the economy and business capacity of super-Ministries I am inclined to think that in less than five years from the date of nationalisation the total expenditure of the Land Ministry and of the Public Lands Committees on agricultural land would exceed the total receipts, and that the taxpayer and the ratepayer would be called upon to make good the deficit. In this connexion it is ominous to note that we are not informed in Clause 14 of what is to happen if the total rental revenue in any district does not exceed the total interest payable on the Stock, or in Clause 15 what is to happen if the costs of administration by the local authority exceed three fourths of the 'excess remitted to the Public Lands Committee' by the Minister. The authors of the Bill of course cheerfully rely on the bottomless purse of the taxpayer and on the everlasting docility of the ratepayer.

In conclusion I will permit myself one confident prophecy, and that is that in much less than five years from the date of nationalisation the Minister of Lands, his office, his Council, his Public Lands Committees, and all his works would be the most unpopular institution in Great Britain.

SELBORNE.

THE LAND :

(II)

THE AGRICULTURAL WAGE

'THE abolition of the Agricultural Wages Board' had a brief vogue as a political issue and an effective headline. To the general public the phrase connoted merely, or mainly, the happy dispatch of one of those ebullitions of the 'new bureaucracy' which are at the present time under the ban of popular disfavour. Among many of those who were more intimately concerned, the phrase implied either, on the one hand, the removal of an instrument of oppression, or, on the other, the withdrawal of a beneficent protector.

The disappearance of the Wages Board, however, is in itself only an incident. The repeal as from October 1st of Part II. (as well as the other provisions) of the Corn Production Act, 1917, involves a much bigger issue than the 'scrapping' of a piece of administrative machinery. It means the abandonment by Parliament of the principle of a legal minimum wage for agricultural labourers after a trial of slightly more than four years.

The establishment by Act of Parliament of a definite standard of wages for farm-workers is in one sense as old as the Statute of Labourers (1349), or older, but in its modern form it is quite new. The principle of a legal minimum wage was first brought into prominence in 1913. In that year the Land Enquiry Committee in their famous Report suggested it in the following terms :

That in order to secure to the labourer a sufficient wage, it is necessary to provide for the fixing of a legal minimum wage, by means of some form of wages tribunal.

In May of the same year a bill was introduced by the Labour Party which proposed to set up Farm Wages Boards, and later in the same year Mr. Lloyd George during his great Land Campaign urged that the State should 'come in and see that the labourer does get a minimum wage.'

The events of 1914 intervened, and the question did not again come within the range of practical politics until the appointment in 1916, by Mr. Asquith, of a Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Selborne, with the following reference :

Having regard to the need of increasing home-grown food supplies in the interest of national security, to consider and report upon the methods of effecting such increase.

The Committee were especially directed to consider post-war conditions rather than immediate issues, and in their Report they surveyed the whole agricultural situation as they saw it, and attempted to lay the foundations of a permanent agricultural policy. They recommended that

the State should fix a minimum wage for the ordinary agricultural labourer in each county, guarantee to the farmer a minimum price for wheat and oats, and take steps . . . to secure the increase of production which is the object of the guarantee.

The principle which up to 1914 had been adopted as a political issue by the Liberal and Labour parties was thus endorsed by a non-political body comprising some of the foremost representatives of agricultural opinion, including not only Lord Selborne himself, but also Sir Ailwyn Fellowes (now Lord Ailwyn), Sir Charles Bathurst (now Lord Bledisloe), Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Mr. E. G. Strutt, Mr. Fitzherbert Brockholes, Sir Daniel Hall, and Mr. G. G. Rea.

The main proposals of this Committee were embodied in the Corn Production Act passed in August 1917, after prolonged discussion in both Houses of Parliament. The three points were (1) Guarantee of corn prices, (2) Minimum wage, and (3) Control of cultivation.

In their report the Selborne Committee especially stated that the policy they advocated must be regarded as a whole, and the Government adopted a similar attitude and declared that their proposals embodied a considered, complete and balanced policy for Agriculture.

In that sense the three points hung together, but it nevertheless remained that the arguments which the Committee used in support of a legal minimum wage did not depend on the adoption or non-adoption of other proposals. In discussing the adoption of the principle of a legal minimum, it had never been suggested either by advocates or opponents that its justice or injustice was contingent.

Lord Ernle (then Mr. Prothero), who as Minister for Agriculture introduced and carried the Corn Production Bill, made the position clear at the time. He has made it doubly clear in a

recent article. In the *Financial Times* of July 19 last appeared an article by Lord Ernle on 'Farm Labour and the Wages Board.' After referring to 'the Plough Policy' and the general purpose of the Act of 1917, he continued :

The fourth feature in the Corn Production Act of 1917 was the establishment of a Wage Board to regulate the wages of agricultural labourers. Some machinery of this kind had long been advocated on national and social grounds. Wages south of the Trent were miserably low; but, immobile and isolated, agricultural labourers found it difficult to combine, and without combination to enforce their demand for higher pay. Without external help their organisation would be slow, even if it eventually succeeded.

Apart from these and similar considerations, war conditions and the administration of the Plough Policy forced to the front the immediate establishment of a Wage Board. In the winter of 1916-17 wages already lagged behind rising prices. Yet, in the face of food shortage, the men could not strike. Their strongest weapon was knocked from their hands. Public opinion would not have tolerated any stoppage of agricultural work which increased the scarcity of bread, meat, or milk. Many of the younger men were also placed in a difficulty by the consequences of a dispute with their employers. They were exempt from military service for work on particular farms, but if dismissed they passed at once into the Army.

Finally, the prosecution of the Plough Policy involved the necessity of flooding the market with extraneous and subsidised labour. The Government was about to ransack the corners of the country to supplement the labour on the land with soldiers, women, both half time and whole time, public school boys, national service volunteers, interned aliens, prisoners of war. If no machinery had been set up to regulate wages, this army of supplementary labour—300,000 strong—would have been, in effect, a subsidised army of 'blacklegs,' taking the bread from agricultural labourers. Such a position was impossible. Wages Boards formed a necessary feature in the Corn Production Act of 1917. But there was no link between them and guaranteed prices. The Act established no connection between the two: it did not make one dependent on the other. It struck no bargain with farmers.

This explanation by the highest authority on the subject should be conclusive on this issue.

The Corn Production Act was, however, a temporary measure expiring in 1922, and during the passing of the Agriculture Act (which re-enacted the main provisions of the Corn Production Act) a provision was introduced which in certain circumstances made the continuance of the legal minimum wage dependent on the continuance of the guaranteed prices and the control of cultivation. The three were made co-terminous if these provisions were repealed by Order in Council after four years' notice. That course was not adopted, and consequently any attempt to establish the interdependence of the three points must be based on the intention of the Act of 1917—which Lord Ernle has made clear.

But this question—about which there has been much discus-

sion and some vehement language—is, for the time being, academic. The simple fact which matters is that in 1917, for reasons which it deemed good and sufficient, Parliament established a legal minimum wage for farm workers, and in 1921, for reasons which it considered equally good and sufficient, Parliament abolished it. Whether this, or some future Parliament, will re-establish it, depends on many things which need not now be discussed.

There is probably no party, or school of thought, which regards the fixing of wages, minimum or otherwise, by Parliament as in itself other than a clumsy and inconvenient interference with the internal affairs of an industry. It may be necessary, or even inevitable, in the absence of any other effective method of attaining the same end, but no one, so far as I am aware, denies that the relations between capital and labour, between employers and employed, ought properly to be arranged in every sphere of enterprise by mutual agreement. The only justification for the intervention of outside authority is that the conditions of fair and equitable arrangements by mutual agreement do not exist. It was on that ground that a legal minimum wage in Agriculture was adopted, and on which, if ever, it will be restored. It is on the assumption that such conditions do now exist that it has been abandoned.

In the meantime, it may be desirable to give for the benefit of future students of these times—as well as possibly for the information of some who are, or may be, interested in the subject—a brief account of the manner in which the legal minimum wage provisions have worked in practice. I shall confine myself to the work of the Agricultural Wages Board for England and Wales, with which I am familiar. I need hardly say that I am not concerned to defend either the provisions of the Act of Parliament or the operations of the Board. ‘I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.’

In the first place Parliament provided for a minimum wage of two kinds, one statutory and fixed, the other variable. The statutory minimum was 25s. per week, and the Agricultural Wages Board could not fix a rate for able-bodied men below that figure. It may be noted that this statutory minimum was fixed in an Act which guaranteed prices of from 60s. to 45s. per quarter for wheat, and from 38s. 6d. to 24s. for oats, and it was continued by the Agriculture Act in which the prices were 68s. for wheat and 46s. for oats.

This statutory minimum was, however, inserted merely as a definite lower limit, and the operative minimum rates were to be fixed by a body set up for that purpose. ‘The Agricultural Wages Board,’ ran the Act, ‘*shall fix minimum rates of wages for work-*

men employed in agriculture for time-work.' Other powers were conferred on the Board, such as that of settling what, if any, payments might be made in kind, of making rates for special classes of workers, of fixing piece-work and overtime rates, and of granting exemption from any rates fixed by them, such exemption, however, only to be given for specific reasons laid down in the Act.

Any rate fixed by the Board was enforceable on all employers affected, under penalty of a fine not exceeding 20*l.*, and of 1*l.* per day if the offence was continued after conviction.

The Board were empowered to establish District Wages Committees for such areas as they might determine, and if they did so they could not fix a rate unless it had either been recommended by a district committee or an opportunity had been given to the district committee to report upon it. Any rate had first to be published as a Proposal, and a month was allowed for objections to be made to it before it could be made an Order.

The obligation to establish the Agricultural Wages Board was placed on the Minister of Agriculture, after consultation with the Minister of Labour. The constitution of the Board was an equal number of representatives of employers and workers respectively, and a number of 'appointed members,' not to exceed one-fourth of the total members of the Board. District Wages Committees were to be similarly constituted. The Board were empowered to delegate to District Committees any of their powers and duties, except 'their power and duty to fix minimum rates of wages.'

It may be said shortly, that the Board exercised all the powers conferred on them, whether obligatory or optional, except that of fixing rates for piece-work. They established thirty-nine District Committees and delegated to them all the powers which could be delegated under the Act, they defined what 'benefits or advantages' might be given in part payment of wages, and the amounts at which, if they were so given, they might be reckoned. They fixed rates for special classes of workers in those areas in which the District Committees recommended them, they fixed overtime rates (which, of course, involved the definition of the periods to which the ordinary rates applied), and they also—again where the District Committees recommended them—fixed special rates for hay and corn harvest in certain areas.

Such, in outline, were the functions of the Board and the scope of its operations, as laid down by Parliament. As has been indicated, certain powers were conferred on the Board, the use of which was optional. The Minister was also given authority to require the Board to do certain things—particularly to define the 'benefits or advantages' which might be reckoned in part payment of wages, and to define overtime employment. The Board took the view at the outset that it was their duty to undertake

whatever duties Parliament had empowered them to undertake, and the Minister also decided to 'require' the Board to do whatever it was competent for him so to require. Broadly, the view was taken that Parliament would not have given certain definite powers unless it had intended them to be used.

The actual constitution of the Board was thirty-two representative members—half employers and half workers—and seven 'appointed members,' including a Chairman and Deputy-Chairman. Every member had one vote, the Chairman having an additional, or casting vote. By the regulations the Chairman had power before a division to 'equalise the sides,' i.e. if more employers than workers, or *vice versa*, were present, to require one or more members to abstain from voting so as to maintain equality. In practice both employers and workers usually voted collectively, though occasionally, by general consent, an 'open vote' was taken and every member voted independently. The appointed members also adopted the practice of voting collectively when called upon to give a decision. The membership of the Board was drawn from twenty-seven counties in England and Wales, and represented every variety of farming conditions from Northumberland to Cornwall, and from Lancashire to Kent. The employers' side included some of the best-known farmers in the Kingdom, and the workers' side included the leading members of the two Unions of agricultural workers. Of the workers' representatives, nine were or had been actually employed on the land.

Much of the detailed work of the Board was done by committees, all of which were constituted on the same lines, i.e. an equal number of employers and workers and one or more appointed members.

It will be recognised that the establishment of the Board and the powers conferred on it by Parliament implied much more than the mere fixing of a weekly cash minimum wage. They implied, and indeed required, the substitution of an ordered system for the multifarious and ill-defined conditions of employment which existed haphazard throughout the country. The investigation into the wages and conditions of employment in agriculture, undertaken early in 1918, demonstrated the inequality and diversity which existed. Weekly wages for ordinary labourers in 1914 ranged in various counties from 12s. to 30s.; in 1918 the range was from 17s. to 35s., sixteen counties having an average of 25s. or less in January of that year, notwithstanding the statutory minimum which had become law in the previous August. Wages for cattle-men, horse-men, and shepherds were generally rather higher—as a rule 1s. or 2s. more—the higher wage being mostly paid for longer hours. The hours of work for which the ordinary weekly wage was paid varied considerably, ranging from 8 hours per day

to 11, or even 12, in some counties. The Report stated that 'in the great majority of counties ordinary labourers work about 9 to 10 hours in summer and 8 to 8½ in winter.' In some counties the tendency was 'towards an 8½-hour day even in summer.'

This variety of wages and conditions was largely the result of local circumstances. The wages of a district were determined, to a considerable extent, by the contiguity or remoteness of competing industries. Thus in Glamorgan as much as 45s., in Lancashire 40s., and in Durham 36s. were paid in 1918 to ordinary labourers—these being extreme cases. In a very few counties—Norfolk being one—labour organisation had had some effect on the wage level. The hours of work were determined largely by local custom, based as a rule on the class of farming, dairying and stock-rearing districts having usually longer hours than the corn-growing counties. The proximity, or otherwise, of the worker's residence to his work—notably in the Fens—had an influence in fixing the ordinary working hours. Where the men live mostly in villages the question of 'walking time' often led to a compromise in the matter of working hours.

There were numerous other points of local diversity, including the vexed question of allowances, the provision of cottages, living-in, etc., all of which had to be taken into account.

Faced with these problems the Board had at the outset to lay down certain general principles. The District Wages Committees took some little time to constitute, and the last was not established until June 1918. As they were established, they began at once to send up recommendations which naturally varied considerably. The first recommendation was from Norfolk, and this suggested a minimum of 30s. per week. Some other committees followed this lead, while some made other suggestions.

The general principle adopted was that there should be, for those counties which had been always the worst paid, a basic minimum fixed, while those counties which had always maintained a higher level should each be considered on its merits, the idea being to have regard to the old-established variations, while endeavouring broadly to aim at greater uniformity. It was also decided that whatever wage was fixed it should be paid for a definite number of hours' work. To fix a weekly wage and to allow the employer to demand 8, 9, 10, or any other number of hours' work per day for the same sum did not appear reasonable. The question of 'allowances' was discussed at length and a committee was set up to examine it. The view—which has frequently been urged—that agricultural wages should be put on a purely cash basis found general favour in theory, but it was decided that a refusal to recognise any allowances in part payment of wages would be too drastic a change in agricultural custom. Eventually

it was decided that in addition to board and lodging, the provision of a cottage and of milk or potatoes, should be legalised as payments in kind. It was evident, however, that to fix a cash wage and to allow the deduction from it of any sum which the employer might consider to represent the value of any of these benefits was impracticable, and consequently scales were drawn up after reference to the District Committees. On the question of overtime little difficulty arose; having fixed the number of hours to be worked for the minimum wage, it followed that any additional hours must be paid for at a higher rate. The recognition of a weekly half-holiday was very strongly pressed by the workers—it had indeed been one of their most consistent demands since the days of Joseph Arch. The Board had, of course, no power to make a half-holiday compulsory, but they encouraged it by deciding that on one day in the week any time worked beyond $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours should be paid for at overtime rates. The effect of this was to make the half-holiday the usual practice. The custom which still prevailed with some farmers of 'standing-off' men in wet weather had been generally condemned, and had, in fact, been abandoned by most of the larger and more progressive farmers. The Board made it obligatory to pay the full minimum wage if the men presented themselves and were willing to work.

These decisions were not reached without prolonged discussion between the two sides, both in Committee and on the full Board, but in the end the general principles referred to were adopted by agreement. The adoption of the 'half-holiday' principle (which was also first recommended by the Norfolk District Committee) was, however, resisted by the employers at the time (May 1918), not on its merits but on the ground that its operation should be deferred until after the war. The principles having been accepted the precise application of them presented obvious difficulties, and in some cases sharp division of opinion. The question of fixing the value which should be attached to the provision of board and lodging, milk and potatoes, was in the first instance referred to the District Committees for consideration, and eventually schedules were drawn up, based on the recommendations of the Committees, fixing varying amounts in different areas. The question of the provided cottage was one of especial difficulty. In the first place, it was laid down by general agreement that a worker should be paid such wages as would enable him to pay an economic rent for any cottage rented by him. In the case of a provided cottage it was obviously necessary to fix a maximum for the amount which might be deducted from the cash wages in respect of it. The question was referred to the District Committees who were asked to state what was the existing practice, and also what suggestions they desired to make. The customary amounts at which provided

cottages had been rented ranged from 1*s.* up to 4*s.* or 5*s.*, the most usual rents being from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* After protracted discussion it was decided to fix the maximum deduction at 3*s.*

In relation to the provision of cottages as well as of any other 'benefits or advantages,' it was always borne in mind that it was open to employers and workers to agree that the full wage should be paid in cash and to make any arrangements they chose as to payment for a cottage or any other matter. The Orders of the Board dealt only with those cases where deductions from the cash wage were mutually agreed, and but for the Orders any deduction from the minimum wage would have been illegal.

The Board held sixty-four meetings, many of them extending over two days, as well as a large number of Committee meetings. Public interest, however, naturally focussed on the occasions when a general revision of the minimum rates was made.

The Board has not at any time fixed a 'flat' rate, i.e. a uniform minimum rate for the whole country. The first rate-fixing Order of the Board came into force in May 1918, and fixed a minimum of 30*s.* per week for adult male workers for 54 hours in summer and 48 in winter for Norfolk. The District Committee had recommended 30*s.* for 55½ hours in summer and 48 in winter. The Board adopted the recommendation with the substitution of 54 for 55½ hours, and the precedent thus established was followed in many other counties. Subsequent Orders were made as the recommendations from District Committees were received, and by the end of October 1918 rates for male workers had been fixed for every county. In 27 counties the rate was 30*s.*, and in 26 counties it was higher.

The question of the age at which a male worker should be regarded as adult was raised at the outset, and it was eventually fixed at 18. The prevailing argument was that it was the age at which men were liable for military service. After the Armistice, this argument had less force and the age was raised to 21 in later Orders.

In November 1918 a recommendation was received from the Somerset District Committee that the minimum of 30*s.* should be increased, and the workers' representatives promptly gave notice to propose a general increase. The motion came before the Board on the 9th of January, 1919, but the employers' representatives asked for postponement until the Agricultural policy of the Government should be declared. Some time previously the Board had appointed a Committee to inquire into the costs of farm production and the cost of living, and the fact that it had not yet reported was also advanced as a reason for postponing the consideration of an increase in wages. A motion by the employers to defer the question until March was carried,

and the workers' motion came up for discussion on the 13th of that month. The employers met it with an offer to agree to an increase to 35s. This was rejected by the workers, and the Appointed members then exerted their efforts to promote an agreement. Successive conferences between the two sides, sometimes with and sometimes without the presence of the Appointed members, took place, and the negotiations extended over three days. Eventually the Chairman had the satisfaction of announcing that an agreement had been reached which was embodied in a resolution moved on behalf of the employers, seconded on behalf of the workers and carried unanimously. The general effect was to increase the minimum rate to 36s. 6d. for male workers of 21 and over, and to reduce the hours in summer from 54 to 50—the latter change not to operate until 1920. The Order giving effect to this agreement came into force in May 1919.

In January 1920 the workers' representatives gave notice of a motion to fix a minimum rate of 50s. in all counties, with a minimum increase of 10s. on existing rates for adult males. This came forward in the following month and was referred, in the first instance, to a conference of the two sides. They failed to agree, the employers not being prepared to assent to a higher rate than 40s. Conferences between the Appointed members and the representative members took place, but no agreement was secured. The Board was adjourned for a week and further efforts were made without success. Eventually the Appointed members proposed an increase to 42s., with a minimum increase of 4s. for all male workers of 21 and over, and this was carried against the vote of the workers' representatives. This Order came into force in April 1920.

The workers were still dissatisfied, and at the meeting on April 9, 1920, their representatives gave notice that they would again move for an increase of the rate to 50s. When the motion came on at the next meeting the employers' representatives opposed the motion and the Appointed members suggested that the motion should be referred to the District Committees for their observations. The reports from the District Committees having been received and neither side being willing to make any approach to a settlement, the Appointed members after fruitless attempts to effect a compromise, moved that the minimum rate should be raised to 46s. Most of the representative members abstained from voting and the motion was eventually passed and embodied in an Order which came into force in August 1920.

The final change in the minimum rate has just been made. The employers' representatives gave notice in July to move the

reduction of all rates for adult male workers throughout the country to a flat rate of 40s. Attempts to obtain agreement again failed, and eventually a suggestion by the Appointed members to reduce the rates by 6s., with a minimum of 42s., was carried against the workers, the employers supporting it under protest.

There have thus been five general revisions of the minimum rate as follows :

	s.	d.
May-October 1918	30	0 ¹
May 1919	36	6
April 1920	42	0
August 1920	46	0
August 1921	42	0

It would occupy too much space to attempt to explain the various considerations which have influenced the Board from time to time, and this bald summary of their work must be left to speak for itself. It may be said without hesitation that whether the Board's actions have been wise or unwise, they have always been founded on ample information. Farmers and farm workers throughout the country may be assured that their respective interests have been most ably represented, and that no possible point has been overlooked by those who have argued and negotiated on their behalf. Both sides in turn appealed to the provision in the Corn Production Act, directing the Board 'so far as practicable' to fix minimum rates which should 'secure for able-bodied men wages which in the opinion of the Board are adequate to promote efficiency and to enable a man in an ordinary case to maintain himself and his family in accordance with such standard of comfort as may be reasonable in relation to the nature of his occupation.' It is hardly necessary to observe that the translation of this admirable phrase into terms of cash affords unlimited scope for contention. Even if this direction were as definite as it is in fact debatable, it still remains that the practicability as well as the desirability of attaining the ideal cannot be banished from consideration.

The effective operations of the Agricultural Wages Board extended over a little more than three years—from the summer of 1918 to September 1921. These years will be marked in history as among the most troublous and difficult periods in the social and economic life of the country. Never have the relations of capital and labour been subject to a more severe strain, never has the normal course of production been so seriously dislocated.

¹ This rate applied to male workers of 18 and over; subsequent rates applied to male workers of 21 and over. In 1918-19 the rates were for 54 hours in summer and 48 in winter; in 1920-21 for 50 hours in summer and 48 in winter.

never have the workers in all branches of human enterprise been more insistent in pressing their demands for a larger share in the fruits of their toil, and never, it may be added, has the community generally been more sympathetic to their demands. The sacrifices of the war had been borne by all, but the rewards of victory appeared, from the point of view of the individual, to be inadequate and their distribution unequal. Disappointment, discontent, restiveness, pervaded the people, and at one time it seemed that the whole social structure of the nation was tottering. Through all this turmoil Agriculture was calm. Difficulties and anxieties there were which loomed large to those who had any responsibility for the well-being of the agricultural community, but of internal dissension there was little evidence, and peace prevailed in the rural districts.

The influence which any particular institution may have on the course of events can never be accurately appraised. Sometimes it may be seen in truer perspective when the institution has disappeared. This is not the time for judging fairly the effect of this brief trial of the legal minimum wage in Agriculture, still less of the merits or demerits of the Agricultural Wages Board and the District Wages Committees, as the instruments of its administration. The members of those bodies in relinquishing their thankless task are not likely to think that they have done all things well, or that they have not made mistakes, but on a review of their work they are entitled at least to claim that in a critical period of the nation's history they kept the peace in agriculture. They need no better epitaph.

If it is not easy to estimate fairly what was the precise effect of the system which disappears, still less is it possible to forecast with any confidence the probable effect of the system which replaces it. The accredited representatives of farmers on the one hand and of farm workers on the other do not profess, from either point of view, to welcome it, but both regard it, for different reasons, as the next best thing to that which they desire. The collective wisdom of the Legislature has endorsed it, and many of those in both Houses who are qualified to voice agricultural opinion have given it their personal blessing.

There is much virtue, especially for parliamentary purposes, in a phrase. The substitution of the blessed word 'Conciliation' for the condemned word 'Compulsion' goes far to win the support of those numerous persons who are impressed by words.

The scheme embodied in Section 4 of the Corn Production Acts (Repeal) Act contemplates the voluntary formation of 'local joint conciliation committees' throughout Great Britain, and empowers the Minister of Agriculture and the Secretary for

Scotland to take such steps as they think best calculated to secure their formation and continuance. So far as Scotland is concerned, the matter rests there, but in England and Wales definite and immediate action is provided for. The representative members of each of the thirty-nine District Wages Committees (i.e. the present committees without the appointed members) are declared by the Act to be, as from the 1st of October, a joint conciliation committee, either for the whole of their area or for such part of it as is not covered by a new committee. The original members will remain in office for two years unless replaced by a permanent committee or committees, but the organisation which originally appointed them may substitute others for them up to the 1st of December next. In any area or district the employers and workers may agree to form a conciliation committee and that area or district will thereupon be removed from the jurisdiction of the interim committee.

The function of a joint conciliation committee—whether interim or permanent—is ‘to agree upon a rate of wages for any class of persons employed in agriculture’ in their district, and also to agree upon the period during which such rate is to operate. They may further agree to submit the rate to the Minister of Agriculture for confirmation. If confirmed, it will be advertised in the district with a view to bringing it, so far as practicable, to the knowledge of the persons affected.

When a rate has been thus confirmed and advertised, it will be an implied term of every contract for the employment in the district of any person to whom the rate applies, that the employer shall pay him wages at not less than the rate so fixed. A worker who is paid less will be entitled to sue for the recovery of the difference in respect of a period not exceeding three months, provided that he takes proceedings within three months after the date at which he left the employment.

A contract for payment of a lower rate of wages than that fixed for the district may be legalised by the conciliation committee if they are satisfied that such lower rate was, having regard to any special circumstances affecting the workman, or to the special terms of the contract, fair and reasonable. In such a case the committee must issue a certificate sanctioning the lower rate. If, however, on an application for such a certificate, the Committee cannot agree and are consequently unable to give a decision, a court in which proceedings are taken for the recovery of wages at the fixed rate may sanction the contract for payment at the lower rate.

A joint conciliation committee may appoint an independent

chairman without the power to vote, except in respect of any particular matter on which the committee may agree that he shall have a vote.

It is evident that this scheme is conceived in faith and nurtured in hope—faith that farmers and farm workers will endeavour to settle wages by collective action, and hope that their endeavours will result in mutual agreement. It is earnestly to be desired that the faith may be justified and the hope fulfilled. No one with any knowledge of the history of the relations of farmers and agricultural labourers, or any acquaintance with their psychology, will deny that the experiment is bold. In industrial affairs the principle of collective bargaining is not only familiar but it has become habitual. There may still be individuals who revolt against it, and may even for a time refuse to accept it. But in the main it is a matter of course; employers and workers have been bred in the atmosphere, and any other manner of settling their relations would now appear strange and unusual. Agriculture, however, remains in this respect early-Victorian. Into the past three or four years has been crammed—under compulsion—the education which fifty years or more of trade unionism have imposed on employers and workers in industry. The period has been too short to enable the agricultural mind to re-orientate itself to modern practice. The belief that the terms and conditions of employment are exclusively the concern of the man who employs and the man who is employed is very deeply and obstinately rooted in the agricultural mind. There may be much to be said in favour of that belief, and of the principle of individual freedom of action which it involves. But it is, at this time of day, futile to argue about it. It is sufficient to say that it is impossible under modern conditions, and that to insist upon it is to court disaster, sooner or later.

In what I have written I have tried to avoid the intrusion of any personal opinion, but, in conclusion, I may perhaps be allowed a word of appeal. The present is a critical period for British Agriculture. The economic exigencies of the time are pressing hardly upon all who are concerned in the cultivation of the soil. The position of both farmers and farm workers in the immediate future is precarious; the outlook for the coming winter is in some respects menacing. I have been for many years a close student of agricultural affairs, and I have vivid recollections of the difficulties of the 'eighties' and 'nineties'. The difficulties which now confront agriculture may be not less severe in degree, though they may be different in kind. They can only be surmounted if they are met with a united front by all who live by the land. That unity can only be secured and maintained by a

spirit of reasonableness and fair-dealing when for the moment interests appear to clash. If the Conciliation Committees are set up whole-heartedly in this spirit, they will help immeasurably to keep the good ship Agriculture off the rocks. They are now embodied in the law of the land, and it is the duty of every good citizen, each in his sphere, to do all in his power to make them an effective instrument for the maintenance of peace and concord in the agricultural community.

R. HENRY REW.

A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE ECONOMISTS

No one will be surprised that the strength of the Territorial Army has been cut down in order to gratify the prevailing passion for economy. It is true that when the Ministry of Reconstruction published its pamphlet on *The Mission of the British Army* in August 1919 the Territorial Force, as it was then still styled, was promised a revival on the old basis of 1914 and the greatest possible consideration; but money has failed us, and to that age of golden and fallacious promises 'that of sophisters, oeconomists and calculators has succeeded.' The pre-war establishment was 316,000; the actual strength of the Territorial Force in July 1914 was 268,000. In February 1920 the new peace establishment was fixed at 207,000 only, which total is to be raised to 315,000 in the event of war. Apparently the figure of 207,000 has been since raised to 236,000 of all ranks, and Sir L. Worthington-Evans, when explaining in the House of Commons, on the 15th of March 1921, his estimate of 5,200,000*l.* to meet the cost of the Territorial Army and Yeomanry in 1921-2, stated that he expected to recruit up to a strength of 210,000 before the end of the year. This figure would no doubt have been reached many months ago but for the war-weariness of the country and unfounded suspicions as to the objects of recruiting. But the point to be emphasised is this: however successfully it be recruited, the Territorial Army of to-day must in any event be weaker by over 30,000 men than the Territorial Force of 1914.

The first shock of the economy campaign was naturally borne by the Yeomanry, whose use on the Western Front during the war had perforce been limited to unmounted work, and whose cost is relatively greater than that of the Territorials. Of the fifty-five Yeomanry regiments, ten are to be retained as cavalry, one is to be disbanded, and forty-four are to be converted into other arms. These units were composed of the finest fighting material in the country. It will be disastrous if the new formations fail to attract the same class of recruit, or to keep alive the high traditions of the regiments which they are intended to succeed.

The War Office's policy towards the Territorial Force crystallised very slowly after the Armistice. The change of name to the Territorial Army was foreshadowed by Mr. Churchill in January 1920, but only took statutory effect late in the present session under the Territorial Army and Militia Act, 1921. Recruiting began on the 14th of February 1920, but men have not come in fast. On the 19th of July 1921 Sir L. Worthington-Evans gave figures, from which it seems that only twenty-four battalions had then reached a strength of 600 men. Only one or two divisions exceed 9000 in numbers. He inherited from Mr. Churchill a War Office scheme to get rid of all surplus units over and above the requirements of fourteen divisions, and the scheme responded only too well to the sense of the necessity for retrenchment, which had grown steadily since the collapse of the trade boom of 1919-20. This is the project which has aroused the consternation of all believers in the importance of the Territorial movement. Nineteen battalions are to be converted into details of other arms, one is to become an officers' training corps. Twenty more are now to disappear, either by disbandment or by amalgamation with other units. Thus the 'anti-waste' critics are to be disarmed. According to a reply given on the 12th of July by Colonel Stanley to a question put by Colonel Nall, a Territorial infantry battalion costs the State a little over 19,000*l.* a year, and it is accordingly estimated that the proposed drastic reduction of the Territorial Army will involve an annual saving of 400,000*l.* Here indeed is a step towards that 'normal year' for which successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have vainly yearned.

The loss thereby caused to the country's wellbeing is much less easy to calculate.

Let it be admitted at once that the Territorials have no claim to escape altogether from the process of retrenchment which the needs of our day demand. Yeomanry regiments are no doubt more useful as motor machine-gun corps than as cavalrymen. Some of the infantry battalions in question are weak; a few are very weak. It is conceivably an extravagance to keep on foot those 'cadres' which have signally failed to win local support, although we must remember that the expansive power of the Territorial Army largely rests on the number of 'cadres.' It is an immense military disadvantage, inherited from the Territorial and Reserve Forces Act of 1907, that the Government cannot send a Territorial soldier oversea until the supreme national emergency which requires his service has been specifically recognised as such by Act of Parliament. It is a great disability, due originally to the Government's wish to conciliate the Trade Unions, that the Territorial Army cannot be utilised in any civil troubles with Com-

munists. Hence the State reasonably expends its money, so far as possible, on its Regular Army, which helps much more materially to keep armaments abreast with policy.

Let it be admitted, too, that the process of reduction has been carried out after due consultation with the County Associations and, on the whole, with judgment. Charges of misdirected discrimination have been made effectively in the House of Commons by Captain Wedgwood Benn with regard to the coalescence of the 7th and 9th Royal Scots. That of the 4th and 5th East Lancshires has also been criticised. That of the 6th and 7th Manchesters has aroused dismay throughout Lancashire, as these battalions have ranked among the best of the 42nd Division, which was the first Territorial division to leave England on active service in 1914, and is still numerically the strongest Territorial division in the country. Otherwise, there have been few public protests. It is also only fair to record the wisely generous decision of Sir L. Worthington-Evans to allow the new blended battalions to keep the titles of both their constituent units, and, wherever practicable, to continue the use of their separate headquarters and distinctive badges, buttons, and uniforms. Nothing will thus impede the revival of both the fused battalions as integral units if ever public opinion should insist on a return to the larger establishment which held good for so many years, and which the war so fully justified.

Nevertheless, men who know most about the services of the Territorial Force in time of war, and of the part which it has played and still plays in social life in time of peace, feel that the destruction of these twenty centres of amateur soldiering is an unmixed disaster. It raises a much larger issue than that provoked by any mere challenge to regimental pride or to local patriotism.

In the majority of instances it would have been far better to seek other pathways to economy. That there are some is beyond all question. At the present time every Territorial division and brigade has a full staff composed of whole-time soldiers, who are nearly always Regulars. The total yearly cost is over 150,000*l.* per division; that of a single infantry brigade headquarters is 2600*l.*; that of a divisional artillery headquarters 2600*l.* The temporary reduction of these headquarters to vanishing-point would mean a substantial saving of expense until the return of better times should again enable the country to afford a charge which is very desirable but not absolutely essential. Again, before the Volunteers were converted in 1907 into the Territorial Force, they were for many years quite content to receive no pay whatever during the annual training. The cost of Territorial camps would be enormously reduced if the men were only given allow-

ances to cover food and other necessities, or if they received pay at the pre-war rates, which are little more than a third of the current standard. The War Office alleges that 19,500*l.* a year is spent on each infantry battalion, of which 9000*l.* represents pay, allowances, and bounties during training. Alternatively, it would be practicable for a year or two to go back to the old custom of going to camp for one week only. Economies of this type are not alluring. It is even repugnant to suggest them; but at any rate they point to possible substantial reductions in expense without striking at the roots of the Territorial Army. In dealing with such an institution, the customs and traditions of which have been so long entwined with the daily life of the people, it is well to take the broad view.

It is, however, probable that in this instance 'anti-waste' propagandists have for once found congenial soil. Many men who influence policy at the War Office still cherish in their hearts the old contempt for 'Saturday-afternoon soldiers' which inspired the cartoons of John Leech and even outlived the shock of the South African War. We know that it affected Lord Kitchener's judgment. The Territorial Force was a mere name to a large proportion of our Generals and a mere object for condescension to most of our politicians. We need not wonder that foreigners under-valued its potentialities. In Bernhardt's book, *Germany and the Next War*, published in October 1911, the author, after laying down that Greater Britain 'can be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theatre of war,' shows an equally profound misconception of the character of the Territorial Force. 'It is now 270,000 strong, and is destined exclusively for home defence. Its military value cannot at present be ranked very highly. For a Continental European war, it may be left out of account.' Our military experts have learnt little from the refutation of his fallacy.

Yet, surely even from a purely professional point of view, the value of the Territorial Army is beyond argument. It is much the cheapest fighting force in the English-speaking world. The yearly cost of the soldier in the Regular Army in Palestine is estimated by Sir Herbert Samuel at 500*l.* That of a Territorial infantryman at home, on the assumption that he attends the full annual training in camp, is 27*l.* The Territorial Army is also second to none in its capacity for expansion, and in spite of Lord Haldane's theory that it would only begin its serious training when war broke out, considerable sections of the Force of 1914 were in fact able to take the field almost at once. Thus within five weeks of the declaration of war the Forty-second Division, composed wholly of East Lancashire Territorials, was already in the Bay of Biscay, outward bound for Egypt and the

Sudan. By the 1st of July 1916 nine Territorial divisions were in France. Every Territorial unit has always been a fertile source of recruits for the Regular Army, and the ease with which second-, third- and even fourth-line battalions were recruited during the war at Territorial headquarters proved them to be ideal rallying points. In July 1914 the strength of the Territorial Force exclusive of officers and permanent staff, was 255,864. Between that date and the 28th of June 1916, 888,989 recruits were enlisted in its ranks. The history of every battle front is emblazoned with the story of their achievements: 115,579 Territorials, exclusive of officers, were killed in action. In spite of the deficient technical resources of the first-line battalions, they possessed a far wider range of capacities and aptitudes than is usual in professional armies, whose experiences have been confined inevitably to one groove, and whose view of life is normally conventional. The common Territorial battalion contained men familiar with dozens of different arts and crafts. The officers, without pretending to more than the ability of amateurs, usually enjoyed a faculty of command which mystified the martinets and confounded the pessimists, who had failed to realise that understanding and capacity will together elicit the confidence of the average soldier. Moreover, even in those high places where reasoning of this kind may still seem to border on lunacy, it will at least be conceded that in an age when man-power is the first element of success the higher the percentage of the population which is trained for service the greater will be the security of the nation. That the training may be inadequate and imperfect is immaterial, a half-trained soldier is better than one with no training at all.

These considerations are of course the concern of the soldier, and it is only fair to say that no Secretary of State for War in modern times is more likely to give them due weight than Sir L. Worthington-Evans. The case, however, which has to be met by those who justify the reduction of the Territorial Army rests on grounds far broader than those of merely military expediency. It is the observer of English conditions with an essentially civilian eye who will most deeply deplore the amalgamation of all these battalions. The scope of the whole Territorial movement will be inevitably restricted. In spite of an increased population, there will be many fewer Territorials than before the war. The establishment of a battalion is now only 28 officers and 680 other ranks. Before 1914 Territorial units in the North of England were nearly always at full strength, and in the Volunteer days before 1907 they often went to camp over 1200 strong. An appreciable section of the people will thus lose the opportunity of joining the units to which their

fathers belonged, simply because there is no room for them. It is a moral disaster. They will miss the vivid and joyous hours in the field. They will never learn the discipline and be inspired by the comradeship with which service is always associated. It is probable that the merger of battalions will not only close the gates to willing recruits, but will also damp the enthusiasm and emulation which for sixty years past have stimulated local patriotism. After the war men were asked to rejoin, with the promise of serving in the old drill hall, with the old officers, and with all the old regimental customs. Now the drill hall of the junior of the two amalgamated units is only to be preserved in the unlikely event of funds being supplied by private generosity. In any case, it will be hard to blend two intensive traditions, fostered in many cases by mutual rivalry. Territorial headquarters have attracted the flower of British manhood in every great town. It is perhaps difficult for those who know little of city life to realise the depth of the sentiment which has gathered round the battalion clubroom and canteen. They are centres of sport and amusement which hold out attractions far healthier than the public-house, and create a spirit of fellowship which ennoble the industrial world. Their atmosphere never changes. When I first entered it the favourite songs were still *The Soldiers of the Queen* and *Tommy Atkins*. When I last visited it the piano was playing ragtime. But through all the intervening years the tone of the battalion remained the same, as did its recitations; and no doubt twenty years hence the recruit will still listen spellbound to *Gunga Din* and to *The Green Eyes of the Little Yellow God*.

For a vast number of young Britons the Territorial Army has served as a University in the sense of being a rallying ground for every type, and a meeting place for men bred in a hundred divergent habits and ideas. Here they have learnt to be independent and self-reliant; to put trust in others; to be able to defend themselves and their country; to play games; to undergo hardships; to enjoy good company; 'to set the cause above renown.' Long before the Army Council was converted in 1918 to experiment in education, Territorial units used to give their men instruction in subjects far beyond the scope of merely military training. Among other civil aptitudes, they even carried their gifts of journalism into the trench newspapers which delighted England in the early years of the war, while many thousands of those who survive will to-day apply to their own lives the converse truth conveyed in Gibbon's famous boast that 'the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.'

I am one of the multitude of old Territorials who will see with

poignant regret the passing of their old battalions. Their corporate zeal, built up by successive generations since 1859, seemed to us to have been fused for ever in the passionate ardour of 1914. That the 7th Manchesters should now become merely two companies of a composite unit, simply because their headquarters are near those of the 6th Manchesters, who happen for the moment to be numerically weak, is a bitter anti-climax to their record of war service, for which the retention of the famous 'fleur-de-lys' badges is no real compensation.

I have ridden with them as they tramped over the Blue Nile bridge into the British barracks at Khartum—the first Territorials to be entrusted with the safety of the Sudan. On Gallipoli in 1915 I saw them holding the disease-haunted trenches of Inmuskilling Inch, and fighting among the stony gorges of Krithia Nullah. In 1916 I saw them marching southwards through the long night from Shallufa to Suez, and, when summer came, plodding under heavy burdens over the soft and scorching sands of Sinai. I recall, later on, the vision of the same men, now wearing the tin hats and gas-masks of the western front, knee-deep in the mud of the wilderness beyond Nieuport; and, again, scattered in thin lines of defence across the frozen wastes between La Bassée and Béthune. Men and women no longer sing most of the songs which these lads used to sing as they marched through the battle areas of Europe; but I shall never hear *Annie Laurie* without thinking of how I last heard it sung by the 7th Manchesters in a great barn dimly lit by candles, a mile or two behind the firing-line in Flanders.

Is there any purpose in recalling such memories? They have not saved this particular unit from losing its historic identity. Nor have similar appeals to the past availed other battalions which have been marked out for fusion, though able to point to records of no less distinguished service. They do help, however, to remind dispassionate thinkers, whose rage against waste has not deprived them of the power to discriminate, that a system which breeds men of the type that I have tried to bring back to memory is worth preserving in its entirety. No such thinkers will lightly cast aside the moral forces which emanate from these regiments of Volunteers, and which cannot fully survive their disappearance as integral units. We are living in days of intense reaction and disillusion. People are tired of the emotions and interests to which the Great War gave play. They feel as averse from high politics as from large armaments. They are too apt to deem the Territorials merely cogs in a military machine, which has served its purpose and which they would now like to see reduced to the smallest possible proportions. They have, alas, ceased to realise keenly what seed-plots of self-sacrifice and courage the nation had

half unconsciously fostered in its Territorial battalions. It is right, nevertheless, while recognising the necessity of retrenchment, to bear in mind that the Territorial Force of 1914 stood for two elements in the life of our country which we cannot afford to forget, and the strength of which it would be madness to diminish.

First, they stood for the unity of the nation. The relations between officers and men were never marred by that sense of class grievances and class disabilities which has done so much to poison modern civilisation. The Territorial Army is still a band of brothers. When the cause of the Manchester battalions was pleaded before the Secretary of State, Captain Thorpe, M.P., said truly of the 7th, to which battalion he belonged, that it had always been a happy family. The men know their leaders in the markets and mills and on the playing-fields, as well as in the drill-hall and on the parade-ground. No wonder that in spite of the ceaseless pressure of superior authority, discipline never degenerated into oppression, and obedience never sank into servitude. Class prejudice in the industrial North is now so bitter that it is good to think of the spirit which was so prevalent among the Territorials, wherein high and low, rich and poor, enjoyed a blithe community of tastes in time of peace, and in war sweated and struggled in a community of endurance 'per ardua ad astra.'

Secondly, they were idealists. This does not mean that they ever wove for themselves any defined formulas and maxims like those with which President Wilson charmed the imagination of the world and entangled the statesmanship of Britain. But in our present discontents pessimists are too apt to forget how these men whose earlier lives had been absorbed in the cares of poor households and in the keen traffic of a great city willingly gave up whatever makes for ease and for material comfort at the first call to arms. It might be said of them, as Cromwell said of his Ironsides, that they were 'men of a spirit . . . such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward they were never beaten.' Only, instead of claiming to be 'religious and godly' they marched to the front chanting 'Are we downhearted?' to the tune of *Sun of my soul*. For they were not of the type which ruminates about its motives and philosophises over its first principles. They simply went. And going, they sang.

On these grounds the elimination of twenty Territorial battalions, following as it has done a general reduction of the whole pre-war establishment of the Territorial Army, seems to be an ill-conceived project on the part of the War Office, and to represent a sorry victory for the champions of 'anti-waste' tenets. It is a false economy to deprive the country of these

nurseries of character and capacity—an economy which would be quite superfluous if some or all of the alternative methods of retrenchment which are open to the Government were to be adopted. Putting aside for the moment its bad effect on our military resources, it is socially a misfortune. Of all the many agencies which try to brighten the life and to raise the moral standards of great towns, none exercise a wider or healthier influence than the Territorial system. Its appeal is not confined only to men. In those drab and congested streets of suburban Manchester the inhabitants of which are described in the novels of George Gissing, and less mournfully in the plays of Stanley Houghton, when the women and children talk of 'our Battalion' they mean the one whose extinction has led me to write this article. When they talk of 'the boys' they refer to the men who left their simple homes to join its ranks.

Our ideas of the heroic have altered since Carlyle wrote *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Mahomet and Luther, Knox and Rousseau, Cromwell and Napoleon, will indeed always inspire the awe and enlist the admiration of those who love strength of will and who recognise the touch of genius. But the Great War has tended to exalt the humble. We yield our true hero-worship more readily now to the less gifted but less selfish men who, with no thought for themselves and no expectation of reward, are ready to give up everything for others. Of such were the soldiers of those first-line Territorial battalions over whose destruction the economists are rejoicing.

GERALD B. HURST.

DRINK; AND A C3 POPULATION

THE policeman in Hyde Park had his own views on the drink question. Said he, 'Before the war, when I went on duty at midnight and passed along a certain big thoroughfare, the whole place was lighted up and as active as at mid-day. There was the night walker casting the glad eye at the semi-drunks; there was the man lying in the gutter or rolling home with just as much as he could carry; there was a good deal of life about, I can tell you. All the "pubs" were open, of course, and some sweet and tobacco shops as well. They were proper times. Then I used to go along the same road again, going off duty in the early morning. You should see the line of "kids" standing outside the bakers' shops waiting for the stale bread of the day before, to carry home for breakfast. Dreadful-looking kids they were—scarcely any clothes on, you may say, and boots—well, they were about as plentiful as pearls. Yes, it was a sight. If they didn't get the crusts, they would get nothing for breakfast, for father had boozed the money away the night before. That was the size of it. Then the war came and it was different. Everything was shut up tight as a drum at midnight in the old road—no one about except cats and policemen.

'And when I come off duty in the early morning there was no children—no stale bread being given away. The kids have their breakfast at home now—no need to stand about the street, eh? That's what you get from closing the pubs at ten o'clock, and yet, you see, there's this Act to open them. It's curious how stupid the working man is. He sees one of these beer lords going driving by with his wife all togged up, and he doesn't understand that he himself put him there in that motor-car. It was his money what gave the other one the profits.'

'Oh,' I said, tempting him: 'one must get a living somehow.' 'Not on the backs of little children and poor women, mister.' 'They say money has no odour,' I returned, 'it buys just as much, you know, however it is earned.'

'Very likely it does, but I'll tell you what drink buys, and that is a C3 population— and we have got to pay. One of the

things we have to pay is breakfast for these kids when the parents soak it away.'

My friendly informant raised a hand to his helmet and marched away to his beat, leaving me to ruminate on his words. Perhaps I attached greater importance to them than otherwise because a friend of mine from overseas had just visited (in company with an inspector of the R.S.P.C.C.) twenty-six poor homes in a slum at the back of the Bayswater Road. This fashionable West End thoroughfare fronts one of the poorest districts in London. In this particular slum none of the children visited had had anything but tea and bread for any meal, except in two cases where a herring and some sardines had been given.

But that these people live in slums because of alcohol seems to me to be pretty well established. Therefore, if you drove out alcohol you might reasonably expect to abolish the slums. And as man is to a large extent a creature of his surroundings, I think it may be argued that Bolshevism and kindred excesses will tend to disappear with the disappearance of the conditions that gave them birth and provided them with the most patent examples.

'But,' say those who object to any sort of restrictive measures, 'one of the causes of the great upheaval in Russia was the abolition of vodka.' Quite true. But to produce a similar effect in England, one must have similar conditions: an overwhelming mass of illiteracy, probably 90 per cent. of the people, and a vast degree of superstition, and slow resentment engendered by centuries of serfdom and oppression by the official classes. Happily these conditions do not exist in England.

The lack of success of the temperance movement is due, in my mind, to the intolerance and even deformity of spirit which can contemplate shutting up a great source of relaxation of the people and putting nothing in its place. If the teetotallers had shown the same enthusiasm for their object as sportsmen for their particular sport, then the question would have been solved years ago. But the abstainer is not by nature a liberal man, either for himself or others. Impressed by the obvious 'evils of drink,' he indulges in turgid denunciation instead of getting at the root of the matter. It would cost millions to extirpate drink from England—the golden opportunity of the war having been lost largely because teetotallers were not agreed about compensation—and who is to furnish these millions? Not the abstainer—he looks to others to pay. In any case, there is to be no compensation for the consumer. He is to forgo his favourite beverage and, what is worse, to be deprived of his customary meeting-place without any substitute for either. That is not fair.

Teetotallers must show a more generous spirit. Immense personal efforts and great self-sacrifice are needed to save England

from 'the internal enemy,' as Mr. Lloyd George called it. According to the abstainer, the sacrifice has to be all on one side; the other man has to do without, whilst the teetotaller suffers nothing and reaps nothing but self-satisfaction. To abstain from any form of extravagance obviously brings its own reward in the shape of more money for other objects of an enduring character. But drink reformers lessen their influence by their reluctance to open their pockets. I questioned a while ago a temperance official in a great centre overseas as to the contributions he received from the faithful. 'It is like drawing back teeth to get a 10*l.* note even from the richest of our supporters,' he said. It is a common experience to find this cautious spirit amongst reformers. They do not run themselves for the cause they have at heart. Men may fling thousands into 'the street of adventure' in a clamorous attempt to be heard in a political newspaper, to be regarded as a voice leading the people. Many a fortune has been buried beneath the ruins of temples to Art, in a vain effort to hold aloft the lamp of opera or, maybe, to endow a special form of drama for the people. These apostles willingly ruin themselves for the faith that is in them. They count their losses as gains if they can move public opinion so much as an inch in their direction. Then, how many have perished financially for love of racing, founding a stable or a racecourse. What vast sums have been put up by patrons of boxing that their champions might prove themselves in the ring. How few have ruined themselves for the sake of uplifting the masses and of giving them a greater hold on life. The divine injunction to the rich young man to give that which he had to the poor and follow Christ is still the hardest of all to obey. The opulent teetotaller cannot pass through the eye of the needle: the burden of his unpopularity is too great. And so he waits wistfully outside, whilst the drink traffic passes by, disdainfully. The latter is not indifferent, however, to the presence of non-drinkers in the cold shades of disapproval; indeed, it is often morbidly conscious of opposition. It is a proof, perhaps, of an uneasy conscience.

Signs of the disturbance in the mind of brewer and distiller are found in the trade literature. It has an hysterical turn. We are told that Pussyfootism—the very name conjures up a terrifying picture to the average 'brewer's man'—is trying to make us take something we do not want, *i.e.* cocoa, in place of something we do want—whisky—and it is pointedly said that the object is to make money. We are left to conclude that the Trade is above such considerations, and yet, presumably, it does make a little money now and then. The brewer, or distiller, is not wholly moved by a love of liberty or by the feeling that we are being forcibly fed—with cocoa. So we may assume that, in taking so sharp an interest in our drink, Mr. Brewer has some thoughts for his own

pocket. He is not, as you may say, the perfect philanthropist. Why, then, should he throw another stone at poor Pussyfoot and accuse him of self-interest? He is positively asking for a return volley against his own glass-house.

I shall not be accused of exaggeration in saying that the publican takes money from those least able to afford it and, in proportion as they cannot afford it, he takes more and more of it. Now there is no organised industry, except Monte Carlo and horse-racing, which does that. Even gambling is not on all fours, because it does not entail a lessened efficiency. It is true that the man who takes a little alcohol—to keep up his spirits—may seem to be working faster than the water-drinker of equal skill; he is firmly convinced of it, but that is a happy delusion proved beyond doubt by recent experiments. Unfortunately, in so breathlessly passing this new licensing law, the Legislature has given no thought to the children. Their interests are disregarded. Parents may guzzle beer, but the claim of the children to a larger life, to a greater share in the fortunes of the father and the affectionate devotion of the mother, is passed over in the name, forsooth, of liberty—the liberty to spend more money than one ought in the public-house. What irony! What a lamentable rôle for the House of Commons,—this House of Commons which weeps salt tears because it is treated like a pack of schoolboys by the Prime Minister and some of his Cabinet. It seems determined to live up to the simile.

Yet the children are at least as interesting as the appetites of their parents. They will carry on to-morrow's work of Empire. Therefore their lives should not be warped at the outset by the elders' self-indulgence. The nations which disregard the call to selflessness, austerity, and plain living must fall into the mire of materialism. This drink question has gone far beyond a mere fondness for strong waters. We have to ask whether England benefits—either the new or the old England. Who, indeed, is going to benefit save a powerful and masterful industry? Certainly not the children; certainly not the unemployed; certainly not the reconstructive agencies of housing and public health. It is not even pretended that our troubles will be lessened by this Parliamentary bow to vested interests, by this pandering to a pathetic call to spend more money in foolishness or worse.

The war-time hours gave opportunity for the glass of beer without which the viands of the working man (in the present state of blissful ignorance of his wife of the arts of cooking) must seem unpalatable. Why, then, should they be changed except on the assumption that dividends must be earned at whatever cost to those who are falsely led to believe that their own liberty is being served? Hastily I open a parenthesis to say that before any

forward step can be taken in temperance, the working woman must be taught to cook : a clear call to those who would prepare the way for a 'dry' or, at least, a strictly temperate England.

The enormous power of the Trade, with its many ramifications in Parliament and the Press, has succeeded in inducing the popular belief that a relaxation of the hours, contained in the new Act, is a notable achievement for liberty. Yet it is inconceivable that people should not see through the arguments of the brewers' advocates. Still more astonishing is the docility of Parliament and the British public in allowing M.P.s to further legislation in the interests of their own pockets from their seats in the House. Such a state of things is only possible on the assumption that beer has become a religion in England—perhaps not unconnected with the fact that, in times past at all events, the Church was extremely kind to it ! But though this solicitude undoubtedly favoured pure beer, what about pure politics ?

Common sense forbids the Licensing Act, since the really progressive communities of the United States, Canada, and New Zealand are setting their faces against alcohol. Without going as far as they go, one may express surprise that so retrograde a measure, as the one indicated, should be placed on the Statute Book. We have the certainty that large numbers of men and women subject to inebriety, which is largely a disease of the nervous centres, will find their resistance broken down and the circle of their misery, degradation, and incompetence enlarged. Already a relaxation of the regulations has led to a large increase in convictions for drunkenness. This is a pretty price to pay—is it not?—for the brewer's smile.

In what country is the Trade more greatly honoured than with us ? In most the brewer is an obscure if wealthy individual : here, he is a pillar of the Church and Constitution, a great man, a sovereign over slaves. But I notice a tendency to tire of his tyranny. I do not believe that a reasoned appeal to the English people to restrict alcohol in the name of our supremacy and efficiency would go unrewarded. It has never been tried. The argument has been an ethical one—largely illusory. There is no particular sin in drinking a glass of good beer—any more than in taking mint sauce with lamb. Too much has been made of the supposed superiority of the abstainer : his stomach may have had as great an influence on his habits as his conversion to 'dry' principles. Again, mere abstinence is nothing : what you want is self-sacrifice—a divine madness which will cause a man to give all, even life itself, to raise his fellow-men.

We are jubilant over the improved figures of public health, but how much of that is due to the cumulative results of war-time restrictions on the sale of alcohol, and, also to the costly idealism

of Dr. Addison? Is not this moment of deep anxiety for the future of the Empire just the worst possible for yielding to bad habits? Imagine with what ironic eye signs of decadence are looked for in the nation—some failure of fibre in the face of the present complications. How do the Far East and the black races, clamouring for equality with whites, regard this set-back to the lofty spirit of the war? None can urge that it is wholesome to spend an evening in the bar-parlour. It is not the sort of occupation to render a man fitter for the fight on the morrow. Such practices, indeed, are wasteful, unhygienic and out of date. It is asking for trouble from the watchful sober yellow races, from that great industrial country of keen realists, the United States. If persisted in, this kind of laxity will result in permanent inferiority.

It is not for nothing that America, after long experience of the system, has decided to ban alcohol and to persist in this course. Disinterested business men, fixing their eyes exclusively on results, have acknowledged to me, often with a certain reluctance, that Prohibition is a 'paying proposition.' It means increased output by the worker and a larger amount of money for the poorer classes to be spent on food, clothing, and equally necessary pleasure. The retail tradesman has benefited enormously, as well as the providers of entertainment. Workers go to the theatre—or to the 'pictures' in increasing numbers (which at least means a pleasant and sober evening) and, what is more to the point, working-class children are taken to the seaside to enjoy, for the first time in their stunted lives, the health-giving breezes. The result is an extraordinary accession of health and happiness to the workers.

It is not surprising that those who have had their wine cellars should object to the measure. It seems hard to be deprived of a social pleasure moderately indulged in, yet this is a trifling personal thing to be set against the inestimable boon of strict sobriety to the community at large: the emptying of prisons, the lessening of the numbers in workhouses and asylums, and a general disposition on the part of the working man to improve his standard of living. This outweighs the abandonment of the time-honoured ritual of passing the wine, however attractive and however full of social importance it may have been.

Into a Durban drawing-room, where I sat a year ago, came a stout sailor who had just returned from the States. It was his first visit, and he strongly criticised his trans-Atlantic cousins. 'But there is one thing I admire them for'

'What is that,' I inquired—'Surely not for Prohibition?' suspecting that he, like the rest of those who follow the sea, had no prejudice against the wine that is red.

'Yes, because of Prohibition,' he said. 'My crew came on board sober—every man of them. Such a thing has never happened to me before, in all my thirty years at sea. I wish to goodness that Durban (where his good ship was lying at the moment) was "dry" too. I know when I get on board I shall find some of the stokers drunk and incapable. Ah, if you only knew what it was to have every man at his post when you were working a ship out of harbour, you would take your hat off to the Statue of Liberty, as I do.'

Nor was this tribute to Prohibition by any means isolated, even amongst those who make no pretence of adopting its principles. One of the most surprising advocates of this régime was a hard-bitten prospector, with whom I travelled in the Namib Desert. 'Why,' he said, as he put a brandy bottle to his lips, 'I would vote for Prohibition to-morrow.'

'That's pretty good,' I ventured—after he had taken a long pull.

'I know, I know—I should feel it worse than anyone; but let's save the little 'uns, eh what? There's murder in this old bottle, and don't I know it!'

Up and down the great sub-continent I found practical, hard-headed men of business and adventure giving their private suffrages to drink restriction or, even, to 'bone-dry' Prohibition. It is indeed a common case, which points the way to temperance propaganda. And my advice to sincerity is: 'Get hold of the plain man.'

Is there a great city in the world more largely peopled than London with a hopeless nugatory class, incapable of any sustained labour, the clear product of the public-house? I know of none. And the million children who are unable, by reason of physical or mental disabilities, to profit by their education are surely the inevitable offspring of this melancholy army. Why should we handicap ourselves in the race merely to gratify the least intelligent—at the expense of their descendants? Ask this poor game of politics for an explanation. Yet it is a small thing that people should forgo a little pleasure that we may recover our position in the world and win our way to a debt-free independence. How insignificant this question of 'beer or no beer' (or small beer if you will) looks in the light of the war, when we gave up everything, even the dearest things we possessed.

As a nation we have an extraordinary capacity for believing what we wish to believe and of refusing to face disagreeable facts. It amounts to a genius. Because Prohibition is an impossible dream in England at the present moment, owing to our lack of intellectual and spiritual preparation for it, and to the deep-seated dominance of the brewer, we are constantly deluding ourselves

with the thought that America will revoke her policy to-morrow. Again, we are obsessed by the quaint facts and figures given in the Press : of the dodges to smuggle whisky into the States and of the alarming number of victims of drugs and vile substitutes for pure alcohol. Yet even these picturesque accounts, so avidly swallowed by those of us who want to believe everything against the system, do not suggest that young people are sitting up at night to drink secretly or are dying in large numbers because of methylated spirits or alcoholised boot-polish. That a certain number of 'hard cases' have imperilled their lives and even terminated them in an attempt to assuage a gnawing thirst by strange and unholy ways is sad enough ; but still more sad would be the fact that, during long years of indulgence, they had brought to misery and despair their wives and offspring. That is the lesson of these incidents. Those who have had the taste for strong drink implanted in them are incorrigible ; that is no reason why we should not prevent the children from following so disastrous an example.

In the name of efficiency and prosperity, in the name of everything that makes for progress, civilisation, happiness, a chance for the young and no chance at all for a further C3 population—already so great that a million men could bear no arms in our direst military need, because of their weakened or undeveloped state—for all these reasons, I repeat, this measure is a huge mistake, is a retrograde step which must be retraced before it is too late.

But if temperance is to have its proper influence, it must give up its cautious 'ca' canny' policy ; it must adopt a large and splendid attitude. Napoleon said no commander could win a battle by saving his troops for the morrow. In the same way, the Temperance Party cannot win unless it gives all its resources and all its energies to the fight. It must catch adherents by the impetuous generosity of its programme, which should be to build up an alternative to the grog shops whereby a man can spend his evening in pleasant society and accompanied by his wife and children : in cafés on the Continental plan—certainly in Clubs where all games can be played and papers read and where, if alcohol is served at all, it is strictly limited in quality and quantity. Teetotallers must remember that theirs is the responsibility for the present degradation of the public-house, for they have always opposed its amelioration.

But these things cost money. The Temperance Party must give heroically and without stint. Paltry in the extreme are the efforts that have been made. Recently, the Temperance Party on the Rand expended 1700*l.* on propaganda. The Trade replied by collecting 27,000*l.* in a few hours. The poor little plan of the 'dry' supporters was completely stifled. That will not do.

You cannot fight long-range guns with bows and arrows. If the Temperance Party is serious, it must rally the plain man to its side; it must obtain the suffrages of millionaires, of great employers of labour, who can be shown, by ascertained facts, that output is accelerated where the staff is unaffected by 'Saint Monday.' The 'Monday feeling' is attenuated when the weekend has been spent in health-giving pleasures in the open air instead of in the atmosphere of the 'Pig and Whistle.' No practical man can dispute this. If he does, it is because of his brewery shares. But even dividends cease to give pleasure when they are purchased out of the holidays of pale-faced children and at the expense of poor tired women.

But the Trade never sleeps. It has just made an attempt to improve its revenues in a Bill which would allow children to be on licensed premises. No one in the House seems to have been disgusted except Lady Astor, who looks out upon the antique ritual of the Mother of Parliaments with the slightly mocking eyes of an American. We are flying in the face of truth and progress if we fail to see the deep meaning underlying the phrase: 'sober by Act of Parliament.' We have proved—by Acts of Parliament—that it is quite possible to establish sobriety and its attendant benefits. But alas! this precious advance has been lost by a pusillanimous House of Commons, pitifully anxious to ingratiate itself and knowing its own well-merited unpopularity.

A sober, saving working-class England would mean the elimination of the 'down and out,' would mean better houses, baths, pianos in the parlours, side-cars in the little garage, and frequent jaunts to the seaside. It is a pleasant and perfectly realisable prospect. The alternative is not so pleasant: a declining England unable to maintain its overseas markets; a crowded and gloomy England listening to the voice of the agitator—for this is the atmosphere in which he flourishes. Are we to pursue the ostrich-like tactics which have brought us to Ireland, India and Egypt—and even to the Great War, or are we to say that 'liberty' which means the overflowing bowl, in the midst of crushing burdens and responsibilities, is just licence and the purest folly?

CHARLES DAWBARN.

opened door, of laughter and revelry. A sudden gleam of light is thrown along the street. Enter PAOLO and other revellers, followed by RUDOLFO cloaked in black and bearing a sword. The revellers are a little drunk.

PAOLO. To the right! To the right!
 Look out for the cow's horn! (*Laughter.*)
 Come, my Rudolfo!
 We're for Perugia.
 [PAOLO and the others go off laughing.]
 RUDOLFO (*sotto voce*). Ye fools, go your ways!
 I'm for Antonia
 [*He takes his stand within the recessed doorway.*]

Enter FRANCESCO, strumming his lute, and improvising as he goes.

FRANCESCO. Oh, sleep not so!
 Let dreams now go!
 For the way we know lies easy.
 So make delight
 Of the live-long night,
 While the moon shines bright on Assisi.
 [*He approaches the window of ANTONIA.*]
 O whitest flower,
 From thy high bower,
 Look down this hour,—
 [RUDOLFO strikes his sword across the strings.]
 RUDOLFO. Hold!
 FRANCESCO (*startled*). Litter of Cerberus! Whose black dog
 are you?
 RUDOLFO. Take your strings hence, strummer! Linger not
 here!
 FRANCESCO (*mildly surprised*). Signor Rudolfo?
 RUDOLFO (*bitingly*). Aye, Signor Francesco!
 FRANCESCO (*trying to pass*). Nay, by your leave!
 [RUDOLFO withstands him threateningly]
 Why, then, without your leave, to yourself I leave
 you!
 [*He crosses to the fountain and there spies LUCIO.*]
 Lucio?
 LUCIO. How now, Francesco?
 FRANCESCO. There is a black dog yonder; and he bites.
 LUCIO. Better not cross him; he is dangerous

FRANCESCO. Oh! Time will tame him! See, here is the wine
That wins my wager: Uberto and Padrone,
Both have I beaten!

[*From his girdle he unslings a wine-skin.*]

LUCIO. Thou art a thief, Francesco!

FRANCESCO. Aye, till to-morrow: then will I make payment.
Set it to cool, here in the fountain, Lucio.

LUCIO (*reaching down*). The well is dry.

FRANCESCO. Excellent. Pour it in!

We'll make a miracle of it for San Rufino,—
Blood from his bones. Tasting, how they will stare!

LUCIO. What is this for?

FRANCESCO. Go on! Do as I tell thee!

[*LUCIO pours the wine into the fountain.*]

FRANCESCO *resumes his strumming.*

O whitest flower,

From yon high bower,

Look down this hour,—

RUDOLFO (*coming across*). Cease! or I hack thy strings.

FRANCESCO. Bounteous, but most chaste Moon, here is a lover
Bids us not look on Heaven!—would blot out stars,
Block windows, call down watchmen from the walls,
Put out the eyes of the astronomers,
And hold thee his alone! O gentle mistress,
Art thou indeed for him, and for none other?
Then wherefore didst thou bend kind looks on me?

RUDOLFO. Enough! See to it: get hence!

FRANCESCO. Nay, thou canst have her.

Only be careful: see thou treat her well!

For if thy worth diminish,—when she wanes
She'll give thee horns.

[*RUDOLFO threatens him*]

Nay, nay, not cow's horns, Signor!

But horns of ivory, horns of—

RUDOLFO. This man's mad!

FRANCESCO. Moon-mad, and full of wine, and wanting more!

Enter UBERTO, RINALDO, PAOLO, and other Revellers.

REVELLERS. Hi! Hi! Where is Francesco?

FRANCESCO. Hello! Hello! Have ye still legs to run?—
And wings? Come, birds!

UBERTO. Well, well, what is it, Francesco?

RINALDO. Cloth-merchant, are we drunk?

PAOLO. The old Padrone has turned us out:
Says we have had more wine than we have paid for!

FRANCESCO. Charges *you*, does he?

RINALDO. Cloth-yard, are we drunk?

FRANCESCO. I have seen worse, Rinaldo. Yonder lies one.

UBERTO. What? The Podesta?

FRANCESCO. Aye. An hour ago,

I found him making a bed of his own doorstep.

Truly—compared with him—ye be all sober.

LUCIO (*pointing*). He lies there still.

RINALDO. Old paunch-pot turned us out,—said we were drunk.

To the cow's horn with him!

UBERTO (*after going to look*). Aye, he lies there still!

Lord! where are such examples going to lead us?

PAOLO. To drink. We are all drunk: Assisi's drunk.

Oh, if Perugia knew, now were her time!

FRANCESCO. Count on it, Paolo! I can give you proof.

The hour has struck; Assisi is in danger.

PAOLO. Comes when?

FRANCESCO. This very night.

UBERTO. Whence get you that, dreamer?

FRANCESCO (*pointing to the fountain*). Look, Brothers! There is the omen.

PAOLO. What is it?

FRANCESCO. Blood.

[*They gather round, much impressed, and peer down into the fountain.*]

UBERTO. How comes it?

FRANCESCO. By miracle!

To-night is the fulfilment of a great marvel.

When I was a child, my nurse oft told me of it;

But never have I believed it true—till now.

PAOLO. Believed what true?

FRANCESCO. Ye know whose is this church?

Within these walls, sacred to San Rufino,

Here, under the high altar, lie his bones.

The legend says they live: and that when war

Threatens our city's peace, those bones sweat blood,

Which, changed to wine, flows down into this fountain,

Forewarning us of danger.

PAOLO. This is strange telling!

FRANCESCO. Take not my word for it: San Rufino's vintage

Offers itself for proof.

[*He dips the chamed cup and holds it out to them.*]

[*Lucio, lending himself to the deception, advances to make reverent inspection, followed by others.*]

- LUCIO. It looks like wine.
[He hands the cup to UBERTO, who samples it suspiciously.]
- UBERTO. Aye, and it tastes like wine.
- FRANCESCO. 'Tis wine, Uberto! Drink! I have won my wager!
[So saying, he slaps him over the back with the wine-skin.]
[This sudden revelation is greeted with a burst of laughter. Sobriety vanishes, bibulous merriment again holds sway.]
- LUCIO. Ha! He hath beaten thee! The tailor's goose Was the better bird, for all thy crowing, Uberto!
- UBERTO. Well, I repent not of it! When the Padrone Kept his last wine-skin from us, I was angry: Now I forgive him.
- FRANCESCO. So, more wine, Padrone!
 Pour night into a cup! I'll drink it dry!
 Till dawn shall fill it again.
[The cup begins to go round RINALDO, slow of wits, still sticks to his grunance]
- RINALDO. He turned us out!
 Shall a man live,—shall a Padrone live,—
 Shall he have license to deny his guests
 The reason—the only reason for his existence?
- PAOLO. Come, come, Rinaldo! Here's consolation for thee.
[Offers him the cup.]
- RINALDO. Why, this is the very life that he denied me!
- PAOLO. Aye; and here's more of it
- RINALDO. *(drinking).* This, this is what I live for.
- FRANCESCO. Art thou so minded—body with brain at one?
 Then art thou happy!
- RINALDO. Ah! were I a stone,
 I would go down into this fountain, and so live,
 Never to come up again. Why should I?
- FRANCESCO. No reason why; seeing that life itself is without reason
- LUCIO. Life without reason? Come! how make you that?
- FRANCESCO. What does a man live for?
- UBERTO. He lives that he may go on living
- FRANCESCO. And when he dies—what then?
- LUCIO. He lives on still.
- FRANCESCO. And then, either he's glad, or else he's sorry for it.
 So in the end the reason stands divided. But where—
 for lives he now?
- PAOLO. He lives because he cannot help living
- FRANCESCO. Having no choice puts reason out of court

- LUCIO. And to this riddle, Francesco, what is thy answer?
- FRANCESCO. Man lives to be in keeping with his nature ;
To be a man, and not to be alive,
Were most unnatural.
Why do I stand on my feet? Because my feet
Were made to stand on Why do I see with mine
eyes?
Because they are windows to look through. Why do
I talk,
Because I have a tongue. Why do I love?
RINALDO (*mockingly*). Love!
- FRANCESCO. Because without love man is nothing. And nobody
can give me a better reason.
- UBERTO. Call you that reason? Then I can reason too.
Why do I stumble? Because I have feet to stumble
with.
Why do I weep? Because I have eyes to weep from.
Why does the moon grow full? Because she plays
the wanton.
Why do I make cuckolds of all married men?
Because woman is woman.
There's reason for you! More wine, Padrone!
- FRANCESCO (*holding back the cup*). Why does he want more wine
that is not thirsty?
- UBERTO. Because, if a thing is good, he wants it without
reason.
- FRANCESCO. That's the truth of it, Uberto. And that is why
'Twere better to be foolish than to be wise,
For wisdom seeks a reason for herself :
Folly needs none.
- UBERTO. Drink we to Folly, then!
- LUCIO. And what is Folly?
- FRANCESCO. Folly is that which is happy without reason; and,
for no reason, lives
- PAOLO But Folly himself does some things for a reason.
- FRANCESCO. For a false reason
- PAOLO. When Folly is tired, Folly goes to bed
- RINALDO. Not he!
- UBERTO. Yes; with a bed-fellow.
- RINALDO. Not to sleep, then!
- UBERTO. The more tired he, when he gets up again!
- FRANCESCO. And so must sleep in the daytime, when by reason
he should be waking. Therefore sleeps not till
reason is against it. So without reason sleeps.—
Which proves my point.
- PAOLO. Mine also : proving that a fool can reason!

FRANCESCO. And, having said his say, reach no conclusion
Which was worth getting to.

UBERTO. More drink, Padrone!

PAOLO. Fill us with Folly, Francesco! The night is young.

FRANCESCO. First let's be wise; and Folly shall come after.

RINALDO. Nay! We're too drunk to be wise.

FRANCESCO. So, if we try.

Our folly is all the greater. Is it your pleasure?

SEVERAL. Agreed, you lead: we follow!

[FRANCESCO strikes his lute and begins singing.

The others join in.

Come Folly, sweet Folly, to me be kind!

Make bright the eyes of the hour that flies!

For to wait till the morrow

That brings a man sorrow,

Is a trade that has never made any man wise.

Come, drink, then, drink, and merry let us be!

For who can tell but to-morrow he may die?

Though never have I met

With anyone yet

Can tell a man, tell a man, tell a man why!

[RUDOLFO comes suddenly across from his
hiding-place.

RUDOLFO. Root out, you noisy rogues! What means this
clamour,

Waking the weary echoes of the night?

FRANCESCO. The song is over, Signor. The Moon is yours again.
Yonder, she waits for you.

[RUDOLFO makes a gesture.

PAOLO. *(interposing)*. Take it not ill, Rudolfo!

The fool means well, and there's no mending him.

FRANCESCO. So now to return to our philosophy:

We are agreed, are we not, that Folly stands

Not upon reason? But when he goes to wait,

Must he not have some reason, though 'twere a false
one?

UBERTO. By the cow's horn, I think so!

FRANCESCO. Aye, there you have it. Look you! On market day,
Into Assisi enters from Perugia

One of her citizens—a man of wealth.

Ere the day ends, he goes with a hole in him,

And through it back to the dust from which he came

What follows next? We, in Assisi, say

'Twas a cow's horn that did it! They, in Perugia,

Swear that Assisi slew him, by the hand of

[He pauses.

LUCIO (*meaningly*). No need to name him.

[*RUDOLFO turns sharp and looks at him.*

LUCIO *stiffens*; they stand eyeing each other.

FRANCESCO. And that no cow did it.

On that they threaten war.

And when we have fought enough, and raged enough,

And piled up waste enough of blood and treasure,
Some day we shall make peace. And we, in Assisi,
Shall still say 'twas a cow that did it; and they
Will swear that it was murder,—not horn but steel.
Now had it chanced contrary—that in Perugia
One of our citizens had been so slain,
Then would Perugia have pledged her faith
To a cow's horn, and we—to a murdered man.
And this is War,—for which Folly finds reason!

PAOLO (*singing*). Oh, Folly, sweet Folly!—

RUDOLFO. Well, if the horn was long and sharp enough
To do its work, would anyone wish a better?

LUCIO. One, less of a coward,—that having dealt the blow
Would take the blame for it, not leaving others
To pay his debt!

RUDOLFO. How now, Lucio?

FRANCESCO. Come, come! Will you not drink?

LUCIO. Let me go, Paolo!

He talks of the cow's horn. So do we all,—
Against Perugia to maintain our quarrel.

But we, here in Assisi, know 'tis false!

And that, in the market-place, was no cow's horn,
Or long, or sharp, or straight, or cruel enough
To deal that blow!

FRANCESCO. Peace, Lucio! hold thy tongue!

LUCIO. And I tell you, Rudolfo, that you lie!

With your cow's horn, you, from a secret corner,
Did stab him in the back. There! Now you
have it!

RUDOLFO. Enough, I take you!

LUCIO.

Paolo, thy sword!

[*He takes PAOLO's sword.*

Have out thy horn! Now toss me if you canst!

[*RUDOLFO draws. They fight. The window
above is flung open.*

VOICE OF

ANTONIA. Ah, God! Francesco, part them!

[*FRANCESCO, using his lute as a weapon, inter-
venes, and endeavours to strike down their swords.*

FRANCESCO.

Softly, softly!

Here is a tune wherein I must take part.

Come, Brothers, come! What piece is this you play?

On my head be it!

[Coming between, he takes a thrust from LUCIO's sword, and falls into RUDOLFO's arms.]

Oh, I have taken death,

Lucio, from thee! Rudolfo, give me stay!

Bring me some of the blood of San Rufino:

So—ere I die!

[They bear him to the fountain, and fill the cup for him. He drinks; and makes as much of his dying as is possible. LUCIO stands distraught with grief: even RUDOLFO is compunctious.]

FRANCESCO.

Ah! swear to me, Rudolfo!

And you, Lucio, you too; never again!

Your hand! Your hand! *(He takes first LUCIO's, then RUDOLFO's, holding them both)* Ye swear!

LUCIO. I swear, Francesco!

RUDOLFO. I am content. This quarrel was not my seeking.

FRANCESCO. Why, then, all's well again. Put up your swords!

And pardon me, dear friends, that I deceived you.

There came a voice from Heaven, and I obeyed.

[He rises, showing plainly that he does not intend dying. But his hurt is a real one: blood drips from it. He staggers]

RINALDO. Francesco, thou'rt more drunk than any of us.

LUCIO. Oh! I have hurt thee!

[He takes FRANCESCO's arm, and begins bandaging it.]

FRANCESCO. No, no, Lucio; 'tis nothing!

Rudolfo spares thee: vex him not again.

RUDOLFO. Art thou so bled, Francesco? It was not I that did it.

FRANCESCO. I would it had been, if this taste of blood
Could satisfy thee, Rudolfo.

RUDOLFO. Get thee to bed, Francesco! So, I leave you.

FRANCESCO. Fare you well.

*[Exit RUDOLFO. FRANCESCO sits down, and draws a deep breath. All wait on him.]*FRANCESCO. 'Tis a fair night. Let not brief discord break
The harmony of our mirth. Come, let's play on,
And to unfinished music give conclusion.

PAOLO. What now, Francesco?

FRANCESCO. Yonder stands Folly, and beckons.

PAOLO. Whither away?

FRANCESCO. Assisi is asleep. Let us wake her!

UBERTO. How? Wherewith?

FRANCESCO. A noise of drums—the beating of her own heart!
Thinks she is at peace: wakes to a sound of war;
Dreaming of safety, finds her house on fire;
Fenced within walls, hears that those walls are
down.

So starkly wakened—should any doubt our word—
There's San Rufino's blood to show for it!

PAOLO. 'Tis a large matter, Francesco! How can so few
Rouse a whole city?

FRANCESCO. Ring the bells, Brother, shout, beat at the gates,
Bring torches, run, raise knockings in all the streets.
Wake the Podesta, call the city-guard,
Shout 'Ho! Perugia!' Make loud enough
The terror of your tongues, so swiftly then
Shall the infection spread, will any hereafter
Dare say what dog first barked? We shall be
blameless

Take all the rest. Oh, come, stay not to parley!
To it, boys, to it! When San Rufino sounds,
Your call has come. Then bid Assisi wake!

*[The REVELLERS disperse swiftly, this way and
that. Some FRANCESCO holds back.]*

LUCIO. The Podesta is there, Francesco.

FRANCESCO. Go, take two others,
Blind him and bring him hither! Now, my Uberto,
Yonder Rufino's bell is waiting for thee.

*[He helps UBERTO to enter the Church by a
staircase window. And now for a moment he is
alone.]*

O sweet Antonia, do not be afraid!
Our revel harms thee not; nor shall thy heart
Have further ground for grief. Lucio is safe.

*[Enter RINALDO and others, leading the
PODESTA, bound and bound.]*

*[Overhead the bell of San Rufino starts clang-
ing. Up roar begins in the city.]*

RINALDO. Thou naughty man, thou naughty man, come
hither!

PODESTA. Let me go, villains!

RINALDO. He calls us villains!

PODESTA. Help! Help!

FRANCESCO. Fellow, who art thou?

PODESTA. I am the Podesta.

FRANCESCO. That cannot be; for drunk and on his doorstep
We find thee sleeping.

PODESTA. I say I *am* the Podesta!

FRANCESCO. Then, if thou art,
Why wast thou sleeping?

PODESTA. Wherefore should I not sleep? May one not
o' night? (*More bells begin ringing.*)

FRANCESCO. Hark to his folly! Old man, how dar'st thou sleep
With death at every door, and all the gates
Unguarded, for the enemy to enter?

PODESTA. Who is the enemy?

FRANCESCO. Perugia.

PODESTA. You lie! She is not. Yesterday, came word
Proposing peace!

FRANCESCO. A blind, blinkers for asses!
And thou hast put them on, and in her harness,
Tied to her yoke, thou hast betrayed the city.

PODESTA. Nay, God forbid! (*The uproar increases.*)

FRANCESCO. Aye! but thou pray'st too late!

PODESTA. I'll not believe it. Where is the city guard?
Guard! Guard! Ho, help! Thieves, robbers,
murderers!

FRANCESCO. Thou art mistaken. Loose him, let him go!

[*They unbind him, and, at a signal from
FRANCESCO, run off. UBERTO returns.*]

If thou believe me not, the more drunk thou
Are not the signs apparent to thy brain?
Hark to the beating bells, the battered gates,
The shoutings in the streets!

Or, if thou wilt not heed such signs as these,
Here witnesseth the blood of San Rufino.

PODESTA. Saints! What a night is this of signs and wonders!
How am I torn, divided!

Enter the City Guard running.

Help, ho! Guard!

Come ye so late when I call you? Are ye so slow,
When doom is on us? Ho! Bring me my sword,
My helm, my armour! Go, get me a horse!
Cry 'Help, Assisi!' Ho! Assisi. Ho!

[*Exit, accompanied by the City Guard.*]

UBERTO (*laughing*). There goes old Thunderbolt !
 Thou hast so stuffed his stomach for the fight,
 Now there's no holding him.

FRANCESCO. Hark, how he roars them on ! Assisi wakes,
 And sleep is slain for ever.

UBERTO. I must see more of this. Come on, Francesco !

[Exit UBERTO.]

[FRANCESCO sits down by the fountain, in sudden dejection.]

FRANCESCO. Sweet night, how we have fouled thee ! Into thy fold
 Have come like wolves, and all the flocks of peace
 Into a howling wilderness have scattered !

[The tumult in the city increases]

O Father Folly, whither hast thou brought me ?

Here, after faithful service, am I left ;

And when my other father hears tell of it,

To-morrow, there'll be trouble ! See, up yonder,

How from her throne the chaste and bloodless Moon

Watches our world, so drunk, so full of wine,

And boisterous revelry, and jealous fears,

Dancing to death ! (*A clock tolls.*) There goes
 another hour !

Nay, thou didst well, Antonia, not to mate

With such a moon-calf as makes meat on me !

Enter LUCIO, running.

LUCIO. O my Francesco !

Here is great news and marvellous ! Didst thou
 know ?

Perugia hath made war ! Now comes a messenger.

Her army hath set forth, and will be here

Ere daybreak ! O Francesco ! Didst thou know ?

FRANCESCO (*whimsically amused*). No, Lucio, I did not ! But the
 Moon knew :

For she sees further than we do.

VOICES (*without*). Francesco ! Francesco !

FRANCESCO. Heaven hath been kind to me, I have done well ;

And I shall not be hanged for it.

Look, Lucio, look ! What a light shines on me !

I am moonstruck : There she goes to make my
 fortune !

I'm to be Prince ; the world shall hear of me,

And for Assisi I will make a name, - -

For fair Assisi !

[UBERTO and the other REVELLERS enter.]

ALL. Francesco, thou hast saved the city !
[FRANCESCO stands for a moment rapt in the
delight of his success. Then takes his lute and
sings.

FRANCESCO. O Folly, sweet Folly, to me be kind !
Make bright the eyes of the hour that flies !
For to wait till the morrow
That brings a man sorrow
Is a trade that has never made any man wise !
[The REVELLERS hoist him to their shoulders
and bear him off. His song dies away in the
distance.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

DE SENECTUTE:

A DIALOGUE IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

SCENE. *The Gardens of St. Boniface, Oxbridge.*

(1) *The Rev. ONESIMUS SENIOR, D.D., former Rector of Felix-in-the-Weald.*

(2) *JOHN OLDHAM, M.A., College Don, Dean.*

(3) *TOM RIPPER,—a former University Blue.*

J. OLDHAM. We rejoice to find that you can come up to our feast, Rector, and look at the old place and the new men. Why, your degree must have been in the early 'fifties! How puzzled you must be with all the changes you see around—and, I fear, how much you may be shocked!

O. SENIOR. Puzzled at times, my dear Dean, till I have found out more of the facts—but not a bit shocked. Pray don't call me Rector. After fifty years in my quiet Rectory, and nearly seventy years of parish work, I have resigned office, duty, and toil, and have settled in peacefulness on a small bit of land which belonged to my father. I have no work, no task, no responsibility, no care, except to look back—and then to look forward. I am *functus officio—rude jam donatus*. You could not imagine how entirely tranquil is life when a man has no task pressing on him to be done—indeed when, in the very last hours of his life, there is no task which he can look to complete—none which he ought even to attempt. For those who have worked their hardest for the six days of the week, it is a moral duty—nay a sacred duty—to rest on the seventh day—and only to think of all that has been—and on all that is to come.

J. OLDHAM. But you, who have been so hard a worker all your life, must feel the need of an aim to satisfy your energy. You, of all our men, can hardly rest with mere *otium—even cum dignitate*, which indeed you have in full measure, as you know.

O. SENIOR. Well! I have now a life of restfulness—but not of idleness. I can still do something, if only it be to offer advice, to warn men of dangers ahead. From the hill-top of our long years of experience, we ancients survey the ground both behind us as well as in front of us. As we are not absorbed in any

pressing problem to be solved in the immediate present, we can take longer and wider views, and we have outgrown the heat of our strenuous days.

J. OLDHAM. Not, I trust, that you repeat the aphorisms of a Chorus of *Gerontes* in the play of Euripides on which I have just been lecturing.

O. SENIOR. Not a bit of it—more in the vein of Athena or Artemis, when she appears above the temple to clear up the catastrophe

J. OLDHAM. And you find that the younger ones listen to your advice?

O. SENIOR. Now and then, yes! Perhaps our words may seem to them to come true after a time. But we retired veterans have no direct or personal aim to attain. It is enough that we do our best to put things fairly and relieve our own spirits. We don't pretend to be prophets—nor even mentors, and we have nothing to gain by our talking. But do not suppose that we are indolent observers. We watch the tremendous stream of events as they rush towards the unknown, as men who have seen the various rivers which long ago joined to swell the volume of to-day.

J. OLDHAM. And this continual observation of the world around you gives you adequate occupation for your thought—which we all know is far from obsolescent

O. SENIOR. No! it serves to keep the mind alert with incessant new conditions to observe. But, of course, books fill the time of a very old man much more than they ever did in his busy life.

J. OLDHAM. Books, no doubt! And you still keep up with the new books to which the war seems to have given a spasmodic vitality?

O. SENIOR. God forbid! For my part I am spared the trouble of even casting my eye over the new stuff—above all over new novels. The laudations of the publishers of each 'epoch-making romance,' each 'novel of the age,' leave me cold. I would as soon listen to the chatter in a crowded tram-car or the smoking-room of a country club, as read the modern up-to-date novel of what they call *Life*. I can read the old romances again and again still. I suppose I read Scott and Fielding, Jane Austen and Trollope, year after year—and I often turn back to Thackeray, Disraeli, Dickens, even Smollett, if I feel bored or sleepy. I have done quite enough of modern French novels. But, after all, I get along with a very moderate resort to fiction—at least of modern times. It forms but the 'savoury' to my *menu* in literature. The complex experience of long life passed in various tasks reveals to us more than to the young the profound mysteries of human nature, as painted by the masters of humour—Aristophanes, Cervantes, Molière. I never open one of these immortals without

finding ores from the bed-rock of humanity that I had forgotten or never noted.

J. OLDHAM. Surely, your Greek does not last you well enough to read Aristophanes in the original?

O. SENIOR. Perhaps not, as a Scholar would read him. But I now read the wonderful version of my old contemporary B. B. Rogers, with the Greek on one page and the English in verse on the opposite page. I don't care a fig for the curious compounds and the Attic slang and indescribable condiments which puzzled us so much at school and college. I take Rogers' word for the meaning—and I can enjoy the fun, the wild lampooning, and the Pindaric lyrics of the greatest of comedians—without pulling out my Liddell and Scott.

J. OLDHAM. And do you read *Don Quixote* too in Spanish?

O. SENIOR. No! I have tried it—but it is difficult. And I love Italian too much to take kindly to Spanish, which seems to me a dialect of Italian like Dorsetshire English. There are excellent versions of *Don Quixote*, and our tongue serves perfectly to render the Spanish idiom. If they would print a copy with Spanish on one page and English on the other I would use it. But Cervantes has not the indescribable grace of words that glows in the purest Attic; and an English version of Cervantes' Spanish does not lose so much as does the best English version of Aristophanes' Greek.

J. OLDHAM. And do you care for any version of Molière?

O. SENIOR. *Proh pudor!* It is felony and treason to translate Molière. There again, half the glory of the poet is in *form*. You could no more translate the *Précieuses* than you could translate Horace's *Odes*. Those only really penetrate into the secret of Molière who can recall the plays at the Français and remember Coquelin, Delaunay, and Got, Madeleine Brohan, and Croixette. Coquelin himself told me that, of all his parts, he enjoyed 'Mascarille' the most. And as I read my Molière again to-day, the *verve* and sparkle of those quips and *repartees* still ring in my ears after fifty and sixty years have passed since I feasted at those *cenae deorum* in the historic *Maison de Molière*.

J. OLDHAM. But what about tragedy? Do you find that too gloomy for you?

O. SENIOR. Just the reverse! We old ones have seen so many tragedies in the world—such terrific *peripeties* in the high and mighty—such incredible reverses of fortune—such acts of Fate or Providence—we have known too such tragedies in our own homes and in those of friends and neighbours—that at the end of life, of all men we seniors are taught to recognise that human society is compacted of tragedies. The tragedies of the great poets reveal the tragedies which in lesser degrees are passing—

it may be obscurely—in many a household, to the eye so prosperous and happy. Human life is ever playing out, in very minor keys and in very narrow fields, the eternal human comedy—the inevitable human tragedy. The long and crowded experience of old age is more open to understand both, than is the eager *joie de vivre* of youth. Tragedy, you know, purifies the soul by the presentiment of the terrible and the pitiful. For myself, I never have been so thrilled by great tragedy in my early days as I am now in these last days. To me, it is no longer poetry; it is the gospel of man's destiny.

J. OLDFHAM. So you read your Shakespeare as much as ever?

O. SENIOR. Indeed much more—though I choose the plays now more carefully. I cannot believe that he always did his best. I am sure he let his name stand for not a little stuff which he knew was unworthy of him. He felt his teeming mind so boiling over with ideas, that he cared not if some of them went running to waste. His was the greatest poetic force ever given to man: but I cannot admit that he produced the greatest of all tragedies.

J. OLDFHAM. Then who did produce them?

O. SENIOR. For pure—perfect—sublime tragedy, I hold by Aeschylus. And Sophocles was not far behind him, as Aristotle suggests of the *Oedipus*. To me the Trilogy of *Orestes* has a massive grandeur, a concentric symmetry, that even *Lear* and *Macbeth* do not reach. And *Prometheus* soars into an empyrean of imagination which the sixteenth century could not touch—much less can the twentieth century touch it—nor even comprehend it.

J. OLDFHAM. And your chief reading now is with Greek drama?

O. SENIOR. Quite so. I am too poor a scholar to read the originals without all the help I can find. So what with Jebb, and Verrall, and Murray, and Dr. Way, and various versions in prose and verse, I have managed in these later and more leisured years to work through nearly all that is left of Attic tragedy. How magnificent is the roll of those organ tones in rambic! Did human speech ever sound such bewitching harmonies! With what raptures do the chorus ring forth, as they circle round the orchestra, chanting hymns such as eagles might chant, if they had the sweet voices of larks!

J. OLDFHAM. Exceedingly beautiful in music: yet the sense too often is nothing but commonplace and goody-goody truism.

O. SENIOR. True! but remember that these lines are the words of musical chants. No one expects to hear original ideas in the *libretto* of a modern opera. Much of the choral strophes was equivalent to the trumpets, drums, and cymbals which point the tramp of a soldier's march. The chorus of Attic tragedy serves

to supply the lyrical element which our Elizabethan dramatists flung recklessly into the dialogue—not seldom to the injury of the *action*, and to delay the catastrophe or adorn it with needless flowers. Even Macbeth and Othello, whilst brandishing their murderous weapons, talk superb poetry which might serve for an elegy.

J. OLDHAM. But you do not neglect Euripides—my favourite—I hope?

O. SENIOR. I used to be unjust to Euripides, I confess, perhaps from my old delight in the poetic duel in the *Frogs*. But of late I have been turning again to Euripides—with the help, of course, of the excellent new versions we have got—Murray's and the rest. I can see why the ancients, as indeed did modern French and German dramatists, preferred him, and why they preserved twice as much as they preserved of Aeschylus and Sophocles. I see why this was. He often degraded the majesty of great tragedy into the excitements of sensational thrill. He sacrificed the unity and awe of tragedy by piling up a variety of startling surprises such as in *Ion*, *Hecuba*, *Heracles*—just as Seneca and the Elizabethan *Renaissance* loved to do. Euripides, like Seneca, like Marlowe, like Webster, can pander to the lust for blood and torture.

J. OLDHAM. Oh! there is plenty of horror in Aeschylus and Sophocles.

O. SENIOR. Yes! Prometheus and Clytemnestra, Oedipus and Antigone, present the horrible—but it has a halo of the awful. It is sanctified with a divine judgment, like the Horror of the Crucifixion. But in Euripides the horror is piled up double and triple, and too often smacks of that beastly thing they call the *cinéma*—the grave, the very dust-hole of the drama. And his catastrophe is jumbled up with a lot of logical wrangling that is trivial when it is not sceptical.

J. OLDHAM. And you do not care for his exquisite lyrics and the pathos of his wonderfully varied crises of suffering?

O. SENIOR. Do not mistake me. I revel in them. Quite lately, when laid on my sofa by an accident, I have soothed a lonely time by reading over his masterpieces with keen enjoyment. I see now why Euripides was *the* tragic poet to cultured readers both ancient and modern.

J. OLDHAM. But you have plenty of other reading besides tragedies and comedies, as we all know from some lectures of yours that have reached us.

O. SENIOR. Oh yes! all forms of real literature attract me—all the great books of the world. I suppose I have managed in the last ten or twenty years, when I had curates and my clerical work became less severe, to rub up my Classics—Homer and

Virgil; Sappho, Theocritus, and Catullus; Lucretius, Horace, and Juvenal.

J. OLDHAM. Well! and as for the moderns; you do not bar them, I hope?

O. SENIOR. I bar none, my dear Dean. Dante and the great Italians who follow him, *Fabliaux*, *Morte d'Arthur*, old ballads, Milton, Calderon, Corneille, Cowper, Burns, Byron and Wordsworth, are the books I take up most often.

J. OLDHAM. What! not Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne?

O. SENIOR. All these of course! You might as well ask me if I do not sometimes open my Bible. The best nineteenth-century men are to be 'taken as read' in any decent library; and certainly in my library they are read. And I keep at my bedside, with my Hymn-book, a copy of the *Golden Treasury*--first edition 1861--not the enlarged edition with the moderns--which rather blunts the perfect aroma of the original choice.

J. OLDHAM. And don't you enjoy the *Oxford Book of Verse* of 1901?

O. SENIOR. Yes! I have that by my side too. But it is rather a study in English poetic literature than a selection of the best. There are not 883 lyrics in our poetry which are worth frequent re-reading. One half of those in the Oxford book rather spoil the effect of the rest. Some are too lengthy; others are obsolete; one or two rather gross. No! I hold by the *Golden Treasury* of 1861, and my well-thumbed, soiled copy in limp calf, always to be put in my case if I leave home. Palgrave has less than 300 lyrics in his book: and that is quite enough for daily use as a morning hymn, when one does not want researches in forgotten literature.

J. OLDHAM. Why, my dear friend, in spite of your eighteen *lustra* you seem to have got through a lot of reading. It is quite wonderful! Tell us your secret for it.

O. SENIOR. Not wonderful at all--there is no secret. It is simply the choice of the best books--and keeping clear of the second-best, and altogether clear of the everyday rubbish on which so many men and women waste their time. I thank Providence that my eyes are as fresh as ever, and serve me at all times and for every use. I am no great reader: I never was. I am neither scholar, nor critic, nor book-worm. I am a humble pupil of the really great readers such as Jowett and Pattison, Monro and Jebb, in my college days, or Morley, Saintsbury, and Gosse to-day. In my clerical days of old, what with sermons, and parish work, and our village club and desultory lectures, I had no spare time to read more than was necessary for my practical tasks. It is only in the last twenty years of my life that reading has been to me my chief solace, the only consolation in bereavement, the

support of my weakening limbs. But I can tell you this—to you, Dean, in mid life, to you, Tom, in your young life, it is only in the serene haven of extreme old age, when all earthly cares seem like the rough seas out of which we are now passed, that the glory of great literature comes into the soul. We ancients, who seem to you so useless and so incapable of happiness, really live with the mighty ones of old. They seem to be chanting a *requiem* specially for us—*requiem aeternam dant nobis*. We pass into their Limbo as Dante does with Virgil in that fourth canto when they come into the presence of the great dead poets and hear the voice cry out—‘Onorate l’altissimo poeta.’ By the way, I once heard that famous line used in a pretty way. At a dinner-party a hostess offered her arm as they passed out to Robert Browning, who thought the privilege rather irregular, since a somewhat important privy councillor was of the party. ‘Onorate l’altissimo poeta’ said the lady as she swept out on the arm of the author of *The Ring and the Book*. But, to be quite serious, it is we very old boys who really drink to the last drop and in full enjoyment all that is great in literature; for we only have ample leisure, no pressing work on hand; have no stuff ‘just out’ to waste our time on; and, above all, we see both life and literature as one great continuous whole.

J. OLDHAM. Ah! I can envy you now! How often, when I am grinding a Greek Play with my class—half of them teachable, the other half indifferent—how often I wish I could just enjoy it, without worrying over a corrupt passage and that *ἄπαξ λεγόμενον*. But surely, your plan shuts you out from all the promise of fresh beauty, original discovery, new thought. You are not so hide-bound to the living past, as to take no interest in the living present, to say nothing of the future in the vast womb of this gravid age?

O. SENIOR. If that were so, I should indeed be the *mumpsimus* that some youngsters may think I am. When I said that I am not absorbed in the new books of the day, I never meant to say that I had closed down my mind, and made it a *hortus siccus* of things long finished—all now said. I do my best to understand such dominant movements as the evolution of Darwinian Evolution, the revival of metaphysics, of psychology and psychiatry, Einstein and his commentators and critics, such as Eddington, Haldane, Lodge, and Wildon Carr. Above all I watch the evolution of Christian dogma and the secular interaction of religion and science.

TOM RIPPER. O, Sir, I do hope you read our new young poets—some who fought, and sang, and died in the great war. I knew Rupert Brooke and I have listened to many another, as he repeated the last words he ever put in rhyme.

O. SENIOR. My dear boy, I have read many of them and feel stirred by them at times, even in my dry bones. We know

not what *might have been*. I wish that I could see the promise of a Shelley—or even of a Tennyson in them. There was often in some a touch of Swinburne. Yes! Perhaps many 'a mute inglorious Milton' died gloriously in this most cruel of all wars.

TOM R. And I fear, Sir, that you feel that we young ones are wasting our lives over games—and you would charge the general decadence to cricket, football, golf, tennis, and polo?

O. SENIOR. Not I indeed! No one more heartily than I values all our manly games, especially cricket, which is moral and social discipline as much as athletic training. As I was bowler in our eleven both at school and at college I can read of the scores to-day with some interest. 'E'en in our ashes live the wonted fires.' But I am old-fashioned and can remember the *first* John Lilly-white; and I still believe in the round-arm delivery which he invented. The new over-hand fling has spoilt many a good man; and the *l.b.w.* rule has mixed football with cricket. We old boys believed in *length* not in pace: we played the ball with our arms, not with our legs. Oh yes! You can't have too much real cricket. What is wrong is that huge crowds gather to look at games, to howl, cheer, and bet. And the crowds at boxing matches are brutes. They play no games themselves, they only get excitement and partisan passions and wax hot for their side to win. That is the old lust for *circenses* which was the decadence of Rome and Byzantium. There is no decadence in playing games: but there is in wasting time, health and money, in seeing others play. That is not *sport*. It is the vulgar love of backing the winner. Gate-money is the prostitution of games.

TOM R. And you say the same of golf?

O. SENIOR. Well! Golf is not a *game*, because the stroke of one player does not determine or affect the stroke of his opponent—as in all real games outdoor or indoor—from cricket to chess. It is a *pastime*, not a game. But it does not interest me. Golf came South when I was already an old man, and my Scotch friends never got me to take it up seriously. Besides which, when I tramp over a moor—and there are few in Britain that I have not tramped—I like to be free to roam, to enjoy a varied scene, to carry nothing but my own sapling, without a fellow dragging a bag of clubs after me and shyly noting me down for a duffer.

TOM R. And you have no good word for polo, which our men love?

O. SENIOR. That is an ancient and noble exercise, I grant. It is far older than any other game we play and came from Asia into Europe. It has many of the moral, as well as the physical, qualities of cricket. Nay, it has even more, in that it brings into our game the best gift of that most generous of brutes, the

horse. I used to ride an old polo pony about the parish myself. How old Galopin and I loved each other! Polo has every good thing a game can have. But alas! It can only be the play of very rich men or men from very rich families—for a polo player must have ridden from his boyhood and wants a whole stable if he is to play at all—with a lot of perfectly trained beasts. It is a beautiful sight to watch. But it must soon die out, like the tournaments of old, which ended with the passing of feudal resources and habits.

TOM R. And if cricket grounds, tennis-courts, and golf links are only for the few, and polo stables too costly for this democratic age, what is left?

O. SENIOR. Why, walking on our feet in fresh air! That demands neither whole days of leisure, nor any expensive ground. Woods, commons, moors, hills, mountains, sea-beaches, river banks, are easily reached and open to all. This, the true form of athletic exercise, is to be found anywhere on footpath and turf. *Ἄλμα, ποδωκείην, δίσκον, ἄκοντα, παλὴν*—you know, was the source of the Greek beauty of person. This kind of exercise is open to all and everywhere. The downs and cliffs and shores are in easy reach; even in our own islands, the beacons, rocks, and fells are not far off. For those who can leave home, mountaineering is of all forms of sport the purest, simplest, truest. It offers no opponent to be beaten, no 'side' to win, no prize to be gained—nothing but joy in the beauties of nature, in breathing the infinite goodness of God's earth. Many a veteran owes the health and serenity of his old age to his holidays among the hills and mountains, the peaks and snows. There is no struggling to win, no record to beat, no brute to kill—there is poetry, beauty, knowledge—even devoutness of spirit and awe at the majesty of this world.

J. OLDRAM. Surely, my venerable friend, you would not condemn our fine manly sports—hunting, fowling, angling,—and all those glorious forms of the chase, which have done so much to breed the bone and to steel the nerve of our manhood?

O. SENIOR. Oh! my dear Dean, I condemn nobody. I bar nothing that is honest and healthy. As to the 'Sports,' which mean the killing of brutes for amusement, I will only say that personally to me, they do not accord with my clerical profession nor with my own taste. I know nothing about them. Let me say, on behalf of the very old, that we are now free to enjoy the air and visions of the moor, the mysterious peace of a shady glen, the swirl and babbling of a trout stream, and all the charm of the countryside for itself alone, without having our spirits stirred by the desire to kill. As to the lust of slaughter being a necessary element in athletics, I only say, as Sophocles in his

ninetieth year said of Love, we very old boys are 'now free from that wild beast.'

J. OLDHAM. Think how splendidly our sporting men fought!

O. SENIOR. Of all the millions of our men—and women—who fought and worked to win the war, not one in a thousand had ever before handled a gun, mounted a horse, or flung a rod. *They* did their bit without 'Sport'—without any practice in killing brutes. And so one day the world will do its bit, we trust.

J. OLDHAM. And you still enjoy Nature even in your ninetieth year?

O. SENIOR. Enjoy it? Yes! but in a simpler and less boisterous way. Of course, the mountains, the rocks, the boats, the diving, the tramps, of old days, are not for us now. I can still reach on foot one of our downs near us, and I sit for hours gazing across the distant varied scene;—pondering, remembering, adorning it all with a full heart—in perfect and unutterable peace. In the face of Nature, the sense of our bodily joys has faded to us old men, whilst the consciousness of our spiritual joys is purer and unalloyed. Old age—I tell you—is full of compensations and consolations.

J. OLDHAM. And you still work in your garden—I know you always loved it?

O. SENIOR. Work? No! But I love it as much as ever—nay, more. I was always too busy to work myself. Busy men, with active tasks on hand, with books, or with their pen, are always too hard pressed to get as much out of their gardens as they might. But now my little patch gives me more enjoyment than ever it did of old, when some urgent duty or study would so often call me off. By the way, a clerical neighbour of mine was a botanist of great reputation and learning; and he kept it up when he was well over ninety years. I am no learned gardener. It is enough for me to watch my roses and my lilies as they open, or the bunches of my vine as they begin to colour. A man finds peace under his own vine, as it was in Solomon's day. Really to enjoy flowers, fruits, trees, one must have leisure. Men having wealth, public duty, high position, or literary fame, very rarely find true leisure possible for them. For us the very old, with our enforced leisure, all the mysteries of flower, fruit and tree, are specially revealed. We can sit, without distinct thought or pressing care, quite alone, in a retired grove, with a sense of rest that few younger men can know. You remember Andrew Marvell's magical poem *Thoughts in a Garden*:

Casting the body's vest
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings.

It is given to us very old ones thus to be incorporate with the peace of Nature—

While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

J. OLDHAM. From all your experience of life then, my dear friend, you would say that extreme age is not the 'labour and sorrow' that the Psalmist tells us.

O. SENIOR. Science, temperance, and good sense, have greatly enlarged human life since David's day. We all know many men, both in public and in private careers, who, long past four score, are doing good work. The average of man's working years has been greatly prolonged, even in the present century. There are thousands of very old men, and tens of thousands of very old women, who are living peaceful and even useful lives, if we cannot call it altogether happy.

J. OLDHAM. You will not claim happiness for them, you say?

O. SENIOR. My dear Dean, my dear Son, happiness is a blessed state very rarely vouchsafed to any who have passed a long life. The losses, ruined hopes, and failed efforts in this world of ours are so frequent and so many that very few who live long years can have escaped them. How few are there among the elderly, but have had happiness for them blighted by this world-war and all it brought about! To those who have suffered the worst of bereavements, the very thought of ever being happy again seems a mockery. Memory, peace, resignation alone are left. 'In quietness and in confidence shall be their strength.' Yet, after all, those whom in extreme age the mercy of Providence has blessed with health, modest competence, and still active powers both of body and of mind;—and these are not so very rare as to be counted quite *lusus naturae*—to them, I say, even fourscore years and ten ought not to bring despair, intolerable pain, desire of immediate death. They have to make ready for the summons, to wait, to bear their lot in patience and faith.

J. OLDHAM. A lot, you assure us, not intolerable!

O. SENIOR. Not intolerable to those whose whole lives have been a wise preparation for it. The last years of man, like all that precede them, have their destined compensations. No period of human life can be counted one of perfect bliss. Three decades of joys, eager hopes, misused opportunities—three decades of stern labour, realised aims, inevitable failures—two or three decades yet to some of us of freedom, peace, and sad memories. Such is human life, even to the most fortunate of us.

J. OLDHAM. The sad memories, I fear, include those of friends and comrades who have passed away, some of them even long ago.

O. SENIOR. My dear Dean, there you touch me to the quick.

Apart from the loss of our dearest ones to which all human lives are more or less exposed, very old persons of necessity lose most of their friends, companions, fellow-workers, intellectual intimates. Those who remain are infirm and far away. Yes! we cannot quite replace those we grasped most closely, whose spirits touched the tenderest fibres of our souls.

J. OLDHAM. You hold friendship to be impossible to the very old?

O. SENIOR. New friendships, great friendships, perfect friendships, yes! I fear. All friends of another generation, even the very best, are of a somewhat later world. They cannot share our outlook—theirs is so different. They face the world from another angle, even with other eyes. They look forward, whilst we look backward. They are not weighted with the mass of past experience we have. We cannot enter into the irrepressible hopes for the future which inspire them.

J. OLDHAM. The want of friends then is the chief burden of great age?

O. SENIOR. One, at any rate, of its sore trials. But there is compensation even in this. The comrades with whom we lived and worked, hoped and rejoiced, are gone. They are cut off from our lives and our works; they inspire us no more with confidence and delight. But mark—how death is the mysterious revealer of life. It takes away those who are dear to us, but it gives them a halo of transfiguration. They have entered into a more unearthly atmosphere. We see their merits more clearly; we recall all that was best in them: any sense of rivalry, discussion, doubt about them, has disappeared: they are more than ever our friends, and they speak to us with a new voice. How often does it come to widower and to widow to feel that never in life did the husband know all that glorified his lost wife, to the wife to feel that she had never understood all that her lost husband had in him! Either can say with the poet 'my late espoused saint.' Something of this saintliness enshrines the memory of our lost friends. We see them no more; we hear them no longer; but they seem to us in remembrance greater and dearer than ever they seemed to us in life. And this memory of the departed friends forces us to feel constantly how close to 'the great majority' we are ourselves.

J. OLDHAM. You told us just now that you saw no reason even for the most aged to desire death. And I am sure you see no reason for them to fear death?

O. SENIOR. Why should we fear death? Every wise man has made ample preparation to meet it. He may fear disease, and lingering decay, and may long to be spared from such an end. With a grateful sense of the blessings I have received in a long life of moderate well-being I can still say with the philosopher

Gorgias—' *nihil habeo quod accusem senectutem.*' My life is lived out. It is enough! I am the '*conviva satur*' of Horace. With reverence I can repeat those solemn words from the Cross: *Τετέλεισται. It is finished!* As for what remains to be done, as to what is to come hereafter, I hold by all I have preached in my office, and by all I have worked out in my own conscience for the faith that is in me. I trust that when I have preached to others, I myself shall not be found a castaway. The memory of a life of honest work is not really grievous, whatever be its failures and its sorrows. For my part, I have done, I think, in my small parish even more than I could have hoped to do, quite as much as I was ever capable of doing, little as it is, and poor as is any permanent result. If I had power to call out to the Angel of Death, I would not ask him either to delay his flight or to hasten it. May his stroke be sudden whenever it shall come. Do you remember that beautiful etching of Alfred Rethel—*Der Tod als Freund*? I have it framed and hung in my study. There the aged peasant—perhaps guard or bailiff of a monastery—has just returned from his day's work—his staff and his broad-brimmed pilgrim's hat are laid down by his side—his last supper is just finished—his book of psalms lies open on the table—he has sunk back to rest in his arm-chair, but his eyes are closed and it is his last sleep. The Saviour looks down on him from the crucifix hung over his head. Death, shrouded in the robes of a monk, steps forth and is tolling the passing bell. The open window shows a fair plain beyond with a river circling round the meadows; and a village spire stands clear, as the last orb of the setting sun sinks below the horizon. The whole atmosphere seems to be chanting—*Pax vobiscum.* The picture is a favourite study of mine. *Arcte atque Valet Amici—mei haud immemores!*

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Bath, October 1921.

THE POETRY OF PEASANT SPEECH

It is certain that poets and peasants please us in the same way by translating words back again to their primal freshness.—W. R. LOWELL.

THOSE who have talked at all with the peasantry of the British Isles—using the term peasantry to include generally the great mass of people who have received little instruction out of books—must have been struck by the fact that these folk possess often a faculty, which educated persons appear for some reason to have lost, for putting the casual thoughts and feelings of everyday existence into picturesque and at times really beautiful language. Where the educated use an overworked and joyless expression, the illiterate will often have ready to their tongues some happy illustration or delightfully fresh and vigorous description. Their thoughts flow naturally into colourful and imaginative speech. Indeed if a wide and rather loose definition of poetry may be allowed, unbounded by limits of rhyme or metre or even of formal rhythm and arrangement, but extending to all expression in words genuinely fired by fancy and imagination, then it is true to say that the speech of men and women who spend their whole lives doing manual work and never perhaps open a book is often sparkling with bright touches of vivid expression which make real poetry. Peasants seem sometimes to share the poet's gift of fancy which enables them to point and emphasise the wording of their ideas with here and there a racy, or beautiful, or quaint and bizarre image, or with some quite original and strikingly fashioned phrase. Occasionally these amateurs may even match a poet master in his own art of weaving words.

Many of us have been made familiar with the true poetic quality which may live in peasant speech through the works of three or four writers who belonged to that little group of Irish *literati* which was responsible for the so-called Celtic Renaissance and who have used in their books the idiom and the kind of language actually current among the people of Ireland. Lady Gregory, Mr. James Stephens, and J. M. Synge, than who none know or knew more of the life and sayings of the Irish peasants, have caught and fixed in literature the strange and wild, or beautiful imaginations and expressions of the country folk and the travelling tinkers and the islanders along the Western

Irish coast. In a foreword to *The Playboy of the Western World*, Synge tells us that he used in his plays one or two words only which he had not heard among the country people of Ireland. And he goes on to say: 'When I was writing *The Shadow of the Glen* some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen.' Dealing with an intensely imaginative people, Synge believed that he would be able to infuse more true poetry into his work by listening to and learning from them than he could by elaborating a 'study' style, however sensitive and polished it might be. He drew his phraseology and his imagery direct from the talk that he heard in Irish cabins. The result is surprisingly rich and telling and vivid. 'Let you wait,' he somewhere makes a peasant suitor say to his lady, 'let you wait to hear me talking till we're astray in Erris when Good Friday's by, drinking a sup from a well and making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths or gaming in a gap of sunshine with yourself stretched back unto your necklace in the flowers of earth.'

In an Essay on Synge and the Ireland of his day, Mr. W. B. Yeats has written that Synge found the Irish dialect so rich a thing that he had begun translating into it fragments of the great literatures of the world and had even planned a complete version of the *Imitation of Christ*. The translating of old masterpieces of poetry and prose into dialect and country idiom might seem at first sight a rash and almost freakish experiment, and Synge did not live long enough to accomplish much of such work. But what he has done in recasting time-honoured literature into the moulds of peasant expression shows up in the most striking aspect that native feeling for poetry and beauty of phrase which is the true essence of all peasant speech. He has translated in this manner several of Petrarch's sonnets to Laura. One, perhaps the most vivid and exquisite and pathetic, in which Petrarch 'understands the great cruelty of death' runs thus:

My flowery and green age was passing away and I feeling a chill in the fires had been wasting my heart, for I was drawing near the hillside that is above the grave. Then my sweet enemy was making a start little by little, to give over her great wariness, the way she was wringing a sweet thing out of my sharp sorrow. The time was coming when Love and Decency can keep company and lovers may sit together and say out all things are in their hearts.

But death had his grudge against me, and he got up in the way like an armed robber with a pike in his hand.

Nothing is lost in the translation of dignity and beauty and refinement of expression. There is richness, but at the same

time simplicity and an almost austere restraint. And is it not shown that the unsophisticated speech of the people may sometimes convey nobly as any polished literary mode of language the thoughts of a great and cultured writer?

Of all the people of the British Isles, the Irish have the most marked gift for investing even the prosaic affairs of life with a sort of poetical significance. They are far poorer in the possession of stolid common sense than their English neighbours across St. George's Channel. Uncontrolled, therefore, by the common-sense criterion, their glancing imaginations lead them into the wildest, but often most beautiful fancies. The legendary tales of their fine folk-lore are still told among them. Still they live in a romantic haze of make-believe and superstition, dark or beautiful, which Science has hardly pierced and which to the average English artisan with nearly a hundred and fifty years of scientific and mechanical tradition behind him would seem fantastic and ridiculous. Lady Gregory has made an interesting collection of current Irish folk superstitions. Many of the fishing people and others dwelling along the Atlantic shores, she tells us, believe firmly in mermaids, for instance, and she records the most astonishing stories of their adventures with these marine beings. Then the people believe still in the Sidhe, the fairies, rightly descended from the ancient Celtic Gods whose exploits handed down in the tales of Gaelic mythology rival the feats of the Gods of Olympus. But the Sidhe are now thought sometimes to be of the race of fallen angels. One old woman who affirmed that she had actually talked with an inhabitant of Tir-nan-og, the Land of the Young and the Celtic equivalent to the Elysian Fields, speaking about the Sidhe, told Lady Gregory: 'They have the hope of Heaven, or they wouldn't leave one on the face of the earth and they are afraid of God. They'll not do you much harm if you leave them alone: it's best not to speak to them at all if you should meet them. If they bring anyone away [referring to the belief that mortals are sometimes spirited away to dwell for a time with the Sidhe] they'll leave some old good-for-nothing thing in its place and the same way with a cow or a calf or such things. But a sheep or a lamb it's beyond their power to touch because of Our Lord'

What a strange and picturesque medley of belief, swaying the Irish mentality with a power which folk-superstition has long ago abdicated over the English mind! So it comes about that the popular imagination in Ireland is richer and more supple than in England, and consequently the Irish way of speech is more vivid and more coloured than the English, since the measure of a people's fancy and imagination must be reflected in the manner of their language

But even so, in England, in spite of discouraging conditions, including, maybe, half a century of Board School education, we have still the prized remnants of a popular imagination. The people deserve far more credit for sensibility and imaginative power than is usually given to them. Anyone who knows working people is aware that it is possible to find among them many who appreciate and are thoroughly alive to beauty in art and literature and nature. Might some thoughtless critics be surprised to learn that even, for example, the much vituperated occupants of those motor charabancs which on Saturday and Sunday afternoons issue from great towns in one continuous stream along the highways leading to the country are not all content with singing comic songs? Many want to look about them and refresh their eyes with the green loveliness and absorb the sunshine, gifts of the fields and sky which are denied to them during the week.

A friend once told me that some years ago he was giving a couple of lectures to a working-class audience in the East End of London. The first lecture, on some political-economic subject, was indifferently received. So the second time he changed his tune, and what really went down with the audience was a lecture on the metres of Tennyson. Writing on the subject of long hours of labour and their result in the limited opportunities which working people get to gratify a real desire for the pleasures that the good things of art and nature afford, the same friend has related : 'A fitter on weekly wages used to show in a poor cottage one of the best collections of British butterflies and moths, made entirely by himself. Many of the moths had been captured late at night on Chat Moss. A hairdresser has told how to watch the habits of birds was the delight of his Sunday bicycle rides ; his assistant called attention to some little-known poet whose works had a special appeal for him. . . . Tramping through the Yorkshire Dales and knowing them well, it was interesting to meet one who knew them better and to find that he was a chimney-sweep who saved up his earnings to spend his holidays regularly there.'

The mention of chimney-sweeps brings to mind a little incident showing a flash of true sympathetic imagination on the part of another and quite unrelated chimney-sweep. This gentleman was supposed to be sweeping a dining-room chimney. I surprised him gazing instead at an engraving of that fine picture by Briton Rivière, of a lion and his mate prowling up the broad steps of an ancient and ruined city. The picture was inspired, it is believed, by those lines of Omar Khayyam :

the lion and the lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.

and its suggestion of muteness and desertion is almost uncanny. The sweep turned round at my entrance. 'Oh,' he said, 'them dogs do look lonely!'

Once you begin to look out among English working people for rich morsels of peasant phraseology, it seems remarkable how often, like shafts of sunshine breaking the monotony of a gray day, the gleams of picturesque expression occur, for example, in conversations overheard in a railway carriage and in all sorts of chance talk that one may have with country people or town workmen. In the Industrial North, among the dalesmen of Westmoreland and Cumberland and Yorkshire, even among the farm-folk of the agricultural counties who are too often dismissed as inarticulate, the people's speech is often enriched by a real beauty in the chance turning of a phrase or choice of a word, or by some inimitable expression full of a pungent humour. A short time ago I was chatting one morning with a village cobbler about local politics. The conversation turned on the degree of popularity in the district of a neighbouring landlord who had earned the unfortunate reputation of being 'near.' The cobbler summed up with the following matchless description of close-fistedness: 'He wouldn't give you the dirt from under his fingernails!' Is not this true to the great tradition of English satirical humour, satisfying and pungent and bitter like English ale? I like to fancy that when the gentleman who coined that phrase comes at length to the Valhalla of humourists, Fielding and Sterne, out of all the jolly company assembled there, will rise to greet him and lead him to an honourable seat at the banquet-board.

A second village acquaintance aptly conveyed in one short sentence the sensations of successful convalescence after a severe operation. 'I'm beginning,' he said, 'to feel the meat on my bones again.' This recalls another well-flavoured rustic expression: 'Fair hangin' wi' meat'—used to describe, not a leg of mutton as one might pardonably expect, but a particularly plump and healthy-looking baby!

The factory hands of Lancashire have always been celebrated for raciness of speech and a shrewd, rough and ready sense of humour. It might fairly be supposed, however, that a graceful and beautiful fancy would hardly survive the daily grind among the clanging looms of a cotton factory combined with the bleak environment and cheerless aspect of an East Lancashire town; the rows of dwelling-houses built of cold-looking stone and belying by their harsh gray exteriors what warmth and welcome may be within and the grim mills closed in on every side by dark-coloured and unsmiling moors. Yet, in spite of surroundings and work which, one would have thought, must seem unsympathetic and even blighting to a sensitive imagination, some of these mill-

hands now and then express their thoughts, quite casually as it were, in phrases full of grace and poetic charm. I was told recently by a friend of a conversation he had had with a girl operative in one of the East Lancashire towns. He had his small daughter with him, and while he and the mill-girl talked together they watched the child who was dancing and skipping about them at her play. 'Why!' the mill-girl exclaimed; 'she's donned i' wind!' Even Shelley might have been satisfied by that image and the music of those four words.

Indeed, this faculty for coining a telling image which so many peasants possess makes the strongest link in that strange alliance between poetry and the rough speech of the labourer and the artisan. Like the poet, peasants seem happier and more at home on the firm ground of concrete reality rather than in the nebulous region of abstractions, and so when they express their ideas it is natural to them to do so with the help of a kind of word-picture. A peasant, for example, telling you about his job, uncertain and poorly paid, might describe it as 'like licking honey off a thorn.'¹ This fondness for concrete illustration makes his talk picturesque in the true sense, lending it fire and a fine relish in contrast with the rather insipid selection of language in which most educated people carry on their ordinary conversation. Indeed, the lack of colour and character in the conversation of educated people may be traced to an absence of imagery. Either through poverty of imagination, or through a false shame of appearing poetical, the educated seldom express themselves as it were in pictures. The racy illustrations and the images which enrich the conversation of an uninstructed peasant may never enter the head of an educated person at all, or, should they find a way in, they are generally suppressed there and then lest they should appear extravagant if put into words. Where the educated resort to sapless superlatives, or a hackneyed and thin simile like 'cold as ice,' the peasant will achieve his emphasis with some vivid and pithy image. He might inform you that it was 'cold as snow in harvest,'² or 'cold as the north side of a January grave by starlight.'³

More than one good piece of imagery I have culled from the talk of a countrywoman who hails from some remote agricultural village in Huntingdonshire. One day, she was speaking about a favourite dog which had died a few weeks earlier, and insisting that the animal had prematurely worn himself out by his inordinate energy. 'I often said to myself,' she remarked, 'when I seed that dog racing about: Some day, he'll go out just like dew before the sun.' This particular countrywoman can

¹ F. M. Wright, *Rustic Speech and Folklore*.

² *Rustic Speech and Folklore*.

³ Lowell, *Biglow Papers*.

hardly open her mouth without giving some delightful and original twist to what she has to say, and her dry, sharp humour is nearly worthy of a Mrs. Poyser.

There is, however, a depressing force at work which may one day sap the vigour and dull the brightness of English peasant speech like rust that crumbles in time a hard and glittering piece of metal. Psychologists tell us that increasing civilisation and social order tend to curb and control the fancies generated by a nimble imagination; fancies which find one outlet in a picturesque popular language. Most of us nowadays have absorbed a good deal of surface civilisation. We are, for instance, less under the influence of superstition than our forefathers, and we probably reason better than they in the sense that we are more careful about our premises before we draw a conclusion, and less liable to be enticed by remote and wild analogies and gaily to assign effects to impossible causes. But it may be that what we gain in common sense and reason, we must pay for in the weakening of imaginative force, and this involves as a bye-consequence the gradual starving of our popular language into a pallid and featureless way of speech. It is probable that there are fewer Englishmen to-day able to put their thoughts into a sort of poetical language than was the case two or three hundred years ago. The wings of the people's untamed fancies are in danger of being remorselessly clipped by the shears of cold matter of fact. Our folk stories are mostly forgotten, or may be found only in books that are seldom read. The dominion of science over thought and matter has killed most of the old quaint beliefs and superstitions and what seem now to us romantic customs of English country life. Fairs and morris dancing on a village green have given place to co-operative shops and cinemas. Instead of post-chaises with the postboy astride his foaming mount and gaily painted stage-coaches complete with cracking whip and loaded blunderbuss, all lurching cheerily over the shocking surface of the old North Road, we have an immaculate tarred highway and a succession of sleek, efficient and most serviceable, but wholly unromantic motor-cars. The picturesque element is slipping out of our national life in all sorts of small ways. It is being suppressed for instance in the homes, at any rate the city and suburban homes of the people. How commonplace look the perkily smart, up-to-date, little guncrack brick houses of the suburbs compared with quiet and dignified old cottages; the interlaced black and white work of Cheshire and Shropshire, the thatch of the East Counties and the old warm stone cottages of the Cotswolds with lichen growing over the mellow stone-tiled roofs and evening sunshine gilding the casement panes set in their stone sills and mullions.

These are discouraging considerations. It may well be true that the temperate climate of civilisation is not conducive to luxuriant imaginative growths and that the plant has already begun to flag. Nevertheless, there seems to be an irresistible strain of wiry native vigour running through our popular imagination which, in happy circumstances, even in the twentieth century, must make it hard to kill. One good sign, proving that the cut-to-measure process of civilisation has not yet stripped the people's life of all individuality, is the tenacious hold still retained in the provinces by the English dialects. At a Keswick sheep fair, the conversation of the Cumbrian farmers, packed with strange words and unfamiliar locutions, would be quite unintelligible to a South countryman. Not many people brought up south of the Mersey and the Humber will know the sense of that queer verb 'to be clemmed,' which has done hard service in Lancashire and which means to be starving hungry. Nor will many Southerners understand those two expressive adjectives 'jannock' and 'gradely,' used respectively in the sense of honest or straightforward and fine, well set-up: but instinct alone will tell you the exact range of their meaning. Is not 'gradely' put to delicious use in the following description of the heated appearance of a certain Coalowner who was coming up from the pits on a hot summer day? 'Eh,' said a miner, standing at the pit head and speaking obviously with a sort of personal pride in the owner's physical condition: 'Maister — — is a gradely sweater!'

In right surroundings which make a fit setting for honest humour and a genial outlook uncorrupted by the casuistry and the sophisms which in great towns seem so often to eat into the people's minds, one may still be sure of meeting with hearty and healthy-minded artisans and peasants, showing their temper in a full-blooded and mettlesome speech and keeping alive our time-honoured dialect forms and words and the fine snap, like a spiced sharpness, of our old English idiom.

As a sort of *bonne bouche*, I have kept to the last a final morsel of inimitable peasant expression. This plum was extracted from a conversation on the subject of baldness with a rustic friend who had reason to apprehend the near approach of that state. 'I often think,' was the remark, 'that when winter comes, the flies'll be skating over my head.' The natural history may have been weak, but the impression conveyed was gloriously graphic.

KATHARINE C. HOPKINSON.

THE RECONSIDERATION OF THE MIDDLE AGES

It is the generally accepted theory that modern England is a far better place to live in than was the mediaeval England of the Plantagenets and the Lancastrians. The Industrial Revolution turned a land of farmers and agricultural villages into a nation of manufacturers and industrial towns. In the process a small number of persons had acquired great fortunes; and it began to be stated without much contradiction that modern England was much pleasanter than the earlier days. About the middle years of the nineteenth century the comforting theory of Evolution came to the support of the generalisers. It was announced that the universe was the scene of a vast drama of life which was progressing to perfection. So far it had proceeded satisfactorily from a sort of jelly-fish on the beach of some hot palaeozoic sea until it had reached the dizzy heights of a man—it might be a scintillating Lord Brougham or a sensational company-promoter. The people who wrote books boldly announced that there was no need to stop here. History, they said, was one grand triumphal progress from better to best. Strictly speaking, science had said no such thing: indeed it was self-evident that evolution had produced worms as well as Wellingtons; and it might even be thought—on the authority of graveyards—that the worms had finally triumphed. But the generalisers were hasty and enthusiastic: they were convinced that the theory of evolution confirmed their previous opinion that modern England with its millionaires was much better than old England with its feudal lords. Everything new, in short, was better than anything old. Port wine was only an unaccountable exception.

There are signs of reaction against this complacent confidence that everything is better to-day than it was yesterday. We had been taught that the Middle Ages were a time when robber knights went about scattering death and collecting spoils. But now, even if this tale were true (which it only is in part), we judge of its disadvantages with a different mind.

In mediaeval societies the central power was of the slightest structure; such government as existed was mainly in the hands of local assemblies or officials. There was usually a king of sorts, but his share in the powers and duties of ruling was nothing compared with the powers and duties of the government of a modern state, whether a monarchy or a republic. It was only very slowly that the 'king's peace' covered the whole kingdom which was nominally under his rule. At first it only protected his person, his courts, his officers, and the main roads—the term 'the king's highway' still remains as a memory of what was a very important distinction. Again, the nations which we now regard as coherent wholes were, during the Middle Ages, split up—or, rather, had never been united—into many smaller parts which we now consider counties or provinces. There was a day when Kent and Northumberland were kingdoms, not counties: divided from each other much more radically than Wales is divided from England to-day. France was a collection of feudal lordships which lasted as provinces even to the Revolution. The states of Italy were self-governing kingdoms until the days of Garibaldi.

There was a man who called himself King of the English, there was a King of the French. But in practice—so much more vital than theory—the powers of ruling were left in the hands of the small social units of society of which the kingdom was composed. The units were more important than the kingdom: they were the real basis of its existence. If London and Paris had suddenly disappeared from the map of early mediaeval Europe, if the king and all his councillors and officials had vanished in the winking of an eye, the peoples of England and France would not have been overwhelmingly conscious of the catastrophe: for they, in the main, ruled themselves by their own laws, and judged themselves in their own courts. They would have been more startled by the presence of their king than they would ever have been by his absence. To take an extreme case. The lordship of Durham in the hands of its ecclesiastical princes was so independent during part of this period, that, if the king ever dared to send his justices into it, he formally declared that he only did so by favour of the bishop-prince. And it was much the same with the Earldom of Chester. It was in only a lesser degree the same with dozens or even hundreds of minor jurisdictions throughout the kingdom. Law in the earlier Middle Ages was largely administered in the hundred courts and the courts of the shire which had existed in some more or less definite form from the days when the county had meant a kingdom and the hundred had been almost a law unto itself; and it was chiefly their own law they administered, and not the law of the far-away king. But

even when the Common Law began its career under Henry the Second it was a long time before it covered any large part of the national life. There was very little royal legislation in the Middle Ages, compared with to-day. The kings and their councils for the most part left the people to make their own by-laws and regulations in their local assemblies, in the guilds, and in their manor courts. The statutes of Parliament, during all English history until the year 1920, are contained in ninety-eight volumes. All the statutes until the death of Queen Anne can be got into four volumes: the remaining ninety-four are required to hold the laws passed by Parliament during the last two hundred years; while the legislation of the previous five hundred years could be packed into the first four volumes. In other words, there was practically no legislation by the central government during the mediæval period; for the people made their own laws and regulations in their local groups. But this is only another way of saying that there was very little central government at all. That does not mean that mediæval society was anarchical, without law and order. On the contrary, it was a time when men were controlled by a most elaborate code of social regulations; when there was, indeed, much less anarchy than there is to-day. Mediæval life was a maze of carefully defined social relationships; but this code was not drawn up and enforced by a king or his central council. It was planned and promulgated by those small groups of citizens who met together in their county and hundred courts, in their trading guilds and their manorial and borough councils.

There was another side of mediæval society which was scarcely so obvious as the lack of central government and the supremacy of the local groups; but it was a still more fundamental characteristic of the period. Men in those days rarely acted as individuals, they almost always bound themselves together into intimate social units. It was an age not of persons, but of social companies. If the mediæval period could be summed up in a phrase, it might well be defined as *The Group Age*; for it was this tendency to arrange itself in groups, for almost every conceivable purpose, which is a radical distinction from the individualism that grew more and more persistent from the Renaissance and its accompanying Reformation, which was the religious aspect of it. Man as a social being has always shown a tendency toward co-operative action—it is almost the essence of civilisation. But the Middle Ages surpassed all other periods in its passion for the group form. In its method of the grouping of kinsmen, early English society perhaps did not go beyond, or even reach, the coherence and strength of the Roman *gens* and *familia*. But when the blood kindred broke up, while Roman society developed

towards individualism, mediaevalism experimented with more communism. During the heyday of the Middle Ages, say the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, perhaps never did any social system show so many adaptations of the group form.

Agriculture was the economic basis of mediaeval life, and the manor was the common form in which that work was organised in Western Europe. The villeins or peasants with their close unity and co-operation in tilling (whether in their function of servants of the lord, or as tenants on their own account) were the basic element in that closely knit group, the mediaeval manor. The main industry of the Middle Ages, agriculture, was not worked by individual farmers or individual lords, but by groups of farmers, no one of whom thought of detaching himself from the intimate co-operation of his fellows. Further, the manor was more than an agricultural co-operative society : it was a unit in the eyes of the king's exchequer ; and also, for many purposes, in the eyes of the king's courts of law. It was an agricultural, a fiscal, and a judicial group ; which performed many of the functions of government without interference from outsiders.

Commerce and industry were performed in much the same way. Here the group was the guild ; whether as guild-merchant or as craft-guild each controlled the industry which it represented. At their prime they were responsible for their trade ; and no member of it could conduct himself in a way contrary to the regulations drawn up by the guild. A craft or an industry was then in a very real sense (whatever the legal sense may have been) a corporate body. Each member had his own workshop maybe ; his work was carried through by himself ; and he received his payment in person. To that extent he was an individual. But all these personal matters were performed according to the rules of the guild, and within very close limits to be discussed here presently—the principle of this limitation line being that there were more important things in life than personal gain or profit. The borough was another vital group in the mediaeval system, closely linked with the guild groups over which it ruled as a higher and co-ordinating power. It was in a large degree an independent unit in mediaeval life, in a sense far beyond its position to-day. The mediaeval borough's great pride was to exclude the king's justices and the king's tax-collectors from its boundaries, an ideal not always reached. But the mediaeval monarch did not lightly challenge the right of his boroughs to rank as independent oases in the kingdom. If they would pay his taxes, he was ready to allow them to govern themselves, with the aid of their guilds, as it might be arranged between these groups. Internally the boroughs controlled their trade between citizens ; externally, through the allied

guild-merchant, they conducted the trade with strangers. A great part of the governing of mediaeval England was done under the sanction of the boroughs' charters.

There was another kind of mediaeval group, and this of a very different kind. The Frithborh or Frankpledge was the mutual responsibility that the men of the tything had for the crimes of their fellow-members. The tything, as its name implies, was usually a group of ten men who were compelled by law to pledge themselves to satisfy any legal claims against a member of their group who could not be made to do justice personally. In earlier days it had been the kinsfolk who had been held responsible; when this natural link became weakened the communal instinct of the Middle Ages demanded that something else should take its place; and the artificial tything was formed and became a prominent institution of the earlier part of the period.

If one digs to find the foundation of this imperative desire in mediaeval society for the social group, it will be discovered that it was partly the cause and partly the effect of a still more profound character of those times. The mediaeval man was trained to place the welfare of the whole society, or at least of the whole group or town, before any advantage to himself as an individual. He may not have formulated that idea in his conscious mind; nevertheless it was implied in almost every one of the great institutions and ideals of the Middle Ages. It was not perhaps altogether an unselfish idea; for a citizen or a craftsman might easily see that he was stronger if he stood as one of a compact group instead of alone as an individual. It may well be that it was on sound Darwinian principles that the altruistic instinct survived in the Middle Ages; because the men and women who thought unselfishly were just those who were most likely to build up a strong group that would survive as against the selfish individuals who were always playing for their own hand first. But whatever the reason, mediaeval ethics placed the social unit before the individual. In a very practical form we can find this ideal in almost every rule and regulation of the trade guilds. Most of them were devised to prevent a member doing anything which was against the interests of his fellow-members, or (still more altruistically) against the welfare of the general public. Thus, wardens were appointed to inspect all workshops in order that no craftsman should unfairly compete against his fellow, or cheat his customer, by making unsound wares. The members must not steal a march on comrades by working at night or on public holidays; and this rule was enforced also for the reason that night work was likely to be bad work and therefore dishonest. And there was a rule compelling sale in open market, whereby

men might be restrained from unscrupulous bargaining; there was even a rule that a good bargain in the purchasing of stock or raw material must be shared with all other members.

It was not merely in the details of the guild regulations that the communal instinct of the Middle Ages was revealed. The whole structure of economic and social life was impregnated with those two great ethical principles that it was immoral to exceed the 'just price' or take usury. Mankind has never been asked to obey any laws of wider significance than these. If enforced to-day they would stand modern society on its head and make our present economic system impossible. Even in the Middle Ages they were far from being always obeyed, but there was not a man who did not feel that he ought to obey them, and there were few who disobeyed without a trembling for the possible consequences to the purse, the body and the soul. It is not unfair to say that there are to-day few leaders of trade and commerce who would not laugh (at least in their sleeves) at such ideals. It is doubtful whether there are any who have become rich in modern commerce without disobeying the above two great laws every hour of their business lives. The world may yet come to realise that Saint Thomas Aquinas and his fellow-ecclesiastics propounded in the 'just price' (*justum pretium*) a more fundamental economic law than most of the subtle distinctions of the modern professors of political economy. The 'marginal shepherds' and the 'consumers' rents' are but the parlour tricks of their science compared with the universal sweep of the laws against usury and profiteering. The mediaeval men drove the usurer and the profiteer out of their church and out of decent society. Modern society more usually makes them both millionaires and peers. Of course mediaevalism produced its Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, and many like them; but they were exceptions; and the fact has to be recognised as a vital distinction between the two periods. The common man perhaps did not often reach the moral ideals of the scholastic fathers and philosophers; nevertheless, take it all in all, the indecency of undue trading gains was an everyday conviction and an economic law, as well as a schoolman's philosophy. It is significant that the argument of the just price did not rest on professional economic analysis, but on the general public estimate of what was fair. In the words of Professor Cunningham:

The just price is known by the common estimation of what the thing is worth; it is known by public opinion as to what it is right to give for that article under ordinary circumstances.

In other words, the mediaeval man had a social instinct that could interpret fair dealing into everyday terms and prices. Justice and common sense were near akin.

It necessarily followed from this mediaeval belief that trade in those days had a very different basis from what it has to-day. Now there is a generally accepted axiom that a man goes into trade in order to make as much money as he can. Of course there were plenty of Dick Whittingtons in the Middle Ages : but they did nothing very extravagantly grasping, after all, and they were abnormal persons on the whole : whereas to-day they would find themselves supported by practically the whole City of London, who would regard as a joke their few remaining scruples about making money. In the mediaeval period the normal man regarded his work as the supplying of goods and services which his neighbours asked of him ; and until the goods were demanded they were, as a rule, not made. When they were made it was essentially a production for the use and at the demand of the user. In the ordinary course of things production took place at a price which was a fair exchange for the services and work rendered.

Now superficially that may seem to be what happens to-day. Yet in practice something very different occurs. A manufacturer does not have this close connexion with the user ; he does not produce only when he is requested to do so ; he produces whenever he sees any chance of making a profit on the transaction. Suppose there is a market for only ten thousand pairs of boots. Three manufacturers will willingly undertake to make the whole amount if they feel sure that their price will win the market and drive out the rest. In other words they are prepared to take part in a gamble for profits which must result, on the facts, in twenty thousand pairs being wasted. In a system of production for profit the fact of a balance of waste is incidental ; the only need of the producer is profit on his own part of the transaction. The manufacturer of to-day produces for as big a surplus profit as he can get. The craftsman of the Middle Ages had not got beyond the simpler attempt to produce an article which was ordered of him, in return for a normal living wage. It will be argued that in practice everything works out all right under the modern competition for profit ; that sooner or later everyone gets what he wants and no one produces what no one demands. But the facts do not bear out that optimistic statement. Under the mediaeval system it would have been almost impossible for England to be glutted with cotton and woollen goods which most people want, yet only a few can afford to buy. Under production for use it would be almost impossible for Europe to be filled with underfed and underclothed unemployed who are only too willing to make what they can use, whereas the whole of modern industry is stopped until the manufacturers can make a profit. There is a

significant blending of the virtues of common sense and good morals about this characteristic of the Middle Ages, and in this way it is peculiarly typical of the period.

The mediaeval man was a realist; he lived in close touch with nature; he knew more of the sunset and the sunrise than of cinema houses; he was not swept over unknown ground by a railway engine; he had to tramp or ride (and therefore know) every mile of the way. He had no newspapers and few politicians. Outside the realistic facts of his everyday work and play the mediaeval man had a limited world as it was measured by miles. But there was one great fact which was neither limited nor realistic. He belonged to a Church which covered all the civilised world that he had ever heard of, and more. It was a Church which was interlaced with almost every moment of his life; it had neither become a convention nor a superstition. Its worshippers both attended and believed. It was a Church which not only ventured to teach its members how to die in safety to their souls; but it gave continual orders concerning the everyday affairs of their lives on earth. As we have seen, it persistently taught the necessity for the just price and the immorality of usury. The history of the influence of the Church in the Middle Ages would be the history of almost all of it. Whereas it would be possible to write the history of to-day without mentioning that there was a Church of England at all. The deeds of modern archbishops and bishops are mainly recorded in the Church magazines and the religious Press. In the Middle Ages they were usually the Prime Ministers and the chancellors of the kingdom. Becket, Langton, Grosseteste, and dozens more, are among the biggest names in English history; and the Church in whose name they spoke was the biggest fact in mediaeval life: even in the most material sense it was the greatest landlord in Europe. It was long on the balance of history whether the Pope of Rome would not humble the Emperor to be his obedient vassal; and Europe might have become a vast state under a universal Church that knew not boundary nor race, and preferred God's Peace to the shedding of blood.

But there is little need to dream of might-have-beens. During the Middle Ages the Church of Rome was a great ruling power when kings and nations were rather uncertain quantities. The mediaeval man dreaded the anger of the Bishop of Rome and his local officers long before the king's writ would have conveyed much meaning to his mind or compulsion to his will. It is immaterial for the purposes of this argument whether it was a superstition or a reasoned faith -perhaps the distinction is yet unsolved by the philosophers. What is material is that there

was no problem more continually in the mind of the mediaeval man than the question : ' Will the Church approve if I do this ? Will it disapprove if I do that ? ' To-day the question would more frequently be expressed : ' Will the policeman interfere if I do this ? ' This distinctive valuation of persons in the two periods, this contrast between the policeman and the parson, between the constable and the cardinal, demands careful noting in an estimate of the characteristics of the Middle Ages. The mediaeval Church had a vast theology concerning Heaven which only concerns us indirectly at the moment ; but what is important here is that it had innumerable rules about the earth. Superficial persons have pictured the Middle Ages as a period which was mainly occupied in pillaging raids between rival barons. Of course it was not so, but that trouble did exist, and selfish fighting was undoubtedly an intolerable social nuisance. Into this prerogative of lords and kings the Church intruded with a *Pax ecclesiae*, or the Peace of God : it pronounced excommunication on all soldiers who did violence to a peasant, to any woman, to priests or pilgrims, to a farmer's cattle or his tools, or to a church. That was a most drastic rule. The ideal was not the full practice, of course, and only the French were civilised enough to give any very precise obedience to such a rational and moral code. Then the Church went further ; by the Truce of God all fighting was forbidden on certain days and at certain seasons. At its highest claim (about the time of the Norman Conquest of England) the truce was to last from every Wednesday until the following Monday morning of each week ; and all Lent and Advent, the festival days of the Virgin and the Apostles and some of the saints were likewise decreed free from war. Having just seen all Europe fighting for four years without a break (except the first Christmas Day), we are in a position to recognise this as another noteworthy difference between the mediaeval system and the modern.

There is another wide generalisation which one can make of the Middle Ages ; it was a period of good taste in matters of Art. The statement can be put into concrete form by placing Westminster Abbey, a triumph of the thirteenth century, beside Tyneside factories and yards, one of the triumphs of the twentieth. Or put any typical piece of ancient craftsmanship beside any equally representative collection of modern wares. It is not a question that can be disputed ; the Middle Ages had a fine instinctive taste in form and colour ; if we arrive at its equal to-day it is the result of some abnormal art school, a freak in an ocean of vulgarity and the impossible. It is quite fair to take their cathedrals and their illuminated manuscripts as typical of the art of the mediaeval men ; it is altogether just to take our

modern villas and our modern cotton designs as representative of the taste of to-day. Mediaeval man, it would seem almost instinctively, produced beauty when he worked with his hands; modern man blunders into artistic crime every time he turns the crank of his machine. Mediaeval man was an artist without being very astonished at his performance; the modern artist is so unexpected that he gets much written about in the newspapers.

Finally, there is one characteristic of the Middle Ages which usually raises violent denials when it is stated. Nevertheless there is much to be said in support of the assertion that the mediaeval system was more democratic, more respectful of personal freedom, than modern government. To those who think of the Middle Ages as an orgy of baronial tyranny, and the twentieth century as a triumphal march of victorious universal suffragists enforcing their opinions at the polling booth, of course the new seems better than the old. But both sides of the picture are dreams of intellectual hysteria and have very little to do with the facts. There were plenty of mediaeval barons, and they were often cruel tyrants; there are plenty of modern voters, but if their votes really get what they desire, then it would appear that their desires are somewhat confused. Admitting that the mediaeval system was much ruled by barons, it is historically arguable that no castle lord of the Middle Ages had over his men one fraction of the power which a modern millionaire has over the whole nation. The baron could demand many services from his villeins; but they were services which were generally fixed by the customs of the manor, as enforced in the manor court—where the villein sat as one of the men who declared the law. It would have been as abnormal for a lord to drive a villein from his strips of the manorial land as to-day it would be unusual to poison an objectionable tenant. Further, the baron had his duties if he had rights. In those days the poor man did not do very much of the fighting. Warfare was a legal obligation laid mainly on the well-to-do gentlemen, who owed knight-service. The peasant was liable most rigidly (as became an age of communal unselfishness) as a member of the popular militia or fyrd for home defence; but if the king wanted to go adventuring for spoils abroad, then he (speaking generally) could scarcely compel even the gentlemen to follow him; and if he wanted humbler soldiers he had to get them by voluntary enlistment and to pay for them in wages. It was the gentlemen who got most of the spoils of aggressive war, and mediaeval justice provided that they should therefore do the fighting. The landed proprietor had the duty of protecting the people who worked. Sometimes he got too big a share of the spoils; but he did not get so much as the modern millionaires who stopped at home

and made fortunes during the recent Great War of 1914-1918—when war in France was in fact the only possible form of home defence.

Such appear to be the main principles in which the Middle Ages were distinct from the period that succeeded them. They are very substantial differences. It would be also useful to find the fundamental likenesses; the points wherein the man of to-day is closely related to the man of the past. It might be discovered that the change of system has not necessarily brought about a change of society in its deeper essence, but only a surface change of temporary existence. It might therefore follow that it would be easier than some people imagine to go back to many of the principles of the older days if we desired them.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

NAPOLEON AND HIS DOCTORS

It is singular, considering Napoleon's intense dislike of doctors, that fate decreed they should be much in evidence during his life, and quite astonishingly so during the last scenes of the tragedy at Longwood, which ended on that stormy night of May 5, 1821, with the setting of the sun, when the soul of the 'Eagle' passed out in the wind and rain to its rest.

With but one exception too, these men were of British nationality. Fate with another touch of irony deprived him of the attention of any member of the nation by which he had become great, as his own physician—Maingaud or Maingault—declined to leave France for exile with the fallen Emperor.

So at the last the only member of the medical profession to attend him, except the English, was—as we shall see later—a very poor specimen indeed, from the first of the three islands with which his fate was so intimately associated, viz. Corsica, Elba, and St. Helena. Truly another proof of fate's irony and of the saying 'On revient toujours à ses premières amours.'

The list of medical men who were so much in evidence at the last includes Baxter, Warden, O'Meara, Stokoe, Arnott, Shortt, Antonmarchi, and the rest. And their writings, also statements—or rather mis-statements—also the double-dealing of two at least of the crowd—were the cause of that storm of abuse which culminated in the Hudson Lowe controversy and the ruin of an upright—if somewhat stern—and honourable man, and has not yet quite died down. It was no less a person than Sir William Butler who said in a lecture at Torquay in January 1908 that 'the object sought by the English Ministry of 1815 was *not* the exile, but the *speedy death* of Napoleon.'

A well-known writer on the subject, too, empties the vials of his wrath and scorn on the ministers of that day, among them Bathurst, that 'ennobled dullard,' and 'his servant' Hudson Lowe. Yet a recent French writer on the last days of Napoleon makes no complaint on this score, but, on the contrary, mentions the constant appeals to this 'monster of cruelty,' to intervene in the numerous disputes between Bonaparte and Antonmarchi, when he came 'en toute hâte' to Longwood. In the last days

he sent veal jelly from Plantation House—this being the only thing Bonaparte could retain—as well as a cook, who made such excellent soup that Count Montholon told Captain Lutyens (the orderly officer) ‘It was so good the d——d doctor would not let him eat much of it!’

Perhaps, however, the events of the last few years may have cleared the mental vision of these Bonaparte enthusiasts, and made them realise what the feeling of the public was with regard to ‘Boney’ a century ago; also the analogy between him and another Emperor, so far as the menace to the peace of Europe was concerned, for whom the same island was, more than once, suggested as the best place for his retreat.

THE EMPEROR’S CONTEMPT FOR DOCTORS AND MEDICINE

To return however to *nos moutons*—Napoleon’s attitude to doctors and medicine. His contempt for the former and his, then, very heterodox ideas with regard to the latter are very frequently referred to by writers and biographers. He never missed an opportunity of arguing on the subject of medicine and the medical profession with any doctor or surgeon he came across.

A FEW ARGUMENTS

Mrs. Abell, the daughter of Mr. Balcombe of ‘The Briars,’ where Bonaparte spent the first portion of his stay at St. Helena—till Longwood was ready—writes in her reminiscences :

On the occasion of a party, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the Emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father at the knowledge he possessed and the charm and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were somewhat heterodox. Napoleon told him that he had no faith in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical—or rather surgical—profession than of any other.

George Warden, medical officer of the *Northumberland*, writes to his *fiancée*—Miss Hutt—in 1816 :

I scarcely think I eat a mouthful, so completely, and perhaps unkindly, did Napoleon tease me with questions. The subject ‘Physic,’ and I endeavoured to stand my ground manfully. He has an aversion to medicine.

On another occasion he somewhat took the good doctor aback by asking him sarcastically ‘How many people have you killed since you started to practise?’ To which he replied that his conscience ‘did not reproach him with having killed anyone.’ To this Napoleon only laughed, and said ‘*Les médecins peuvent se tromper.*’

He was something of a fatalist, too, as he told Dr. Warden on another occasion :

Notre corps est une machine à vivre; il est organisé pour cela, c'est sa nature. . . . Notre corps est comme une montre qui doit aller un certain temps. L'horloger ne peut le manier qu'à tâtons et les yeux bandés.

When Antommarchi begged him to have confidence in him—this was on October 14, 1820—he pulled his ears, and said mockingly :

L'art de guérir, mon cher docteur, n'est autre que celui d'endormir, de calmer l'imagination. Voilà pour quoi les anciens s'étaient affublés de robes, de vêtements qui frappent et qui imposent. Vous avez abandonné le costume; c'est à tort.

Ten days later the argument is resumed, after the doctor has persuaded him to take something to relieve the pain from which he was suffering so acutely. In reply to the Corsican's plea that there were remedies of known efficacy, Napoleon retorted :

Oui! comme ceux que Corvisart donnait à l'Impératrice! Des pilules de mie de pain qui opéraient cependant à merveille! Marie-Louise ne manquait pas de m'en vanter les bons effets! Et voilà comme ils sont tous!

As the doctor protested, the Emperor continued :

L'eau, l'air, la propreté, formaient le fond de mon dispensaire. . . . Je m'écartais peu de ces moyens. . . . Vous riez de ma méthode? Soit, riez à l'aise. Vos confrères en riaient aussi en Egypte, mais l'expérience fit voir que ma flanelle et mes brosses valaient mieux que leurs pilules.

Apropos of Corvisart, it was the fact of his being 'un ennemi des remèdes, et les employait fort peu,' that led to his being attached to the Imperial household, and loaded by his master with marks of favour, not always deservedly. The fact that he was blunt, rough and impatient perhaps made him somewhat of a congenial spirit, as though Napoleon had a considerable charm of manner when he liked, there were many times when his manners were of the same type, and anything but Imperial.

Blistering seemed to be the main remedy relied on by Corvisart in the case of Napoleon, whilst the latter's favourite method of curing himself of any disorder—according to Antommarchi—was the 'opening of wounds to give a vent to the humours.' The doctor records the following curious occurrence, on one of his visits :

The Emperor was uneasy and agitated; I advised him to take some calming medicine. 'Thanks, Doctor,' said he; 'I have something better than your pharmacy. The moment approaches, I feel, when Nature will relieve herself.' In saying this he threw himself upon a chair, and, seizing his left thigh, tore it open with a kind of eager delight. . . . His scars opened anew, and the blood gushed out. . . . 'I told you so, Doctor; I am

now better. I have my periods of crisis, and when they occur I am saved.' . . . A kind of lymph issued at first abundantly, but soon ceased to flow, and the wound closed of itself. 'You see,' said Napoleon, 'that Nature wants no assistance: when there is superabundance, an over-fulness, she expels the excess, and the equilibrium is restored.' This singular phenomenon excited my curiosity; I enquired into every circumstance connected with it, and ascertained that it was of regular occurrence, and dated from the siege of Toulon.

So much for his attitude towards doctors and medicine, not perhaps to be wondered at in view of the heroic treatment prescribed and in favour a century ago, but which put him a long way in advance of his time in such matters. Dr. Warden tells us that he strongly disapproved of the English custom of bleeding, and was in favour of '*remèdes innocens*' and also that he had contemplated introducing a law forbidding the use of '*remèdes héroïques*.'

It will therefore be easily understood that the medical men by whom he was surrounded in these last weary days had no easy time of it and must have found him a very difficult patient. Indeed, it must be owned that the task of everyone concerned with the Napoleonic *entourage* was not an easy one. More often than not, to use a vulgar but expressive simile, they must have had 'a hell of a time' with them all, when we knew that they quarrelled so much among themselves that meals together, at one period, were impossible.

TWO MEDICAL MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

As to the doctors, the chief offenders were O'Meara and Antommarchi. The former, in his *Voice from St. Helena*, was the chief cause of the downfall of Sir Hudson Lowe, and the latter, in his *Last Days of Napoleon*, is only to be believed when recording the conversations with the Emperor.

As we know by the light of later evidence, both were quite untrustworthy. O'Meara went in a triple capacity: as Napoleon's medical attendant—and in his pay, as British officer, and as Admiralty spy. He was afterwards recalled—as was Stokoe for much the same kind of offence—at the instance of Hudson Lowe, and married a rich old lady as her third husband—whose first venture in matrimony had been taken nine years before her last husband was born.

Antommarchi's record is not much better. He was neither cultured nor a highly skilled member of the medical—or rather surgical—profession. He was one of the curious group chosen by Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch, and sent out by them to Longwood, in response to Napoleon's appeal. The chief reason for Antommarchi's welcome to Longwood was the fact that he came from Corsica, and Napoleon could therefore speak to him in his

native tongue. But he never gained the confidence of his master or of his *entourage*, as is proved by the following reply of Montholon to the urgings of Hudson Lowe to see Dr. Arnott :

Vous dites vrai, M. le Gouverneur, ni l'Empereur ni moi, estimons beaucoup les soins d'Antommarchi. . . . L'Empereur est dans de mauvaises mains, voilà mon avis, et je voudrais bien l'en tirer.

' DOTTORACIO ' FROM CAPO DI CORSO.

This distrust was not surprising, seeing that his predilections for ' les jolies filles de Jamestown ' led to frequent absences from Longwood, and neglect of his patient. This brought about scenes of violent recrimination, which on more than one occasion ended in blows between Napoleon and his *dottoracio maledetto*. Several times too (according to French authority), on his return from a ' gallant rendezvous,' Antommarchi was refused admittance to the Emperor's apartments. And once this refusal was conveyed in the following scathing terms from Count Montholon :

Depuis quinze mois que vous êtes dans ce pays, vous n'avez donné à Sa Majesté aucune confiance dans votre caractère moral. Vous ne pouvez plus lui être d'aucune utilité dans sa maladie. Votre séjour serait désormais sans objet.

And it was only after he had ' grovelled in the dust,' so to speak, ' fit des pieds et des mains,' that he was returned to favour, and admitted to the presence - not a very heroic one by this time : the Emperor unshaven and attired in an old dressing-gown, with the lower limbs encased in a flannel bag, and the room so dark that his features could hardly be distinguished.

WHAT THE AUTOPSY PROVED.

Though Dr. Arnott had to be called in at the last, and quite gained the confidence of Napoleon, it was, however, Antommarchi who performed the autopsy the day after his death, in the presence of no fewer than seven British members of the medical profession. They were Drs. Arnott, Shortt, Mitchell, Burton, Mr. Henry (Assistant Surgeon 66th Regiment), Mr. Rutledge (Assistant Surgeon 20th Regiment), and Mr. Livingstone (Assistant Surgeon in the East India Company's Service).

This autopsy established the fact that the cause of Bonaparte's death was *not* the climate of St. Helena, or the rigours of his imprisonment, but an internal and incurable disease. The stomach was found to be covered with cancerous substances, whilst ' near the pylorus there was a hole sufficient to put the little finger in.' Antommarchi and others had diagnosed his case as due to diseased liver, but this was found to be quite normal, though

somewhat large. Napoleon himself had expressed the fear that cancer—from which his father died—was at the root of the trouble, though he tried to make out that Longwood had killed him.

The writer of the *Journal of a Détenu in Paris in 1814* says, however, that he had contracted 'a syphilitic complaint' at Fontainebleau, since his residence there (April 1st to 16th). This fact was communicated to the Commissioners by General Koller. It is again referred to in the report to Sir Neil Campbell—who accompanied the Emperor after his abdication—from observations made at La Calade, a small village about four miles from Aix, where they stopped on the way to Fréjus.

There is no doubt that his boast to Warden that he had only twice in his life been in such a state as to need medicine is not quite borne out by facts. It was disease which so frequently reduced him to coma and inertness, and which was recorded among others by one who was with him as a member of the Grand Army on that fatal Russian campaign.

He writes in 1825 :

Marshal Gourville de St. Cyr has, for what reason I know not, omitted to make any mention of the frequent indispositions of the Emperor. Napoleon was extremely nervous, and sickness prostrated his bodily and mental faculties to such a degree that he became almost an inert mass. On these occasions he sometimes slept for twelve hours consecutively, and on awaking endeavoured to excite his faculties by drinking large quantities of tea in which a small portion of brandy was mixed. But afterwards, as misfortunes thickened around him, this tea became strong brandy punch, so strong that a single glass of it was sufficient to set the excellent and simple Duroc to sleep. On some occasions the Emperor has been known to drink as much as two bottles full of this beverage . . . The bodily powers of this great man [Napoleon] failed him at Brienne and at Montmirail. On this last day, to rouse his sinking powers, he drank two bottles full of brandy punch. Of this the army suspected nothing, for those about his person would have considered it foul treachery to have made known the circumstance.

Surely these facts—recorded, be it noted, by his contemporaries and those who served him—are sufficient to refute the assertions made that England was his murderer.

AZELINE LEWIS

SPAIN: BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

DURING the war the attitude of Spain greatly puzzled the Allies. Lord Kitchener, speaking with Major-General Sir Charles E. Callwell, said that he would give a good deal to have Spain on the Allies' side.¹ The French did everything they could to coax Spain. It seemed, indeed, as if they almost feared the danger of an attack. Ex-Ambassador Gerard, passing through Spain on his way to America, during his eight days of sojourn there, made the strange observation that she was pro-German, and so he wrote on his arrival home.

In the meantime the Germans were sinking Spain's ships right and left, and of what remained those on the North Atlantic routes were practically commandeered by the Allies. Very often Spanish boats were detained in New York, waiting for bunker coal, and, what was stranger, for eastbound cargo, because the necessary export licences were not granted by the War Trade Board to allow merchandise to be exported to Spain. That, of course, was happening, more or less, to all the neutral countries, but none of them had the peculiar geographical position of Spain in that it was surrounded by the Allies. Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries border on Germany. Consequently it appears that the only result of this policy of the War Trade Board in starving Spain was to exasperate the Spanish people. For instance, what difference could a million oak staves have made to the natural resources of the United States, those staves being so necessary to Spain in order to keep the crops of wine and oil from spoiling? The same applies to lubricants. The King himself had difficulty in obtaining a special export licence for gasoline for his automobiles.

Although we realised that conditions in the year 1917 and the beginning of 1918 were terrible, the policy of the War Trade Board impressed the Spaniards as being rather autocratic. The people

¹ 'Gibraltar and Ceuta,' by Major-General Sir Charles E. Callwell, *Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1918. Lord Kitchener went to the extreme of considering the exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta, thinking that would be sufficient to induce Spain to take part in the war, but the Spanish people are quite aware that although Gibraltar is precious to England, it is of no importance to them.

became angered, and if some mysterious cargo was carried in Spanish ships it was certainly not for Germany. I met the Captain of a Spanish vessel in New York who was very much incensed because the only cargo he could get for his ship (for which export licence would be granted) was a shipload of tapioca, a commodity which is very seldom used by the Spanish, and the final destination of which, although landed at Cadiz, was clearly Salonica.

This procedure was rather dangerous because the whole industry of Spain was at that time working for the Allies, and Spanish industries were terribly handicapped by the shortage of raw materials. Spain was working at full speed for France, naturally making profits, but, at the same time, sympathetically feeling the tragedy of a neighbour. Everything that was of any use was bought by the French, and nobody hindered them from doing so—cloth, munitions, mules, minerals, foodstuffs etc. There was not the slightest symptom of sabotage on the part of any of the population in the course of this real help that Spain was giving to the Allies. But to expect that Spain would send 100,000 men to the trenches of France, as Portugal did, was to expect a moral impossibility. Spain realised that it was not her war. If it had been her war she would have been in the struggle with all her men and with all her soul; such is the temperament of the Spanish race.

Before Spain could have joined forces with the Allies there would have been civil war in Spain, and promoted not by pro-Germans, but by pro-Spanish people. As a matter of fact, in all classes, in all parties, there were a few pro-Germans and a few pro-Allies, but the majority, although anxious to see the struggle at an end, felt that Spain should remain neutral. Why so? Why should Spain with her passionate character, always so strong in her feelings, stand aside in this last war, the most imposing upheaval the world has ever known, and geographically so near to her? Certainly not for convenience or for selfish sentiments. The most convincing arguments of the agents of the Allies in their propaganda showing why Spain should enter into the war were those of convenience and material gain. Spain could not lose by sending one or two corps of her army to France, and consider all she could have gained! Nevertheless, Spain remained neutral, and would be neutral again if she was sure the Allies would win a second time. Why so? This is one of the things I will try to explain in the present article.

Spain is not really a European country, and never has been. Leaving the discussion of the original race (very little help has yet been obtained from anthropologists), the positive fact is that in antiquity, Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans conquered Spain

only with great trouble and with little change in the national characteristics. The peculiar character of the Spanish-Roman writers, Lucan, Seneca, Martial etc., has been noted. In the list of Roman emperors Trajan stands alone, with such austerity in his devotion to the service of the State that he recalls the Catholic King. The same can be said of the Spanish Pope Damasus: he is the Trajan of the Popes. When the Roman Empire collapsed, Spain, instead of turning her eyes to Europe, entered the orbit of African culture. Even now there are more churches in Spain dedicated to St. Cyprian and St. Augustine than to St. Martin and other Saints of Gaul. The old Spanish text of the Vulgate has remained for centuries impregnated with Priscillianism; the *Capitula* and *Prooemia* in particular verge on that heresy.

But in the Middle Ages when the nations commenced to become conscious of themselves Spain struggled alone against the Moors for eight centuries, and the help she received on a few occasions when a new wave of Moslems was expected to cross the Strait was only temporary. On the other hand, she never went to the Holy Land with the Crusaders—that great international adventure where the peoples learned so much of one another. The great problem for Spain was the internal one of clearing the land. When a King of Castile was asked to join the Crusaders he answered that he had enough of the unfaithful to fight at home. James the First of Aragon was the only one who tried to sail *outré-mer*, but when he was just off Majorca he was so severely battered in a storm that he decided to return home. The policy of Mediterranean expansion of his son, Peter the Third, who conquered Sicily in the thirteenth century, was the first step toward participation in Italian affairs, but this Mediterranean policy of the House of Aragon was rather a monarchic undertaking. Except the merchant class of Catalonia, who, with meagre success, tried to compete with the Genoese and the Venetians, everyone in Aragon looked upon the Mediterranean adventures with indifference.

At the end of the fifteenth century the Spanish were still busy with the Moors at Granada. Fortunately for the world, but unfortunately for Spain, Columbus was also at the King's Camp at Granada. The discovery of America did not at first appear likely to deter Spain from following her traditional policy of expanding towards the South. The great Minister Cardinal Cisneros conquered Oran, and the Emperor Charles the Fifth directed personally the landing at Tunis. The Portuguese also were busy in Morocco. But that natural movement of Spain into Africa came to a standstill when America and other lands overseas began to drain the Peninsula of her best men. Very soon

Africa and its possibilities were forgotten. From this moment the heart and soul of Spain were centred in America, and it was there the Spanish settled, and there the best of the Spanish spirit concentrated. If Spain was again mixed up with European politics it was purely by monarchic interest, as much in the Low Countries as in Italy. If the Spanish people went to Italy it was certainly not to take part in the spiritual movement of the Renaissance, but to act as the standard-bearers of the Catholic idea, which was accepted without discussion.

It is curious how little the spirit of the rest of Europe has been absorbed and understood by Spain. We have, of course, the penetration of a few of the French ideas in the Middle Ages, chiefly Gothic architecture, some Petrarchism in the fifteenth century, later something of the spirit of the Northern mystics (Tauler, Ruysbroek, Kempis), but we find Spain still intellectually self-centred and original, though infiltrated with Orientalism first and Americanism later. I was extremely surprised on my trips through America to find that Spain not only gave so much to the lands across the ocean, but that she received also so much in exchange. It is true that many cities of America are still purely Spanish, but large suburbs of Cadiz, Barcelona, Seville could be mistaken for districts of American cities. Very often the emigrants return from America not only wealthy, but also having acquired new tastes. Frequently also they bring back with them American wives and children. The monastic orders have large possessions overseas, and the members have been in the habit of crossing backwards and forwards.

But if Spain was able to associate herself with the Latin ecclesiastical culture of Africa and afterwards to give and receive so much from America, I repeat that Spain did not adapt herself to the complicated life of Europe with its spirit of philosophy and science and its freedom of the mind. It is a most curious fact that during the time of the wars of Italy and the Low Countries the Spanish travelled freely, but returned home only to be more Spanish than ever. For instance, the architect of the most characteristic Spanish building, the Escorial, was a disciple of Michael Angelo, and another disciple of the Buonarroti, called Berruguete, was the head of the Spanish school of sculptors, so severe and so national. Some of those Spanish artists of the Renaissance went to Italy and studied there for scores of years without being changed much in what was really important to their art. The greatest of all the Spaniards, Velazquez, went there twice, and on each occasion came back perhaps a better painter, but certainly also a more Spanish one. Cervantes tramped through Italy a great deal, and you see the result. Take also the case of Ribera. He escaped to Italy very young and never returned

to Spain, nevertheless he kept to the last the characteristics of his people.

On the other hand, when a great, a really ambitious soul, arrived in Spain he was so tragically impressed by the surroundings that in many instances he became the best exponent of the Spanish spirit—more Spanish than the Spaniards. The example of El Greco is the strongest proof how Spain not only repudiates anything foreign, but has the faculty of absorbing and cultivating the valuable foreign elements that come into her land. The same applies to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. His possessions extended from the Danube to the North Sea, from Palermo to Panama, but it was a dry valley in Spain with only a few trees around a monastery that he chose for the retirement of his last years. Philip the Second was also a foreigner. He came to Spain when he was already a full-grown man, and, except on one occasion, remained there all his life. Such examples from the past, I think, should prove that very little can be expected to-day from any penetration of European ideas into Spain. When a foreigner goes to Spain, taking over a Government position in order to introduce a modern invention or the scientific spirit, or when a manufacturer imports technical men to improve his industry, these foreigners rapidly assimilate themselves to Spanish customs and are the first to attend the bullfights every Sunday, or else they become so discouraged that they return to Europe at the first opportunity.

In short, all the European sentiments of modern times are strange to Spain. When Spain reached our days, exhausted and discouraged, she was a country by herself, of very peculiar characteristics, indifferent to what was going on beyond the Pyrenees, and regarded with a like indifference by the rest of Europe. The last proof of the good-will of the world toward Spain was the Treaty of Paris after the American-Cuba War. There the Americans helped themselves, without any word of sympathy for Spain from the Governments of Europe, because there is no doubt that the Spanish expected Cuba to be lost, but there was no revolution at Porto Rico, and the trouble in the Philippine Islands did not amount to much. Nevertheless Spain was left alone in the Treaty of Paris, and the Spaniards realised that they could not count on anybody but themselves. This was simply just, because Spain never did much for the rest, but, on the other hand, nobody ought to have expected Spain to have great feeling for any of the belligerents during the European War. She looked on at the gigantic struggle with immense curiosity, but with not so much sympathy as would have been the case had the war been between Chile and Peru. This is why everybody misunderstood the attitude of Spain during the war.

Some people however may believe the statement that Spain is not spiritually a part of Europe is only a paradox made in order to excuse her for not taking part in the war. The examples of a few individuals being or not being absorbed by Spain, or of a few Spaniards remaining unchanged by their travels abroad, prove nothing. Inigo Jones, with all his Palladianism, still remained an Englishman after his trips to Italy. England had kings of foreign race; Van Dyck is almost an English artist; Jean de Boulogne becomes Italian. But nobody will dare to present William of Orange and Van Dyck as the best exponents of the English soul, as the Spanish do with El Greco and Philip the Second. To others such words of secession will sound almost as cowardice. Nowadays, when European civilisation is conflicting with so many difficulties, the desertion of one country (no matter whether it be Spain or any other) is certainly not encouraging. It seems like a partner trying to avoid liabilities in the days of bankruptcy. 'Let us stand together,' some will say, 'and we shall clear the sky. Europe is not too old. Why do you talk of bankruptcy? We want you Southern people with your racial characteristics, half-Creole perhaps, but still living in Europe. If you do not help us in war, you can help us in peace. Your name is still an asset.'

But the idea of Spain being only geographically a part of Europe was discussed by the Spaniards themselves in the most dramatic circumstances. After the American-Cuba War (which we yet call in Spain 'The Disaster') it was evident that Spain lacked something necessary if she wanted to live in the modern world. The great experience of the war was not the rout of the army, it was the collapse of a faith. We relied on certain principles of honour, valour, right and tradition, which failed completely. We lacked that sense of comprehension, of adaptability, which is called, in individuals, science of living—in politics, diplomatic art, skill and tact.

We acted dogmatically in all the struggle. Cuba has to surrender first; afterwards we will give her all she wants. Was she, Cuba, not a daughter? Who made her? Who filled her with temples and palaces? Who gave her language and blood? Why should the Americans interfere? Who built her cities? Certainly not Armour's and the First National Bank! Those were the very words used in Spain at that time.

We acted dogmatically, and the disaster was so enormous that nobody cursed the monarchy or any special government for the catastrophe. The words of Cánovas, 'War to the last man, to the last peseta,' were silly in the case of a possession overseas which everyone knew would be lost, even if the war were won. Nevertheless, not one particle of common sense prevented the

Government from carrying out its policy of *Je fais la guerre*. Consequently, when the war was finished and the terms of peace were known, everybody felt responsible and mourned. There was not a chance of overthrowing the government or of making a fake revolution in order to divert their mind from their worries.

This was clear. We were no good for the modern world with its ethics, methods and organisation. What were we to do? The highly educated Chinese of to-day speak of their troubles with expressions similar to those used in Spain after The Disaster. 'It is very difficult for us,' they say, 'to accept the materialistic civilisation of Europe. We are not Japan. But on the other hand, we must accept some of that material progress, otherwise we shall die of smallpox and typhoid fever, if the Japanese do not kill us beforehand with their guns.' The Russians also speak of 'Occidental civilisation' as an alien culture.

'Materialistic civilisation,' 'Occidental civilisation,' we will not say that of European culture. We fully appreciate its importance and achievements and do not wish to speak of it in a disrespectful way. But that type of mind of the European people, able to accept two contraries at the same time, that life is founded in progress, that progress is founded in science, that science is founded in hypothesis, was not congenial to the Spaniards.

The discussion started immediately after 1899. For some people, there is no doubt that the lesson of the war was to forget the past, start afresh, and enter courageously into the modern life of Europe. A new verb was used in all its tenses—*Europeisar*—a reflexive verb—*Europeisarse*—to become European. It was necessary not to lose a day. Import progress and with it the modern sensibility of our neighbours. A political party was formed with this programme, called the Union Nacional, and naturally, after a few years of vague propaganda, the elements of the Union Nacional finally dispersed again to the four corners from whence they came. Many of the leaders of the Union Nacional were not professional politicians. The chief was a manufacturer of mirrors and glass in Saragosa, who, for a certain length of time, was the most popular figure in Spain. But the exponent of the doctrine of *Europeisation*, the philosopher connected with the Union Nacional, was Don Joaquin Costa, a most brilliant personality and a most charming man. He died ten years ago, and the sorrow comes back to our soul at the mention of his name. Costa summarised his doctrine in a phrase: 'The Tomb of the Cid must be locked with seven keys.' The Cid continues to win battles after his death, fighting the Moors with arms that have now been routed. It was imperative to close his grave in such a way that he could not appear again. No more dead are winning battles to-day with old swords. Costa preached

this doctrine everywhere. He was a tall, handsome man, with a beautiful voice burning with enthusiasm. He never ceased to write, work or speak : such was the burden he imposed upon himself that the giant was stricken with paralysis. In his last years, supported by two fellow-countrymen, he often appeared in Madrid to deliver a great speech, preaching repentance to the multitude.

The doctrine of systematic and rapid *Europcisation* was discussed, of course, and was also criticised. Some accepted the convenience of a change only with excuses. Others, such as Ganivet, although appearing willing to become modern and European, remained unconverted at the bottom of their hearts. Ganivet wrote the most glorious books making a joke of modern civilisation comparable only to *Sartor Resartus* for humour and profoundness. But others positively refused to accept *Europcisation*. The best exponent of the programme of the counter-reform was Don Miguel de Unamuno, the Rector or President of the Salamanca University, still living and very much alive. He formally declared that he was not very keen for *Europcisation* ; that he would never be ashamed to be called African, yes, African as Tertullian and Augustine ! Other people did not go so far. They put things in another way, saying that Africa should not start from the Pyrenees, but rather Spain should be extended to the Atlas range.

This, of course, was the natural policy, namely, to expand to the South. Our work overseas was finished and honourably finished. We have nothing to be ashamed of, but we were not wanted any longer in America, and the best step to take was to get busy elsewhere. We were in the same position in 1898 as we were the day before Columbus sailed ; even in a better position, because we were free of the entanglements of Italian politics. By a singular fortune, Morocco was also in the same condition as in 1492. Geographically, the land of Morocco is a prolongation of our own. In that sense it is scientifically true that Africa starts at the Pyrenees. From the mountains near Granada, we can see the parallel ranges of the Atlas with the same glistening snow and the same blue sky. Meteorological conditions are the same. Except for the Arabs (the invaders), the native population of Morocco resembles very much what, according to the Latin writers, the population of Spain was in the third century B.C.

Although the discovery of America distracted us from our opportunities in Africa, we always retained a few landing-points in Morocco, called 'the Spanish possessions in Africa,' viz. Ceuta, Melilla and the Chafarinas Islands, valuable points if we desired to expand over there. Our influence has always been predominant in Tangier. Our money and language are the only ones used in

Morocco for international transactions. These Spanish possessions in Morocco entailed on us perpetual skirmishes with the tribes around Melilla, and on certain occasions we had to fight the forces of the Sultan. I am not old, and yet I can remember at least two or three of these African wars. They did not amount to much, but rather gave an opportunity for mixing with the people. It seems that the Africans, just like the Spanish, have to fight in order to become friends.

Except for the fights, which were, of course, government affairs, the work of penetration in Morocco was chiefly by private initiative. Companies were formed to exploit the mines near Melilla, for which purpose a section of railway was built. A generous, wealthy Spaniard living in Paris supplied the money to establish schools in Tangier and Ceuta, a work in which I took a small part. The Government, however, practically ignored our efforts, and even on occasion disturbed us. For example, when Mulai-Hafid dethroned his brother, Abdel-Azis, the Government of Madrid prepared an Embassy to visit the new Sultan at Fez. We tried then to take advantage of the Embassy and add to the staff a scientific mission for research work. Some merchants of Barcelona offered the necessary money to pay expenses. The Government of the Sultan, through his agent at Tangier, granted a special permit and promised to let the Spanish mission study in the libraries of Fez—a concession which had been coveted for many years past. Notwithstanding this, the Government at Madrid did not allow the mission to accompany the Embassy, and this opportunity was lost.²

It is necessary to say that all those initiatives in Morocco were not backed by a stream of immigration. The Spanish immigrants continued to flock to America. It is very difficult to change the migratory customs of the uneducated classes, which are generally those to emigrate from Spain. People settled overseas keep inviting friends and relatives to join them, but there is no doubt that eventually some of our emigration should be diverted to Morocco. We have quite a colony at Oran.

Unfortunately, in 1905 England and France decided to finish their quarrels about Egypt, and in order to satisfy France the English gave the French a free hand in Morocco. That bargain was opposed only by the German Emperor, and certainly not for the benefit of Spain. In 1906 we had the Conference of Algeciras, where Morocco was divided into zones. Nearly ninety per cent. of the land, and by far the best of it, was given to France. Spain got only a strip on the Northern Coast, called the Riff, that can hardly be called a part of Morocco, and is occupied by rebel tribes

² Find all particulars in *Memoria dels treballs fets per l'Institut d'Estudis Catalans*, 1908. President A. Rubio y Lluch. Secretary J. Pijoan. Barcelona.

that will never be tamed : the Sultan never succeeded in collecting any tribute there without fighting. Such is the Spanish zone in Morocco that there is a strong current of opinion in Spain in favour of abandoning it altogether. There, at the Conference of Algeciras we had a second failure. Our last chance to expand was simply lost. Many people did not realise that it was a failure, but it was really a disaster worse than the loss of Cuba and the Philippine Islands. Again we began to consider our incapacity for living and acting in the modern world, and we were still more embittered.

I do not wish people to infer from my remarks that we Spaniards do not comprehend what modern civilisation means. If we are not able to help much, a few of us realise the greatness of the modern spirit of research. It is rather with a sentiment of sorrow that we speak of our incapacity for full collaboration. We do not call modern civilisation *materialistic*, as the Chinese do. We know all the idealistic spirit that is invested in this great effort for knowledge. Great deeds, great souls, examples of self-sacrifice every day in order to get nearer to the truth. Some of us have been in the European centres of culture and have been accepted there with a love of which we felt unworthy. We know what treasures of virtue and nobility are stored in some of the modern scholars. Personally I have had the fortune of being associated with some of the foreign academical bodies. I have been honoured with the friendship of many great men, and I keep the memory of their conversation as one of my most precious possessions. I fully understand the import of the traditional teaching and learning carried out by the academies and Universities of Britain, France, Germany and the other countries of Europe. Do not imagine that we are blind and that we rebuke these people as materialistic. We understand what kind of work they are doing, and that if severe discipline in the work of research may conduce sometimes to dry results, their spirit is never contented, and finds consolation only in looking forward.

Hundreds of Spaniards have been re-educated abroad, and they are doing their very best to keep posted with the new investigations. Generally they have met great men abroad. After their return they are often still comforted in the dullness of their surroundings when they remember the great scholars of the foreign university who opened their eyes to the prospects of science. Generally the Spanish student was accepted as a prodigal son in the French and German Universities where he used to go. In the intimacy of the technical seminarium, in the laboratories, the best place and the most careful attention were given to the Spanish student, although sometimes he did not deserve them. Since his return home his eyes are constantly wandering as he thinks of the

happy days of study in the little university town under the direction of the really great man who was to him better than a father. He tries to follow his advice and begin some original work or finish in Spain the experiments already started under the direction of the master. Some are doing good work, all the more praiseworthy because it is produced in spite of terrible handicaps, and often without scientific material or books. In many cases it is almost a work of divination.

Not only individuals but very active institutes are working to-day in Spain with notable results in many branches of science. The work is not done in the old universities, but in the new institutes founded by the returned men. It was a great problem a few years ago—this of Spanish students returning from abroad. Generally they were grafted on to old institutions, and after a few years of spiritual drought they were becoming lean and miserable, and, in order to avoid unpopularity, eventually tended to forget all they learned in Europe. Now the policy is to gather the new men in new centres and let the old universities follow their own course.

In many other fields some considerable progress has been made in Spain during the last few years; industry and agriculture have adopted improved machinery. A survey has been made of the possibilities of the waterfalls to produce electricity, and the work is started. Banking and transportation are much better than they were ten years ago. The peseta is worth more than the franc yet.

Spain's fate seems to be that in a few more years she may have a number of scholars, many more progressive men, a few more railways, perhaps a better government, but it is doubtful whether the mass of the population will be much changed. There seems to be some reason for this world of to-day not being congenial to Spain, which should account also for our political failures. We lock the Tomb of the Cid with seven keys, and his bones are still quivering. Why is it that we take actual civilisation as a duty, not as a pleasure? Why is it that, in co-operating to progress, we seek to participate in the work of others rather than to do our own work? We must try to make this clear in order to avoid further mistakes.

There is in modern civilisation a principal source of progress—namely, the hypothesis. All the laws are based on some hypothesis. In all the fields of research very seldom do we find as a starting-point axiomatic evidence or a dogmatic principle. The great results are obtained by this method: Supposing that such a thing is true, then we must accept all its consequences. All modern mechanics, for example, are based on the idea that a small infinitesimal particle is equal to nothing, which is meta-

physically false. The same applies to many of the other sciences, and it is really wonderful to see how this method of hypothesis works; but for certain people, and among them the Spanish, I am afraid that it is very difficult to accept. I am afraid that only people living in certain geographical areas are altogether capable of overcoming the apparent lack of evidence. I do not think it is a matter of time and that we have now reached a stage of civilisation for which dogmas and axioms are things of the past. Some of the people living to-day very uncomfortably with those modern ideas may be very useful to-morrow when the world will work again with dogmas and faith.

The ancient Greeks, however, seem to have moved quite easily in this field of the hypothesis. In a very important point Plato does not seem to be at all particular that we should have dogmatic belief. 'We must believe something,' he says. 'There are many boats on the shore. We must take any one of them to cross the pond of this present life.' Perhaps this was the sane way of acting. Take a boat, no matter which, but as there is no absolute certainty of ours being the best we cannot force others into it as the only transport to salvation. Here originate freedom, liberty, variety, respect, the best elements of the modern world. Morals must suffer a little. Some of the boats may have rotten timbers politically; a Pilate may inquire 'What is truth?' Contempt of faith must lead to the worst crimes.

The other extreme, dogma imposed as a catholic or universal idea, led also in past times to the worst crimes. If Spain was wrong or guilty it was through believing too much in the past, and it seems to be certain that if she is ever in the wrong again it will once more be through belief in a dogma, not through infatuation with a system of hypothesis. Sometimes the world is making progress, believing in an absolute truth. To-day this sounds like heresy. All the conquests of mankind are gained by other methods. But there are signs of a change. Political liberty is no more an absolute ideal. We see examples of it every day. When Russia goes mad and wants to start a new world she does not found it on liberty but on dogma. We have to-day a tendency to universality—it is almost a desire for catholic brotherhood and uniformity. Perhaps it will be centuries before Spain is needed again. In the meantime she marks time and keeps her personality. The South American people seem to be of the same temperament. This will bring great possibilities for the Spanish race in the future. It is rather curious that although the South American people find at present a high form of culture in Paris and London their affections still turn towards Spain, for they have the presentiment that in the course of time Spain will again be the spiritual centre of the race.

Nevertheless, the utility of such a country as the modern Spain which I have depicted will, I am afraid, be rather dubious to most people to-day. Some will be lenient and will allow her to subsist as a picturesque land, an ornament to the world, a kind of Museum. Yet very few, I fear, will tolerate the existence of the rebel to modern ideas for the hope that some day her strange spirit may bring another contribution to mankind.

But it is certainly on behalf of another country that Spain has become a barrier to her own progress, and that country is France. In Northern Africa France has to-day the most substantial asset of any modern Empire. These African lands are not hundreds of miles away in the ocean, with people that impose conditions of assistance on the Motherland. Morocco, Algiers and Tunis are going to be real extensions of France herself as they have been in other times extensions of Rome. In a few years the North of Africa will be one of the most flourishing countries in the world, supplying the markets of Europe, close at hand, with tropical products, early fruits, oil and wines. France has everything she requires for the good administration of these new territories. She has the best civil officials, experienced in dealing with colonial questions, and a faithful army. Her position in Africa is safer than ever was in ancient times that of Rome. Rome never controlled the South. To-day the South is almost safe, and below the Sahara still stretches France, more *Afrique Française*.

Millions of people will be settled there in the next few years, ready to hasten to the Rhine at the first call. And France will need them. This last war must be considered only as another Germanic war. Most of us in our hearts feel that France will face Germany again and without any partners or allies. She will not need any. In the future Germany will recover and perhaps will have some associates too. It will then be a matter of life or death for France to have the control of the Spanish railways and a free passage through the Peninsula. Just after the war a project was mooted for a railway going from Paris to Cadiz and Dakar with a ferry-boat to Pernambuco ostensibly for carrying freight and passengers. But neither Dakar nor Pernambuco are distributing centres. Moreover, who is going to travel over the sands of the Sahara in a train in order to reduce the sea voyage to South America by a few days? Those who have travelled on the Soudan Railway or merely over the sandy lands of Florida in the summer will know that the suggested Dakar-Paris Railway should be called purely and simply a strategical railway. Other projects of penetration of various kinds were suggested by the French in Spain after the war was over. As soon as France realises that Glory is the only thing to be gained in those mandates of Syria, Lebanon etc., and as soon as she

has settled with Germany, she will again begin to give all her attention to Spain.

In view of the conditions described above what can France do with Spain? We, liberal Spaniards, will assist her with sympathy, but Spain will certainly not make a good ally. And she cannot be conquered. She cannot be destroyed. The vitality of Spain is enormous. *Homo Hispanicus* is still a strong and healthy man. If Spain cannot be left alone she represents one of the biggest problems of the world.

J. PIJOAN.

POSTSCRIPT

The latest rising of the Riff tribes, so sudden and so complete, has surprised the whole world, and especially Spain. There is in the Spanish zone of Morocco a yearly recrudescence of the fighting after the crops are gathered in. But this year the fighting has been of such a nature as to make people inquisitive about the real cause. The Press of various countries is unanimous that the Riff tribes had been using a kind of strategy that was unusual to them; also that the natives were directed by *European* officers. Of course, for the French and other countries' newspapers, these are purely and simply German officers—and as naturally the Germans will repudiate this idea.

Spanish newspapers will accept both hypotheses, but the positive fact is that the guns were directed by *Europeans*. This accusation of strange elements amongst the Riff tribes is not a new thing, for, in former uprisings, we heard the same story. It may be that now some idle 'Boches' are looking for excitement in Morocco, but this does not sound likely, and if we follow Aristotle, as spectators of a drama, we will rather accept what seems like the truth than the real truth. It sounds rather improbable that Germans of any kind in these times will look for political glory in the bare mountains of the Riff, from which, were the Spaniards expelled, they themselves would never be able to settle.

The other hypothesis, that of the French helping or directing the attacks, may not be the truth, but at least is not absurd. The real cause of the strength of the attack this year must be found in the fact that in the centre of the Spanish zone is the Port of Tangier, where the Spaniards have no control and which is the centre of all international intrigues, as much against the Spanish zone (that surrounds the Hinterland) as against the French.

It is there that the natives got their supply of arms and ammunition which they have made use of so freely in this last attack.

The Spanish Government on several occasions have pointed out the absolute necessity of having the control of Tangier. The

rebels at their annual fight escape punishment simply by going to the shelter of Tangier. On different occasions English reviews have spoken about the necessity of the Tangier outskirts, which are the field of activity of the chief enemy of Spain—the robber El Raisuli. The unfortunate General Silvestre lost the chance of smashing him on two or three occasions, when Raisuli was at his mercy; but the protection of Tangier allowed him to restart his attacks. It is from Tangier that arms and ammunition are going into Morocco, and there is no doubt that it was there that the last *coup* was prepared.

The results of the present warfare around Melilla will be very serious for Spain, not only because she has lost ten years of a steady advance into the occupation of the zone, but also because it is evident that another policy is required there. The Riff savages cannot be made into Colonial troops, and the Riff tribes will never be Colonial subjects: also there are Europeans to contend with on the other side.

Whoever started the trouble or helped it, no matter if they are German officers pointing guns, or French authorities stopping Spain from controlling Tangier, they are playing a serious game. An immediate gain may be attained by those German officers (if any) or the French Government, that is actually letting the works of the Port of Tangier to a so-called *international company*, without consulting Spain and the other countries interested in the Hinterland. (*Dahir* or decree of the Sultan, dated 2nd June, 1921.) There is no doubt that the actual uprising will divert the attention of the Spanish Government from the serious affair of that 'concession' of the Port of Tangier to a concern in which Spain has no control. Certainly Spain will be enormously embittered if it can be proved that in her fight against one of the most savage races of the world (those Riff mountaineers without law, right at the doors of Europe) in this almost 'holy war' she has to contend with European intrigues. But the greatest danger of the whole affair is that the possibility will be created of a social revolution in Spain of the most extreme character. We are now living in such times that no nation of Europe can afford to have a Colonial war without having an uprising of the Communists. It is evident that Italy, for instance, would not be able to pass without great trouble at home through experiences similar to those of the first weeks of the Tripoli war, that are analogous with the actual uprising around Melilla. The French themselves will have difficulties in a case like this, and we are positive that Labour in America will nowadays make impossible an aggressive war in Mexico. These examples will, I believe, give a little light to the kind of dangers apparent now in Spain. The Barcelona revolution in 1909—which finished with the execution of Ferrer and

other anarchist leaders—was the result of a Morocco affair similar to the present one. Two battalions of Spanish troops were surprised in a night march in a place near Melilla called the 'Wolf Pass' (Barranco del Lobo), and the whole column was exterminated, including the General and his Staff. Reinforcements were sent immediately to punish the once more invisible enemy, and the revolutionaries of Barcelona took the chance (in the absence of the troops) to start a movement of the most serious nature. If something of this kind is repeated now, the Labour elements will have a better organisation with connexions all over Spain. The French Communists, who are constantly in touch with the Spanish ones, cannot desire anything better than this Morocco massacre.

The internal troubles of Spain may not be aggravated immediately, but, as the reconquest of the Morocco positions will take a long time, the discontent will continue to grow as time goes on.

In the French Press has appeared a statement that is absurdly untrue. It is said there that during the European War troubles and aggressions arose in the French zone of Morocco that were originated in the Spanish zone. That is not true, because the whole of the trouble against which General Lyautey had to contend in Morocco did not amount to anything. It is now well known that the *Front of the Atlas* was the quietest of all. Moreover, the Spanish had occupied only a little part of their zone, and no real safety could be expected by the French or the Spanish with the condition of affairs in Tangier as explained above. It is there that must be found the source of the present conflict; and only in giving Tangier to Spain can further troubles be avoided. It is no use to recall any more the Algeciras arrangement, because the French and English agreed to forget it. According to the Algeciras pact, Tangier should be an international Hinterland right in the heart of the Spanish zone.

J. P.

THE SITE OF LONDON UNIVERSITY

ON the 5th of July, by a majority of 57 to 24, the London County Council, the body who will probably in the near future have much to do with the organisation of the province of Greater London and will inevitably be compelled to shoulder most of the financial responsibility of educational development in that area, resolved that :

Inasmuch as when decisions were come to last autumn for locating London University on ground behind the British Museum, it was not known that a block of land was available on the Holland Park estate, easily accessible from all parts of London, costing much less money, very much larger in area and so affording room for expansion—matters of vital interest to the Council as the Education and Town Planning Authority for London, the Board of Education and the Senate of the University be invited to explore the possibilities of this new site before further action is taken on the Bloomsbury proposal.

So far the Board and the Senate have not replied. What will be their answer, and what action will the County Council take thereon?

Let us begin by clearing the air and removing certain misconceptions. The siting of our University, the selection of what should become the real university quarter of the largest concourse of population which the world has so far seen, is no small matter, and it is curious to find some still thinking that it is a question solely for a group of educationalists, the Senate of the day. The persons who think thus hardly do justice to London and the future of her education. Why, it should be one of the biggest things in town-planning ! For consider what town-planning implies. To-day it is a phrase on everybody's lips, but few seem to understand it. To many it means no more than the provision of opportunities for architectural triumphs. In reality it is a proper comprehension of a complex problem advancing step by step with our civilisation. Town-planning began with the discovery of a spring of water. It continued with the protection of that spring, with the elaboration of security from want and disease and enemies. The order and method of military organisation supplied, in turn, camps, castles and cities, all planned

originally for defence of life, later on, for convenience. But as the world became more peaceful and numbers increased, method unfortunately vanished. Within the walls of the cities men herded closer and closer; then, bursting through, they spread anyhow, first along the tracks leading to other cities, later filling up the ground between these tracks. It is a question whether there was any town-planning between the fall of the Roman Empire and the foundation of St. Petersburg. A century later came Washington. Again another century and we have New Delhi. But meanwhile, with the population increasing, almost everywhere we find a happy-go-lucky, unplanned growth. There were exceptions. The great Napoleon swept the world to the cry of 'La gloire,' and the transformation of Paris was part of that victorious movement, while a generation later his lesser namesake carried on the Imperial tradition. But in England we had no supreme figure to lead us. Sir Christopher Wren was not strong enough, and though individual landlords did their best with small areas, London, with its brilliant prosperity side by side with its ugly poverty, has grown into a nightmare, wonderful but terrible.

Now, at long last, we are awakening to a realisation of the price we must pay for our lack of foresight. Town-planning has become a world-wide science, and we have here thought hurriedly, first of fine buildings, then of workmen's dwellings—homes for heroes—and a little, rather perfunctorily, of locomotion facilities: while lately our town-planners have got so far as considering the important problem of zoning, rightly turning their attention to the location of factories and other activities which intimately concern the masses. But when it came to be a question of establishing as a permanency our University, the fine flower of our immense educational system, assuredly the chief of all our industries, the town-planning aspect was ignored. One would have expected full debates both in the Council and the Senate as to whether our University was to be residential. It was not even reported on. No one spoke up for London's future. In the Council the site was considered as purely a question for the educationalists of the day. 'Where did these worthy men wish to go?' And they in their turn were somewhat faint-hearted. They looked out over London; they remembered that they had been twice unfortunate, first driven from Burlington House, now warned to quit the Imperial Institute, and if they had ambitions they stifled them. One would have thought that with their experience nothing would have contented them but a site already spacious and capable of even greater spaciousness. But the uproar over the setting down of Bedford College in Regent's Park had shown them that to attack public open spaces was sacrilege, and they were not imaginative.

They did not look far afield. Forgetting that to-day we can travel five miles in less time and for less money than we could travel one mile two decades ago, they thought they must be central, and not knowing of a big central site, they decided that they must be content with a little one. This, and this alone, can be the reason why, having boasted of the University quarter which they proposed to inaugurate, having looked across the river at the royally placed Duchy of Cornwall property, at South Kensington with its museums, its fine roads and large houses, at Ken Wood with its splendid timber and its prospect over London from the northern heights, and having made our mouths water with the idea of an Oxford or Cambridge in London, they deliberately ruled out the possibility of anything of this nature, and climbed down to 8½ acres in Bloomsbury.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century the fourth Duke of Bedford laid out his Bloomsbury estate on the outskirts of London. It was admirably arranged, and with its wide streets, its well-built houses and pleasant gardens it remains to this day a monument of the town-planning foresight of one man at least. It was designed as a suburb in which our prosperous merchants might live, and for a century such were its uses. To-day the actual framework remains, and many of the fine houses, but the character has changed. London has swept round it, and for miles beyond it, tempting the merchants further afield. Many of the best houses are divided up and let as lodgings, or have become offices, for the legal profession and the City itself are moving north and west. Hotels also, big and little, are springing up, and for such uses it is most suitable, being convenient to all the activities of the Metropolis, indeed of Northern England. Certainly now it is central. This commended itself to our site-seekers, this and the very pertinent argument that it was all the property of one landlord, a public-spirited nobleman who was prepared to meet them generously; and once they had argued themselves into the belief that they did not want a big site, it was obvious that this one would do. At 50,000*l.* an acre it was not cheap, but in a neighbourhood so much in demand for other purposes land could not be expected to be cheap. It meant also a great deal of destruction and reconstruction, and was *inexpensive* save at vast cost, but was easily got at, had a good old name, and lay between the British Museum and University College. Perhaps some whispered that the locality was not a very safe down-setting for young people of either sex—Bloomsbury sounds well enough, but Tottenham Circus and Soho have an evil cosmopolitan reputation—but what did that matter?—they were only to come there for classes. As they were going to live all over London, the University would have no

responsibility for their manners or their morals. And so, *faute de mieux*, the little band of educationalists had their way, the strong opposition on the Senate and on the County Council tired out and stultified by their undoubted inability to suggest anything better. But seldom has there been a more hesitating resolution than that agreed to at Spring Gardens on the 19th of October 1920, recommending :

That, subject to satisfactory arrangements being made between the Government and the Council of King's College for the reinstatement of King's College on the proposed Bloomsbury site, and in the event of the University of London accepting this site in Bloomsbury referred to in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's letter dated April 7, 1920, and provided that adequate grants are made by the Government for the erection of administrative buildings on the new site, the Council is prepared to consider an application for a building grant for this purpose subject to the condition that the Council's contribution shall not exceed one-third of the contribution made by the Government in respect of expenditure not exceeding 1,000,000*l.*

Even so, this quaint bundle of provisos only passed the Council by fifty-one votes to forty-three, and then solely because no alternative was put forward. Had the words 'Holland House' been whispered on that afternoon there would have been a clamorous demand for more time for consideration.

And then, a month later—a bolt from the blue—suddenly it appeared that here was another site which had never been explored, much larger, much cheaper, eminently suitable.

For long it had been seen that Holland Park was slowly vanishing under bricks and mortar. Originally the size of Kensington Gardens, half of it has already gone, nibbled off by the builder along its northern, southern and western fringes, some let on lease, some, alas! sold outright; while a notice-board had also of late proclaimed that more was in the market, and that anyone who chose might purchase and exploit the land facing Kensington Road, where the third Lord Holland sits in state behind a bronze railing, monumentally inscribed with his virtues. But few realised that there remained surrounding the old historic house some seventy acres of garden and wood and meadow, and it was a new discovery that—for a worthy object—much of this is to-day available.

Here indeed is a site meriting consideration. Thirty-five acres of virgin soil, never up till now built on, can be bought to-morrow. A further twenty or more acres, carrying perhaps as many houses standing detached in large gardens, are also purchasable against the time when their leases run out, from five years to sixty years hence. Lastly, there is Holland House itself, surrounded by another thirty acres. This is not at present in the market, but the owners are prepared to bind themselves,

so far as they legally can, that if and when it is for sale, the purchasers of the remainder shall have the first offer. Figures have not been mentioned, for nobody has been in the position to discuss them, but there can be little doubt that if it were possible to transfer the 425,000*l.* expended in Bloomsbury and apply it to the acquisition of this alternative site, not 8½ acres, but twelve times that area could be purchased for the same money; not all at once, but the University does not require 100 acres to-day. What it needs is the power of expansion in the future.

Compare then the two sites. One with room only for offices in a street with classrooms and examination halls; in size comparable to Victoria Station. It must grow, and it has been wisely said that a University which cannot grow cannot thrive. And then the other, the last large green oasis remaining in private hands in our overcrowded city; in size comparable to St. James's Park; with fresh air, and lawns and trees nestling around a great house brimful of history and sentiment. If foresight is shown now, and a century hence it is thought that a hundred acres are not sufficient, why, the whole neighbourhood is only sparsely built over, and more land would be obtainable in Kensington and on Campden Hill and Notting Hill. Truly an ideal University quarter.

Remember always that if the University goes to Bloomsbury one side of its policy and character is decided for all time. There it can have no amenities. There it can never be residential. The die is cast.

With the opening out of this new possibility it seemed advisable to discover what was the present position and views as to the future of the other Universities in Great Britain. Oxford and Cambridge are on a different footing from the rest, for in both towns the University is the dominating force, but what of the others, most of them cooped up in growing industrial cities, but with aspirations as to the advancement of education? Accordingly their Vice-Chancellors were communicated with and here is an epitome of their replies. The four Scottish Universities are all of ancient birth.

From St. Andrews, founded in 1411, Professor Irvine wrote :

'Our building space is completely absorbed. . . . Owing to space restrictions buildings are of necessity very high. . . . Accommodation restricted.'

From Aberdeen, Sir George Adam Smith wrote that they had 15 acres, of which 7 are playing-fields. 'Present accommodation is much congested.'

From Glasgow, Sir Donald MacAlister wrote that the University had a block of 22 acres and 6 acres detached. 'All these are

occupied for University purposes.' Also 15 acres of Recreation ground.

From Edinburgh, Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of the University, wrote that their old buildings covered ten acres, but that they had lately bought 115 acres a mile and a half away, to which they were already transferring their laboratories and certain science departments.

From Durham, Mr. Theodosius, the Registrar, wrote that their figures would be of no use, but that 'Both divisions of the University are desirous of expansion, the Newcastle Colleges being, for the moment, particularly crowded.'

From Manchester, Sir Henry Miers wrote that they have some eight acres, and that 'if half as much again was available it would soon be occupied, having regard to the space required for extensions.'

The six other Southern Universities are all of this century, and they voice the views of our capitals of Industry.

From Birmingham, Sir Gilbert Barling wrote that Lord Calthorpe originally gave just under thirty acres, and subsequently added nineteen acres for playing-fields. 'It is practically certain that further additions to the site will be required'

From Liverpool, Dr. Adami wrote: 'The total acreage of our University buildings is over $6\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The site is far from being large enough. . . . We should like another five acres at least in the immediate neighbourhood. . . . We have in the outlying district some fields of about thirty-five acres.'

From Leeds, Sir Michael Sadler wrote that the University estate extended altogether to 210 acres. The main buildings are on a site covering eight acres, and 'another two or three acres adjoining would probably meet all our needs for further space during the next twenty years.' But two and a half miles away, within convenient reach, they have acquired 173 acres for the building of Halls of Residence and for athletic fields.

From Sheffield, Sir W. H. Hadow wrote that for building purposes, including Hostels and Students' Clubs, they had $16\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and $15\frac{1}{2}$ acres of playing-fields.

From Bristol, Sir Isambard Owen wrote that they had some twenty acres for building purposes and twenty-four acres of athletic grounds, as well as 275 acres for Agricultural and Horticultural Station.

From Cardiff, Mr. Brown, the Registrar, wrote that they began with five acres, to which they are now adding $3\frac{1}{2}$ more. They have also a detached site of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres.

Remember that, in contradistinction to some of these towns, the outlying districts of London, where alone land can still be acquired really cheaply, are seven miles from her centre.

Now I have been told that these replies from other Universities have little bearing on the London problem. This may be true, as our problem has been studied up to now, but it will be noticed that for nearly all of them $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres is too small an area; and remember that the population of all their twelve cities rolled into one is not comparable with that of Greater London. Our problem is infinitely larger. That is all.

And are the circumstances so very different? We see that every one of them, both large and small, is now, or has been quite lately, oppressed by the need for expansion. We hear this from St. Andrews, which is 500 years old, and from Birmingham, which has not yet come of age. Glasgow moved out from a congested quarter two generations ago. Wisely then they bought a magnificent and extensive site. Unwisely, and uncannily, they thought later on that they had bought too much, and they parted with some of it. The other day they began to buy it back once more. Cardiff, its buildings still brand new, have found within ten years that they had not asked for enough. Edinburgh and Leeds, hemmed in at their centres, have made large purchases further out, into which they can move later on.

From other sources we are told that most of these Universities are expecting a 60 per cent. increase in their membership, that their responsibilities are growing, that their existing buildings are inadequate, and that their laboratories are inelastic. One man writes: 'They frankly envy Oxford and Cambridge the possession of those means of fuller expression which the intimate association of collegiate life alone can give.' And again: 'The full satisfaction of the social and physical need can indeed only come with the development of residential accommodation.' Another man—a great architect—says: 'It is a very different matter from what it was twenty or thirty years ago. The Students' Union, the Students' residences, male and female, the Gymnasium, Baths, Sports and Drill-ground all make what might have been considered long ago extravagant demands on the site.'

And this craving for more room is not peculiar to Great Britain. Perhaps we all caught the infection from young America, where they think big, but, if so, Paris has caught it also. There the University Authorities, noting that the Municipality have decided to sweep away the old fortifications and propose to make a belt of park-land, have stepped in and claimed a section on behalf of Education. It is the same all the world over. If London is content with anything so long as it is central, everybody else has other views. Is not this natural? There are two aspects of a University career: one the acquisition of knowledge; the other—as Lord Milner has put it—'the effect upon character of contact with a University's life and tradition' at the most

impressionable age. Some of us think that character is the more important of the two. Are we in London deliberately to exclude this side? What influence will a University have over many of its students if it never sees them save in school-hours? Listen to what the University Grants Committee themselves reported :

Provision for common life and intercourse is a condition of the highest value in a University education. Not only is the intellectual training of students apt to be stunted if they remain as isolated units after leaving the class-room; beyond that, the training of the students for citizenship is bound to suffer until these defects in University equipment are made good.

Listen again to the Prince of Wales at Cardiff :

It is now generally recognised that the common life of such institutions forms a valuable element in the training of character, and that the students of any university which makes no provision of this kind will be placed at a serious disadvantage.

A month later the Bishop of Exeter was preaching that games were a safeguard against immorality, and, though their advantage may be pressed too far, undoubtedly they make not only for health but for the democratic comradeship of youth. Team-work inculcates mutual support and discipline, and breeds leaders of men. But it is one thing to have playing-fields many miles away, to which a few highly-trained athletes will travel to compete in gladiatorial contests, it is another to provide healthy recreation for boys and girls at their own doors. This summer representatives from fifty-nine universities of the British Empire were our visitors. Where did they spend most of their time? What pleased them most? In the Middle Ages much of the high thinking of the world was the result of the cloister life spent under trees and upon velvety lawns. In the crash and hurry of a great bustling city in this twentieth century there is nothing more delightful than a green oasis where we can find quiet. Assuredly this appealed to our visitors as it appeals to us, both young and old, the joy of the moment, the affection for the past. And do not let us ignore this affection, if only from the vulgar point of view of pecuniary advantage. Within a few hours of his landing in England three months ago, General Smuts was at Oxford telling us of Cecil Rhodes, of his vision, his love for and belief in his old University, his generosity. Mr. Chamberlain, discussing, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the future of London University, has warned us that 'private generosity must build.'

I can imagine rich men, pious donors, to-day struck with the beauties and the possibilities of Holland Park, and, in the days to come, others even fonder of what had been their Alma Mater, lavishing money for the glory of a University located amid such

pleasant surroundings. But will many gifts be forthcoming for the erection and embellishment of some houses in a street at the back of the British Museum?

When we put forward the argument of space and ask that, a larger site having been discovered, it should at any rate be sympathetically considered, what, so far, has been the reply?

Bloomsbury, it is said, is more central than Holland Park. We admit it, but what of that? The centres of London change with every generation. They also multiply. Three hundred years ago Westminster was a separate township, and only a hundred years ago Kensington and Islington and Woolwich and Dulwich were country villages. To-day London extends from Tottenham to Croydon and from Romford to Hounslow, and dozens of new centres are springing up. Moreover, one of the earliest lessons in town-planning is that over-centralisation is a curse, the cause of many of our troubles. It is uneconomical and produces false values. We want to create new centres of attraction, dispersing them, for such dispersion makes for general comfort. It is a blunder in civic management when morning and evening everybody is travelling in the same direction, for it overcrowds our trains and trams and omnibuses for half their day's work and leaves them empty for the other half. Whoever turns a stream of travellers against the fashionable current is a benefactor to the community.

Surely by now it should be understood that what matters to all of us is not the centrality of a place but its accessibility. If we can get there quickly, cheaply and comfortably, we are satisfied. In London few walk to their daily occupation, the vast majority use some form of public conveyance; and though Holland Park is not yet as central as Bloomsbury it is already splendidly accessible. The tramways come to it from the west, the main omnibus routes pass along its northern and southern faces, and the old Underground Railway, at Notting Hill Gate, at Kensington High Street, at Earl's Court and Addison Road and Uxbridge Road, surround it on all sides, connecting it with every district of Greater London. Better still, close to what would be its two north entrances, it has its own Holland Park Station on the Central London Railway, the traffic-spine of the Metropolis. Nor should we imagine that the last word has been said in the development of London's communications, or forget that the general tendency is to go west.

The more serious reply however comes from another quarter. 'Too late,' they say, 'for the Bloomsbury site is bought.' And many add 'What a pity Holland Park was not thought of earlier!'

Now, what does the plea of 'Too late' amount to? Admittedly even a suspicion that they may have bought the wrong site must be annoying to the purchasers—we can sympathise with that feeling—but, when so much is at stake, such annoyance should not militate against reconsideration. Second thoughts are often best. The erection of new University buildings will, first and last, cost more millions than the site will cost hundreds of thousands, while it has been pointed out that there is no hurry because there is no money, and that the University must stay where it is until the money is forthcoming. Moreover, there are three definite reasons why the choice of the Bloomsbury site cannot be irrevocable.

1. His Majesty's Government, admitting once again that they are responsible for finding a site for the University, offered this one for the Senate's acceptance on the 7th of April last year, and, in doing so, Mr. Fisher wrote to the Chancellor, asking 'to know as soon as possible whether their offer will be accepted or not, since, if it should be declined, they propose to make early use of the site for other purposes.'

What these other purposes are has never been divulged, but we know that Government offices have spread over many of our parks and gardens and still remain there, to the intense disgust of the public, and we know further that the British Museum is in urgent need of more accommodation. In an interview the other day, Sir Hercules Read, who has just retired after forty-seven years' Museum service, said that the only chance of its books remaining together lies in the possibility of securing this land to the north as the site of a National Library.

2. When selling the ground the Duke of Bedford reserved the right of repurchase if it was not used for the purposes of a University within the next five years.

3. The Government claim that the Duke's generosity enabled them to buy this site at a bargain price. Only a small section of it is cleared, the rest is covered with good houses. It is not in the least necessary to destroy this valuable property, and if the Duke does not exercise his right to take it back the Government may sell it, or they can add it to the Crown Estates. If their claim is justifiable they will certainly lose nothing over the transaction; indeed, they should make money.

No other arguments have been advanced—it is difficult to see what others could be advanced. On the face of it a bigger and cheaper site with greater amenities must be preferable to one which is smaller and more costly.

Finally, let us summarise the position as it now stands. Everybody is working with the single aim of benefiting London, her University and its students, the hope of the future, our selected youths and maidens. All are keen and some are cautious, and perhaps we of the County Council are the more cautious because day in and day out we are up against troubles brought upon us by want of foresight in the past. How much money it is costing us now! How much finer London might have been, how much healthier and happier those who dwell within her crowded streets! No one can tell what our University will grow into, if only because we cannot forecast the strength of the Women's Movement. Assuredly their numbers will increase greatly, and their needs must be specially dealt with. It is better to go slow than to go wrong. So far no blame is attributable to anybody. Our Educational leaders looked for a site and did the best they could with the knowledge at their disposal, and the very most that can be said may be that they did not take large enough or long enough views, and that they were unduly impressed by a desire to be central. It is now known that, as Lord Randolph Churchill forgot Goschen, so they forgot Holland Park, or—to be more accurate—overlooked its possibility. By the discovery that it is available, the whole situation is changed, and the County Council ask for a reconsideration. Nothing has been done so far which is irrevocable, nothing bars such reconsideration, and it must be undertaken with a due sense of responsibility.

In an old city it is very difficult to carry out any large new building scheme without wasting money. This is a proposal to prevent waste of money, not only in these lean years but progressively for all time. Is not this common prudence and common sense?

GEORGE S. C. SWINTON.

Postscript.—Within the last few days bygone addresses delivered by Lord Rosebery to students at five Universities have been reissued for our delectation. In all he notes with anxiety the tendency 'to consider culture and forget character.' In all he does homage to the spell of an environment worthy of affectionate remembrance :

And to those who have ears to hear there will always be a voice from these old walls which will speak as a second conscience, calling on you to aim high and follow the light.

Lord Rosebery was the first Chairman of the London County Council. He is to-day Chancellor of London University.

A NEW FORCE IN POLITICS

A NEW force has now beyond a doubt to be reckoned with in our politics.

In recent years there has been a steady growth in the British co-operative movement, particularly during the war period. In 1913 there were in the United Kingdom 1387 societies, with a total membership of 2,878,648. In 1919—the latest official figures available—the number of societies decreased to 1357, chiefly owing to the amalgamations; the total membership was 4,131,477. The figures for 1920 will show a corresponding increase. With this growth there has naturally been a readjustment of methods, the most striking and far-reaching being the entry of the movement into the political arena. This is a sweeping departure from the traditions of the past. The early pioneers, with their more insular outlook, kept rigidly apart from any political controversy, preferring to keep an open door to everyone irrespective of sect, creed, or politics.

At the Co-operative Congress in 1832 the following resolution was passed :

Whereas the co-operative world contains persons of . . . all political parties, it is unanimously resolved that co-operators as such are not identified with . . . any political tenets whatever.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who popularised the movement by his speeches and writings, in an article contributed to the *New Review* in 1889, stated :

Co-operation is of no party, for Lord Derby as well as Mr. Gladstone has been friendly to it. George III. promoted the earliest forms of it. The Duke of Kent took Mr. Owen's view of it. The Queen and the Prince of Wales have taken interest in its progress in their day, manifestly understanding it.

The question of political action was raised at succeeding Congresses, without any change being recorded. At the Swansea Congress in 1917, attended by delegates from all the societies, it was decided that the time had arrived when the co-operative movement should seek direct representation in Parliament and on local Administrative bodies. The Central Board of the Co-operative Union—the governing body of the movement—was instructed to

prepare a scheme for carrying this resolution into effect. The scheme was duly formulated, and this was approved by a National Emergency Conference held at the Central Hall, Westminster, in October 1917.

The Co-operative Parliamentary Representation Committee was appointed under the constitution adopted by the London Conference, and this was formally approved by the Liverpool Congress in 1918. Eventually the new organisation was designated the Co-operative Party, the controlling body of which is a National Committee directly responsible to the Co-operative Union. This Committee is thoroughly representative of the various sections of the movement. The administrative work devolves upon a National Executive. Decentralisation is secured by the appointment of local Co-operative Parties.

The finances are obtained by grants from the Scottish and English Co-operative Wholesale Societies, and contributions from the subscribing societies on the basis of a halfpenny per member per year. There are at present 662 societies affiliated, representing a membership of over three millions. When the National Committee approve of a contest they find two-thirds of the expenses, leaving the remainder to be raised locally.

The policy of the Co-operative Party has been laid down as follows :

- (1) To safeguard effectually the interests of voluntary co-operation, and to resist any legislative or administrative inequality which would hamper its progress.

- (2) That eventually the processes of production, distribution and exchange (including the land) shall be organised on co-operative lines in the interests of the whole community.

- (3) That the profiteering of private speculators and the trading community generally shall be eliminated by legislative or administrative action.

- (4) The scientific development of agriculture, and the provision of light railways for transport of produce, together with adequate housing and wages for the agricultural labourer.

- (5) The abolition of all taxes upon food-stuffs, to be replaced by the taxation of land values, and the further increase of income tax and death duties upon large incomes and estates.

- (6) That in order to facilitate the development of trade, commerce, and manufacture the Government shall establish a National credit bank to assist local authorities, co-operative societies, and others to finance their new undertakings as required.

- (7) That adequate housing of the people, financed by the National Exchequer, shall be compulsorily provided on lines which will secure healthy, decent, and suitable accommodation for the whole community.

(8) That the present education system should be re-cast on national lines which will afford equal opportunity of the highest education to all, unhampered by the caste system now prevailing, which arbitrarily and unjustly limits the resources of the State in utilising the best capacities of the nation.

(9) The effective Parliamentary control of foreign policy and national services by Committees composed of representatives of all parties in the House of Commons.

(10) The gradual demobilisation of the soldiers and sailors from our Army and Navy to correspond with the needs of industry, in order to avoid unemployment.

(11) The breaking-down of the caste and class systems, and the democratising of state services—civil, commercial, and diplomatic.

(12) The promotion of an alliance with all the peoples, and the establishment of a League of Nations as a guarantee of the world's peace.

(13) Adequate provision for the national care of maternity.

The first time that the Co-operative Party engaged in a Parliamentary struggle was at the Prestwich bye-election in May 1918, when Mr. H. J. May unsuccessfully contested the seat as a co-operative candidate. At the General Election in December 1919 there were ten co-operative candidates. The divisions fought were: Paisley, Central Leeds, Sparkbrook and King's Norton (Birmingham), Mossley, Kilburn, Clackmannan, Hillsborough (Sheffield) and Kettering. In other divisions test questions were put to the candidates. The only success achieved was that of Mr. A. E. Waterson, who was returned as the first co-operative Member of Kettering, an important centre of co-operative productive factories.

Since the General Election the Co-operative Party have put forward candidates at the Paisley and Stockport bye-elections. Mr. J. M. Biggar, a prominent Scottish co-operator, at Paisley polled 11,902 votes against the total of 14,736 obtained by Mr. Asquith. Mr. S. F. Perry, J.P., Secretary to the Co-operative Party, in conjunction with Sir Leo Chiozza-Money, the Labour candidate, contested the vacant seats at Stockport caused by the death of Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes and the retirement of Mr. G. J. Wardle. Mr. Perry secured 14,434 votes; the two Coalitionists who were returned polled 22,847 and 22,386 votes respectively. A panel of candidates has been prepared for the next General Election, when it is anticipated that a larger number of seats will be contested.

An important question has arisen in the movement as to the relations of the Co-operative Party with other political forces. On the one hand there are advocates of an independent attitude

being assumed by the Party, whilst there are many supporters of an alliance with the Labour Party. At the Carlisle Congress in 1919 the Co-operative Party were empowered to negotiate with the Trade Union and Labour movements with the object of forming a closer federation for electoral purposes. A scheme has been prepared for an alliance between the Labour Party, the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee and the Co-operative Party.

It is proposed that there shall be a Joint Committee of nine members—three from each organisation. The objects are :

To co-relate and co-ordinate the forces and activities of the Labour and co-operative movements in respect to representation in Parliament and on all local administrative bodies, and to sustain and support one another in their respective and combined efforts to set up the new social order, and with the ultimate object of the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth.

The question of the alliance has been discussed at the district conferences. A difference of opinion exists as to the advisability of this policy. On the other hand there are a number of societies who have formed an alliance with the Labour Party for electioneering purposes; they have already jointly contested seats on the Municipal Councils and Boards of Guardians.

The co-operative movement is now irrevocably pledged to political action, and with the voting strength available the future will see the nucleus of a Co-operative Party at Westminster. Co-operators have for many years engaged in an educational campaign amongst the women members, who are organised in Guilds throughout the country. These members will be an important factor in deciding the election, besides furnishing an active army of canvassers well versed in political questions.

In many of the constituencies where co-operative candidates are not available the societies will throw in their weight on the side of Labour. This was the case at the Kirkcaldy bye-election in March. Here the successful Labour candidate had the active support of the Co-operative Party and its Scottish organiser.

The British co-operative movement has now assumed world-wide proportions, seeing that the two wholesale societies have trading concerns in all parts of the British Empire. It is essential that these interests should be safeguarded by direct Parliamentary representation. Then there are vital questions arising affecting the great body of consumers which can best be dealt with on the floor of the House of Commons, instead of depending as hitherto on the 'lobbying' of Members and the working through a Parliamentary Secretary.

On the question of taxation co-operators are particularly interested in protecting the societies from any unjust burdens. The

position taken up is that, whilst they are prepared to bear their fair share of taxation, the trading which is in the nature of a mutual transaction between the members and different from an ordinary commercial sale should not be subject to taxation. For this reason the imposition of the Corporation Profits Tax has been vigorously opposed. At the next General Election the question of the removal of this burden will form one of the test questions which co-operators will put to Parliamentary candidates.

The minority who have opposed political action have contended that a departure from neutrality will have the effect of splitting the movement and retarding its progress. So far these predictions have been falsified. From statistics prepared by the Co-operative Party it is shown that those societies which are active on the political side show a remarkable increase in membership and capital.

A section of co-operators would prefer a direct affiliation with the Labour Party rather than a mere alliance, but this would destroy the separate identity of the Co-operative Party, and would necessitate the financing of the Labour organisation. This line of action is not likely to receive the assent of the movement. Many of the Continental societies have adopted this plan, and in these cases the organisations are of a political character, controlled by Socialists.

There is every indication that the co-operative movement will play a leading part in the public life of the future. It is essential in the interests of united action that these activities should be based on sound economic principles, and that co-operation should not develop into a wing of the Labour Party. The movement has been built up by solid achievement, and it has a constructive policy to offer its members, in striking contrast to some of the fantastic theories of extremists, whose wild schemes would bring to the ground the steady persistent work of seventy-six years.

A critical period has been reached in the history of the movement, when it is necessary that the greatest prudence shall be shown in deciding the future policy. Whilst it may be expedient to work for electoral purposes in close touch with the Labour Party, it would be a blunder to risk the consequences of showing adhesion to any extreme section which might follow a policy of direct affiliation.

W. H. ADSETT.

THE PURPOSE AND NATURE OF A FLEET

The Purpose of a Fleet.—What is the purpose of a fleet? Before answering this question it is first of all necessary to determine what is the purpose of a nation as a self-governing unit, for when this has been done we shall find that the answer we require will become readily apparent.

The main purpose of a nation is prosperous racial survival, and to all individual and family requirements must be added the need of co-operation between individuals and families as well as the self-sacrifice of these for the common or co-operative good. For the nation to survive we require :

- (i) Competition leading to commercial prosperity.
- (ii) Self-sacrifice leading to ethical superiority.
- (iii) Co-operation leading to political stability.
- (iv) Militarism leading to national security.

These four, conjoint, constitute the means of maintaining the purpose of the nation.

By commercial prosperity we understand the accumulation of national capital as well as the general welfare of the people. This capital is obtained by barter in all its forms, first, within the frontiers of a nation, and secondly, without. Barter demands the movement of merchandise which in its turn demands communications—land and sea. These to be secured require two military forces—armies for land security and navies for security at sea.

Omitting from our analysis the ethical and political requirements, we discover, if we read history, that war normally centres round trade, and that, whatever the immediate and detonating cause of a war has been, its inner and explosive force is generally one closely connected with commercial competition. Let us attempt to condense the origins of the last war into a single paragraph.

It is not necessary to go back to the rise of Crete as a naval trading power several thousand years B.C., though it would not be difficult to trace, in logical sequence, the influence of the Cretan policy on the factors which led up to the eventual invasions

of Turks and Moors which cut Europe off from her Eastern trade routes. Suffice it to begin with these invasions, which eventually led to the discovery of the sea route to India round the Cape and to the discovery of America through Columbus setting out to sail westwards to Asia. The discovery of the New World poured wealth into Spain and resulted in the competition of Holland and England. Holland first gained the upper hand, which, on account of competition, resulted in the seventeenth century in the three Dutch wars with England, in which English trade supremacy was at length firmly established. These wars were followed by a period of strife with France, the cause being the control of the trade routes. During the Napoleonic wars, in 1806, Napoleon instituted the 'Continental system' and declared a paper blockade of the British Isles; he was ultimately defeated, and with the crushing of France Germany rose into power. Between 1848 and 1871 Germany grew into an Empire, and from now on trade competition with England began. To protect her trade and to enforce her commercial policy, from the year 1900 onwards, Germany entered into open naval competition with England; this could only lead to one result—namely, war—and war was declared in 1914.

Though a study of any of the above-mentioned wars will at once show the vital importance of gaining control of sea communications for purposes of trade, it must not be forgotten that sea communications are but a means towards an end. Trade is not normally transacted on the sea, because mankind lives on land, and that, amongst nations which possess extensive and attackable land frontiers, control of their sea trade is more readily gained (in the case of contiguous Powers) by means of a land attack than by naval action—that is, an attack directed against the traders themselves rather than against the maritime carriers of their commodities. This fact must be carefully borne in mind whenever the purpose of a fleet is considered, for a fleet, like an army, is but a means towards an end—namely, to force one nation to accept the policy of another. The possession of fleets and armies is, consequently, not an end in itself, but a means towards an end which, in modern times, has ceased to be connected with the purpose of individuals and families and has become the means of securing national survival, and will become the means of securing it with the highest profit directly the policy of a nation is based on its true political, commercial, and ethical requirements. On the nature of this policy will depend the purpose of the fleet, and on its purpose, as we shall see later on, depends its nature and the types of the ships composing it.

As the military policy of a virile nation—that is, a nation desiring to live and prosper—is to enforce its will on its antagonist,

the sooner it can do so the less commercial capital will it expend and the less disorganisation of existing markets, whether in its own hands or in those of its enemies and allies, will result. In wars originating through trade competition the object is not to kill, wound, or plunder the enemy, but simply to persuade him, by both moral and physical force, that acceptance of this policy will prove more profitable than its refusal; for to kill, wound, and plunder is to destroy or debilitate a future buyer—it is, in fact, a direct attack on the competitive impulse which is the foundation of prosperity.

Theoretically, the most rapid method of enforcing a policy is not to destroy but to capture, morally or physically, an enemy's government and so compel it to agree—a man pinned down with a pistol pointed at his head does not argue. Enemy governments, being land organisations, must be captured on land. In order to prevent so dire a fate they protect themselves by armies, and if the countries they govern possess sea coasts they raise navies in order to protect their communications with other countries and to prevent the invasion of their territories or to assist in their invading those of their enemies. If we carry this analysis a little further we shall find that fleets exist for four primary purposes in war¹:

(i) To protect the transportation of armies, as took place in the Crimean War, the Russo-Japanese War, and the Great War of 1914-1918.

(ii) To compel an enemy to disperse his main army by landing or by threatening to land troops, such as the landings in Portugal and Spain during the Peninsular War, and the Gallipoli, Salonika, and Archangel landings during the Great War.

(iii) To protect the transportation of supplies, as took place in the Dutch Wars of the seventeenth century, the Napoleonic Wars, and the Great War.

(iv) To impede or completely prevent supplies of all nature being shipped to the enemy's country, as was attempted during the Dutch Wars, the American Civil War, and the Great War.

These four primary purposes of a fleet may be condensed into two—namely, the military purpose of a fleet and the economic purpose, which together may be expressed in one term: 'Command of the sea,' or the power of controlling movement over the water in order to maintain and secure the national policy which,

¹ As the purposes of a fleet in war are to enforce policy, so in peace are they to maintain policy, which ultimately is based on force; consequently a fleet is just as important an organisation in peace as in war. As a policeman is not only useful in catching thieves but by his presence in warning would-be defaulters, so a navy is not only a means of winning a war but also a means of enforcing hesitation on all would-be enemies and, consequently, of guaranteeing a state of peacefulness.

in its highest form, is survival with prosperity, honour, and contentment.

Having now deduced from our fundamental question, what is the purpose of a nation, the general purposes of a fleet, I will next turn to its particular objective.

As the ultimate aim of a fleet is to gain or maintain command of the sea—that is, liberty of movement and action on the water—consequently its objective is to clear the sea of all hostile ships, either by sinking or blockading them, and until this objective has been gained the purposes of a fleet cannot without grave risk be accomplished.

For any nation to possess complete freedom of the sea it is necessary for its fleet to be in a position to guarantee its military and economic purposes. Before the invention of the submarine this was difficult enough, even when surface superiority was most marked, as it was with the British fleet during the years 1806-1815, during which period nevertheless hundreds of merchantmen were yearly sunk or captured by the enemy. Since the introduction of the submarine, a complete guarantee or anything approaching it is no longer possible; consequently the question which should now be perplexing naval brains is not that of battleship *versus* submarine or *vice versa*, but rather, what constitutes the intrinsic values of these two types of vessels in the maintenance of command of the sea against all prospective enemies?

It must first of all be realised that the submersible vessel has introduced a third dimensional movement into the art of naval warfare, which differs fundamentally from third dimensional means of movement in the air, in that, whilst the air offers no direct protection to aircraft, water offers a more complete protection to the submarine than does a trench to a soldier. A submarine in fact possesses the power to enter her 'dug-out,' at most points on the surface of the sea, at will, and thus protect herself from hostile attack, but whilst submerged she possesses no more offensive power than does the soldier in his underground shelter. The main characteristic of the submarine is, in fact, her power to evade a fight and not her power to seek combat on equal terms with surface craft.

This power of evasion introduces a new problem into naval warfare. On the surface the submarine in fighting power is inferior to the surface vessel, because at present she cannot give the same number of blows or withstand an equal hammering, but by diving she can normally avoid, even at close quarters, receiving any blows at all.

This power, up to the present, has had little influence on the military purpose of a fleet, because this purpose is still accom-

plished on the surface, and whilst on the surface the submarine loses her power of evasion and becomes inferior offensively and defensively to surface craft; further, her surface and submerged speeds are not equal to that of surface vessels, and as she can readily be forced to dive in order to protect herself her mean surface speed is, in fact, exceedingly low.

This protective power of the submarine has, however, greatly influenced the economic purpose of a fleet, because on the surface the submarine is far more powerful offensively than an armed merchantman; further, her surface speed is greater and her submerged speed equal to that of most cargo steamers.

These statements cannot be doubted if the lessons of the recent war be examined: for we are told that 'With the exception of the *Lützow*, which was first disabled by gun-fire, no modern capital ship of either side, of date later than the *Dreadnought*, was sunk in the whole war by torpedo . . . ' and yet of merchant shipping the German submarines sent some 13,000,000 tons to the bottom. We may, therefore, conclude that, if in future a fleet is to carry out its objective, it will be necessary to endow it with the power of maintaining command under the sea as well as on the surface. Or else, if this, because of economic or geographical reasons, be deemed impossible, then it will become necessary to decide whether the military or economic purposes should control its nature, by which is meant, Should the objective be gained by military force or by economic pressure?—for a war, according to its purpose, can be won by either. Though, if money be sufficient, complete superiority in both spheres is visibly the goal to aim at, should this not be the case, it would surely be more advantageous to attain the maximum superiority in one or the other, in place of maintaining two weak forces, one to gain the military objective and the other the economic. This problem brings us to the nature of a fleet in the modern interpretation of the word.

The Nature of a Fleet.—What type, or nature, of warship should the various nations of the world build during the next ten or fifteen years? Before answering this question I will first examine a frequently discussed problem, namely the advantages Germany would have gained in the recent war had her pre-war naval programme been based on the submarine in place of the battleship. For sake of argument let us suppose that, in August 1914, Germany had possessed 100 in place of 28 submarines. First, it must not be supposed that such a force could have been maintained a complete secret, and secondly it must not be assumed that, if once it had become known that Germany was building submarines by the score, the British Admiralty would not have taken a greater interest in submarine offence and defence than

it actually did before the war. As a matter of fact, the mutual German and British rivalry in Dreadnoughts rendered both nations myopic as regards the power of the submerged attack; further both nations were infatuated with the military purposes of their respective fleets and all but overlooked their economic values.

Let us suppose, however, that Germany had possessed 100 submarines and that we had only been a little better prepared to deal with them than we actually were on the outbreak of the war. The rapid diminution of our food supply would have forced us to do one thing, and that very quickly, namely, to block the Skagerrak or the Danish waters with mines and to run right into the Elbe and the Jäde, at whatever cost, and effect a close blockade by minefield and light surface craft. Further, by gun-fire, to destroy the western entrance of the Kiel Canal. Suppose that these operations had cost us a loss of one third of our capital ships, but had sufficiently curtailed the activity of the German submarines to secure ourselves against any immediate danger of being starved out, what would next have happened? Special blockading ships would have been built which, having little to fear from hostile surface craft, could readily have been made torpedo-proof. Then, when the blockade had been rendered effective, with our remaining surface fleet we could have landed an army, not at Gallipoli, but at Warnemünde, 150 miles from Berlin.

The main reason why Germany could not depend on submarines alone, the economic weapon, was that her geographical position did not permit of her doing so. Though she possessed 950 miles of coast line, over three quarters of this was along the Baltic, and only the remaining quarter on the open sea and in a re-entrant. In order to prevent this quarter being closely blockaded, it was vital to her that she should possess a surface fleet of sufficient power which, though it might not be strong enough to destroy the British fleet, would be sufficiently powerful to force it to carry out a distant blockade. Against such a blockade her submarines would have little to fear, anyhow for a long time. Had Germany been wiser and more foreseeing than she was, all she need have done was to bring her submarine flotillas up to 100 vessels all told, 50 or 60 on her navy list, and 50 or 40 in secret mobilisation store. Had she done so, directly her operations on land had miscarried, she could have launched her unrestricted submarine campaign against British commerce under cover of her High Sea Fleet. From her own point of view, Germany lost the war not because she was too brutal but because she was not brutal enough. This lesson, however immoral, is worth pondering over.

In place of Germany, let us suppose that single-handed we had gone to war with France, a country practically self-supporting as regards food. Suppose France had possessed no surface fleet worth speaking of, but before the war had built 100 efficient submarine commerce-destroyers, she would probably have won the war in three months, because the military purpose of our fleet would have been baulked by the superior French Army, and her vast extent of coast line would have rendered a close blockade of all her ports or possible submarine bases an impossibility. We should have certainly wiped French commerce off the seas absolutely, as we, in the war, did that of Germany, but our own commerce would have been so depleted that we should have been starved out. Had such a possibility existed before the war, we should either have had to become a conscript nation, so as to give our fleet a profitable military purpose, or we should have had to go into alliance with presumably Germany in order to supply us with a ready-made army, or—and this is unlikely—we should have had to discover a radical antidote to the submarine not as a military but as an economic weapon.

Now that I have shown the influence of the interior economy of a country and its exterior coast lines on present-day naval warfare, I will return to my question as to what should be the nature of warships of those nations which possess sea coasts.

In order to deal with this question briefly, in place of examining each possible future adversary, for all countries are potential enemies, I will divide the nations of the world into four categories :

- (i) Uncivilised countries, such as Turkey, Arabia, Persia etc.
- (ii) Lesser Powers : Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, China, Chili etc.
- (iii) War-tired greater Powers : Russia, Germany, France, and Italy.
- (iv) Untired greater Powers : U.S.A. and Japan.

Uncivilised Powers we may leave out of our reckoning, as the likelihood of their constructing any type of modern fleet during the present generation is too improbable to be seriously considered.

As regards the lesser Powers, in their generality it would appear advisable for them to base their fleets on the submarine, for however small a number of these vessels they may eventually possess, if efficient they will always be usable and will form a welcome addition to the fleet of any ally, great or small, and so will possess a political as well as a military and economic value. Had Portugal possessed twenty trustworthy submarines when she joined the Allies in the war, these vessels would certainly have been most welcome.

The tired greater Powers do not desire war, for the present generation of their manhood is virtually down and out. To-day Russia has practically no sea coast; Germany can scarcely recreate a fleet worth calling such under twenty or thirty years, and when she does, her restricted coast line and her growing population, which will render her less and less self-supporting, will demand a fleet with a military purpose as well as an economic one. France is not likely to increase in population and so become less self-supporting, and as she is not immediately threatened by Germany and most unlikely to become embroiled with either Japan or the U.S.A., it would appear that her wisest course would be to depend on the submarine as an economic weapon and to trust to her *entente* with Great Britain to maintain the surface freedom on the seas. If Great Britain could be brought to recognise that no conflicting problems should arise between her and France and that, in case of war with some other country, France would support her on the seas with 200 submarines and possibly an equal number of destroyers, a concrete basis for a definite alliance would be furnished. In fact, France, if she gives her future navy an economic rather than a military direction, may eventually find herself, in spite of her present weakness, the arbiter of the world's peace.

As to Italy, Italy at best can only control the Mediterranean, and as long as Suez and Gibraltar are in our hands, this control can only be of a temporary nature. Suez and Gibraltar under British rule are keystones of future peace.

We now come to the fourth category, which includes Japan and the U.S.A., both of which, of all the Great Powers, suffered least on account of the war, and both of which possess first-class fleets. With Japan we are in alliance and should most certainly remain so; with the U.S.A. we have recently fought shoulder to shoulder, and any idea of friction between us, though always possible, must to all rationally minded people, on both sides of the Atlantic, be abhorrent.

Japan is not economically self-supporting, and being an island empire must possess a fleet with a military purpose. She must be able to influence not only the commercial objective of her competitors in war but also their policy in peace; she must, therefore, possess a weapon whereby she can threaten this policy and attack it if occasion arise.

Geographically the U.S.A. is well placed in order to wage a defensive naval war on either eastern or western fronts as long as both are not attacked simultaneously. If faced by a European attack, her western coast becomes her economic front door, and if by an Asiatic attack, her eastern coast can serve a similar purpose. Should she threaten England, then Japan can bid her

halt; should she threaten Japan, then England can do the same. Though the U.S.A. is practically self-contained economically, she is not a military Power; she, consequently, must be able to drive an enemy away from her coast line as well as injure her enemy's trade; her fleet must, therefore, possess a military purpose as well as an economic one.

From the above analysis, however brief and imperfect it may be, we can arrive at the following useful deduction: A fleet has more than one purpose, and by analysing the economic, political, military and geographical conditions of each country, especially the first and last, we are not only enabled to speculate as to the types of fleets we may have to fight but we are also able to split all potential enemies into two main categories:

- (i) Powers likely to attempt to defeat us militarily.
- (ii) Powers likely to attempt to defeat us economically.

This will enable us to gauge the nature of our defensive policy, not only as to military strength and naval construction, but as to our most suitable alliances with other countries. This being decided upon we should next think out our offensive policy and consider:

- (iii) Powers we can best attack militarily.
- (iv) Powers we can best attack economically.

Having arrived at our offensive and defensive policies, by harmonising their differences, we can abstract our national foreign policy and our naval plan both military and economic, which will be a logical plan and not a mere arithmetical progression based on a shibboleth. If we are mad we can say 'We will build two keels to every one of the next Power which attempts to rival us.'² I say mad, because this will inevitably lead to another war and, as the next Power of naval importance to ourselves is the U.S.A., such an action will mean war with America, which war would be suicidal; first, because we have not the money to wage it, and secondly, even if we had and could economically cripple America, we should simultaneously be crippling ourselves. But can we? The U.S.A. is practically self-supporting, whilst we economically are very open to an American economic attack on our shipping. Yet, in spite of this, the U.S.A. is unlikely to build a fleet solely intended for this purpose, for, in a war with her, as we could only hope to beat her by crushing her military power, and as there is no guarantee at present that this could be effected by a fleet of submarines alone, she must give her own fleet a military purpose in order to frustrate such a possibility by beating our surface craft.

² The building of two keels to one before the war was justifiable in that a fleet supremacy by Germany would have directly infringed the balance of power in Europe.

A rivalry in fleets would inevitably lead to a rivalry in armies, an armed peace, a tamping of the national impulses and the certainty of an explosion in war. To-day two keels to one is a dangerous shibboleth, whatever may have been its value in 1913; it may with safety be replaced by a one-Power standard, but this standard will be of little value unless the nature of our entire fleet be regulated according to the nature of the scales of attack our navy may one day be confronted with. This brings us to yet one more problem, namely, the type of ships we should build.

Types of Warships.—In considering the types of warships which the future protection of the Empire may demand, I think we shall be wise if first of all we rule out of account a fleet as a 'thing in itself.' It is nothing of the sort, for it is, in fact, but part of the national means of security, which include both an army and an air force, all three of which possess a military as well as an economic purpose.

The safeguarding of a group of islands, such as the United Kingdom, can be most surely guaranteed by a military ascendancy as long as this does not infringe the ethical and political objectives of other nations—honour, liberty and international justice; and this guarantee can be fortified economically by standardising our merchant service, by building our merchantmen so that, in war time, they are able individually to adopt some means of military protection, and finally by accumulating extensive depots of all warlike supplies in the country itself.

I will not here consider the feasibility of stocking the country with one or two years of stores and munitions in order to preserve national existence until a military weapon of value can be forged. In place I will consider, very briefly, the possible developments of land and air warfare in the near future, and I will then show that these developments vastly broaden the problem of whether surface battleships or submarines are to form the type of vessel upon which our naval strength is to be based. I will first examine the question of warfare on land in its connexion with the purposes of a fleet.

Before the adoption of sails as the chief means of propulsion for warships, the nature of the naval and military forces of a country all but coincided; galleys for the most part being propelled by slaves and manned by infantry soldiers. The discovery of gunpowder, the arming of warships with guns, the replacement of boarding by broadside fire, and the consequent abandonment of oars for sails, revolutionised naval tactics and resulted in a pronounced cleavage between sea and land forces, this cleavage becoming absolute when sails were replaced by steam power.

Even as late as the battle of the Yalu, 1894, we find the Chinese fleet commanded by a former cavalry officer—Admiral

Ting, a not altogether unusual occurrence during the Dutch wars of the seventeenth century and the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth, but an occurrence which to-day is all but unthinkable, for the separation of soldier and sailor is as much one in thought as in personnel and equipment. Yet, nevertheless, the strategy of a fleet or of an army is based on similar principles of war; it is, therefore, in the foundations of the tactics of the two Services that we must seek the present difference.

The foundation of tactics is movement, and as the means of movement change, weapons and means of protection change with them and methods of fighting are modified. Tactically, to-day, the fundamental differences between a fleet and an army may be traced to the fact that whilst the former is propelled by steam, the latter is dependent on human and animal muscle to move it. This difference in means of movement has rendered an effective co-operation in combined operations between the two Services more and more difficult; for whilst a fleet can rapidly steam to some point on the enemy's coast, troops cannot to-day disembark from their transports as speedily as those of Caesar or William the Conqueror. Meanwhile a hostile force can be moved forward by rail to frustrate the landing far quicker than was possible in B.C. 55 or A.D. 1066.

The advent of mechanical warfare on land will eventually, I have no doubt as to this, not only profoundly modify the tactical organisation of an army but also the military purpose of a fleet and, consequently, will modify our views as regards existing types of ships. We are in fact approaching a period in warfare when it will be just as feasible to board an enemy's country as it was in the fifteenth century to board a hostile galley. The origins of this revolution are to be sought for in the tank, which is, virtually, a land ship.

I will now for a moment hark back to the military purpose of a fleet. I have already laid it down that this purpose includes the protection of the transportation of armies and the power of forcing an enemy to disperse his land forces by threats of invasion. We have seen that an enemy attempts to frustrate these operations by gaining military command of the sea, that is by keeping the oceans open to his military movements, and even if he be unable to accomplish this fully, then by maintaining a 'fleet in being' to threaten an enemy in such a manner that a close blockade cannot be maintained.

The danger of a 'fleet in being' does not lie so much in its power to control the sea or even to injure the hostile fleet materially as in its power to restrict the military purpose of this command, by rendering any attempt to take advantage of

it by landing troops in the enemy's country too hazardous to be attempted; its power lies in the moral threat. Thus, though the German High Sea Fleet, in the recent war, did not prevent us transporting millions of men to France, Gallipoli or Egypt, it did prevent us attempting a landing on the Baltic coast, or in Holstein, or on the shores of Oldenburg. Its existence, therefore, not only restricted the military purpose of the British Grand Fleet but, by forcing this fleet to carry out a distant blockade in place of a close one, it enabled the German submarines to leave and return to their bases by definitely securing these against a military landing. In this connexion it must always be remembered that the destruction of an enemy's naval bases is an action even more decisive in its results than the destruction of his fleet, for it not only renders this fleet economically and militarily impotent, but it also attacks the enemy morally by visibly demonstrating to him the fact that the military purpose of the hostile fleet has been accomplished. In the recent war, had it been possible for us to have occupied Kiel and Emden in 1915 or 1916, as we occupied Gallipoli and Salonika, not only would such an action have seriously weakened the German Western and Eastern Fronts by forcing the withdrawal of troops from these vital points, but, in all probability, the Allies would have won the war two to three years before they actually did. The failure to sink the German High Sea Fleet at the battle of Jutland definitely rendered this impossible; hence the shifting of the German naval purpose from its military to its economic objective, which all but brought Great Britain to her knees by *denying to her navy a full military objective*.

To return now to the tank. The two great difficulties in a military landing from ships are: first, the troops have to be carried in transports, and secondly ships cannot move on the land. Both these difficulties detract from the speed of such an operation and, consequently, from its power of surprise, which is a vital necessity in an invasion of importance. At present tanks cannot swim efficiently and cannot with ease be carried on warships; further, their disembarkation can only be effected by a slow and cumbersome process. There is no reason, however, why they should not be made efficiently floatable and self-propellent in water, neither is there any reason why, if they cannot with ease be carried on warships, ships, with an equal speed to cruisers, cannot be built, which, if necessary, will transport them under the protection of the fleet, at 25 to 30 knots the hour. A comparatively small and yet most formidable army of this nature could be rapidly embarked in a few vessels, rapidly transported several thousands of miles, if needs be, and rapidly dis-

embarked, self-contained to operate against either a hostile naval base, a hostile army, or the supply bases, manufacturing centres or centre of government of the country with which we are at war. Thus could an enemy's country virtually be boarded with a celerity which it is quite impossible to attain as long as the tactical power of moving an army is based on legs.

Such an accentuation of the military purpose of a fleet would render the building of vast mobilisation storehouses, as above suggested, useless, because the tank on land will be as able to accomplish the economic purpose of an army as the submarine is able to accomplish a similar purpose for a fleet. Should the future prove, which the past has not at present, that the day of surface craft for war is over, then, as the carriage of tanks on the surface will prove too dangerous, there is no insuperable reason to suppose that they cannot be carried beneath it. Further than this, there is no reason to suppose that future, if not present-day, engineers will find any insuperable difficulty in building submarines which, furnished with tracks, could, whilst in the water, maintain a surface speed of 12 knots and when on land a speed of 20 or more miles the hour. Such weapons as these, if well equipped with destructive means—torpedoes, gas- and fire-projectors, etc.—might well be able to destroy a hostile naval base within a few hours of the declaration of war.

We thus see that the future influence of mechanically organised armies on, not only the nature of a fleet, but on the types of its ships, and consequently on naval design, is likely to be very great.

I will now turn to air warfare and see if this method of waging war may not also demand changes in naval construction.

In considering air warfare let us rather examine the theoretical possibilities of a flying machine than accept the statements made during and since the recent war, by both civil and military partisans, as to the physical and moral effect of aeroplanes, for it can scarcely be doubted now that at least fifty per cent. of these statements are exaggerated.

The inherent limitation of all aircraft at present and probably for a long time to come is that, on account of the force of gravity a machine heavier than air cannot remain motionless in the air as a ship can on or under the sea, or a soldier can on or under the earth, and that, consequently, a high percentage of the energy of its engines has to be expended in lifting it and keeping it from being drawn down to the earth. This limitation seriously affects the amount of direct protection (armour) an aeroplane can carry and also limits the size of its crew and the power of its weapons and projectiles. It has still a further limitation—its ceiling, which to-day may be taken at a maximum of 30,000 feet for a useful machine.

As far as we can at present tell, these limitations are radical, and being so the problem of anti-aircraft defence can be worked out within known limitations—to hit, or disable, or render inoperative a machine which can carry but little armour at any height up to 30,000 feet, and moving at, let us suppose, 150 miles an hour. This problem may seem a very difficult one to solve, but it is nothing like as difficult as one which entails an aeroplane rising to any height and overcoming the force of gravity without expending mechanically generated power. I am, therefore, of opinion that as the anti-aircraft problem would appear to be the simpler of the two, aircraft are unlikely to replace armies and navies, but that their evolution will demand a serious modification in the design of both surface and submersible craft is a certainty.

One of the present main aero-naval problems is wrapped up in the provision of naval landing grounds at sea, by utilising either the deck of ships, specially built craft as carriers, or the surface of the water. There can be little doubt that an aeroplane on the deck of a battleship is tactically a nuisance, also that aeroplane-carriers are likely to be slow and too cumbersome and expensive to be built in numbers; consequently that the true solution of this problem lies in the direction of a machine which in a gale can with security ride on the surface of the sea or possibly submerge. To accomplish either it will have to be strongly built, and as, whilst in flight, it will have to overcome gravity, this strengthening of its construction will still further detract from its defensive and offensive powers. Once the aeroplane has become seaworthy, then the main aero-naval problem will shift from how to turn the deck into a landing ground to how to turn it into the roof of a bomb-proof shelter and how to arm the vessel with trustworthy anti-aircraft weapons and provide her with a torpedo-proof hull.

Conclusions.—The above speculations regarding the future purposes and nature of naval warfare and its collateral land and air problems, which cannot in theory or practice be divorced from this question, may have sent a shudder down the backs of my more humane readers; as to myself they have made me think.

If nations are to survive and prosper individually, and there would appear little likelihood, for some time to come, of the world turning itself into a Garden of Eden, the military purpose of a war will have to continue; nevertheless, is the economic purpose of war really sound? Does it pay to destroy an enemy commercially? Is not the civilised world to-day economically so intricately interlaced that to destroy the enemy's wealth and means of producing wealth is tantamount to destroying our own? Is not the destruction of commerce—Russian and German as well as French and British—the one great wound that the Armistice of

1918 could not stanch? Every enemy, it must be remembered, is a potential buyer, whose buying power, if we reduce it to zero, will and must adversely affect our power to sell on the termination of a war.

If wars are inevitable, and as they appear to be so, without altogether abandoning the economic purpose of an army or fleet, would not it be more profitable and even more humane, on account of it being more speedy, to seek to replace it by a moral purpose, by which is meant an attack on the enemy's will-power rather than on his pocket? That we should seek to gain command of his will on land, where it is crystallised in his government, rather than by a slow process of economic attrition at sea.

We see, therefore, that the nature of our future fleet is too complex for it to be solved by merely answering the question 'What is the use of a battleship?' As well ask, 'What is the use of an egg?' The cook will answer, 'To make an omelette,' the Labour M.P., 'to throw at Mr. Lloyd George,' and the hen which laid the egg, 'to hatch out a chick.' 'What is the use of a battleship?' The answer depends entirely upon the purpose for which it is to be employed. Because German submarines sank 8,000,000 tons of British shipping this does not necessarily mean that they were used for the best purpose, because Germany had not considered the moral purpose behind her action. So we find that before we seek an intelligent answer to the purpose and nature of our future fleet and the types of warships which should compose it, we have got to look not only at the inner wheels of the Navy but also at those of the nation and the relationship of the nation to the world in general and to its most likely enemy in particular.

As far as can be seen with any certainty, the use of a battleship, *as part of a fleet*, is 'to aid us to compel our enemies to accept our national policy with the minimum ultimate economic, ethical or political detriment to ourselves.' We have got to realise :

- (i) That to destroy the commerce of our enemy is to impoverish our eventual markets.
- (ii) That to act unchivalrously is to degrade ourselves in the eyes of civilisation.
- (iii) That to act impolitically is to isolate ourselves by losing our friends.

To-day we have got to decide on the purpose and nature of our fleet before we attempt to decide on the design of the ships which are to compose it.

If we build a fleet mainly in order to attain an economic purpose, we shall be violating the first of the above three principles. If we build a fleet with the ulterior purpose of suddenly springing

at the throat of some real or imaginary enemy, we shall risk a violation of the second. If we lay down two keels to one, we shall certainly violate the third principle and convert America first into a competitor and secondly into an antagonist. What can we then do? I think we should do what apparently we intend doing—maintain a one-Power standard which will not stimulate our arrogance or desire for war and which will force us to consider eventual disputes from a rational standpoint. But before we decide on the nature of our fleet and the design of the ships composing it, we should examine the most likely scales of attack, weigh carefully military, geographical, economic, political and ethical influences, and then consider the Navy, Army and Air Force as a means of accomplishing a united military purpose which possesses a moral as well as a physical power to secure the national objective—prosperous, honourable and contented survival.

J. F. C. FULLER.

LORD KITCHENER

THE difficulty, if not the impossibility, of arriving in the present at anything like a complete judgment on Lord Kitchener and on his achievements is very well illustrated by Lord Esher's latest production, *The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener*. The main facts of the great career are of course clear and were well brought out in Sir George Arthur's interesting volumes, but when one tries to go a little deeper and forecast what his final position will be among the world's really great men, the present-day obstacles to doing so at once become patent.

Apart from the fact that we are still too close to recent tremendous happenings, the great difficulty in publishing any well-balanced appreciation of Lord Kitchener lies in the fact that at various stages of his career before, but especially during, the Great War, he crossed swords with many eminent men now living—statesmen, soldiers, politicians, newspaper proprietors, and journalists. There were doubtless two sides to the differences and combatings, but no real conclusion regarding some of the most important of them can be reached without the readiness to pass adverse sentence if necessary on the judgment, foresight, and in some cases the good faith of many living men. Anything else may involve injustice to the dead.

What would be for anyone a distasteful task was well-nigh an impossible one for Lord Esher. As a courtier and a man of affairs in the years preceding the war, Lord Esher was in close touch with many of those referred to, and in some cases was united to them by bonds of friendship and sympathy. Further Lord Esher, who had had a memorable share in reforming the War Office and inaugurating a General Staff, was also a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence which was responsible for working out that war policy that Lord Kitchener ultimately overturned. For one so placed it was difficult to dispense even-handed justice as regards Lord Kitchener and to give their full weight to criticisms which involved not only his friends but himself. It makes one wish that Lord Esher had preserved silence and had been content to leave his journals to the judgment of the Mr. Lytton Strachey of sixty years hence. The book,

however, has been published, and it gives Lord Kitchener much less than his due; it accentuates, moreover, views at present current in certain quarters which seem so mistaken that this article is written in the endeavour to give the reader a truer presentment of certain characteristics of a great public servant.

As a commencement the writer disagrees with the opinion held by some and given expression to by Lord Esher as to the predominating share which the East had in moulding Lord Kitchener's character. From reading Lord Esher's pages one draws the impression that most of our hero's early life was spent in the desert with Arabs for his companions, and removed from the influence of the civilised world. Palestine, Cyprus, and Egypt may seem a long way off to some of us, but they are by no means removed from Western influences or out of touch with European politics. Lord Kitchener's work in all that involved higher direction lay for the most part with his own countrymen and in an atmosphere less out of the civilised world than India or our outlying dependencies.

It has been said that there is no provincialism so ingrained, so unconscious as that of London, and to a trace of it perhaps we owe the view that Lord Kitchener's sixteen years in Egypt had turned him, if not into a yellow, brown, or black man, at any rate into a confirmed and thorough-going Oriental. What Egypt and the East did for Lord Kitchener was to give him in his early years a field for work where the individual had fuller scope for growth and for achievement than was possible in the more complicated and restricted conditions at home. There seems nothing to lead to the belief that during these years Lord Kitchener neglected wider home and European conditions, or that he acquired qualities and habits that unfitted him for dealing with affairs in this country.

Another point which Lord Esher labours and on which the writer differs with him is that Lord Kitchener reached his zenith in 1898 when he reconquered the Sudan, and that the man who became Secretary of State for War sixteen years later was a feebler and less dominant personality than the victor of the Atbara and of Omdurman. It was only a year ago that the writer was discussing Lord Kitchener with one who knew him as well as, if not better than, anyone now living, who went through the Omdurman campaign with him, and who remained in constant touch with him from then up to the end. The point he made was that Lord Kitchener was a man who was always developing and always imbibing new ideas. Admiring him from the first he remarked how crude in some respects was the victor of Omdurman and how immensely he developed in South Africa, in India and in his later administration in Egypt. Every time he met the great man he seemed to find some new growth in one whose experience

and horizon were constantly widening. Lord Kitchener, in his opinion, was always learning, and he never had to learn the same lesson twice.

From the first he developed slowly : as a boy at Woolwich his comrades saw no signs of his future greatness, and some of them laughed at the angularities of his then character, the strong individuality of which was just beginning to show. His intellectual talents judged by standards of books and examinations were not great, and in this respect he was outclassed by most of his Woolwich contemporaries. At Chatham it was much the same, but one at least of his instructors there saw signs of the future greatness.

When in 1881 the writer first met Kitchener, then head of the Survey and Registrar of Lands in Cyprus, his reputation as an administrator, a man of character, and one with a future before him had been made. Later on in 1883 the writer was in Egypt when Kitchener joined the Cavalry of the Egyptian Army as its second in command, and in the following year he was told by an English cavalry officer, then one of Kitchener's comrades, that he looked upon their second in command as the most efficient cavalry officer he had ever met. Growth in mind and character developed steadily in circumstances which admitted and favoured it, and carried him in fifteen years to what Lord Esher has termed his zenith—the conquest of Omdurman.

But neither then nor at any later stage was Kitchener quick at intellectual fence or in mental gymnastics, and this fact, coupled with his obvious force of character, has always caused some observers to depreciate his powers of mind, whilst more nimble-witted folk who did not know him well were inclined to think that he came to hasty judgments and did unconsidered things. In reality nothing could be further from the truth. He had to a pre-eminent degree the power of recognising and summing up the essential factors of a situation, giving to each its due value. His view was always a large one, with a genius for recognising and holding fast to the important things and of seeing the minor points in their true perspective ; in settling details he never forgot the whole of which they formed a part. His eye was ever on the future, which he visualised with astonishing accuracy. Many of his fellow-workers have evidenced the long view he took even in smaller matters. Patience in thought was one of his great qualities, and in a question of primary importance he was generally slow to form a judgment. Above all things a thinker, he considered the problem from every point of view, heard what anyone and everyone had to say about it, and then at length, by what to some seemed intuition or instinct rather than reasoned thought, he arrived at a conclusion that was rarely mistaken.

It was when his mind was made up that his character came to his help. 'Mens æqua in arduis' was his, and in no common degree, courage, physical, moral, intellectual. His opinion once formed he carried it through because he had the courage to believe in its correctness, and the fact that sometimes able minds did not agree with him never shook his belief in what his patient reasoning had told him was right. This intellectual courage was perhaps his greatest asset, and, as will be seen later, it was this quality that served him so well at the supreme crisis of his life, in August 1914.

In the translation of decision into action his indomitable will and resolution came to his aid. Once he had made up his mind that some end had to be reached, nothing turned him from his purpose, and with his eye ever fixed on the goal, sometimes a very distant one, unflinching and yet unrelenting, he worked towards it. Nothing tempted him to deviate.

The difficulties in the way of accomplishment seemed so much less to him than to his agents that he was always asking of them more than they thought they could perform, and, as a result, they generally achieved, not all he asked, but much more than they had ever thought feasible. If an obstacle barred the road, he passed round or over it, if possible, but if this proved impracticable and there were no other way, why then the obstacle had to go to enable him to arrive, for arrive he must. No wonder that he sometimes seemed to achieve the impossible.

Space does not allow of following him in detail between 1898 and 1914, but everywhere there was growth in character and judgment together with unflinching success in execution. There was always, however, an accompaniment of foreboding, and depreciation by those who underrated his intellectual power to grapple with a new situation.

The writer remembers how when Kitchener's first step in South Africa was to 'scrap' the then Army system of transport, people said 'K. does not know and is just upsetting the English system because it is different from the Egyptian.' Results of course proved that Kitchener's conclusion was right and that the critics were wrong.

That the first success of the war, Paardeberg, happened at all was due to his rapid seizing of a fleeting opportunity (not at all in the manner of Darius and his slowly moving hordes), and to the way in which he urged on our tired troops to catch Cronje within the net.

With due deference to Lord Esher who talks of Paardeberg having been mismanaged, Kitchener's instinct to attack there was absolutely right, as was borne out in the German Official Account of the war, and whatever mistakes or mischances there were in

execution will be pardoned by any soldier who has been over the ground and has visualised the situation with which Kitchener had to deal. His loyalty and nobility of character, his true magnanimity, were evidenced by his actions after Lord Roberts arrived on the scene and disapproved of what seemed to him an unnecessary loss of life. Kitchener never sulked, argued, or showed disappointment, but did whatever lay nearest his hand to do, often in circumstances which would have tried the majority of men. His attitude to Lord Roberts was that of a good son to a good father.

Later on, when, after Lord Roberts had gone home, Lord Kitchener assumed chief command in South Africa, fears were expressed as to his capacity to deal with the military problems before him. 'K. does not know,' 'He is ignorant of the British Army,' were phrases on some people's lips. Mistakes were doubtless made, but the matter was adequately summed up by one who said 'K. may have made mistakes, but I cannot think of anyone else who would have carried through the task at all.'

The view he took of the peace and his share in bringing it about showed how well his mind could size up a situation which called more for the instincts of the statesman than of the soldier. His success in dealing with the Boer leaders and the trust they reposed in him were due to his capacity to see their point of view and to the effect of his great personality. Whilst Lord Milner was out for an unconditional surrender, Kitchener, with longer vision, saw the wisdom of a 'peace on the basis of mutual agreement which he believed would serve to form an indissoluble bond.' We owe our present united South Africa to the fact that his view prevailed.

Forebodings were again heard when Lord Kitchener went to India as Commander-in-Chief, sinister auguries that he would be handicapped by his masterful temperament, by hasty judgment and by his lack of Indian experience. He waited a year, however, before he settled on what were necessary changes, but having once made up his mind, he pressed his reforms through, although at one time the effort to give effect to some of them seemed to him to mean his own downfall. As a result he placed the military position in India on a thoroughly efficient and modern basis; whilst still a learner he imbibed new lessons and experience in his own profession, and his wide outlook continued to broaden.

It is a matter of regret that Lord Esher, although the doing so may have poured balm on the wounded spirit of 'one of the most justly famous of our Viceroy,' should have implied that Lord Kitchener used in connexion with his altercation with Lord Curzon 'methods which the Israelites inherited from Jacob and the

statesmen of the Renaissance from Machiavelli.' The writer believes the suggestion to be without foundation, and an onlooker who had the closest knowledge at the time of all the facts assured him years ago that in this painful episode Lord Kitchener behaved with exemplary moderation, patience, and straightforwardness.

(Lord Esher makes the same insinuation in respect to the Vereeniging negotiations, and with if possible even less excuse.)

The three years in Egypt which followed Kitchener's Indian Command were marked by no signs of decay. His industry and his vigour were just as great, the reforms he introduced indicated the same shrewdness of perception, and the immense success of his administration was beyond question.

This rapid survey between Omdurman and 1914 has been made because the facts seem so clearly to point to a great development in the sixteen years which had elapsed since the time when according to Lord Esher our planet had commenced its descent towards the horizon.

He was of course sixteen years older when he went to the War Office than he was at the battle of Omdurman, and there doubtless had been some physical weakening, but in 1914 there was nothing to suggest—rather the contrary—that Lord Kitchener was then old for his years. Whether the vigour had lessened which inspired the purpose and fixed determination so marked in the re-conqueror of the Sudan will be seen from a consideration of what he did in the early days of August 1914.

For some years before 1911 the principal members of the Cabinet, the Committee of Imperial Defence, the Admiralty, and the War Office had realised that in certain circumstances it might be our duty to engage in war in support of France and Russia against Germany and Austria, and had made their preparations accordingly. In such an eventuality they had promised France to send her an Expeditionary Force of Six Divisions and a Cavalry Division, with the possibility of one or two more Divisions later. The Territorial Force was to take over the Military Defence of the United Kingdom and the Special Reserve was to feed the Expeditionary Force with men; on this basis the business of the War Office in the event of war was limited to keeping the force up to strength and perfecting the arrangements for Home Defence.

As the Government and their military advisers saw it, we were to engage in the war, as Lord Esher says, on the plank of limited liability, and they never seem to have realised the colossal risks of doing so or never visualised the possibility of finding that the only chance of bringing such a war to a successful conclusion lay in throwing every ounce of national strength into the struggle. World financiers had stated their belief that for economic reasons no world war could last for more than a few months, and it was

known that Germany—although probably for very different reasons—also believed that the struggle would be short and sharp. These views had probably their weight with the Government, whilst their military advisers had never contemplated it as possible once war was declared to improvise new military forces in time to affect the results of the struggle.

Neither civilian nor soldier perhaps realised what effects a declaration of war would have on the nation at large, rendering impossible in itself a policy of limited liability.

Be this as it may, we went to war with no army but the Expeditionary Force and with no intention of, or no preparedness even on paper for, developing the military resources of the Kingdom, or bringing the forces of the Dominions into the struggle. It is no answer to say that motives of secrecy or expense were a justification for this unpreparedness, for it would have been perfectly feasible, if our General Staff had arrived at opposite conclusions, to have had, without the expenditure of an additional penny, secret plans for rapid development of our forces once war was declared. But there might have been such schemes in the War Office ready for immediate translation into action, including among other things how best to set about getting the munitions of war, the clothing, blankets etc. required for the great expansion—in fact there might have been some such plans drawn out in peace as Lord Kitchener and the War Office Staff had to improvise in August 1914. There was nothing of the kind, and there can be no doubt that no such expansion had been contemplated by the Government or by its military advisers.

The details of the 'limited liability' plan had been admirably worked out, and a perfectly equipped and trained Expeditionary Force was the result, and for this the pre-war War Office are entitled to our everlasting thanks. But that the Committee of Imperial Defence and the newly constituted General Staff specially charged with the consideration beforehand of plans and problems of war should have had so little grasp of the larger perils and actualities of the situation is an interesting proof of the fallibility of clever, industrious, and well-meaning men.

Such in general terms was the situation which Lord Kitchener found and which caused his first remark on visiting the War Office to be 'There is no Army.' Then what seems nearest to a miracle in these modern days happened. This pronounced Orientalist, ignorant of Western ways and problems, this worn-out man who in Lord Esher's opinion even then realised 'that the qualities of mind and character which had served him well through life were under entirely new conditions out of place,' saw the truth at a glance; that a life-and-death struggle was before us, that, unless we were to lose, the struggle must be a long one, and that our

only hope of successful conclusion lay in abandoning our policy of limited liability on the chance of being able at the eleventh hour to produce in time a new army sufficiently large to count in a European War. In Lord Kitchener's own words to the House of Commons a few days before his death :

Such an idea was contrary to the theories of all European soldiers. Armies, it had always been argued, could be expanded within limits but could not be created in time of war. I felt myself that though there might be some justice in this view, I had to take risks and embark on what may be regarded as a gigantic experiment.

Lord Kitchener formed this opinion and seems to have been alone in it, and that he succeeded in getting our Government at once to alter their policy was a tribute to his power and personality. It is to be remembered too that practically all the best military opinion in this country was against him as regards the practicability of raising the New Armies. One distinguished soldier after another came to him to try to convince him of the futility of the idea. It was Lord Kitchener alone against the military thought of England. Here indeed was a situation to test the courage and the vigour which inspired purpose and fixed determination, qualities which Lord Esher would have us believe he had left behind him in the deserts of the Sudan.

That the views alluded to regarding the raising of the New Armies were held by the Headquarters Staff that went to France in August 1914 is illustrated by the following incident. One of the first steps which Lord Kitchener took towards the forming of the New Armies was to order each battalion of the Expeditionary Force before it left for France to send to its depot a small cadre of officers and N.C.O.s to help in the formation of the new units. To one of the meetings of the Staff held before they went to France, the news of this was brought by one of its most brilliant members, who declaimed against it as damaging to the efficiency of the Expeditionary Force and as a proof of Kitchener's ignorance and lack of understanding. And now we are thankful for this ignorance and lack of understanding !

The opinion above expressed was doubtless a genuine one, and it illustrates the view then held by some soldiers that Kitchener was not fitted to grasp the military problem before him.

The following testimony from a 'Dugout' artillery officer indicates how conscious Kitchener was of the views opposed to his. In May 1915, on the day of the Cabinet crisis before the first Coalition Government was formed, Kitchener made a hurried visit to inspect some of the newly formed Divisions on Salisbury Plain. It fell to the lot of our informant to command the Artillery of one of the Divisions, and he records the incident as follows :

One of the brigades had gone out for the day and could not be recalled in time, but the other three brigades and the Divisional Ammunition Column paraded for inspection. The batteries were splendidly horsed and the men after several months' training on the Plain rode very well, and as they trotted past Kitchener in column of sections presented a fine appearance. The Field Marshal, as pleased as a schoolboy, was delighted and as I stood alongside of him said 'We've done it, we've done it, they said we could make Infantry but could not make Artillery, and yet we have done it all ourselves, we have trained the men, made the guns and the harness, and bought the horses. We've done it!'

The conclusions which Lord Kitchener put into practice in the early days of August 1914 were arrived at, not by instinct or by a hasty summing-up of a new problem but by a study in the previous years of a situation which he knew would present itself; by thinking over the facts as they appeared to him, and not as seen through the spectacles of politicians and financiers. Lord Esher himself tells us that, in the days that followed the opening of the battle of Ypres, Kitchener repeated his conviction as to the length of the war's duration.

He pointed out how the prophecies of politicians and soldiers had been falsified. How could it be supposed, he asked, that a nation of 65 millions, highly organised as Germany was, would be beaten to its knees under years of fighting? Her internal resources, her food supplies, her man-power, had all been worked out and showed margins far beyond those of the North in the American Civil War, and it was certain that before relinquishing the struggle Germany would exhaust every possible supply of material and men.

In a letter to Lord French written on August 27, 1914, Kitchener writes :

Believe me had I been consulted on military matters during the last three years I would have done everything in my power to prevent the present state of things in which this country finds itself.

There are some who, believing in predestination, hold that all Lord Kitchener's previous life, its successes, its trials, its various incidents, were but a training to enable him at the supreme moment of his life to take the step which saved his country. They even go so far as to believe that a Divine Hand guided Lord Morley when by rejecting Kitchener for the Viceroyalty of India (on other grounds apparently a most unwise proceeding) he left him available for his predestined work.

Let us recollect, moreover, that the insight which grasped the essentials of the situation could not have availed without the confidence which his previous career had inspired in the British people, and neither the insight nor the confidence would have sufficed without the driving power which carried out vast schemes and overrode all difficulties.

It is doubtful if history furnishes a more dramatic incident, or

one more fraught with results, than this action of Kitchener's in the early days of the war, and it justifies Lord Haig's words 'Who can doubt that but for this man and his work Germany would have been victorious?' This, and not the Atbara and Omdurman, was the climax of Kitchener's career, and it was incomparably his greatest achievement.

It would take too long to follow our hero's actions through the war, or to tell how, with his home burdens upon him, he kept his eye on, and evinced extraordinary insight into, the strategy of the war. He was the first to divine the direction of the main German advance, and it was he who saw the supreme necessity of our working hand in hand and side by side with the French, causing his famous interview with Lord French on September 1, 1914. His influence was far-reaching and extended to every Allied country. In France his picture was to be found alongside of that of Joffre in almost every cottage, while in Russia his name acted as a talisman to all.

It seems difficult to exaggerate what Lord Kitchener did for his country and its Allies whilst he lived, and the facts justify the statement that so far as individuals on the Allied side are concerned, he must be given the predominating place. This, however, appears to be imperfectly appreciated in England, and explains why we hear so much minor criticism (mostly uninformed and capable of refutation), with a strange ignoring of the services rendered. The absence of a sense of proportion is surprising, and the critics seem in the position of a shipwrecked crew who, when rescued, commence to cavil at the methods adopted for their deliverance before rendering thanks to their saviours.

Take as one instance the criticisms over what may be called the munitions incident. Lord Kitchener from the first took the long and the large view not only in regard to men but also in respect to munitions of war. While other men thought in tens, he acted in thousands. In the very early days of the war orders were put out for machine guns and ammunition, not based on the requirements of the then tiny Expeditionary Force, but on what would be wanted for the New Armies when they came into being. Provision was an enormously difficult question, but no one who was behind the scenes, or indeed who has read Sir George Arthur's volumes, can doubt that Lord Kitchener realised the difficulties before anyone else, and did all that was humanly possible to obtain at the earliest date what was required.

The writer believes that history will record that the attack which Lord French and the Press made on Lord Kitchener over the ammunition question was absolutely undeserved. We can only surmise how it came about.

There is little doubt that a feeling existed at the time in G.H.Q. in France, due to misconception or to misrepresentation, that Lord Kitchener and the War Office were not sufficiently studying the interest of the Army in France and realising its difficulties. Never was a feeling more mistaken, and anyone who had experience of the War Office in the autumn of 1914 appreciates that the one aim and desire of Lord Kitchener and his band of workers was to help our troops and their commanders in every way they could. How the opposite belief arose it is difficult to say, but there can be no doubt as to its existence. To some extent perhaps it was due to a certain jealousy of Lord Kitchener and to a distrust as to his capacity to understand and handle modern war. That it was even shared in at one time by Sir William Robertson is shown in an extract from one of his letters quoted by Lord Esher: 'I feel remorseful of my brutal bargain; it was never necessary, and was made only because I was misinformed of the man's nature.' When to such feelings we add the high mental tension on the battle front, it is not hard to see, when once the idea was suggested that Lord Kitchener was responsible for the inevitable shortage of ammunition, how it spread amongst those who talked, and every soldier of experience knows how much 'talk' there is among his brethren in the field. Lord Kitchener himself scented intrigue, and was convinced that the clamour for shells and munitions was exaggerated and wantonly factious, and he was admittedly slow to take offence or to impute motives. There were undoubtedly pressmen anxious for a stunt, and so an attack was made with no foundation so far as Lord Kitchener was concerned. His real bigness of character was never more clearly shown than in the way in which he took this wholly unmerited onslaught, and the message which he subsequently sent to Lord French, as related by Lord Esher, is evidence of his real magnanimity and of his characteristic determination never to let personal matters obscure those of larger import. 'I am out to fight the Germans and not to fight Sir John French.'

A few words may perhaps be added as regards Lord Kitchener and the Cabinet although it is admitted that the information at present disposal is necessarily incomplete.

It is to be remembered that when Lord Kitchener joined the Cabinet, he did so on a non-political basis and solely for the prosecution of the war. Further there is no question that at the outset, and until early in 1915, his word was law in all that concerned military operations. Later on, however, when the imminent dangers that at first beset us were past and members of the Cabinet and people outside it had recovered from early apprehension, a

vein of criticism of Lord Kitchener grew in certain quarters both in the Cabinet and outside it.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

That Lord Kitchener and some of his colleagues should have had difficulties with one another is capable of comprehension. The War Secretary had not the gift of exposition, and he was chary of divulging his plans; he probably did not take kindly to a flow of verbiage from men trained to talk, anxious to know, and doubtless anxious too to be doing something when perhaps in Lord Kitchener's province there was nothing for them to do. It may be taken too that he was not a willing witness when cross-examined by some of the famous advocates among his colleagues. All this is perfectly likely, especially when it is remembered how different was his previous training and mode of life from theirs. But when Lord Esher talks of Lord Kitchener having destroyed the admiration, the affection, and almost the respect of the statesmen who were his closest colleagues, one begins to wonder.

That there were early intrigues to get rid of Lord Kitchener is hinted at in Lord Esher's pages, and one gathers that those intrigues reached their height when he started on his mission to the Dardanelles, but the actual truth concerning these happenings will never be known until the memoirs of men like Mr. Asquith are given to the world. As things stand at present, it is well to remember that some at least of those concerned cannot be looked upon as wholly disinterested: some had crossed swords with Kitchener and failed, others had old scores to settle, whilst possibly others had axes of their own to grind. In any case far more evidence than Lord Esher has produced seems required before delivering judgment against Lord Kitchener. In the absence of more authoritative testimony the writer prefers to hold to what is known as against the unexamined impressions of men swayed by many motives, as against in fact what may be termed Cabinet and society gossip.

The unsuitability of a Cabinet of twenty-three members to discuss questions of strategy and military operations is patent, and the discovery of this fact led to the ultimate formation of a War Council. The most that can be said against Lord Kitchener as a Cabinet Minister is regret that he should not have used the vast influence he possessed to rid himself summarily of the need of lengthy and barren discussions on purely military matters. On the other hand he was assuredly loath to use this power

unnecessarily, and perhaps thought it better policy to endure the inconvenience so long as it did not jeopardise matters of real moment.

It is needless to say that the writer is not among those who hold that for Lord Kitchener's fame it was well that the end came when it did—at a time when his opportunity of useful service was over. The facts seem to point to a directly opposite conclusion. Had he survived, he would assuredly have held the post of War Secretary to the end. No Premier would have displaced him; the combination of Lord Kitchener and Sir William Robertson, supported by public opinion in this country and among our Allies, would assuredly have defeated assaults from whatever quarter. When in due time the real history of the doings of the War Council from 1916 onwards can be written, the narrative will demonstrate how much we lost when the *Hampshire* went down. But for this tragedy our commanders in the field would have had more consistent and better instructed support; the varying strategy and the lapses in the matter of man-power which nearly brought us to disaster in March 1918 would have been avoided, and to quote Lord Haig once more, 'Perhaps the victory would have come to us sooner had he been with us to the end.'

He who saw so clearly at Vereeniging would have been a great asset at the Peace Conference; whether his view would have coincided with that of Marshal Foch, as Lord Esher suggests, the writer is disposed to doubt.

The thought arises too of the position Lord Kitchener would occupy among his fellow-countrymen were he still alive, similar to that which, as recorded in the pages of Greville, the Great Duke held in the closing years of his life. Alas! that the Fates willed it otherwise.

Space is limited, and the time has come to take leave of the latest of England's great men. To those who knew him the memory will always remain of the tall figure, the commanding personality, and the inscrutable countenance, reminiscent of that face which overlooks the land where he first found fame, and, like it, suggestive of the great attributes of Wisdom, Foresight, and Strength.

The happiest recollection perhaps recalls him when inspecting the men he loved so well, the Volunteers of 1914-15, with their eager responsive faces, the flower of England who had so readily responded to the call; as they swung past him how little did they think that his warfare would be accomplished before theirs had well begun!

Let us hope that ere long the 5th of June, the date on which this noble life was lost, will become a Kitchener Day on which English-speaking folk throughout the Commonwealth will

celebrate the memory of a great man, and will thank God for the instrument provided in their day of need.

Musing on these things, another Horatio comes to mind, one famous in Roman legend and in English ballad. Our feelings towards our great departed should be akin to those which the men and women of Ancient Rome entertained for their Captain of the Gate :

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

When the goodman mends his armour
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old

H. M. LAWSON.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR

(I)

As we look back on the War, those of us who are left reasonably whole in body and sound in mind, a kindly mist of the past seems to settle upon it, softening harsh and ragged outlines. And as in a mist some scenes put on a strange beauty and none are made ugly, so it is often happy days and the happier side of the sad ones that come to live with us and invite us to live again in them. Some episodes, indeed, can never be mellowed by distance. One such is the Third Battle of Ypres. That was a battle which had to be fought, which, following as it did the French Champagne attack and the troubles in their armies fomented by agitators, was of inestimable value to the cause of the Allies. We have the consolation that the name 'Passchendaele' is uglier to-day to General Ludendorff than to us. That fact makes it, however, none the less unpleasant to look back upon—evil scenes at Wieltje, camps and horse-lines bombed at night, horrors on the cross-country tracks, the heart-breaking rain. Yet even that has its bright and amusing picture. A house in the rue d'Ypres, Poperinghe—the wrong end of the town as even those who stayed at home can guess. Limbers clattering, tractors and lorries roaring by on the cobbles without. Within, a comfortable *salon*, lacking window-glass and with two shrapnel holes in the ceiling. Three staff officers, ducking as each shell shrieks overhead to explode near the station; and two girls, quite unconcerned, playing with great brilliancy a sonata for violin and piano by César Franck. The golden-haired pianist is a prize-winner at the Paris Conservatoire, home for a holiday. A holiday in the rue d'Ypres, Poperinghe, in August 1917!

That scene, however, is an oasis in a desert sufficiently grim. There are other periods green and smiling by comparison. Best of all is that spent with French troops in 1918, and especially the peaceful part of it, from mid-May till the opening of the counter-offensive at the beginning of August.

I travelled down from the Salient on two terribly hot days in three different cars, and arrived at Dury, south of Amiens,

the headquarters of the 31st French Corps, where I stayed a night. I had been sent to act as permanent liaison officer with the left French Division, and on the following day I was taken to its headquarters and set down with an establishment almost royal, an interpreter to translate orders, a servant, a chauffeur and a Rover-Sunbeam car. The point of junction between the Fourth British and the First French Army was just south of Villers-Bretonneux, where the Allies and notably the Australians had recently nipped in the bud a belated German attack on Amiens. I came to know that point of junction in the front line very well, but the division of the area behind remained a problem to the end. On British maps it was invariably shown by a line drawn along the grid south of Villers-Bretonneux, while on French maps it meandered into the Bois l'Abbé, to take in sundry headquarters which they had built in its shelter and which they had no intention of abandoning for all the map-makers in the world. The right Australian Division, which was relieved periodically, had its headquarters at the little village of Glisy. The 37th French Division, which remained in line till the end of July, had its command-post in a quarry on the road between Longueau, the suburb of Amiens formerly well-known as a railhead but now of course deserted, and St. Nicolas. The 37th was a Colonial Division, consisting of two regiments of Zouaves and two of native Tirailleurs, and was commanded by the celebrated Garnier Duplessis.

I had previously seen something of French divisional headquarters, but was nevertheless surprised by the smallness and modesty of this. There were two Adrian huts, the larger the Staff's, the smaller the Artillery's, covered with white camouflage. In the former one entered first of all the dining-room, of which the sole furniture was a dozen chairs and a trestle-table covered with American cloth, on a floor of chalk. Leading off this were four rooms, one for clerks, the other three for the Staff. The General had no office, nothing but a table in the largest room. Even this he never used, rarely putting pen to paper except to sign a letter. This state of affairs was speedily changed by his successor when a few weeks later General Garnier Duplessis was promoted to higher command. The sleeping quarters were in saps tunnelled into the quarry, because of the night-bombing. Here the only man who had an apartment to himself was the General. The rest of the officers slept in bunks built in tiers as on ship-board. I was to become very fond of that little command-post and to quit it with infinite regret.

I have never embarked on a new venture with more nervousness and diffidence. My French, formerly fairly good, seemed to have disappeared. A staff officer at Dury had heartened me

somewhat by telling me I was blessed of the gods. I was going to one of the finest Divisions in the Army, whereof the General and his subordinates, his staff and his *chefs de corps*, were as pleasant as they were efficient. Every man of them, said my enthusiastic informant, was a *chic type*. That was the highest praise possible. (Anyone in a lower category is in the French Army damned with the faint praise of *un brave homme*, or, worse still, *un brave homme tout-de-même*, which might almost be translated into our less euphemistic English as 'a bit of a blighter.') It certainly was not praise too high. The kindness of that little world which was the *popote* is a memory that can never leave me. It took less than twenty-four hours to drive away my doubts. My first conversation with the General began their rout; my first *déjeuner* completed it. The General was an old Colonial, like most of the successful French commanders. He wore his six-and-fifty years lightly. His small, slight, slim-waisted figure in tight-fitting khaki might have been a boy's. He talked gaily, rolling in his brown fingers a cigarette of poisonously-black Algerian tobacco, which he lighted at a tiny lamp burning on his table. He told me that this was to be my home, where I was to be happy and comfortable on pain of his displeasure, and that I was to come and complain to him or his Chief of Staff if I were not. The meal that followed, served by a single waiter, who carried in the food from a kitchen outside, was a revelation. I recall every detail of it. There were *hors d'œuvre*, a giant omelette, roast mutton, a sponge-cake soaked in rum, coffee. The cooking would not have disgraced 'La Tour d'Argent.' Ration wine was drunk with water till the arrival of the meat, when some excellent Bordeaux was opened. All this on the American cloth which I had seen on entering the place. In an English 'A' Mess one would have had snowy linen and excellent table appointments, but I have never encountered one that could have produced such a luncheon. And all through that excellent *déjeuner*, from General to subaltern, everyone strove to make me feel that I was already *de la maison*.

Those days of May and June come back now with extraordinary distinctness. Over the figures and the scenes which people them at least there is no mist, grey or rosy. They stand now, picked out as clear as they were then, against a sky unflecked save by the little white clouds of anti-aircraft guns, in all-pervading sunshine. A typical morning in the trenches returns as it had been of yesterday; the drive up, past batteries firing on Marcelcave Station, to the Bois l'Abbé, beneath whose splendid oaks and beeches the car would be left; the walk across the valley south-west of Villers-Bretonneux, where one watched for a sudden salvo and sniffed cautiously for mustard-gas; up to the line in

the Australian sector, after a call at the company dug-out wherein tinkled a piano brought from the village, to where tall, lean men with handsome, cynical faces gambled on the fire-step a few yards from the enemy. Then would come the liaison posts, the one bugbear of my existence. At each trench-junction from front to rear was a mixed post, a section of Australians and an *escouade* of Frenchmen, under the command of a platoon-leader either French or Australian, that platoon in turn being under the orders of a company commander of opposite nationality. The scheme, which was mainly my own, was complicated but necessary. It was made difficult by a lack of linguists on either side, and still more by the different methods of the two Armies. In theory each held its position with an outpost line backed by a line of resistance; in practice the Australians were determined to hold the commanding position of Villers-Bretonneux at all hazards, and naturally anxious as to what would happen to their right flank in case of attack. Many and unprofitable were the 'formulas' thrashed out by the two Staffs.

After a talk with the posts, international territory would be left for that purely French. The Zouaves, hard-bitten and philosophical, Colonial French or Parisians for the most part, sat about discussing the quality of the *pinard*, or ration wine, and the counter-attraction of Australian marmalade. The fact that, for the first time in the War, the canteens of each Army were thrown open to the other, made for good feeling. The Australians bought *pinard*, rather too lavishly on occasion; the Frenchmen developed a taste for Virginian cigarettes. In the trenches they exchanged English 'bully' for French; jam for bread. The relations between them, both of officers and men, were excellent. One event was looked forward to with apprehension, the moment when it should be necessary to replace the Zouaves by a regiment of Tirailleurs. The Austrahans did not like African natives. Many of them had bitter memories of Cairo and Alexandria. And they did not realise that these tribesmen of Morocco and Algeria, besides being first-rate shock troops, were as haughty as themselves and neither sweet-tempered nor docile. Trouble was feared, but when the time came there was no trouble. I think the Australians gained a new respect for the natives when they saw their soldierlike mien in the trenches. Certainly the Tirailleurs regarded the Australians, with their almost nightly raids and their complete moral domination of the enemy, as little short of demi-gods.

Other days come back too, rides with officers of the two squadrons of dragoons attached to the Division to the high plateau south of the Bois l'Abbé, whereon were two shell-harassed villages, Gentelles and Cachy, shunned like the plague, and the

principal observation posts of the Division. And there were drives back through poor, battered Amiens, almost empty when I arrived, quite deserted save for police and firemen a month later, to General Monash's headquarters in the beautiful château of M. de Clermont-Tonnère at Bertangles. Of the lighter side were trips further afield, to back-area canteens, of which that at Vignacourt was exceptionally good, and once or twice an undisguised 'joy ride' into semi-civilisation. The French were, I found, singularly free from this weakness. Perhaps if a man once started 'joy riding' in his own country he would cease to have a stomach for fighting. One of our officers, I remember, had a château near Beauvais, of which he used to say that as it had already been looted in turn by the Americans and the Moroccan Division, even a new German 'push' could not do it a great deal of harm. Now once a week a car from the American ambulance went to Beauvais for tyres, yet during the whole of my stay he never went to see his home. On one occasion he had arranged to go, but the Germans began an attack between Montdidier and the Oise, and he decided to stay. He sent a message to his steward to put into the car a case of kirsch which neither Moroccans nor Americans had discovered, and we drank to his health and the safety of his château.

The bulk of the casualties at the time were being caused by 'mustard-gas' shelling. Night after night the Germans were sending over anything from two to ten thousand of these shells, deluging the woods and valleys where the supporting troops were bivouacked. The burns caused by splashes of the liquid were terrible. The Australians, I believe, suffered even more heavily than the French, the Bois l'Abbé, in which they had a number of troops, being a veritable trap. Their artillery was also more exposed. The new long-range shell for the seventy-fives was in these circumstances a priceless boon, the eighteen-pounders being forced to take up positions on an average at least a thousand yards further forward. Before the opening of the Aisne attack the enemy apparently transferred the bulk of his gas-shell to that area, and we had comparative peace.

On the 6th of June General Garnier Duplessis was suddenly ordered to take over command of the 9th Corps from General Mangin, destined to write his name so large across the events of the next few months. He was succeeded by General Simon, one of our Brigade Commanders. The new General was of another type to his predecessor, with less military genius and swiftness of thought, but a greater understanding of the man in the line, his strength and his weakness. He was an indefatigable trampler of trenches, and a very bad man to follow when shelling was going on. He never seemed to realise the necessity of going

out of his way to avoid it. Some of our front-line expeditions were embarrassing to me, as I and my 'opposite number,' the Frenchman attached to Australian headquarters, occasionally accompanied him alone, without any of his own officers. When we returned, covered with mud and chalk, I used to be asked reproachfully where I had dragged the General.

'Mais, bon dieu, c'est le Général au contraire qui m'a traîné dans tous les trous les plus abominables et les plus rudement marmités !' was all I could reply.

On one occasion, in the little 'Monument' orchard, just captured by the Australians, he cut his hand very badly on broken glass. The place was dirty, and of course we had no iodine among us. Finally an Australian sentry produced an *ampoule*, and it was in a hole three feet deep and twenty-five yards from the enemy that we repaired the damage.

Over at Ghisy there was at this time his analogue, the Australian General Rosenthal. A man of huge bulk, with the most extraordinary contempt of danger, he was the sort of General whom an enterprising sniper on the other side should have welcomed. My 'opposite number' and I sometimes wondered which of our Generals would be hit first. Fortunately for mine he was not more than five feet ten, nor unduly broad. General Rosenthal was the pitcher that went too often to the well. In that same 'Monument' a sniper put a bullet through his hand and out of the back of his elbow. He lost his thumb, but not, I think, the use of his hand. He went into the Australian Hospital near Abbeville, from which he tried to continue to command his Division, his deputy making a daily journey to his bedside.

The most delightful memories of all are of evening walks beside the Avre. That river, like the Somme and the Ancre, better known to the British, runs for long in a green valley, broad and deep, liable in winter to flood into lakes. In summer the river keeps its bed, and the paths through the enormous rushes are generally dry. Water-fowl by the thousand there are in the valley. I have seen a flight of duck greater than any I ever came upon on the Irish lakes. Contrary to the general custom of British divisional staffs, there was seldom any work done after dinner in ours. If any were necessary it had to be done in the dug-outs, as no lights were allowed in the hut. With two friends I used to wander down at dusk by the twisting paths, crossing little streams by railless footbridges, through the marshes, toward the village of Boves. Down in the valley, on the outskirts of the village, were the transport-lines of the regiments in the trenches. The waggons would be starting on their nightly journey, the barrel-shaped water-carts, filled not with water but with *pinard*, dripping red, as it were spots of blood, from the tap into the

white chalk dust of the road. The drivers, stout and placid—they were all men of forty or forty-five—would be hunched in their seats, short pipe in mouth, the picturesque *chéchia* or Zouave fez perched rather incongruously above their solid countenances. Across the river a few howitzers would be thumping; above the woods the observation balloon still hanging like a ghost, while its watchers employed those last minutes of the failing light which often had so much to tell.

We talked on those evening walks of every subject under the sun, but chiefly of the war. In the *popote* my companions were invariably gay; it was at such moments as these that they allowed their deeper sentiments to appear. Those conversations taught me much of the real France and of her spirit. To these men '*la terre sacrée*' was no mere resounding phrase of journalism. The conception of Maurice Barrès, of France as a living entity through the ages, her very matter impregnated with her dead of fifty generations, her soil blent with the dust of their bones, her atmosphere haunted by their spirits, was always with them. The dead, they were France. Behind the ranks of the living they ranged themselves against the foemen. The arms of the living they made strong. And as the living were part of this company, this vast and sacred sodality, it behoved them to bear themselves as worthy of their heritage.

I do not think these two friends of mine ever shared my occasional doubts as to the final result. In those days the future looked very black. The Allies had been beaten on the Somme, on the Lys, on the Oise, and now on the Aisne. We none of us knew when or where to expect the next attack; we had wearied of waiting for the counter-blow. Yet their faith did not waver. In the worst days of all, when Germans were driving into Fismes in French motor-lorries and for a brief moment resistance had cracked, I had the light of my confidence renewed from the flame of theirs.

A more prosaic factor in that confidence was perhaps perfect health. How could one feel depressed while stronger in body than at any time in one's mortal career? I had come down from Flanders very weary and with a touch of that paludian fever that the Canal Bank of Ypres so frequently bred. Now I had light work, I lived in the open air, and I fed like a prince. At eight o'clock we started the day with toast and butter and a bowl of chocolate. At eleven-thirty came our serious meal, generally of four courses. Dinner at seven was rather lighter. By ten or half-past we were all abed. I have often thought that one of the greatest sources of discomfort among British troops was indifferent cooking. Every effort was made to train cooks at special schools, and a certain amount of success achieved. But, compared with

the French, we are not a nation of cooks. The poorer classes in our great cities scarce know what cookery is. Our rations were splendid. Never has an army been so well fed. But those rations were too often served in an unappetising manner.

To the French soldier, from the staff at the G.Q.G. to the humblest *poilu* in muddy trenches, meals were an affair of great interest and great seriousness. Cookery to him represented comfort. British troops, from the highest rank to the lowest, had a greater share of every other comfort than he. They were better housed out of the line, had more luxuries, more amusements, more transport, better sanitation. The Frenchman was kept from grumbling by his cookery. That—and the *pinard*. When I began to drink wine twice a day I decided that St. Paul was a wise man in matters of diet. Till then I had been in the habit of drinking whisky with my meals because it was always available. I am convinced that habit is pernicious. Whisky should be reserved for a 'nightcap' by those in need of one or for emergencies. On wine the average man is quicker-witted, better-tempered, and better able for mental and physical work under the strain of war. Oh, gracious wines of Bordeaux and noble wines of Burgundy, how well the poet knew your kindly nature when he wrote :

Un soir, l'âme du vin chantait dans les bouteilles :
 ' Homme, vers toi je pousse, ô cher déshérité,
 Sous ma prison de verre et mes cires vermeilles,
 Un chant plein de lumière et de fraternité !

.....
 ' Car j'éprouve une joie immense quand je tombe
 Dans le gosier d'un homme usé par ses travaux,
 Et sa chaude poitrine est une douce tombe
 Où je me plais bien mieux que dans mes froids caveaux.'¹

The front had of late grown quiet, almost ominously quiet. Much of the French heavy artillery had gone south to replace the losses by the German offensives. The shelling had become trifling. Suddenly came a sign, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which yet to the initiate betokens an approaching storm. A Canadian General called at the command post for a guide, saying that he might be wanted in support. This was reasonable enough, but when our General heard where he had been he smiled. He had examined the crossings of the Luce, in the front line ! The actors were even more significant than their action. Many British Divisions were at this time weary and below strength. The Canadian Corps, with battalions twelve hundred strong, was untouched by the German attacks, at the moment the most formidable fighting force in the world. Its presence meant that

¹ *L'Âme du Vin*, Charles Baudelaire.

the quietude of our neighbourhood was like to be disturbed. A few days later we learnt that the 37th Division was to be relieved by the 4th Australian Division.

There were two days of desperately hard work and then two dinner-parties, one at Glisy in honour of General Simon, the other at our command post in honour of General Gellybrand of the 2nd Australian Division. An amusing incident happened at Glisy. The headquarters were in huts and dugouts in a little wooded valley behind the back gardens of the village street. As we walked down from the car the Australian guard presented arms and the splendid divisional band outside the mess-hut struck up the *Marseillaise*—the salute of the President of the Republic. By not so much as the flicker of an eyelid did General Simon show his astonishment. With the mien of a Roman Emperor he returned the salute and strode past. Two nights later, when General Gellybrand arrived at our headquarters for the return banquet, the band of the 3rd Zouaves, not to be outdone, struck up *God Save the King*. I thought our General had the better of the exchange, for General Gellybrand looked distinctly startled. My own last dinner was another 'champagne occasion,' the occasion also of the only speech in French I have ever made in my life. I quitted those friends with heavy heart.

I had small time for regrets. I moved to the next French Divisional headquarters further south, and found them there in the throes of preparation. And now the room was prepared, the chairs and tables set for the old game to begin once more; the old knockabouts and tightrope walkers and conjurors assembled—tanks crawling from their trucks like giant slugs and lumbering forward, tractors roaring up in front of great guns, all the flying 'professors,' from Fonck and his Cigognes, assembling in rear. The roads at night were alive with them and their boxes of tricks and properties. But this time no one was to miss his cue, no turn was to fall flat, no performer to topple into the net. The first crash of artillery on the morning of August 8th, tearing asunder the mists from the network of rivers, was the blow that beat down the doors of our oppression and let our soldiers through, to end it in three months.

CYRIL FALLS.

A STREAM IN AUTUMN

My stream in Autumn. Once again, O World,
Come where the noonday sun dreams lover-wise
In the deep bank's embrace, while southmost heaven
Calls back an hour of June, and warm airs sleep
On beds of thyme, and every hazel teems,
And every briar with fruited opulence,
And still on the hot sward the cricket leaps
Blithe as the hour, and mocks the coming doom.

The doom of falling leaves and sere decay,
Airs chill and still, slow-moving palls of mist,
And grief, and the long Winter's frozen graves.
Alas! that all we love should fade, should die.
Once more I'll question of the stream; perchance
Even to this, my latest doubt, it yields
A partial answer; for its waters flow
Changeless mid change, ceaseless mid things that cease,
A voice in silence.

Seeking mystic calm,
Ofttimes I yearn upon the vistaed heavens
Where Winter stars their uttermost abyss,
Or listen for the fine antiphonies
Of discord melting into harmony,
And blendings of unnumbered chords that swell
The diapason of a universe.
Or failing these, my desolate heart would find
Comfort in reason, or a shapen creed:

'Vain is our ease; we thrive by loss, not gain;
Our thews were strung by strife, not victory;
Who would unvoice our symphony of pain,
And like a wordless brute insensate die?'

Or some would frame the sturdy doctrine thus:

'God gave man speech, then pain, beauty, and love,
And pain is the soul's breast-plate; more than this,
Man's struggle is God's victory, and yet
The credit falls to man. In the infinite scheme,

Our relative withholds while it creates
Absolute value, even as the sun
Blinds us with light.'

Some balm, maybe, in creeds
For a world's heartache; but my Autumn stream
Still flows beneath me singing its grand song
That chides once more my half philosophies,
And with the rich refrain of heretofore
Bids me find peace in beauty, hope in love,
And I will trust its message. Beauty and love,
Our anthems preluded in early Spring,
And stilled to dreaming in our Summer lay,
We'll chant them here, where contemplation dwells,
And memory; while from this yellowing grove
The linnet pipes a treble, and the drone
Hums a rich bass on the late ivy bloom.

First then, a fable. Lo! The House of Life,
(The stateliest building of Eternity),
Fashioned beneath the sod by a brute need
Or a brute pleasure, rises tier on tier
With power and knowledge and self-knowledge; last
Lifts towards heaven twin pinnacles that catch
Gleams of the eternal dawn—Beauty and Love.

But fables mock us like a tongue-bound mime;
Take then the meaning, rounded with a rhyme.
Beauty and Love, count them seraphic flames,
Centres of moral force, not babbled names;
Beauty and Love and Good, for Good is Love,
And ties divine the Trinity approve.
At least the past is ours; Conduct has grown,
And these words mark the growth, and these alone;
Makers of souls, and first-fruits of the soul;
Earth's link with heaven, parts that embrace the whole.

Beauty and Good, who ponders them apart?
'Art for art's sake'—but life is served by art.
All sense is complex; even Beauty's pride
From the full soul cannot itself divide.
Perfume and form and hues of heaven compose
All as but one, the indissoluble rose.
No power works singly, tho' it works unsought;
You measure beauty's growth by growth of thought;
(Nay, pardon both an old song and its guess)
Thought enters all great art, all loveliness;

It lives, it throbs, it burns in poesy,
 And thought must noble or ignoble be ;
 Hence the prime truth by Plato understood--
 ' The highest beauty is the highest good.'

But as in nature, so in verse, in art,
 'Tis beauty, beauty, beauty first ; the rest,
 Knowledge and good, the lovable, the true,
 Follow unbidden as sunbeams on the sun.
 And who divides beauty of nature and mind,
 Co-workers? Hear the Master-Artist--' But
 The art itself is nature.' Leave it thus ;
 Mother and daughter they, or body and soul,
 The Real, the Ideal, doubly fair,
 Something of each in each, like earth and heaven.

Sing then the leading trinity of the Ideal,
 The Real our proem. Children of the Dawn,
 Co-operant with Nature, we evolved
 Aspects of things, shapely, likeliest to please
 The lingering eye. We called them beautiful,
 Goodly to view, goodly to dream upon,
 To hold in memory. These forms, again,
 By gradual craft we copied, we refined,
 Yea, we transfigured. Such the deathless Shapes,
 The storages, the potencies of Art,
 And such are Painting, Music, Poesy.
 (First the brief overture, then the brief songs.)

The Shapes of Painting. Still the pedigree
 Of all art and all beauty serves us here ;
 From sod to soul, from dull use to delight,
 From servile daubings of the cave to free
 Transfigurations of the Ideal--the bud
 That blossoms into Immortality.

The Shapes of Music. Warp and woof of sound,
 Cunningly interwoven, fine as light,
 Prismatic to the ear ; radiance attuned,
 Whether it fledges speech with plumes of fire
 Or flames unsyllabled in finer thought
 Its ravishments of heaven. Memorable
 As the first smell of violets ; poignant as dreams,
 Dreams of unbodied souls wakened from sleep
 By the near splendour of an endless dawn.

The Shapes of Poesy. You have them here ;
 Music and Painting, such is Poesy ;

Such rather, when between those sisters twain
 Thought like a stalwart brother lovingly
 Stands, claspt by either's arm—earth's three in one.
 Hence comes it that of Nature's worshippers
 The humblest, yet I brooked it not to serve
 With syllables prose-tinctured and untuned,
 Better content—might I but find such grace—
 With the rich pallet-work of verse to paint
 Some glory of her solitudes, or hymn
 With measured harmonies her changing year.
 (But this first clumsy thesis cries me shame.)

The Shapes of Poesy. 'The poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes.' So sang he, for all time
 The Arch-Shaper. Shapes of Nature or of Man,
 Wise with the wisdom of the beautiful,
 In their fine symmetry rememberable,
 Symbols alight with souls immortalised,
 New potencies of new aesthetic fire ;
 Till at the last one lambent syllable
 Burns with the gathered beams of myriad suns.
 Jealous withal, a most ethereal art
 Of melodies unheard, visions unseen,
 Shapes apprehended by the mental eye,
 The spiritual ear. And thus my stream
 Fashioned afresh by tone, by imagery,
 (Your pardon for the lack of craftsmanship,)
 Ever on view, a recollected Shape,
 May hang within the chambers of your heart
 For ever.

Such the brief theme of Beauty and Love,
 So falters to its close my tremulous lay :
 But even as the unskilled numbers cease
 Within my soul, soundless and passionless
 As fleeting gleams in some dark forest pool,
 (Or pallid meteors quenched in blacker night,)
 Returns upon my sensuous ear the flow
 Of living music ; for my Autumn stream—
 As once in Spring—calls up the deeper sense
 Of One we dare to name our Universe,
 And worship, while we touch His garment's hem.
 So here where the wild chervil still outspreads
 Its million-beaded coronals, and rears
 The reddening frondage of its stem, I'll sit,
 (And you, O World, are welcome,) once again
 At Nature's feast.

'Tis now October, yet
The banquet's richly spread; the hedgerows flaunt
Their gay convolvulus, and even the stiff
And black bean-stubble (over which I strode
Bound gladly hitherward) was woven about
With trefoil and wild heartsease, and the mead
That climbs to this high bank glistened profuse
With saffron; scarcely in the Alpine glades
Saw I such beauty. And as setting suns
Lie in the closing splendour of their west,
So Autumn lies before me in this last
And splendid landscape. Not the joyous Spring
Nor purpled Summer such magnificence
Rivalled with all their wealth; no gale as yet
Has risen to mar the dazzling broider-work
And matchless artistry; that maple hedge
Beyond the river is on fire with gold;
There, too, the duskiest of the roadway elms
Is topped with gold; these hazels rustle gold;
The alders sparkle like a gold-green shower;
The willows wave their silver; briars droop
With bronze and carmine; on the humblest bush
Or lowliest stalk, as on the gorgeous tree,
There's scarce a leaf unpainted; even the ground
On which I lie, piping this latest tune,
Is rich mosaic.

'Matter for a song.'
This rich mosaic. But my task is done,
To paint one winding of my stream, and voice
Birdlike, unlistened, the revolving year.
What were the years to me if I should miss
Those clustered nuts, that nightshade's rare blue-gold,
The bulrush 'twixt the shallows and the wave,
The mist that floats along the tinkling brook,
This glinting jewel-work of gossamer,
These farewell swallows, lackeys of the sun,
These luscious smells of an o'erteemèd earth,
That fruited bramble roofed with traveller's joy,
Or even this deep-veined bryony? But the list
Of Beauty hath no sum; Nature like Art
Is boundless; I but consecrate an hour
In these brief lines of loving memory.

The sun has set, but still on the short sword
Leaning I watch the empyreal blazonry,

And frescoes of the West that slowly fade
While the lone silver of the evening star
Shines virginly ; soon to descend until
Her gleaming gold burns like a phantom-fire
Above the reed-beds of the distant swamp.
And now there comes upon my ear a strain
Tenderly beautiful, breathing deep peace ;
A joy in resignation, such as love
Reveals in self-effacement ; 'tis the chant
Of the dying year, the redbreast's Autumn tune,
That falls as softly as the falling leaves,
Lone as the woodland, gentle as a dream.
No song so tender to our English heart,
So loved, so treasured ; warblers of mid-May
Carol the dewfall of brief nights that scarce
Delay the morn ; but he with stronger faith
Pipes on the threshold of a Winter's gloom
Soft notes of Spring.

The level star gleams gold ;
'Tis now late evening, and the sabbath bells
Send from a distant thorp a threefold chime,
In cadence like the cuckoo's triple note,
As oft I heard that mellow peal in glades
Of full-leaved May. In the vague twilight world
The bulrush blurs, the mallows are a mist,
The flaming maple is a film of night,
The roadway elms loom hueless as the grave,
These gold-green alders wave their dusky brown,
The silvered willows of the brookside stir
A sombre gray. From the dark hazel grove
A lonely figure in the garb of death
Glides to the river, shudders at the brink :—
' Not that, not that ! ' she falters ; ' O my God
Forgive me ! ' Then with sudden balm of tears
That moist her fevered eyes like cooling dew
She murmurs—' Surely I will trust Thee yet ;
Tho' sundered, he is still within Thy one
Vast purpose. We are motes made visible
By the unmeasured sunbeam of Thy smile—
Thy universe of love ; again forgive
This blinded atom of Thyself that dared
To hate Thee.' Thus she prays, and with calm faith
Takes her heroic way. Homeward I turn
Bowed as in reverence, and pacing slow,

Tuning to song with one last monotone
The glory and the grandeur of her hope :—

‘ O sunset sky and lonely gleaming star,
Your beauty beacons from that vast of space,
Where myriad heavens the doors of Hope unbar,
And Love lies in eternity’s embrace.’

MORTON LUCE.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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OUR MANIFEST DESTINY—EGYPT

THE great outstanding fact of Egyptian History is the over-ruling fate which, in spite of the dogged opposition of successive British Administrations, has wafted our countrymen into the predominant position they have occupied in the land of the Pharaohs. There is something almost pathetic in the long, stubborn fight against fate that has been waged: the bull-dog determination of British statesmen to evade the 'manifest destiny' that awaited their countrymen in that historic land.

It has been too long the vogue in certain quarters, at home and abroad, to attribute British predominance in the Nile Valley to mere 'greed of territory'; to represent it as the outcome of political scheming, not forgetting that most potent of lubricants in the political game, 'English gold'; and to accept the view—assiduously propagated by a none too scrupulous section of the Continental Press—that all the troubles by which Egypt has been afflicted of late years have been engineered by intriguing Britons. Some antidote to this deplorable bias is urgently needed; and one can but hope that, as time goes on, a careful and more general study of Lord Cromer's masterly work on modern Egypt will convince even the rabid traducer of British policy that the dominant

position acquired by Great Britain in Egypt was not the reward of unscrupulous diplomacy.

It was Napoleon who by his invasion of Egypt in 1798 first brought that wonderful land into the sphere of European politics ; and his ambitions in that direction are best described in his own words : ' Egypt once in the possession of the French, farewell India to the English ! This,' said he during his confinement in St. Helena, ' was one of the grand projects I aimed at. Turkey must soon fall, and it will be impossible to divide it without allotting Egypt to France. If you [English] had kept Alexandria you would have prevented the French from getting it, and of ultimately gaining possession of India, which will certainly follow their possession of Egypt.'

But it was not France's destiny to start an African empire in Egypt. Her sphere of expansion, little foreseen, lay in other directions.

Amongst Napoleon's plans for the betterment of Egypt—after annexing it—was a canal from the Red Sea to the Nile, at Cairo, an undertaking actually accomplished in ancient times ; and thence on, so as to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. ' I had the Red Sea surveyed,' said he, ' and found that its waters were thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean '—a mistaken estimate which lasted till long afterwards. We find even the shrewd author of *The Crescent and the Cross* helping to perpetuate the delusion as late as 1847.

Kleber, Napoleon's able and trusted chief in Egypt, also declared that ' France in Egypt would be able to control the commerce of the world'; but,' he added, ' she would require a navy.'

British statesmen a century ago were well aware of the danger latent in these ambitions, and moulded their policy accordingly, without any intention, however, of seizing upon Egypt, or even of keeping Alexandria. Their sole aim was the preservation of a right of way to India, unobstructed by any European Power.

Amongst the earliest English writers of weight to advocate the conquest of Egypt was Robert Southey. To his friend, C. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P., he wrote, under date April 6, 1805, ' You will see in the *Review* [*Quarterly*], that I have been crying out for the Cape. . . . But above all things Egypt, Egypt. That conquest would make the war popular, and colonisation secure the future prosperity of the country, and the eventual triumph of the English language over all others.' Southey, had he lived, would have rejoiced more than anyone to witness the virtual fulfilment of his wish. He was an ' Imperialist ' to his finger-tips. ' It would amuse you,' he added in the same letter, ' to hear how ambitious of the honour of England and of the spread of her power

I am become.' About Southey there was none of the 'little-Englandism' which became fashionable in certain circles later on.

Nor was the desire to see Great Britain installed in Egypt confined to British writers. Goethe's views were very pronounced, and must have come as a *douche* to modern German expansionists. In conversation with Eckermann (February 21, 1827) he said: 'Thirdly and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would that I could live to see this great work. It would be well worth the trouble to last fifty years more for the very purpose.'

It is a curious coincidence, which has escaped notice, that the two great soldiers who played so eventful a part in the history of Egypt—one who attempted the conquest of that interesting land, and the other who achieved it, namely, Napoleon Buonaparte, and Mehemet Ali, with a third great soldier whose career was chiefly instrumental in effecting the downfall of the first, namely Arthur, Duke of Wellington—all saw the light for the first time in 1769. Of the former two, it was truly remarked that 'the same war opened to each an arena for his strength: each was an adventurer on a foreign soil; each attained political through military power; and each converted the crisis that appeared to threaten him with ruin into the means of acquiring sovereignty.'

Napoleon's views on the subject of Egypt we know. No less noteworthy, whilst bespeaking even greater prescience, were the opinions of Mehemet Ali. To Buckart he said: 'Egypt is necessary to England. England must some day take Egypt as her share in the spoil of the Turkish Empire.'

It was during the later years of Mehemet Ali's iron, albeit efficient, rule that Egypt was visited by two observant English travellers, Eliot Warburton and Kinglake. Both published narratives of their wanderings, giving free expression to their views on the condition and prospects of that ancient kingdom—the former under the title of *The Crescent and the Cross*, the latter in a work which is still read and admired, *Eothen*. Eliot Warburton, who wrote in 1845, thus described his impressions: 'Cairo is now the crowded thoroughfare of England and India: the Union Jack is become as familiar to the Arabs of the Red Sea as the people of Alexandria. Egypt is rapidly becoming influenced, not by the nation that gives officers to her armies, but by that which gives merchants to her counting-houses, and capital to her exhausted resources. She is becoming gradually and unconsciously subsidised by the wealth of England, and hourly more entangled in those golden chains from which no nation ever strove to loose herself. . . . And what is to become of Egypt?' he asked—in view of the approaching end of Ali's life. 'Is the Porte once more to extend its baleful authority over this unhappy country,

with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise ? Heaven forbid ! Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte, but endeavour to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges of freedom. Let her—laying aside all morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism—boldly assert her “right of way” through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo. English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden : English rule would make the fellah a free man : English principles would teach him honesty and truth : and as to the comparative advantages of Turkish or English politics to the people they are to influence, let the world be the judge.’

Of native feeling, so far as that baffling factor can be gauged by a foreigner, he wrote : ‘There is an evident expectation in the public mind of Cairo that England must, sooner or later, take a leading part in Egyptian politics : and not only here, but all over the East, every traveller capable of conversing with the natives, constantly meets the question, “When are the English coming ?” It would be difficult to trace the origin of this popular impression, which certainly has not arisen from any vapouring, political or private, on the part of the English. There are only two Englishmen in the Pasha’s service : while Frenchmen abound in every department. It was a Frenchman who made Egypt a naval power : it was a Frenchman who organised the army that all but overthrew the empire of Constantinople : it was a Frenchman who made the magnificent docks at Alexandria : and the celebrated engineer who controls the destinies of Egypt by means of acting upon the inundations of the Nile, is a Frenchman. . . . So it is, however, as every traveller will bear witness : *England is expected in the East*, where hitherto she has never planted a standard, except in defence of the Crescent, and the integrity of its dominions. That she will ever come forward to vindicate the Cross where her best and bravest blood was shed in its defence 600 years ago, is very problematical : however, “Gold wins its way where Angels might despair,” and the interests of India may obtain what the Sepulchre of Christ has been denied.’

Warburton’s remarks on the feasibility of a railway between Cairo and Suez were suggested by Brunel’s brilliant failure—an attempt to run trains over the steep gradients of the South Devon railway by atmospheric pressure. The engine-houses which still ornament certain stations on this line are the sole memorials of a costly experiment. Warburton wrote : ‘Should the atmospheric railways come into use here, they would obviate every difficulty of level, and the houses of the stationary engines might constitute a useful chain of forts whose guns could command the whole

range of the journey.' Even famous authors write nonsense at times.

The author of *Eothen* is equally emphatic, if less verbose, in his forecast touching England's manifest destiny: 'The Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful.'

That the French should have been vexed at the loss of prestige, resulting from the decision of their Government to abstain from assisting Great Britain in the suppression of Arabi Pasha's rebellion, was natural enough. And there were not wanting writers in the Press at home and abroad who used their utmost endeavours to stir up bad blood between the two nations. Here, for example, is a specimen of the 'soothing syrup' administered, *at this particular crisis*, to an excited public: 'We were taught at school to consider the highway robber of the middle ages who, sword in hand, pillaged towns and devastated the country, as a despicable person, who violated all laws, human or divine. . . . In what manner does the British Government, in its conduct in Egypt or Alexandria, differ from these daring adventurers of past times?' Such epithets as 'pick-pockets,' 'fraudulent bankrupts,' 'swindlers,' and 'sharpers,' etc., etc., were flung at the British nation, in the most light-hearted way, by writers in the Continental Press. While, later, a genial scribbler treated the world to the following glowing description of General Gordon: 'The English could think of nothing better to save Khartoum than to send the mystic Gordon, with a Bible in his hand, and millions of gold in his pockets. It has happened, however, that Gordon the Saint could not renew the legendary battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where the flight of the English was stopped by the weight of the gold they carried in their knapsacks.' And this amusing fellow went on to describe how 'Gordon's ferocious manners' made him enemies amongst the natives: 'One day at breakfast, he (Gordon) amused himself by running his fork into the body of a native guest until the victim was covered with blood.' Strange that this little episode should have found no place in the published 'Reminiscences' and 'Memoirs' of 'Gordon the Saint.' But when the careers of great Englishmen are 'dished up' for Continental consumption they require to be well 'spiced' before the hash can be swallowed.

Very interesting and suggestive were the remarks of that distinguished Frenchman, M. Renan, when addressing M. de Lesseps, on the occasion of that famous engineer's reception at the French Academy. He said: 'The cut isthmus becomes a channel that is a field of battle. Hitherto, a single Bosphorus

had sufficed for the embarrassments of the world: you have created a second, much more important than the other. In case of maritime war, it would be the supreme interest—the point for the first occupation of which all the world would strive. You will thus have marked the place of the great battles of the future.'

Still more significant in view of subsequent events were the remarks of the *Cologne Gazette*, under the heading 'England in Egypt': 'It is a gratifying circumstance that Germany has rendered France a service, without tying her hands in the future. Germany is thus still able either to smooth or to roll stones in the path of English policy in Egypt. And German policy would not be led by a Bismarck if it did not know how to make the weight of her influence sensible to the English in case they should actually attempt to stifle German colonial aspirations.'

The fall of Khartoum and death of Gordon, far from evoking the sympathy of the European Press, was the signal for opening the flood-gates of vituperation and the disparagement of British military power. 'This important event, passionately hoped for by all the peoples whom England oppresses,' wrote the editor of one of the most influential papers, 'has produced a perfect scare in London. It is a case of general panic, for England has no national army. The wretched mercenaries she keeps up at vast expense are no more able to provide for her security than her administrators, trained in the school of India, where alcohol and the revolver are the only methods of government. Many will rejoice at the disasters to the destroyers of Alexandria—the unscrupulous pirates who put a price upon Osman Digna's head, and who supplied Gordon with millions to buy the Mahdi, or have him murdered.' All this nonsense only raised a laugh on our side of the Channel.

But the 'manifest destiny,' which many of our own politicians were too blind or too biassed to perceive, was foreseen—aye, and welcomed—by neutral foreign writers of weight. Professor Ernst Haeckel, though a German, and naturally jealous of anything that stood in the way of German territorial expansion, after paying a visit to Ceylon, wrote: 'Since the successes of the English in Egypt are looked upon with disfavour in many quarters, I cannot here conceal my disagreement with this view. On the contrary, it appears to me that they should be hailed with satisfaction, alike on the grounds of common humanity and on those of rational political action. . . . This Empire [British] is in itself an object of admiration, for the English are undoubtedly gifted beyond any other nation with the genius for founding and governing colonies. The opportunities afforded me during my journey—first in Bombay and afterwards in Ceylon—for observing the English Colonial

system raised it infinitely in my estimation. It can only be because England governs her immense Indian possessions with as much tact as judgment, that she is able to hold them with a relatively small staff. Instead then of watching the extension and consolidation of English power with grudging and envious eyes, we should do better to study the political skill which brings progress and benefit to the whole human race.¹

It was another German, famous in his own country a century ago, who wrote, apropos of that trick of self-disparagement which has always found such a facile outlet in the exuberant oratory of dyspeptic politicians: 'The Briton disparages himself, ignores his own merits, exaggerates his deficiencies, and is always ringing the alarm bell. English spleen engenders in them a peculiar foolish tendency, and makes them the greatest calumniators of themselves.'

Few people enjoy more favourable opportunities of observing and comparing the systems of administration that obtain in the over-seas possessions of the Western Powers than naval officers; and amongst the shrewdest and best educated officers of the sea service are those sent forth by the United States of America. Mark, then, what that well-known officer Admiral Dewey said with respect to the British 'genius for founding and governing colonies.' To the editor of the *British Realm* he wrote from Manila on December 18, 1898: 'After many years of wandering I am convinced that one of the mightiest factors in the civilization of the world is the Imperial Policy of England.'

Looking back over the dark days that reached their climax with the fall of Khartoum, and the murder of one of the noblest of England's sons, 'Gordon the Saint,' one recognises the justice and common sense of Lord Rosebery's verdict: 'A bolder and clearer course might with advantage have been adopted. Had the Government seen clearly the position of events before them many of their present troubles might have been avoided. After all, what was really peaceful was firmness, and there was nothing so warlike as indecision: there was nothing so certain to bring about war as the necessity, in all events, of avoiding it. The three greatest wars that this country has seen, had been waged by the most peaceful Prime Ministers the country had ever had—Mr. Pitt, Lord Aberdeen, and Mr. Gladstone. That taught them that there was a destiny which carried even the strongest yet the most peaceful of Ministers.'

It is remarkable that, while influential statesmen were playing their ignoble part, for lack of either policy or plan, and indulging

¹ During the war Professor Haeckel became a full-blown Anglophobist, disavowed all his previous opinions in regard to the advantages of British rule, and died a victim of the 'hate-propaganda' campaign.

their powers of sarcasm at the expense of the advocates of territorial expansion, an obscure native seer in the far Soudan was warning his countrymen of the coming of 'a people from the North, tall of stature and of white complexion,' who would undertake the reconquest and re-establishment of order in that disturbed land. 'The struggle for final supremacy,' he said, 'would take place on the great plain to the north of Omdurman, and after this battle has been fought the plain will be strewn with human skulls as thickly as it is now with stones.' The fulfilment of that prophecy is a matter of history.

To a German we are indebted for an interesting *résumé* of the events which led up to the shattering of the Mahdi's hosts on the plain of Omdurman, as well as for a highly significant forecast of the consequences of that epoch-making event. Thus, Dr. Carl Peters, in a Berlin paper (September 1898) under the heading 'England in Africa,' wrote: 'The victory of Omdurman, the last link in a chain of well-planned and ably executed operations, bestows on Great Britain the empire over the whole Nile Valley. Dongola, Atbara, Omdurman, are the three *étapes* of a campaign which demonstrates as much the brilliant military genius of Sir Herbert Kitchener as the inexhaustible excellence of the British soldier when he is placed under proper leaders. If we observe British policy in Africa, as on the whole globe, we are compelled to admire the tenacity with which it pursues its aims, and the cool daring with which it assumes risks and responsibilities before which weaker natures recoil. Year by year the Union Jack rises higher over the Dark Continent, and in its train steam and electricity provide the firm ties with which alone can coy Africa be overcome. To Anglo-Saxon North America, to English Australia, to British South Asia will be added "Africa English from Cape Town to Cairo." An English world-epoch rises ever more distinctly on the horizon of time, and nothing is left to other nations but to reconcile themselves, for good or for evil, with this historic fact.'

Philip drunk and Philip sober represent two very different personalities; and the opinions of Philip sober are infinitely preferable to his ravings while in drink. And of this we may be assured, that the views of Professor Haeckel and of Dr. Carl Peters, in respect of the advantages of British rule, as above quoted, were expressed in times of sober sanity. We may take consolation, therefore, in the face of pessimistic croakings at home and the virulent abuse of alien scribes, from the fact that, in the estimation of observant travellers and competent critics, British methods of governing are not the blighting influence they are sometimes represented.

The continuous effort, the mental strain essential to the main-

tenance of our position as a World-Power, may cause despondency amongst *dilettante* politicians ; but effort is the very salt of life to young and vigorous Britons. There is no standing still in this world ; stagnation, ca'canny, means retrogression. And to recede from the position which has been attained with such infinite labour would be an unparalleled act of cowardice. Better to die fighting than to incur the contumely of posterity as ' slackers.'

TEIGNMOUTH.

NATIONAL HOUSING :

THE CASE FOR THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION ¹

THE problem of housing the workers of this country in such a way as to ensure their health, happiness, and efficiency presents many difficulties and is subject to a variety of considerations. Concerning some of these considerations there is conflict of opinion ; but upon the question of there being a clamant need for providing more houses there is no conflict amongst those who have given the question the slightest consideration.

As to the extent of the need there will be a variety of estimates, depending upon the standard one has in one's mind. There are those who have no home at all, and there are the overcrowded. In these respects there is a positive deficiency. There are also those living in slum areas, and there are a great number living in dilapidated structures—they are not fit to be termed houses—which are quite unfit for human habitation. In short, there is the accumulated deficiencies and ill-effects of generations side by side with an awakening of the public conscience to the necessity for a higher standard of life in the home.

The estimate of need will depend upon the standards of overcrowding and uninhabitability adopted. Judged purely from the social and humanitarian aspects it would be difficult for any housing reformer to set his standards too high. There is always, however, a margin of difference between theoretical efficiency and practical attainment, and that is determined in the case of housing reforms by economic conditions which cannot for long be ignored. But if we must err, let it not be upon the side of providing too few houses, and let it not be upon the adoption of an insufficient standard.

Who, for instance, knowing the depressing conditions of the working class districts of Manchester, could be otherwise than deeply impressed with the needs for more enlightened development, better and brighter houses, with a fuller share of God's sunshine and fresh air, especially for the children ? Who, knowing

¹ 'Housing,' by the Right Hon. Christopher Addison, M.P., appeared in this *Review*, September, 1921.

the conditions of miners' houses in parts of Lanarkshire and Glamorganshire, can be surprised at the feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest that are found there in acute form? Who has made himself acquainted with the dreadful slum conditions of Dublin without setting his standard of housing needs very high indeed?

In such places—and, in different degrees, there are many throughout the country—one is impressed with the struggle of humanity against circumstances. In certain cases, despite drab, dreary and dirty surroundings, some rise superior and maintain heroic efforts to bring up families healthy and clean in body and mind. Some beautiful lives are lived in these surroundings; but the handicap is heavy and unfair. On the other hand one can see in many cases a gradual sinking by the compulsory resident to the slum level. One can see the occupants gradually give up the struggle and, disheartened, submit to be dragged down to the low level of life which has become the standard of the slum.

These are the conditions which Dr. Addison set himself to improve. Every well-meaning man, in proportion to his opportunities, will assist in this work and will heartily approve of the best practicable means to its attainment.

With close and intimate knowledge of the housing conditions of this country I have chosen to take a short 'busman's holiday' this year for the purpose of investigation at first hand the questions affecting the production of new houses. It is a pleasure to record that there is a general appreciation of the new standard of housing that has been set. Many of the schemes now well advanced are excellent, and most of them are really good and well in advance of the old standards. Some—very praiseworthy efforts—fall short of all one would wish in regard to the general development and the planning and design of the houses. But still they are an obvious effort upon the part of the local authorities to do well according to their lights—an indication of an appreciation of the need for improved conditions. All that is to the good.

Gradual evolution in matters of this kind by local effort and in accordance with local traditions is more in accord with the genius of our race than the acceptance of ready-made schemes and standard and official productions.

A new spirit has awakened; a new standard has been adopted; an epoch in housing has been marked. The late Minister of Health must be fully credited for the great share that he has had in the awakening of this spirit and in the setting of the improved standard.

In the full knowledge that a great need has been established, that a good standard has been adopted, and that the utmost exertions have been applied to the great Government Housing

Scheme, two questions arise in one's mind, viz.: Why did we not get the houses built and why did the costs rise so enormously?

These questions are closely interwoven and may be studied with advantage. To obtain a proper appreciation of the position it is essential that there should be a clear understanding of the importance of this question and the financial issues which it raises.

The Government Housing Scheme already commits the country to something approaching 200,000,000*l.*; and let it be clearly understood enormous needs remain to be satisfied whilst the slum clearance is practically untouched. Let it be appreciated, too, that it is by no means uncommon to find that the Government will have to pay over 50*l.* per house per annum for an undefined number of years—fortunately not exceeding sixty—as their contribution, *i.e.*, over and above the rental obtained. Supposing for a moment that the estimate of need as ascertained in 1920 of 820,000 houses is correct and that this leeway has to be made up together with the provision of about 100,000 houses per annum to keep pace with increasing population, one sees at once what huge financial issues are involved. It will not be necessary by any further illustrations to indicate the vast financial importance of this housing question. It had, however, become obvious even in 1920 that continuation upon the old policy was impossible. The scheme was falling under the weight of enormously inflated cost, the reasons for which it will be helpful now to consider.

For a proper appreciation of the circumstances which have created the high costs we must revert to the initial Government policy of assisting the local authorities in the undertaking of housing schemes.

The Act providing for the financial aid of local authorities was passed on July 31, 1919.

The effect of this Act was to translate the previously optional power of local authorities to provide houses into an obligation to see that housing provision was made for the whole of their working class needs; and to limit their liability, in respect of the housing schemes, to the produce of a one penny rate. Any additional deficit was guaranteed by the State.

Any business mind must be impressed with the radical defect in this policy in that it did not provide for any community of interest in securing economy.

The local authority employed their advisers and carried out the schemes in the full knowledge of all concerned that their share of the burden of deficit could not exceed the small sum produced by the one penny rate.

Although this was provided for by the Act of 1919, it was

settled policy before that time. Local authorities had failed to respond to a previous scheme providing for community of financial interest, and in the urgent desire of the Government to induce local authorities to provide essential houses the demand to be restricted in expenditure for so doing was acceded to and the share of the deficit to be borne by the local authorities who were to prepare and carry out the schemes was fixed. At this time no one expected that the costs would rise as they did. Probable deficits of 13*l.* per annum were then discussed and thought sufficient.

The unfortunate policy adopted must not, however, be attributed to the late Minister of Health. He, no doubt, appreciated fully its inherent defects and dangers. It is well, however, to keep this in the forefront of one's mind in analysing the causes of the comparative failure and for purposes of formulating any new policy.

No reasonable amount of supervision would properly counteract the effects of the lack of incentive to economy which this policy engendered. The scales were heavily loaded in favour of high cost from the commencement.

However, local authorities, thus guaranteed and full of enthusiasm, commenced to prepare their schemes. In so doing they employed architects and quantity surveyors and let contracts for the erection of cottages by very much the same method and to the same class of builder as they were accustomed to employ in the erection of public buildings.

If they had been permitted to proceed at their customarily moderate speed, prices might not have been even then unduly raised, and indeed, except to compensate the workmen for the increased cost of living, costs need probably not have risen at all; in which case the excess costs would have been limited to the tendencies to extravagance upon the part of local authorities and to the additional cost which the use of such machinery must involve. For instance, during the nine months ending October 1919, when contracts were let for the moderate number of about 9000 houses, the cost of labour and materials in a cottage increased only from 100 per cent. above 1914 prices to 108 per cent. above. It is important to note these figures, as there is a good deal to be learned of the effect produced upon prices by flooding the market with unnatural demand.

There were, therefore, at this date various factors operating against economy, viz. : (1) The initial policy ; (2) the employment of architects who were inclined to take too literally the demands for the highest standard of houses ; (3) the quantity surveyors, who were previously not employed for such work, but were demanded by the builders ; and (4) the employment of builders of a class who had previously been unaccustomed to work of this

nature, who undertook the work on the contract basis for large buildings and under the ordinary—and, indeed, in some respects extraordinary—contract conditions.

However, notwithstanding these conditions prices were, so long as the demand was kept moderate, being kept within reasonable bounds. During this early period of the scheme prices were increased by about 35*l.* per house. This restriction in cost was due partly to an elaborate system of Government control—all that stood between the taxpayer and extravagant expenditure—and to the demand up to that time being kept in some sort of proportion to the powers of production. The policy that relies for ensuring economy upon filtration through Government Departments and Government control is not good. It can only be partially efficient, and its efficiency will be in the inverse ratio to the speed resulting. So it was found. Houses were not being produced sufficiently quickly. There was impatience. This was followed by a determination to accelerate the rate of progress either without much regard to the determining factors of production or with an intention to increase the productive power of the industry.

Possibly it was difficult to appreciate that we were not still at war and that war-time conditions and methods did not and could not still prevail. The days of control of industry were gone. The days of compulsion and the subservience of all interests to those of national safety had passed. There were peculiar conditions affecting the building industry at the time which were clearly understood at the time and which should be briefly recorded.

The industry was in a depleted condition in respect of labour, materials, and indeed in all essential respects. There were in the building trades perhaps not much more than one half the number of operatives available during the decade 1901-1911. The scarcity conditions prevailing in the supply of building materials were well known. Immediately following the war there was an enormous drain upon the building resources of the country for urgent works of repair and extensions of such works as were necessary to restore the productive capacity of mills, works, and other industrial buildings. Added to these conditions were the general war-weariness of labour and general dislocation which five years of war had produced. Thus one obtains a ready appreciation of what might reasonably have been expected from the industry at that time. It was struggling to find its feet and was commencing to do so.

By the end of 1919 it had become quite apparent that the building trade was employed to the full, and if economic consideration had prevailed it would have been realised that the expansion of demands upon it should proceed gradually and proportionally to the expansion of its powers of production. By

this time it had become quite clear that the question was purely a question of production. The resources of production were still much below the normal. There were obvious evidences of scarcity of labour and resistance to augmentation, of scarcity of materials, chaotic conditions of transport, and great demands for materials in general, and for the builders' materials and resources in particular.

It was the action which followed recognition of these conditions which proved disastrous. It was perhaps a great effort of idealism. It was made upon the principles which had been used in production of war materials and it was doomed to failure.

There were two main factors at this time which were obvious and of vital importance, viz. :

1. That under the most favourable conditions of labour, materials, finance, and otherwise, the high-water mark in the production of workmen's houses had been reached in or about the year 1906 at about 100,000 houses per annum ; and that the present houses required more labour than those erected before the war ; and

- 2 That the existing building resources of the country—about one half of the normal—were already fully employed.

Even in recognition of these essential factors there followed an abnormal acceleration in the letting of contracts for additional houses. As an indication of the result of the speeding-up process, commencing in the autumn of 1919, when local authorities were urged to acceleration under extraordinary pressure from the Ministry, tenders were approved and accepted during the seven months following February 1920 for nearly 120,000 houses. The result of this was that whereas building prices during the eight months ending October 1919 had risen from 100 per cent. above 1914 prices to 108 per cent. during the following eight months, *i.e.*, the period immediately following the great housing offensive, prices rose from 108 per cent. to 168 per cent. above the 1914 costs. Indeed, building prices rose as much during this unfortunate period as they had risen during the first four years of the war.

The cost of labour rose, competition for labour was acute, output was low, competition for materials was acute, prices rose. In this attempt to meet the urgent housing need it is feared that the building industry did not fully assist, and, indeed, if they did not take advantage of the circumstances of the moment they were at least supine to the increasing costs. Unfortunately the builder had no great concern in increasing cost. His contracts included for additional payments for increased cost of wages, for any increased cost of materials, and for any increased cost of carriage. The building trade had the ball at their feet. Builders

had to be coaxed and persuaded to tender. Is it too much to suggest that under conditions of this kind the builder would not adequately provide against all possible contingencies, together with what he would regard as a reasonable profit? Any fears on this score of the builder neglecting his own interest may be removed when one considers that the general range of prices in accepted tenders has fallen during the last seven months by about 25 per cent.

There would have been some counteracting advantage from the wholesale letting of contracts if builders had produced the houses. But they did not. They did not even get houses commenced in any appreciable number. Although in these seven months tenders were approved to the extent of 120,000 houses, in the *twelve months* following the commencement of this torrential flow of contracts about 11,000 houses only were completed and about 69,000 houses only were commenced. Neither was progress upon those commenced satisfactory, as whilst 69,000 were commenced they were not in proper stages of progress, and only about 46,000 of these had reached the first floor level. This as the result of twelve months' progress, when practically the whole of these houses contracted for should have been commenced and many of them completed, was far from satisfactory and far from creditable to the building industry. At the same time I am bound to say that in my opinion the builders should not have been placed in this position.

By this over-feeding of the industry there resulted enormous inflation of prices and decreased production.

This may appear to some minds the quite obvious result to be expected. There are, however, to be considered, and probably were considered, other views that are held and often urged in connexion with costs in relation to production.

Take firstly the position of labour. Some allege that labour efficiency is best when there is competition for work; others allege that assured continuity of employment promotes the best spirit in labour and produces the greatest output. It is probable that both of these theories is imperfect if unduly stressed. With great scarcity of work, in times of depression there is a tendency—accruing from organised and unorganised sources—to restrict the output in order to ensure the employment of the maximum number of men upon the limited work available and to prevent the individual from 'working himself out of a job' too readily.

On the other hand, in time of great prosperity and boom in trade when there is far more work than labour, some advantage will be taken of the easy conditions existing and the economic advantages presented to slacken effort and reduce output.

It is probable, therefore, that low output and high cost is the

result of such unbalanced conditions in either direction. The obvious remedy is to preserve the balance.

The manufacturer of material is moved by similar considerations. If there is an enormous demand he can dictate his terms of supply. He has no particular inducement to install new and improved machinery nor modernise his methods; whilst conditions of easy prosperity are favourable to the preservation of rings, combines and trade associations for the purpose of maintaining prices.

If the demand is so low that his overhead expenses have to be spread over a small output, there is a natural effort to maintain the high cost involved, and this is often intensified by rings and combines, which are then engaged in a death struggle to maintain high prices and prevent desertion and cut-throat competition in prices. Even if they fail in this respect, and this cut-throat competition prevails, it is not necessarily good, even if it tends for the time being to a cheap market. Quality will probably suffer, energy will be dissipated, confidence will be lost, new methods and new capital into the industry will not be forthcoming. The industry will decline.

The obvious remedy for these evils is to preserve an equitable balance fostering the spirit of competition and an incentive to ensuring efficiency of production and well-directed effort.

Similarly with the builder. One can scarcely expect keen supervision, most efficient buying, and organisation and most skilful manipulation of labour if the builder is so congested with work that he can pick and choose at his own price.

The greatest of evils in relation to cost must emanate from the sudden flooding of an already congested market with a glut of work. That, in short, is what happened to the Government Housing Scheme in 1920.

There is the simple answer to the question which is asked, 'Why did we not get the houses built and why did the costs rise so enormously?'

The building industry was overloaded. There was no balance preserved, or probably considered, between productive power and demand. There was committed the elementary but fatal mistake of thinking that demand could be increased indefinitely without reference to productive capacity. Local authorities were urged to enter into contracts in great numbers. They were forced to do so with a class of builder who had previously had but little experience in this class of work and who could dictate his terms, including the provision for increases in costs of materials and labour. This provision could not be avoided in 1919 when conditions were so extremely uncertain. But it would have been more prudent to have proceeded with caution until these con-

ditions could be removed, instead of perpetuating them by making the conditions still more chaotic and rendering the continuation of such conditions still further justifiable. With such provisions in the contracts costs of materials did rise ; so did rates of wages ; and similarly did output fall.

Having diagnosed the cause of the non-production of houses and the extraordinarily high costs, the first step to be taken was to deflate the standard of costs.

This is being done with some measure of success. Already the prices at which houses are now being tendered for are between 25 per cent. and 30 per cent. lower than they were at the commencement of the year.

The housing schemes are becoming better balanced, houses are being completed, and a general contraction of schemes is being obtained with a view to obtaining finished houses. Output is improving. No unemployment is being caused by the more orderly methods now employed. There is practically no unemployment in the determining trades of bricklayers, plasterers, and slaters. There are, of course, great numbers of painters, carpenters, and unskilled men unemployed, but there is no practical possibility of employing the whole of these upon housing schemes. The work must be properly balanced in every way to secure economy, and no purpose would be served either in economy or in the production of houses by commencing work greatly in excess of that which can be coped with by the determining trades above mentioned.

Except that business principles were disregarded in what may be termed the great Housing Offensive of early 1920, the Government Housing Scheme was and remains a power for good.

Provision will be made by well-considered schemes of town development to prevent a recurrence of these evils of overcrowding and slumdom from which we suffer to-day. That work will go on.

The gradual improvement and eradication of the slums will go on side by side with the provision of new houses. Such work cannot be done as a business venture by private enterprise. It is a colossal work involving large expenditure and can only be done piecemeal.

The Housing Scheme has come up against economic laws, as it was bound to do sooner or later. Enthusiasts have perhaps pitched their expectations and their standards too high. Even now there is a demand from local authorities for smaller houses than those already provided. They find the public demand something more modest with a proportional reduction in rental. We must maintain a proper standard and aim at providing houses

in accordance with such standard with the utmost economy to the State by a sound policy which will gradually and rapidly tend to the restoration of economic conditions in the provision of houses—in short, to the abolition of charity rents. They must be provided within the means of the people, not only those who live in them but of those who have to pay for them.

The policy of the present Housing Administration is to obtain houses to meet the needs of the people with the greatest economy to the State. The provision of houses by any other means than the most business-like which conditions render possible is but a disservice to the housing reformer in particular and in general to the State.

CHARLES T. RUTHEN.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN CANADA

THE roots of the immediate political situation in Canada lie in the Great War, in the organisation of a Union Government to enforce conscription, and in the acute differences which developed between Quebec and the English-speaking Provinces over war, over naval policy and Imperial relations, and over legislation enacted by Provincial Governments to regulate French teaching in the public schools of Ontario and Manitoba.

There would not seem to be any natural relation between conscription and language, but a few sentences will show how deeply these unrelated issues have affected political conditions in Canada. In 1912 it was provided that English should have the position of preference in the common schools of Ontario, save that in the French communities French teaching should be permitted in the elementary classes and for two hours of the school day in senior classes. This was more liberal than the regulation enacted in Manitoba, where English alone was recognised. By the French minorities these measures were resisted as restricting established rights and privileges and as incompatible with the position of French as an official language in the Dominion. The controversy developed many phases, and finally became such an acute national issue that in 1917 Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the House of Commons sanctioned and supported a resolution of censure upon the Provincial Governments. The attack was directed chiefly against the Conservative Government of Ontario, and therefore Provincial school legislation became also an issue between the two parties in the Federal Parliament. Behind the question of language was an old quarrel between Quebec and Sir Robert Borden. In 1905 Bills were introduced in the Parliament of the Dominion to create two new Provinces in Western Canada. The Bills, which undertook to guarantee separate schools to the Roman Catholic minorities of Saskatchewan and Alberta, were opposed by Sir Robert Borden, who had just become leader of the Conservative party, and naturally were supported by the united French parliamentary delegation of Quebec. There was thus created an estrangement between Borden and French Canada which never was overcome, which was aggravated by the quarrel over language, and which

was again intensified when Borden obtained office and submitted a proposal to Parliament to contribute three Dreadnoughts to the British Navy in reversal of the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which was to organise a Canadian Navy, available for co-operation with the British Navy, but under direct Canadian control. Thus when the war came Quebec, where Laurier exercised a remarkable authority, cherished many grievances against Sir Robert Borden and the Conservative party, and these were sharpened by inept methods of recruiting in the French Province and by attacks upon Laurier, who had opposed an emergency contribution of Dreadnoughts and had refused to believe in the prospect of war between Germany and Great Britain.

It is not necessary, to justify Borden or censure Laurier, to look deeply into the causes of quarrel between Quebec and the English Provinces, or even to suggest that the French Province in its hostility to conscription was less concerned than the English-speaking communities to reinforce the Canadian Expeditionary Army or more reluctant to devote all the resources of Canada to the further prosecution of the struggle in France and Flanders. It is, however, necessary to recall these incidents and events in order that the immediate political situation may be fully understood. In the first years of the war all the political leaders gave many and definite pledges that conscription would never be sanctioned. It is true also that for four years the war effort of Canada was directed and controlled by a party Government and that the Conservative leaders made no advances towards a coalition with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party until the comparative failure of voluntary recruiting seemed to compel the adoption of compulsory service if adequate reinforcements for the Canadian Army were to be secured. When finally Borden suggested a coalition the condition was that conscription should be established. Laurier rejected the proposal and opposed the condition. It has been said, however, and upon what seems to be high authority, that if Borden had suggested a coalition when the war began the proposal would not have been rejected. But a proposal for union in the fourth year of the war with compulsory service as its chief object Laurier would not entertain. Borden, however, persevered in the effort to form a Union Cabinet, and eventually under the tremendous pressure of public feeling many of the most influential leaders of the Liberal party in all the Provinces forsook Laurier and joined hands with Borden in a Union Cabinet.

A general election followed in 1917 with compulsory service as the chief issue. Such representative Liberal journals as the *Toronto Globe*, the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and the *Toronto Daily Star* gave their support to conscription and the Union Govern-

ment. They had been foremost in demanding conscription and coalition and could not do otherwise. Practically Sir Wilfrid Laurier was deserted by the whole Liberal Press of the English Provinces, and inevitably there was angry attack upon the Liberal leader and the French Province as unwilling to provide reinforcements for the decimated Canadian Army and disloyal to the Empire in the supreme crisis of its history. 'Shall Quebec govern Canada?' was a common slogan of the Unionists. 'Stand by the boys at the Front' was the appeal from a thousand platforms. Sir Wilfrid Laurier insisted that conscription was unnecessary, that reinforcements could be secured by the voluntary system, and that any attempt to apply compulsion would be unproductive and abortive and would produce 'irritation and bitterness and a sense of intolerance and injustice.' He suggested that there should be 'a consultation of the people' through a referendum, and pledged himself that, if the people pronounced in favour of compulsory service, in Quebec as elsewhere there would be free and universal submission to the popular judgment.

During the contest it became apparent that there was also a feeling against conscription among the farmers of the English Provinces, who had been urged from year to year to increase production and, despite a great scarcity of farm labour, had loyally answered the appeal. In order to avoid political losses in the agricultural constituencies the Government, therefore, gave definite official pledges that the sons of farmers would be exempted. In Canada, however, as in other countries, it was discovered that no class could be relieved without providing a shelter for slackers and shirkers, and thus the pledges upon which the farmers relied were deliberately if necessarily disregarded when the law was put into effect. Naturally thousands of farmers believed that they had been tricked and betrayed, and were in the temper to take revenge when opportunity offered. But the pledges to the farmers unquestionably contributed to the triumph of the Union Government in the election. Laurier carried only three seats out of fifty-six in the Western Provinces and only seven in Ontario. In the Atlantic Provinces eight Liberals and twenty-two Unionists were elected. But in Quebec sixty-two Liberals and only three Unionists were returned. Many Unionist majorities in the English communities ran from 5000 to 20,000, but majorities as overwhelming were secured by Liberal candidates in the French Province. The Unionists had a total majority over the official Opposition of 362,000 and a plurality over Liberal, Labour, and Independent candidates of 264,216. The soldiers oversea, in England and in camps in Canada, gave 206,626 votes to the Government and 15,016 to opposing candidates.

No Government ever took office in the Dominion with such

overwhelming popular support, but from the first there were incompatible elements in the Coalition and symptoms of mutiny in the constituencies. A powerful section of the Conservative party never was reconciled to the Coalition. It believed that a Conservative Government could have carried the country with conscription as the chief issue and thus have retained power and patronage in the hands of the Conservative leaders. A formidable element among Conservatives, opposed to legal prohibition of the liquor traffic, believed that Liberal Ministers imposed upon the Cabinet the measure to prevent export of liquor into Provinces which had abolished the retail trade in liquor and which practically gave provincial prohibition national scope and effect. Thousands of 'Conservative workers' were exasperated by legislation which greatly extended the authority of the Civil Service Commission and deprived local patronage committees and members of Parliament of all power to fill public offices. There was, too, a great reluctance among Conservatives to sacrifice the traditions and the historic continuity of the Conservative party, while the name Conservative was distasteful to Liberals in the Cabinet and to Liberals in the constituencies who gave their support to the Coalition.

But the chief cause of division and distrust lay in fiscal policy: For more than forty years the Conservative party has adhered to protection as its cardinal principle. As consistently the Liberal party has opposed protection and proclaimed its devotion to low tariff. The truth is, however, that all Canadian political parties are protectionist in office. From 1896 to 1911 a Liberal Administration governed Canada, but aside from the preference of 33½ per cent. established in favour of British imports there was no substantial reduction of tariff duties. Even this preference was so adjusted as to leave a safe margin of protection for Canadian industries. It must be remembered also that the Trade Agreement with Washington negotiated in 1911 between the Laurier Government and the Taft Administration chiefly affected natural products. The Agreement was opposed as strongly by the financial and transportation interests as by the protected manufacturers. The chief grounds of opposition were not so much that Canadian industries were threatened by the letter of the compact as that traffic would be diverted from Canadian railways, heavy national investments impaired, and the raw materials of the country handed over to American industries; and because the agreement depended only upon concurrent legislation, was terminable on twelve months' notice by either country, and would tend to a preferential trading relation with the United States instead of with the Mother Country.

There is no doubt that the Laurier Administration entered into

the agreement chiefly to hold the support of Western grain growers, who demanded freer access to American markets with lower duties on manufactures and who insisted that the Liberal leaders in office had proved recreant to their pledges in opposition to 'eliminate the principle of protection' and frame a tariff for revenue. The grain growers were 'in politics' before the Trade Agreement with Washington was rejected, but generally as allies of the Liberal party. Originally a great co-operative organisation, they turned slowly toward independent political action. But gradually and steadily the advocates of political action prevailed and the movement was carried from the Prairies into the other Provinces. When the Union Government was organised by Sir Robert Borden, Mr. T. A. Crerar, president of the United Grain Growers' Company, became Minister of Agriculture. Even more hostile to protection than the Liberal ministers it was manifest that duties could not be increased and doubtful if existing duties could be maintained while he and his Liberal colleagues were powerful if not controlling forces in the Administration. Upon the one hand Eastern protectionists demanded assurances of 'industrial stability,' while upon the other the organised farmers maintained the agitation for lower duties. During the war duties under the general tariff were increased by $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and under the British preference by 5 per cent. In 1919 the war duties were repealed, and various minor changes in tariff favourable to agriculture were recommended by the Government and sanctioned by Parliament. Failing to secure greater concessions, Mr. Crerar withdrew from the Administration and was elected leader of the National Farmers' party. The Liberal wing of the Cabinet was also weakened by the death of Hon. Arthur Sifton, by the withdrawal of Hon. S. C. Mewburn and Hon. A. K. Maclear, by the appointment of Hon. Frank Carvell to the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Commission, and by the resignation of Hon. N. W. Rowell, who was leader of the Liberal party in the Legislature of Ontario before he entered the Coalition. A vital loss was also sustained by the resolve of Sir Thomas White, who had achieved great distinction during the war as Minister of Finance, to leave the Government and resign his seat in Parliament. There is reason to think that with the exception of Mr. Crerar none of these resignations was due to differences over tariff, but that such losses greatly weakened the Cabinet cannot be questioned. Most of these changes followed upon Sir Robert Borden's resignation of the office of Prime Minister, but it is not believed that they are explained by personal objection to his successor or disagreement over public policy. Like Sir Robert Borden himself, most of his colleagues were war-worn and weary, and when Borden got his release they felt that they, too, should be relieved.

Unquestionably Borden's resignation accentuated the confusion in Canadian politics. Whatever may be his final place in history, he held office through the great days of Canada. Even before war was declared he saw clearly that we could not escape definite and complete identification with Great Britain in the struggle with Germany. It is true that the country would not have tolerated neutrality or inactivity, but under less devoted and positive leadership the response might not have been so immediate or so resolute.

It is the fashion to say that Borden was indecisive and unready. That he had infinite patience and was often slow in action must be admitted. No doubt he exasperated more eager and more sanguine colleagues. He was often content to leave questions alone which seemed to call for strong treatment. He may not have admitted even to himself how greatly he was governed by the conviction that if only the necessary time could be taken many perplexing problems would settle themselves. If the method had its disadvantages it also had its advantages, as was often demonstrated during his period of office. But to the war he gave all his thought and strength from the beginning, and never doubted that the measure of Canada's duty was the measure of her resources and endurance.

He hesitated to adopt conscription and he was slow to make up his mind in favour of a Coalition Cabinet. But when he thought the time had come he established compulsory service, and, despite many rebuffs from his Liberal opponents and serious division of opinion in the Conservative party, he organised a Union Government. It may be that he responded to public opinion, but he did respond, and that was something. It is a fact also that very little jobbery or corruption in Canada during the war has been disclosed. There was waste and there was extravagance, but these are inseparable from war in every country. He came into office when the patronage system was deeply rooted. Without great vigilance and resolution the evils of the system would have flourished in war contracts and in the purchase of supplies. But if they were not extirpated, at least they were not aggravated. Borden left office with Canada freer from the domination of patronage mongers than at any time since the Confederation was established. It is not suggested that the fight with the patronage element is over, for it is not, but at least we shall never go back to the old condition which dishonoured Governments and corrupted constituencies.

One wonders what would have happened if Borden had dissolved Parliament before the Coalition was organised. There was a wing of the old Conservative Cabinet which was very eager for dissolution in 1915 and again in 1916. Twice the Cabinet had

decided upon a general election. Once the preparations for a contest were far advanced. But there was always strong feeling in the country against a war election, and Borden finally submitted, if not against his own judgment, certainly against the judgment of many of his colleagues. This was called indecision, but perhaps was only deference to public opinion. Lincoln rejoiced that the institutions of the United States could stand even the strain of a war election under the party system. Possibly Canada could have stood the strain also, but if the Conservative Government had been sustained in a war election it is unlikely that there would ever have been a Union Cabinet. It has been disclosed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier also was in favour of a general election when the natural life of the Parliament elected in 1911 had expired, but bowed to the Liberal parliamentary caucus which from patriotic or political reasons opposed an appeal to the country until the war was over.

No one ever saw a man more worn and discouraged than was Borden when he received Laurier's definite refusal to enter a Coalition. He knew, as few men in Canada did, how grave was the situation in Europe, and unquestionably he made his approaches to Laurier with deep and even emotional sincerity. He was not very hopeful that he would prevail with Liberal conscriptionists after Laurier's refusal, and when one recalls the loyalty of Liberals to Laurier there is nothing in the war more remarkable, as there is no finer evidence of the devotion of Canadians to the army and the great cause for which they were fighting, than the final decision of so many of the chief men in the Liberal party to forsake a beloved leader and join hands with their hereditary opponents. The organisation of the Coalition left wounds in both parties which have not been and never can be healed, for the old parties as they existed under Borden and Laurier when the war began never can be re-created.

Any student of Borden's career will agree that he was at his best in the House of Commons. There he was a figure of dignity and carried great authority. With none of the picturesque distinction of Laurier he was just as impressive and as influential in Parliament. With all its faults democracy as demonstrated in British and American history seldom puts a mean figure in its great places. It cannot be said, however, that Borden was ever attractive or powerful on the platform. He was solid but heavy; never dramatic or inspiring. Even under the stimulus of the war he was dry, calm and unemotional. He commanded respect, but never that affection which Laurier inspired in the masses of his countrymen. It is no secret that in 1910 Borden held the leadership of his party by a thread, and chiefly because he was reluctant to make the proposal to create a Canadian Navy an issue between

parties. The Conservative party was then in opposition and wanted a sensational leadership which Borden could not give. In him, too, despite all his conciliatory quality, there was a strain of stubbornness. When his own fortunes were at stake he lacked neither decision nor courage. So, once definitely committed to a position, he was not easily turned aside. He was very loyal to colleagues. To replace an unsatisfactory Minister was almost beyond his power. It cannot be doubted that in cases he carried personal loyalty so far that his own reputation and the public interest suffered.

The confidence of Quebec he never could secure. Nor could Laurier, with all his personal attraction, ever secure a majority in Ontario. One feels that the French Province never was quite fair to Borden as the English Province was not always just to Laurier. But in the first years of his leadership, as has been said, Borden opposed the Autonomy Acts which gave separate schools to Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the breach with Quebec which this action caused never was bridged. Possibly there could have been a reconciliation if Laurier had not enjoyed such a complete ascendancy in the French Province. In all Borden's speeches, however, one will look in vain for a single ungenerous reference to the French people, and in this forbearance surely there was strength and dignity.

There are those who say that Borden was more interested in the problems of Empire than he was in the domestic problems of Canada. It may be so, but perhaps not in the sense in which the criticism is made. He was required to give so much time and thought to Imperial questions and to the common problems which the war created that he may have seemed to neglect purely Canadian affairs. But it is hard to see what else he could have done. At least his whole effort was to raise the status of Canada among the nations and to give his country a due authority in the affairs of the Empire. One wonders, too, if there is any necessary conflict between loyalty to the Empire and loyalty to Canada. Not yet may we attempt any final estimate of Borden's character and achievements, but at least he gave all that he had of mental power and physical strength to the service of Canada and the Empire, and the results will not be unnoticed in the pages of history.

But Borden had no genius for party management. He was remote from the constituencies. He made no appeal to men's hearts and emotions. By the coalition with his opponents he estranged and angered a multitude of Conservatives. The forces which gave the Coalition its tremendous victory in 1917 he could not consolidate into a permanent national party. His long absences in London and Versailles affected the consistency and

continuity of public policy in Canada and produced lassitude and unrest in the constituencies. Quebec remained sullen and separate, the Liberal leaders were vigilant and active, and in many rural constituencies the old party traditions and loyalties which the Coalition disturbed were finally consumed in the Farmers' Movement. Thus Mr. Meighen, when he became Prime Minister, succeeded to an estate on the verge of bankruptcy. In four years a Government majority of seventy had been reduced to twenty-five, and even in historic Conservative counties it was difficult to elect a Ministerial candidate. Losses in bye-elections, chiefly to candidates of the Farmers' party, were so continuous that there was danger the Government's majority would wholly disappear, and for that reason Parliament was dissolved and the date set for a general election.

Mr. Meighen seeks to have the contest turn chiefly on the tariff, but Liberals and Farmers alike challenge his position and insist that they contemplate no radical reduction of duties or revolutionary disturbance of the industrial system. These pledges are not altogether consistent with the letter of the Liberal and Agrarian platforms, but, as has been said, office or the prospect of office modifies the attitude of parties towards fiscal policy in Canada. The tariff resolution adopted two years ago at the National Liberal Convention which chose Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King for leader declares :

That wheat, wheat flour and all products of wheat ; the principal articles of food ; farm implements and machinery ; farm tractors, mining, flour and saw-mill machinery and repair parts thereof ; rough and partly dressed lumber ; gasoline, illuminating, lubricating and fuel oils ; nets, net twines and fishermen's equipments ; cement and fertilisers, should be free from Customs duties, as well as the raw material entering into the same ; that a revision downwards of the tariff should be made whereby substantial reductions should be effected in the duties on wearing apparel and footwear, and on other articles of general consumption (other than luxuries), as well as on the raw material entering into the manufacture of the same ; that the British preference be increased to 50 per cent. of the general tariff ; and that the Liberal party hereby pledges itself to implement by legislation the provisions of this resolution when returned to power.

The Agrarian platform closely resembles that of the Liberal party, but further demands that in five years complete free trade with Great Britain shall be established, that federal inheritance taxes shall be imposed, special taxation levied upon lands unoccupied or withheld from cultivation and upon all natural resources, graduated taxes upon incomes maintained, the old trade agreement with the United States accepted by the Canadian Parliament, and all tariff concessions granted to other countries extended to Great Britain. The National Liberal and Conservative party—a cumbersome and inconvenient title designed to cover

the elements which constituted the Coalition—thus states its fiscal and economic policy and defines the considerations by which its leaders will be governed in revising the tariff :

A thorough revision of the tariff (the platform suggests) with a view to the adoption of such reasonable measures as are necessary (a) to assist in providing adequate revenues, (b) to stabilise legitimate industries, (c) to encourage the establishment of new industries essential to the economic development of the nation, (d) to develop to the fullest extent our natural resources, (e) to prevent the abuse of the tariff for the exploitation of the consumer, and (f) to safeguard the interests of the Canadian people in the existing world struggle for commercial supremacy.

It will be seen that the Government is cautious in its protectionism and that the Liberal and Agrarian leaders are not too faithful to the letter of the official platforms when they insist that no radical fiscal changes will follow the success of either party in the election. Manifestly both these parties suspect that protectionist sentiment is deeply rooted in the constituencies, believe that in the immediate industrial situation any radical revision of the tariff would be dangerous, and possibly recognise that the new American tariff, practically excluding many Canadian products from American markets, cannot be ignored in the adjustment of Canadian duties. It is significant also that neither the Liberal nor the Agrarian party emphasises the proposal to increase the British preference to 50 per cent. or to advance towards free trade with Great Britain as rapidly as was suggested two or three years ago. In short, Mr. Meighen seeks to confine the electoral contest to the single issue of tariff, while his opponents manœuvre to set the tariff in the background and secure a judgment against the Government upon questions of taxation, expenditure, and administration. Moreover, such representative Liberal statesmen of Quebec as Sir Lomer Gouin, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, and Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Premier of the Province, declare for protection as frankly and unequivocally as do Mr. Meighen and his colleagues, and thus seek to deprive the Government of the only issue by which it could hope to make an impression upon the French Province.

The situation is complicated again by the attitude of the Liberal leaders of Quebec towards the national railways. For reasons which it is not necessary to consider in detail, the Government has acquired the Canadian Northern, the National Transcontinental, and the Grand Trunk Railway, is consolidating these with the old Intercolonial Railway into a single national system, and is providing for its operation by a Commission appointed by the Government, but protected, so far as legislation can guarantee protection, against political interference or control. Two years ago there was a deficit in the accounts of these railways of

\$50,000,000, last year of \$70,000,000, and for this year there is no prospect that the deficit will fall below \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000, while many millions must be provided for repairs, improvements, and new construction. Mr. King contends that Government operation should have a fair trial, while the Liberal leaders of Quebec oppose nationalisation of the railways and seem to favour a proposal by Lord Shaughnessy that, under prescribed conditions for the protection of the public interest, all the railways of the country should be operated by the Canadian Pacific with fixed dividends for the operating company and adequate public regulation of freight and passenger charges. Opposed to this position of the Liberal leaders of Quebec are the Federal leader of the party, all the influential Liberal newspapers, and the United Farmers and their organs. Between Toronto and Montreal there is acute and eternal rivalry. One city is the breeding ground of an incipient Socialism, the other is the seat of a confident individualism and an adventurous Capitalism. In Quebec there is no apparent support for projects of nationalisation. In Ontario there is at least a strong surface sentiment in favour of 'public ownership.' In Quebec Liberals and Conservatives seem to be united against public ownership and in favour of protection. In Ontario Liberals and Conservatives do not divide upon public ownership, and probably are not greatly divided over protection, whatever may be the language of the official platforms of the parties. In the Prairie Provinces unquestionably the current runs strongly against protection, or at least in favour of the Agrarian party, but the feeling towards railway nationalisation is less clearly expressed. British Columbia is protectionist, while in the Atlantic Provinces substantially the people divide as of old between the Liberal and Conservative parties, and respond to the old appeals and regard the old traditions as do those of no other portion of Canada.

Faced with these conditions, what is the outlook for the Government in the general election? It is generally admitted that the only remaining strongholds of the Liberal-Conservative party are Ontario and British Columbia. But in Ontario a Provincial Conservative Government carried only twenty-five out of 111 seats in the Legislature two years ago, while the United Farmers captured forty-five constituencies, and through a Coalition with Labour have since governed the Province. In British Columbia all thirteen constituencies are now represented in the House of Commons by supporters of the Meighen Government, but, while the Farmers have secured no serious foothold in the Province, it is less certain that Labour will not divide the representation with the orthodox protectionists. In Ontario and the Pacific Province, however, the Government should have a plurality over other groups and factions, and in the Atlantic Provinces should not fall

far behind any other group or combination of groups by which it may be opposed. But there is no prospect of a Conservative victory in Ontario as decisive as that which the Liberal party will achieve in Quebec. The Meighen Coalition now holds only three out of sixty-five Quebec seats in the House of Commons, and it is by no means certain that the number will be increased. It is true that Mr. Meighen has induced three representative French Canadians to enter the Cabinet and has thus achieved a distinct personal triumph. But he is pictured to Quebec as the subservient ally of Borden, as an eager and intolerant apologist for conscription, and as peculiarly responsible for all the 'insults' which have been delivered against the French people by 'the Orange Tory oligarchy.' A few weeks ago in a bye-election in Yamaska, where the Government believed its candidate could be elected, he was defeated by 1500. In this contest Mr. Lemieux described the Prime Minister as 'the father of conscription.' Recalling that he had lost a son in the war, Mr. Lemieux declared that he would 'pay testimony to his memory by working to punish those who brought the atrocity of conscription on our country.' Mr. Arthur Cardin, Liberal member for Richelieu, said: 'The Liberal party as now constituted is the party which opposed conscription and the party of Laurier who prevented the Imperialistic views of Chamberlain from gaining sway in Canada.' *Le Soleil*, the chief Liberal organ of the Quebec district, used this language: 'Let the electors of Yamaska vote against the candidate who represents the insulters of the Province of Quebec and against the clique of 1917.' A Liberal poster distributed over the electoral district of Vaudreuil and Soulanges a few days ago made this appeal: 'Patriots! Let us be united as in 1917. The time for revenge has arrived. Let us remember.' In the speeches just delivered at a banquet at Montreal in honour of Mr. Lemieux there were few if any such inflammatory utterances, but in Quebec as elsewhere a general election is a very human affair, and doubtless Yamaska affords a fair sample of the arguments that will be employed against the Government in the French Province. Protectionist Quebec may be, but the determination to send a solid *bloc* to Ottawa probably will outweigh all other considerations.

The outlook for the Government in the three Prairie Provinces is as hopeless as in Quebec. It seems impossible to doubt that from these Provinces a dominant Farmer group will go to the House of Commons. In a Provincial general election for Alberta only a few weeks ago a Liberal Government which had held two-thirds of the seats in the Legislature was decisively defeated by the United Farmers, while not a single Conservative candidate survived the polling. Indeed, no Conservative party now exists in Alberta, and the situation is as desperate in Saskatchewan.

Nor does the Liberal party face a much more hopeful prospect. It is true that a Liberal Government holds office at Regina, but its policy is dictated by the organised Farmers, and its Ministers are merely tenants at will of the Grain Growers' Association of Saskatchewan. A proposal by the local Liberal managers of co-operation in the Federal election was rejected. No such proposal would be entertained in Alberta. In Manitoba, where a Liberal Government exists upon a precarious majority in the Legislature, it is said that the Liberal Ministers may co-operate with the Agrarians in the Federal contest. The chances are that at least three-fourths of the forty-three constituencies in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta will be carried by the Farmers, and that they will have a solid Western block in Parliament only less powerful than the solid Liberal block from Quebec. It seems certain also that the United Farmers will take at least a score of constituencies in Ontario, while Labour may capture some ridings which in other contests have gone easily and naturally to Conservative protectionist candidates.

Canada has never had an influential Labour party. Not more than two or three Labour members have ever sat in any Canadian Parliament. The Dominion Trades and Labour Congress co-operates closely with the American Federation of Labour, and the bulk of the Canadian unions and brotherhoods are affiliated with American organisations. The American Federation under Mr. Gompers has discouraged independent political action. His policy has been the policy of international unionism in Canada. But there has been nothing like unanimity among Canadian leaders of Labour on the subject of political action. In Ontario there is an Independent Labour Party, dissociated from the Dominion Congress, which elected a dozen candidates in the last Provincial general election. By coalescing with the Farmers this group gave control of the Legislature to the new political forces. The leaders of this Independent Labour movement are now extending its organisation throughout Canada and are seeking such an understanding with the National Farmers' party as that which exists between Farmers and Labour in Ontario. There would seem to be no natural alliance between Labour collectivists and agricultural individualists, but for two years the Coalition in Ontario has held together and still seems to rest upon a reasonably secure foundation.

Among the chief demands of the National Labour party are removal of taxation from the necessities of life, abolition of fiscal legislation which produces class privilege, a capital levy to reduce war debt, and nationalisation of the banking system. These demands are not in serious conflict with the platform of the Farmers, but there are evidences that a powerful wing of Labour

adheres to protection and that many farmers regard any alliance with the Labour unions with apprehension and disfavour. Mr. H. W. Wood, of Calgary, who is practical dictator of the Farmers party in Alberta, opposes any contract with Labour and declares unequivocally for class and group solidarity. Mr. Crerar as bluntly dissents from this doctrine and agrees with Mr. Drury, leader of the Ontario Coalition, that the Farmers' political organisation should 'broaden out' into 'a People's party.' It can hardly be doubted that there will be a Labour group in the next House of Commons in command of a score of constituencies in the different Provinces and which conceivably, in alliance with the Farmers, may give the two groups an actual majority over the two 'old parties.'

But this is not the common expectation, and perhaps not the most likely result of the contest. It is not believed that any group will have an actual majority in the new Parliament. If this is a sound forecast the chances of control will lie with the group which secures a plurality over the opposing forces on the day of polling. Under the Constitution and under Canadian constitutional practice the Governor-General will ask the leader of the group with a plurality over other groups to form a Government. If Mr. Meighen should have the stronger following, he would hope to detach Quebec protectionists from the Liberal party or conceivably induce Western Liberals to come to his support. Many Liberal candidates will be as hostile to the Farmers as any Conservative protectionist, and it is no secret that some of Mr. King's most influential associates are determined that if the Farmers refuse an alliance before polling Liberals will seek an alliance elsewhere if they secure the strongest group in Parliament. Again, Mr. Crerar, like Mr. Meighen, was a member of the conscriptionist Cabinet and among those Liberals who stood against Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his last appeal to the country. This Quebec, where Laurier is only less powerful than when he was a living presence, does not forget, and the fact constitutes a bar of separation between Farmers and Liberals in the French Province at least as formidable as any difference over tariff. The general expectation, however, is that Liberals and Farmers will unite to form a Government under Mr. King if he has a plurality of members elected, or under Mr. Crerar if his group is stronger than that which the Liberal leader draws from the constituencies. But in a situation so complex and uncertain one may not prophesy with confidence. Sir John Macdonald, the supreme political strategist in Canadian history, once declared that an election was as uncertain as a horse race. This never was so true as under the extraordinary conditions which now prevail in Canada. It is peculiarly undesirable that the quarrel between Quebec and the

English Provinces should continue, and just as undesirable that the Farmers should be politically separated from other elements of the population and the grain-growing West divided from the industrial East in political action and national policy.

Mr. Crerar contends that Parliament should not have been dissolved until the constituencies were readjusted and the West secured in the additional representation to which it will be entitled under the new census. Under the Canadian Constitution Quebec has sixty-five members in the House of Commons, and the unit of representation for that Province determines the parliamentary representation of all portions of the Commonwealth. Thus as British Columbia and the Prairie country increase in population the old industrial Provinces suffer a proportionate loss of representation in the House of Commons. The census now under tabulation will give the West ten or twelve additional members, and for that reason Mr. Crerar thinks dissolution of Parliament should have been delayed. But his position is affected by the fact that at the last session of the Commons he voted for a resolution submitted by the Liberal leader as an amendment to the address declaring the Government had lost the confidence of the people and demanding an immediate general election. Moreover, it is doubtful if any readjustment of the constituencies which the Government could have devised would have been accepted by Parliament. While it is true that the representation of the West should be increased, it is also true that the industrial communities are grossly under-represented. The counties have more than double the representation of the cities according to population, and the inequality becomes peculiarly objectionable when the farmers unite for political action. But many members now sitting for rural divisions would have been certain to resist any measure which equalised representation between town and country and incidentally abolished their constituencies. Besides, with steady and accumulating losses in bye-elections the Government was losing the power to legislate or administer with energy and efficiency, and could only accept the challenge of Mr. King and Mr. Crerar, of their spokesmen and organs, to appeal to the country.

Mr. Meighen has reorganised the Cabinet. It is not so certain that the new material is better than the old. A few familiar figures in the Commons disappear into the Senate. For other retiring Ministers other places have been or will be provided. Indeed, before election there will be something like a general delivery of Ministers and members into public offices. The Government as reconstituted is respectable but not remarkable. Mr. R. B. Bennett, of Calgary, who becomes Minister of Justice, compensates for the loss in distinction which the Cabinet sustains

by the disappearance of Sir George Foster, while the fortunate inclusion of three Ministers from Quebec restores the balance of Provinces and races in the national councils. But it cannot be said that the new Cabinet makes any special appeal to the country or has distinct elements of popular strength which the old did not possess. There is no prospect that the electoral contest will be distinguished by high debate or patriotic concentration upon national problems. There will be much of doubtful appeal to class and sectional interests and all the demagogery which so often damns democracy. It is unlikely, however, that questions affecting the relations between Canada and the Mother Country and the economic and constitutional organisation of the Empire will become vital issues in the contest. All three leaders are advanced autonomists and enamoured of the vision of equal status in the Empire, but there is no reason to apprehend that the long destiny of Canada will be affected, or the Imperial relation imperilled, whatever group or combination of groups provides the material for the next Canadian Cabinet.

J. S. WILLISON.

LABOUR AND UNEMPLOYMENT

IF we had absolute knowledge of all the causes of Unemployment we could by this time have come nearer the application of effective remedies for dealing with it. Several of the more far reaching and serious causes are, however, known, and yet a cure has not been provided. A natural and normal resumption of ordinary trade relations between ourselves and other countries would, of course, be the best remedy. Our lack of statesmanship is shown in waiting for this remedy to come back to us and paying meantime a heavy price for extensive idleness.

For a long time to come trade will not be normal. For a long time past we have seen that it could not be normal. Faced with these facts we have failed to make some profitable use of a large part of the idle labour which has had to be relieved or maintained at enormous cost to the nation, and to the local authorities. Without any effort at making a new world, this old and troublesome problem could have been dealt with along new lines. A new world was fought for, and millions of gallant young men, as the Prime Minister told us in September 1919, had fought for it, and thousands died to establish it. 'If,' he said, 'we fail to honour the promise given to them we dishonour ourselves. What does a new world mean? What was the old world like? It was a world where toil for myriads of honest workers, men and women, purchased nothing better than squalor, penury, anxiety, and wretchedness—a world scarred by slums and disgraced by sweating, where unemployment through the vicissitudes of industry brought despair to multitudes of humble homes; a world where side by side with want there was waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth, partly through ignorance and want of forethought, partly through entrenched selfishness.'

Now, multitudes of people in humble homes feel that Statesmen have been guilty of the basest perfidy in not having brought some little of the new world nearer to them. That is the crime of which the Prime Minister said we would be guilty if we failed 'in building up a new world where Labour shall have its just reward, and indolence alone shall suffer want.'

Some totally inadequate and now almost abandoned efforts

at relief work were planned or attempted earlier in the year. Variations in the contributions for benefit to be derived under the Unemployment Insurance Act have been instituted by legislation. A Special Committee of the Cabinet has 'worked on the problem' for months past, and the Ministry of Labour has 'kept a special watch' upon the rising and now appalling tide of unemployment.

The absence of a policy and the failure to try to provide work have not saved money for the country. Millions have had to be paid in doles, in benefits, and in relief. The standard of ability to work and the efficiency of labour have suffered severely from lack of the organisation and directorship which could have made some use of the labour which has gone to waste.

The problem has ceased to be one from which anyone can escape. Parliament adjourned and Ministers settled down to wait for something to turn up. They are rudely disturbed and menacing masses of men turn from pathetic appeals to the House of Commons to persistent and sometimes disorderly demands made in person upon the local authorities and boards of guardians. These masses of men are unlike their distressed brethren of a former generation. Their mentality has been affected by their war service, and by the eloquent assurances of national care for them after the victory they had helped to win.

No one will regard even a partial solution of the problem as an easy affair for anyone who may undertake it. It is full of difficulties, but the way to make more and greater difficulties is to do nothing except upon compulsion, or to do so little as not to have an appreciable effect upon suffering masses of workless men and women. Among these masses there are, no doubt, some worthless and undeserving people who even take advantage of the troubles of their fellows and use some successful device to evade employment and live upon the money of other people. They are few, and masses of the workers must be judged by the best among them and not the worst. The average level will pass the test, and evidence abounds, supplied through official sources, that the vast majority of the unemployed are idle against their will.

Labour does not claim some uncommon sagacity in the formulation of schemes for dealing with the unemployed. But it has a right to claim that if these schemes are set aside as impracticable or worthless, better schemes should be produced. The Government and employers have a responsibility which is not met by merely resisting proposals from other quarters. They alone have power, and obligations can be discharged only by meeting in practice the needs of people who, on the testimony of both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the past few days, must, in the absence of work, be maintained by the community.

Sir Robert Horne has just declared that 'no man whilst willing and able to work should be allowed to starve. Any Government which ignored that principle would not long remain to conduct the affairs of this country, nor would it deserve to remain.' That is a charitable view, but it is short of statesmanship.

We can avoid starvation by giving to one section some of the wealth which others have produced. That line of effort, however, cannot be described as high state service. It is sentiment. It does credit to the abounding virtue of charity, but it is not a contribution to a solution of the unemployment problem.

Competent investigators and economists have within the last few days warned us that an early escape from our troubles is not to be expected. These men are not dismissed by being regarded as gloomy prophets who are controlled more by fear than facts. They are men who from the early stages of this trouble warned us of events which gradually have proved every forecast which they made. These men are now reinforced in the region of remedies by leaders of commerce who have publicly advocated plans which, when hinted at some time ago by Labour men, were denounced either as fantastic or as devices for letting Germany down easily. We are now discerning the relation between the ruin of our trade and our efforts at unlimited reparations. The President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Sir Edwin Stockton, with the support of the Chamber, advocates the cancellation of war debts between the allied nations. The President of British Industries, Sir Peter Rylands, suggests the device of 're-borrowing the debt that we had paid off during the last twelve months, and to limit taxation as far as possible.' Taxation upon trade is already heavy and unquestionably has checked or retarded enterprises which, if carried through, would have provided employment. To re-borrow any huge sum which we have paid off would in itself involve further taxation to pay interest on the money loaned to us, unless for an urgent national purpose we were forced, as was threatened during the war, to lend money without interest, as men were forced to give their lives together with the money losses which army service involved.

During the later years of the war wages went up in relation to the increased cost of living, and because of the unusual demand for every form of service. Another considerable factor was that the national energies were devoted to manufacturing all manner of articles for which there was a market ready made. Whether or not that market was the battlefield, the soldiers camp, or the bottom of the sea, the buyer was the British public. The producer sold his products at high prices to himself, and many contractors and employers were paid by a generous Government upon the 'value of the output.' These circumstances at the end of the

war had created an extraordinary condition of artificial wealth. The realities of war wastage, however, speedily revealed themselves in conditions which suddenly threw into idleness some millions of people who for years had worked at high pressure.

After a long period of deepening distress and acute industrial difficulty, we have reached the point where many employers feel that they must put their backs to the wall and force wages down. Some of them, frankly, and in the most provoking manner, declare that the worker must go back to a pre-war level of earnings. In the shipbuilding industry wage rates were adjusted without threat of serious conflict, mainly because employers did not try to insist upon any heavy decrease at one time.

In the engineering, cotton, building trades, and in the chemical industries, we have had all the symptoms of serious industrial dislocation.

These troubles about wages are another contributory cause to unemployment. Greater wisdom and patience before the coal stoppage with a frank revelation to the miners' leaders of the inevitability of wage reductions, together with a policy of moderate and not the monstrous reductions which were threatened would have avoided a coal stoppage. We have more than once been on the brink of stoppages in other trades. In some of them the plea of the men and their leaders for settlement by arbitration and for reductions which would bear some relation to diminished cost of living, has fallen upon deaf ears, and big cuts have been pressed by powerfully organised employers of labour.

Efficient and high production of coal was an object of the Miners' Federation even when the campaign was begun for the nationalisation of the mines. The Federation has obtruded that object in its discussions with coal owners, and it found a place in the terms of settlement eventually reached by the two parties.

The miners' leaders have throughout worked for the benefit of their country as well as for the just demands of their members. They know that under-production and high costs in the case of coal will make impossible the restoration of British industrial prosperity.

Coal is our foundational industry. Cotton, building, engineering, ship construction, steelwork, and a score of our principal businesses depend for their prospect of success upon an abundant and cheap supply of coal. For that supply the miners should neither be under-paid nor over-worked, and means must be devised to dispel the illusion that reduced output in the case of any worker affords an opportunity of employment for another worker.

These last eighteen months have been our period of lowest output. They have been our period of highest unemployment.

Lessened production is the first substantial cause of high prices. High prices diminish the purchasing power of workmen as of others, and choke factories and warehouses with goods which people are too poor to buy. People who in other lands are not producing either because of trade depression, political conflicts, or strife and war, have not the necessary means to buy from us what we want to sell them. But so far as they have the means, those means would be increased not by making our goods dear to them, but by making them as cheap as possible.

A state of dearness is not singular to this country ; it is universal. That is because destruction and dislocation have been universal. Indeed, the countries in which there was no war have suffered the economic and industrial effects of the war. The state of artificial wealth in which some countries revelled for a few years has been exchanged for the realities of impoverishment.

Under-production is neither a cure nor a protection for workmen, and it will pay them to do their duty even if employers fail to do theirs. Cotton warehouses have been full and boots and shoes and other commodities have been stocked in the stores and the shops whilst cotton workers and boot and shoe operatives were unemployed. They were unemployed because millions of people in other parts of the world had become poor for the reason that they had been producing no real wealth, and therefore they could not buy at the price we were able to sell.

If, by less effort, less of our cotton and other goods had been produced that would not have created the power to purchase. Indeed, it would have reduced that power, because the production of a lesser quantity would have made the articles dearer and still more unemployment would have been created.

Two things mainly have made the call for increased production unpopular amongst large masses of wage-earners. One is their past experience in finding themselves thrown out of a job when by hard work they had filled markets with goods, and the other is the suspicion that increased output now would only strengthen the private interests of employers, and add to the gains of the capitalist class. It is essential to meet these fears by new provisions and security for work.

It is proper for the workers to secure safeguards against unemployment and against additional output being of greater benefit to employers than to anyone else, but, even if safeguards could not be obtained, greater output would still be desirable, because it would confer greatest benefit upon the wage-earning classes. With output, however, we must have markets, and markets mean production by peoples in other lands. To workmen I repeat that scarcity does not diminish profits ; it does least harm to employers

or to traders. It is usually the influence which maintains profits at a good level or even increases them.

High prices are the companions of scarcity. Scarcity is the real friend of the profiteer, and few traders or manufacturers have suffered because of diminished output. Production may go down, but prices do not follow. As production goes down prices go up. A general economic law is not upset by mention of one or two commodities produced in abundance and yet remaining dear.

This is not a plea for cheap labour. It is a plea for efficiency, consistent with good wages and reasonable hours of employment. I have heard ill-formed speakers, who foolishly think they are saying something of service to Labour, talk of what they call 'the increased production stunt.' They have failed to see that low production strengthens the profiteer, and puts the consumer at the mercy of those who can charge high prices because things are scarce. Production is only one aspect of our industrial problem, but the state of that problem just now makes it essential in the workers' interests to proceed without delay to reduce the cost of the things we want to sell by fairly observing the old moral motto of British workmen of a full day's work for a fair day's pay.

Before other peoples are able to buy from us as they did before the war we should settle definitely the question of how far we can assist them to buy. Credit and insurance schemes, with special reference to trading facilities with the Dominions as well as with other countries, have been long under consideration without any clear Government policy ever being revealed. More than once in the House of Commons we asked for a statement of policy and to be told whether or not the artificial stimulation of trade on these lines is practicable without giving rise to any undue anxiety to the trading community. Consultations and conferences have taken place, but decisions or plans were long withheld. Accomplished business men know as a rule whether it is possible to trade satisfactorily upon any given line which may be named. If business men as well as financiers and commercial experts were consulted by the Government the result has been pitifully meagre, and come near a point of bewilderment for those who make no claim to special knowledge of these questions.

That something serviceable can be done would appear now to be established. Lord Weir, whose great experience in trade and commercial affairs makes his opinion on this aspect of the question of unusual weight, writes of 'the possibilities of assisting a revival in trade by agreement in regard to finance between the Government, the bankers, and manufacturers. The value and importance of insurance and credit schemes for the encourage-

ment of foreign trade are certainly subjects for careful expert investigation, although so far it appears that no proposal has been made which commands anything like general agreement on its possible success.'

In the absence of general agreement, some degree of unity should be reached on at least an endeavour to work the plan upon which there is most agreement. Success is not to be secured without a trial and an attempt is required in order to reveal what is possible. In the absence of agreement on many matters during the war both Governments and employers had to adventure upon risks, and the state of trade in the last year has demanded an artificial stimulant which even differences of opinion should not absolutely withhold. Industrial nations never were in greater need of work and wealth, and the network of trade should not be allowed to stand as a complete bar against an attempt to supply these urgent national needs.

In the year before the war we exported to Germany manufactured articles and produce approaching in value 50 million pounds. Last year our exports to Germany were represented by a figure of 10 millions in pre-war values. An enormous drop has taken place in the case of our machinery exports to Germany. On the other hand, German goods are being sold in this country at prices which we could not possibly beat in the case of corresponding articles, even if our workmen suffered far heavier reductions than already have been imposed in many trades.

The effect of our policy on the question of indemnity and reparations has been completely to dislocate our opportunities for trade with ex-enemy countries, and Germany especially. The extraordinary blindness of statesmen in relation to the commonplace facts of after-war history was most pronounced in the first year after the war ended, when so many of them viewed with unconcern or openly supported as a policy the doctrine of 'economically crushing Germany for all time.' It is only within the last few months that the Government has reached the conclusion that, in the words of the Prime Minister, 'a prosperous and contented Germany is essential for the peace and prosperity of the world.'

Schemes for internal work have been greater in the realm of promise than performance. Where now are all those elaborate plans about which so much was said on behalf of the Government during last year and the early part of this? Great schemes for road construction, repair, undertakings of both municipal and national value, were all said to be in the scheme. Work of that class required money, and a misdirected anti-waste campaign soon scared the Government from its purpose, because the political effects of the campaign were immediately felt, and the economic

and social value of works of reconstruction and repair have to a great extent thereby been lost.

Germany, in this as in so many other industrial matters, has been more effective and successful. The Berlin correspondent of *The Times*, and other trustworthy witnesses, give details of the nature of works undertaken in Germany showing considerable thought and ingenuity on the part of the promoters. Economic needs and local conditions have been studied to avoid wasteful or unprofitable undertakings, but in road construction, and in the draining and cultivation of waste spaces and tracts of moorlands, a great amount of useful work has been found which eventually will be represented by the permanent value accruing from this kind of labour. Scores of schemes of great extent and variety have been carried out, and have absorbed immense numbers of workers in local and other enterprises from which localities will later on derive great benefit.

On the coast of East Friesland a certain amount of reclamation from the North Sea is going on. Harbour approaches are being dredged. Rivers are being embanked to prevent the periodical flooding of low-lying country, and harbour works are being prepared and extended. Another large class of public works is the regulation of rivers and the construction of canals. Some of these fit in with the great scheme of inland navigation that is to provide waterways from the Vistula to the Rhine and from the Channel to the Black Sea.

Those who ask how we could do things of this kind without means overlook what it costs us not to do them. The pronouncement of the Mayor of Poplar, on the morning he emerged from Brixton Gaol, included a statement that that impoverished borough was still paying 7,600*l.* a week in out-door relief alone. The weekly cost to the whole country for the maintenance of the unemployed and their dependants must not be less than three millions ! For that we get worse than nothing in exchange. We get a treble form of waste : the deterioration of workmen ; the loss which their idleness represents ; and the further loss of paying to them the wealth which must accrue from the productive effort of other workmen.

Three times during the life of the present Parliament a reference to Unemployment has found a prominent place in the terms of the King's Speech on the opening of each Session. Hopes were raised which little effort was made to realise. A belief was created that Parliament, by legislative or administrative lines of national action, would make due provision for work on the one hand and adequate insurance on the other. The last action of the Government was to signify that local authorities could make provision for local needs, and, while requiring a larger

contribution for National Insurance Act benefit, to drop the pay from 1*l.* to 15*s.* per week !

Lack of any definite policy and a flagrant breach of promises solemnly made have gone far to produce a feeling of exasperation and of deep distrust in anything Parliament may undertake. Labour has not left the Government or the country in ignorance of what can be done. From the time of the Armistice onward, and even on occasion before it, Labour policy anticipated the state of things which has developed in the last two years.

In order to prepare, we said, for the possibility of extensive unemployment, either in the course of demobilisation and in the first years of peace it is essential that the Government should make all necessary preparations for putting instantly in hand, directly or through the local authority, such urgently needed public works as (a) the rehousing of the population alike in rural districts, mining villages, and town slums, to the extent possibly of 200 millions sterling ; (b) the immediate making good of the shortage of schools, training colleges, technical colleges, etc. ; (c) new roads ; (d) light railways ; (e) the re-organisation of the canal system ; (f) afforestation ; (g) the reclamation of land ; (h) the development and better equipment of our ports and harbours ; (i) the opening of access to land by small holdings and other practicable ways.

In order to relieve any pressure of an over-stocked Labour market the opportunity should be taken to raise the school age to sixteen, to increase the number of bursaries for secondary and higher education, and to shorten the hours of labour of all young persons to enable them to attend technical and other classes in the daytime. In place of any of these things heaps of public money were given away and a new idea of a right to state aid firmly created in the mind of many who received pay without work.

The problem may be dealt with upon three lines of effort :—

Insurance adapted to meet abnormal needs.

Internal work carried out to meet temporary needs ; and, most important of all, restoration of external trade.

Insurance is no sufficient remedy. It is, in effect, a method of handing week by week some measure of wealth to persons who are doing nothing to make any. It is a plan for keeping people alive whilst idle. It makes neither work nor wealth. So far as insurance sustains unemployment it tends to create more unemployment. It is, therefore, a plan which in normal times is good enough to afford relief to those who are doomed to an interval of idleness between work and work. To meet the needs of workers suffering short spells of unemployment, Insurance is good enough. As a method for dealing with the after-war problem of unemployment it helps us to no solution.

Opportunities for internal work, the value of which would endure, confront us by the score. The state of our streets and roads; the condition of many public buildings and the need for work of construction and repair on slums, bridges, churches, public baths, parks, recreation grounds, and institutes, all cry out for service. Labour upon them is as urgent as are the needs of millions of people in this and other countries whose needs can be met only by work.

Labour has been condemned for extravagance in putting forward claims for adequate maintenance of willing workers in the absence of employment for them. But the claim for employment has always come first. In principle, there is no difference between our critics and ourselves, for they all agree that persons who against their will are deprived of work 'cannot be allowed to starve.' The question is what level of maintenance should be afforded? Some measure of daily bread and meals falls far short of maintenance of the humblest kind. Clothing, fuel, boots and shoes, rent, and a score of personal charges of varying degrees, must be met, or debts piled up which, in turn, bring many a household to the brink of domestic ruin.

When Labour asked for 40s. a week as a sum for maintenance it was denounced for making a preposterous demand. That figure, as a fact, represented a purchasing value of about 15s. before the war, and 15s. was only one half the minimum wage which before the war it was agreed should be the pay of the humblest labourer in any city or town. Parliament would not listen to the Labour figure, but boards of guardians have since been driven to a much higher one.

The best relief affords no escape from the effects in a social or national sense of unemployment. Labour, therefore, has made proposals for the stimulation of production for exchange between country and country by a method of Government orders carried out in co-operation with employers of labour on a basis of fixed profits for capital and a regulation of the hours of work for labour, which would help to absorb the largest number of employees. Action upon these lines should be accepted as a Government responsibility and as a temporary device to meet the extraordinary situation which will continue until the natural influence of trade brings back to the different countries a normal state of employment. The best can be got out of this policy only by international movement.

Local authorities cannot without assistance in their loans and adequate grants in aid, carry out or organise works for large sections of manual workers, and thereby in turn reflect a benefit upon those who have had no training in manual employment. National and local public works of social utility should be settled

so as to give preference to schemes which would create further demands for labour, and help towards the goal of affording some work for wages in place of gifts or grants for nothing at all in exchange. Labour is as mindful as anyone of the mischief of that form of maintenance which consists of giving to any class something for nothing.

When everything is done under these heads the greater part of the problem will still remain and will never be solved until overseas trade is restored. In that restoration the two elements of price and quantity are decisive. If wages have to be revised in relation to the cost of living in order to reduce prices, reduced profits must make its contribution to the lowering of prices, and further relief in the same direction can be afforded by a diminution in many of the supervision and establishment charges which in the form of high rents, interest, and rates, trade and commerce have now to carry. If capitalists and employers do their duty under these heads they have a right to require from workmen a corresponding duty in the complete abandonment of any idea that working-class interests, either individually or collectively, are advanced by curtailment of production or by the deliberate avoidance of the full service which workmen honestly should render.

The Manifesto on Unemployment on behalf of the Labour Party Executive and the Trade Union Congress declares that 'it is in the interests of the whole community that production should be increased and costs reduced.' It is not enough for Labour officially to preach that doctrine. It is necessary that workmen should put it into practice.

J. R. CLYNES.

‘A NEW HERESY’

My modest attempt to revive the sport of heresy hunting¹ appears to have been somewhat misunderstood. For the Dean of Durham, writing in the September issue of this Review,² has failed, in his criticism of my attempt, to distinguish the hunting of heresies from the persecution of heretics. Were I engaged in the pursuit of the latter cruel recreation, I should deal with his article in a manner very different from that which is followed hereinafter. In truth, he tempts me almost beyond endurance as he crashes through the platitudinous undergrowth, affording time after time a target such as I could not well neglect if I were hunting for the pot. At the very outset, as I have already hinted, his confusion of heresies with heretics betrays him into the suggestion that, because I chase a false opinion with a view to killing it, I am infected to a peculiar degree with that ‘element of original sin’ known as the ‘persecuting spirit.’ As if, forsooth, nailing of counterfeit coin to the counter could be accounted equal to nailing of counterfeiters to the same. Therefore, if I appear to have written in the pages which follow anything which may seem to be unkind, the reader must understand that I am entering into controversy not with an individual, but rather, as it were, with an opinion apparently heretical. Ill, indeed, would it become me to enter into dispute with one who could contemplate below him quite a considerable number of rungs of the ladder thirty years before I had decided not even to attempt to climb.

So now, having given play to what is really ‘original sin,’ to a degree carefully measured to be exactly equal to that exhibited by the Dean in his article—for surely such latitude may be allowed to a layman—I may perhaps be permitted to examine his argument in detail. To my mind there is nothing in that article to indicate that its author has any clear notion of what Socialism is; and, indeed, there are certain passages in it which cause simple folk like myself to wonder whether it is quite certain that he has any clear notion of what Christianity is. When, for example, he quotes the little allegory which Dr. Livingstone used

¹ ‘A New Heresy,’ *Nineteenth Century and After*, August, 1921.

² ‘Christian Socialism,’ *ibid.*, September, 1921.

in conversation with the negroes of Central Africa, and quotes it as if it defines Christianity in a manner satisfactory to Europeans of ordinary intelligence, and with such precision that it can be used as the basis of an argument—then, in truth, such doubts are certain to arise. Again, he proves the uncertainty which envelopes his conception of the meaning of Christianity by the persistent use of empty phrases such as ‘Christianising social theory,’ ‘Christianise society,’ ‘the Church . . . may redeem not only capital and labour,’ ‘to leaven society by the Christian principle,’ and the like—phrases of a kind particularly dear to Socialists and others who decently clothe the naked poverty of their thought with opaque verbiage—and, wearied by that charitable toil, forgets that one might as well attempt to apply Christianity to a lamp-post as to any sort of collective abstraction. But though the phrases I have quoted have no real meaning in themselves, yet it is probable that the idea underlying them is the following plain statement of belief: ‘If a man loves his neighbour as himself, that man is happy and is making real progress.’ It will be observed that there is nothing in this even remotely connected with Socialism, yet it obviously embodies the whole teaching of the Gospels in regard to social relationships. Now it is clear that the vast majority of men do not believe this; but a few do so, basing their belief partly upon experience, and partly upon faith in the Divine nature of the Founder of Christianity. These few are Christians. Most men really believe that happiness is only to be found in satisfying material desires and personal ambitions, therefore they are not Christians. But of these non-Christians some believe that the satisfaction of material desires can be most effectively attained by preserving private ownership of capital and by unrestricted competition. Experience has proved that these men are right. But others, called Socialists, believe that material desires can best be fulfilled by instituting collective ownership of capital. Experience has proved that these men are wrong, and that collective ownership of capital inevitably results in a satisfaction of material desires less complete than that gained by allowing private ownership to continue. But though Socialism in practice has exactly the effect which it is intended by its advocates not to have, the latter by their own confession render it perfectly clear that the aim of the Socialist is the satisfaction of appetite—an end which the writers of the Gospels continually condemn. The mere fact that Socialism in practice must of necessity cause all men to have neither gold nor silver nor brass in their purses, nor scrip, nor two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves, does not reconcile it with Christianity; for an excessive consumption of alcohol, or an indulged distaste for work, will produce the same effect with equal facility. Now I am well

aware that there is a very common opinion that it is impossible for any man to love his fellow-men unless he holds views upon economic questions which are manifestly foolish, and that the prophesying of smooth things proves that the prophet is imbued with the Christian spirit. I myself, indeed, am regarded as a somewhat cruel and callous brute by many Labour leaders, because I say openly that a community composed of people who consume more than they produce will ultimately die from starvation. Yet I maintain that a man may be a Christian without being a fool—nay more, I suggest that one who believes that collective ownership and control of capital will result in increased prosperity is far from being wise enough to wish to be a Christian. Doubtless the applause of the mob can easily be earned by subscribing to the common opinion, however false it may be; yet it would perhaps be well for those who call themselves Christian Socialists to pause before buying a little more passing popularity by linking Christianity with economic lunacy.

Again, the Dean raises objection to my contention that Christian Socialists are merely people who believe that they have found a way safely to avoid obedience to the economic teaching of the Gospels, a method of relieving their destitute fellow-men by selling all that their neighbour has and giving the price to the poor—keeping back part of the price if they themselves are poor. He may raise objection for an indefinite period, but a little consideration must show that my contention is true and that the professing Christian who advocates Socialism is directly denying his own Master. For the writers of the Gospels say that all will be well when a few, chosen from the many to whom the appeal is made, really love their neighbours as themselves and really believe that it is better to give than to receive. They insist that, in such circumstances, it will be quite unnecessary to take thought for the morrow, and that the fulfilment of all reasonable material requirements shall be added unto them. Why, then, should Christians seek a 'new order,' a new politico-economic organisation, when the Founder of their creed is reported to have stated that it is unnecessary to do so? Why distract their minds by the invention of new systems when they are told specifically that all will be well if only they will learn to love their neighbour as themselves? Now, it is permissible for those of us, who lay no claim to the title assumed by members of that sub-species of Socialist which we now discuss, to disagree with the system of economics outlined in the Sermon on the Mount, if we are rash and foolish enough to do so. But anyone calling himself a Christian is, without doubt, bound to maintain its efficacy. If I were to hold the opinion that Socialism in practice would make men happier and better, none could justly accuse me of being anything worse (in that particular

respect) than a fool. But, when those who are actually appointed to preach the Gospel and who hold high rank in the Church proclaim that there is a man-invented dodge called Socialism by which real happiness and progress can be attained in a better and an easier way than that advocated in the Gospels—then, indeed, I say that it is high time for all of us, even those who are thought to care for none of these things, to protest against so scandalous a heresy in high places. Such a protest the Dean of Durham describes as an outburst of the ‘persecuting spirit.’ Yet, unrepentant, I ask again, what motive can a Christian have in advocating the practice of Socialism other than the wish to gain a little cheap popularity or to avoid obedience to the teaching of his Master?

Not a sentence in the Dean’s apologia attempts to refute my contention that a Socialist is one who believes that it is better to receive than to give—for, indeed, that is the acknowledged basis of Socialism. Though he quotes that definition, together with my statement that ‘the Christian is bound to hold that it is almost impossible for men to be either good or happy if they have a high standard of physical comfort,’ yet all that he can say in reply is: ‘No Christian Socialist imagines the possibility of raising the standard of comfort among the poor to the point at which they will incur . . . spiritual danger.’ It would appear that he has not appreciated the fact that nine-tenths of the wage-earners of this country enjoy a standard of comfort which would have been regarded as incredibly luxurious in Palestine in the first century. The luxury of one age inevitably becomes the necessity of the next; and, in truth, it is the constant effort of men to increase their material desires that is the object of the denunciations of the writers of the Gospels. The Socialist advocates one particular method by which he believes men more readily may satisfy those desires, and it is useless, even for Deans, to attempt to hide that fact with a flood of loose words. None can blame those who are not Christians for holding such a belief. But, if men claim to be Christians, they can only justify that claim by putting into practice the fundamental Christian belief that happiness and progress are to be attained, not by the satisfaction, but by the renunciation, of material desires.

‘What is Socialism?’ asks the Dean, and gives the following cryptic answer: ‘Socialism is opposed to Individualism; it aims at the good not of the individual but of the society.’ Observe, in the first place, that nothing approaching to a real definition is given, nor is any attempt made to examine critically the definition given by myself and quoted by the Dean: ‘Socialism . . . is the belief that . . . material prosperity . . . can best be increased by taking all means of production out of the hands of

individuals and vesting them in an elected authority.' Of this definition the Dean remarks: 'It does not reflect the spirit of Socialism itself.' I quite agree, if he means that a definition in precise terms is a thing disliked by those wallowers in vague sentimentality who call themselves Christian Socialists. But let him for once endeavour to get to the root of the matter. Is my definition a fair and true definition of the term 'Socialism,' or is it not? Has his statement that 'Socialism aims at the good not of the individual but of the society' any meaning, or is it simply a jingle of words representing no idea? If that statement has a meaning, what is that meaning? Is there any such thing as the 'good of the society' divorced from the good of the individuals composing it? The expression 'to aim at the good of the individual' is somewhat turgid but undoubtedly intelligible; for it clearly is intended to mean 'to endeavour to make the individual happier, or better'—according to what may be the view which we take of the meaning of 'good.' But how can a society become better or happier? The individual members of a society can become so, but the society itself cannot possibly function as a moral being. I am well aware that the error into which the Dean has been betrayed is as old as history—in fact the second Commandment was doubtless framed to combat this particular development of that curious tendency to fetishism which seems almost universal among ecclesiastics. As I have pointed out more than once in the pages of this Review, men are tempted to set up a graven image in the likeness of themselves, calling it 'the State,' or 'Society,' or by some other pretty name. They then decorate this idol with a barbaric ornament called the 'collective conscience,' and by sundry incantations transfer to the image those unpleasant duties which, the writers of the Gospels suggest, should be performed by themselves as individuals. There is much to be said in favour of this fetishism; for, indeed, it is an irksome task to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; moreover, it is a work which is expensive. Let us then hasten to 'aim at the good of the society,' so that the society may become 'Christianised,' may feed the hungry, and may clothe the naked. For if the society does this, there is clearly no necessity for us to do it. Therefore we can safely avoid that 'aiming at the good of the individual,' which the Dean of Durham condemns, and can agree with him that 'Socialism is in its nature unselfish,' because Socialists are those who scorn to cling selfishly to alms-giving, and nobly allow that duty to be performed by 'society.'

Again, the Dean quotes my statement that: 'The Socialist is convinced that . . . the mass of the people (that is, the world) ought to keep the aristocracy (that is, the Church) in subjection . . . so that human affairs may be guided rather by the selfish

aspirations of the many than by the altruism of the few,' and remarks somewhat fatuously : ' History does not, I think, show that when political power has been concentrated in an oligarchy it has been exercised in an altruistic spirit.' From this it would appear that he regards an aristocrat as a person of title or wealth. It is with some diffidence that I venture to explain to one of the hierarchy that an aristocracy is in being when the least are the greatest, or in other words, when philosophers are kings. For the Aristocratic Principle is that the well-being of the many can be secured by the self-sacrifice of the few, that it is natural and fitting that the majority of men should be selfish and thoughtless simply because they are the mob, and that real progress spiritually (as is undoubtedly the case in physical evolution) comes from only the few whom some mysterious daemon urges to never-ceasing effort to develop new spiritual powers. As each stage of evolution, whether organic or spiritual, is reached by the few the many also are gradually drawn thither. But the few see from each ridge surmounted always another height beyond. For, in remote times, the few ruled by the power of the sharpest tooth and longest claw. Thousands of years later they ruled by brute cunning. Again ages have passed and we see them ruling by the power of wealth. But already some have seen the height beyond, and, while the many struggle and trample one another under foot in the mad rush to plutocracy, steadily climb the hill of true Aristocracy, striving ever to attain that complete renunciation of material desire and ambition which—call it Nirvana, Unity with Oneself, Islam, the Kingdom of Heaven, or what you will—we now at length recognise as the aim of men really fit to rule their fellows and to lead them to a happier future. In opposition to this Principle of Aristocracy is arrayed Democracy, the pathetic belief that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Many generations will doubtless labour in the slough of democracy, ruled by those whom the mob loves because they promise much, before men realise the futility of the crowd spirit and acquire an instinct for choosing as their rulers only those who have the power to fulfil all material desire and all ambition, but the wisdom to renounce them. And until that day comes, cities will never cease from ill ; no, nor the human race as I believe.

Such is the Aristocratic Principle which moves a few in each succeeding generation to take upon themselves the likeness of servants, and to be the greatest by being the least, striving to acquire by service the power of loving, till with Francis of Assisi they can call ' the very flowers sisters, brothers,' and can guide humanity for a few more steps along the road which leads to the *Civitas Dei*. These few form the Aristocracy with which each generation is sweetened. If the reader desires

a more complete description of that Aristocracy, he can find it in the fifth and subsequent chapters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

But the Dean of Durham will have none of it. To him the belief that the Aristocratic Principle and Christianity are the same thing 'is belied as much by the original history as by the essential character of Christianity.' That is, indeed, a most sweeping statement; but does it really express a true idea? If the Dean is right, surely many are called and many chosen. Surely also many enter in at the strait gate, and the lump leavens the leaven.

His final summing up is a triumph of loose thought and begins thus: 'Christian Socialism is in its nature an effort to leaven society by the Christian principle of the second great Commandment, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This may be a most praiseworthy effort, but I venture to suggest that it has nothing whatever to do with Socialism, which is merely a plan for preventing thy neighbour from accumulating more material wealth than thyself. I would also suggest that, if we set to work at loving our neighbours as ourselves, we need not worry about leavening society with any principles. After all, why not be just plain Christians instead of 'Christian Socialists'? For a small amount of really careful thought will show that Christian Socialism is only Socialism in so far as it is not Christian, and is only Christian in so far as it is not Socialism. But alas! it is so much easier to call oneself a Christian Socialist than to be a Christian that the Industrial Christian Fellowship will doubtless add further ecclesiastical dignitaries to the Archbishops and Bishops who already adorn it, but who (we will charitably suppose) are unaware of the somewhat startling heresies contained in its Manifesto.

AUSTIN HOPKINSON.

LIBERALISM AND THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM

WHAT is the matter with the Liberal Party? It certainly is very sick and, there is good reason to think, sick unto death. Its leaders are animated by no positive faith and spend their time in criticisms of the Government. The Labour Party is equally active as a Government critic, but combines with it an active propaganda amongst the masses. Its preachers are inspired by a great faith—Socialism, a faith in a small thing, but in itself nevertheless a great faith. Liberal writers once taught, as a few still teach, a greater creed—the doctrine of individual liberty. But the Liberal Party has either abandoned this doctrine or lost faith in the individual, or is groping in a quagmire pathetically for solid ground. As far as one can judge from the public utterances of its leaders, it has no right to exist, for it meets the industrial problem, a problem far transcending in importance any other political problem, by prescribing unadulterated Socialism and the increase of Government functions. It curses the name of Socialism but swallows the thing, and, largely because it does not seem to know where it is, conveys an impression of incompetence and insincerity.

The only justification for the existence of a Liberal Party is that it should advocate Liberalism, which does not consist of a catalogue of parliamentary measures of a *pseudo*-philanthropic character such as Old Age Pensions or Unemployment Insurance, but is simply the Fight for Freedom, freedom of the individual man, from which all other freedom will be derived. It is expressed in a recent manual by Mr. Elliot Dodds in these words: 'The realisation of individual liberty within the commonwealth.'

With this freedom as the basic creed of Liberalism I propose to submit a series of propositions with a view to indicate what I consider the only hopeful road for Liberals to travel if they desire fully and finally to solve the industrial problem.

1st. The essential condition of freedom is the possession of an alternative. Johnny must eat to live, but, when his father gives him the choice between having pudding and going without, the offer is a mockery. Johnny's economic freedom is *nil*, and will

continue to be until his father gives him the alternative of some other edible. What made a bond slave was that he had no choice of masters or jobs. To the extent that a man at the present day is limited to a choice between employment and unemployment (or starvation) he is still a slave, and the only way to give him complete freedom is to see that he has a choice between this employment and that employment. Let there be ten jobs and nine men and all have freedom, but take away two jobs and you have created the conditions of inevitable slavery. In the first case man can if he will. In the second he cannot if he would, though he would if he could.

2nd. Liberalism believes that in the original scheme of things, that is to say in the world as contemplated by its Creator, man can if he will (not will if he can). If this be not true fundamentally there is no hope for the world or its unfortunate millions. Any other belief is atheistic and must paralyse all effort.

3rd. Those believing otherwise are not Liberals, though they may call themselves so and write treatises. The Liberal must be a man of boundless faith or call himself by some other name. It is one of the defects which make worthless Professor Hobhouse's primer on Liberalism that he does not believe that man can if he will. He confesses the virtual slavery of the wage-earner :

'The bargain,' he says, 'is a forced bargain. The weaker man consents as one slipping over a precipice might consent to one who will throw him a rope on no other terms.' (*Liberalism*, p. 91.)

But he goes on to say :

'None but the most skilled artisans are able to earn a remuneration sufficient to avoid the recourse to an external prop. . . . The system of industrial competition holds out no hope of an improvement which shall bring the means of such a healthy and independent existence as should be the birthright of every citizen of a free State within the grasp of the mass of the people of the U.K.' (*Ibid.*, p. 163.)

'The individual cannot stand alone.' (*Ibid.*, p. 164.)

It is true that he imputes this to 'the system of industrial competition,' as if it were the one system that governed the economic relation of all human beings ; and he confirms this interpretation by proposing a complicated system of Government interferences and management. If this be not his meaning he fails disastrously to state the whole case. If it be his meaning he is omitting to notice either that, being Nature's principle, it is right and good and can do no harm, or that Nature's principle is not allowed to operate in *all* human relations.

4th. Where we find the original and Divine scheme of things not working properly and that man's freedom of choice has been taken away from him, the natural assumption is that the scheme

has been tampered with ; and that somewhere some economic law is being disobeyed so that man is robbed of his alternative. Mr. Hobhouse and members of the parliamentary Liberal Party prefer Experimentation. This is empirical, not scientific. It is belief in Parliament and disbelief in God. If His laws are obeyed, what can go wrong ?

5th. Economic laws scientifically ascertained are natural laws.

6th. They therefore must be a guarantee of Freedom in the economic sphere.

7th. The pre-eminent law in Political Economy is the law of Competition—the law of supply and demand.

8th. Being a law of Political Economy, it is as much a law of God as the law of Gravitation, or it is no law at all. That it is a law, the one law for fixing values, no thinking man will question. This cannot be stated too baldly or boldly in an age when declamation is taking the place of thought, and well-intentioned philanthropical men are dragooned by the vehemence of others into the shallow cry that all our social evils are due to ‘ this hideous, soul-destroying system of competition.’ The burden of proof that the law is bad is on those who declare it so. I am not called upon to prove that it is good. It is a law tested by every scientific political economist, patent to the common sense of the most ordinary intellect, and verified every day in the markets of the world.

9th. I am sure, however, that I can prove my case that where the law has been suspended or tampered with very great harm has resulted.

A page out of Australian history will be instructive.

In the year 1870 the colony of Victoria adopted the policy of Protection with the avowed object of providing employment for the working man. Between 1887 and 1893 wages were so low that carpenters were being paid as little as 2s. 6d. per day and boot operatives 18s. per week. An Anti-Sweating Campaign was set going, with the result that the system of Wages Boards was established, under which four representatives of the employees, four representatives of the employers, and a disinterested umpire, fixed the rates of wages from time to time. So a system that absolutely ignored supply and demand followed one that excluded the competition of the outside world. Surely this meant heaven. But the result has been twofold—first, that in the nature of things, however much the boards may declare rates of pay, they cannot meet the real difficulty of providing employment, and, second, that increases of pay have been illusory. Mr. H. M. Murphy, the Victorian State Official Secretary for Labour, publicly declared that, while the rates of wages had increased by 39·6 per cent. in the period 1901-16, the cost of living had risen by 50·7 per cent.

The Commonwealth Parliament passed an Arbitration Act, a

leading section of which declared lock-outs and strikes unlawful and punishable with penalties, including imprisonment in default of payment. Oh, beneficial Government! The new Jerusalem of the South! Peace and goodwill at last! But what does Mr. Murphy say? Quoting from the Government Statistician that in 1914 there were 6·8 strikes per 100,000 inhabitants against 2·2 in Great Britain, and that in 1915 the 6·8 had risen to 10·3, he said: 'The world had never seen such a record.'

If such failure has occurred in a country where population is small and social conditions comparatively simple, what is likely to happen where conditions are complex? Not even the splendid experiments of Messrs. Cadbury, Hopkinson and others, no schemes of profit-sharing or Government distribution of the national product, have any hope of eventual and permanent success. One or more of the following defects will become manifest:—

(a) There will be a sure increase in the price of commodities. Manufacturers will (always do) avail themselves of a protective tariff to increase prices; importers must. The advance in wages ordered by a Wages Board or Arbitration Court (sometimes by cold-blooded conspiracy between employer and employee) will either disqualify the industry for competition or be passed on to the consumer, with the results that many will be unable to buy at all and many will have to content themselves with fewer articles; an answering falling off in supply will take place, and a consequent creation of unemployment—in other words, of that without which there would be no industrial problem. There is the further trouble that, as all industries can be so assisted only at the expense of others that must remain unassisted, the unassisted industries must have their employing power curtailed, and further unemployment will result. This is at the back of the exclusion from cultivation of large areas of poorer Australian soils, and, to some extent, explains the inability to work lower grade quartz reefs. So we again touch the crux of the social problem—unemployment.

(b) All such measures are man-made, and, therefore, either ignorant or interested and partial. They are the outcome of parliamentary action due to combinations of businesses directly interested, to more or less ignorance of the matter in hand, to more or less mutual back scratching amongst members who stand in constant fear of movable votes in the constituencies, to more or less mental boredom amongst those who are in politics for social reasons, and to a very small modicum of single-minded philanthropy. When operated the operators must be either skilled and learned in the industries affected, in which cases decisions are almost certain to be partial and unjust, or unskilled and 'un-earned, in which cases the disqualification is equally apparent.

(c) No decision will allay ill-feeling, for enjoyment of a certain increased share will set the mind of the beneficiary working to demand more, for the simple reason that the principle of the valuation of interests is not natural but artificial. There can be no appeal to a natural law, and greed and ill-feeling will not have the check of a divine 'Thus far but no farther.' The law of supply and demand may be unemotional, but it is absolutely impartial, regarding (under conditions of freedom) neither master nor man.

(d) Class irritation will continue because of the perpetual and growing pressure of the unemployed. This factor must be permanently disposed of if social salvation is to come.

(e) In the distribution of the total product of capital and labour a huge share at present goes to the landowner, that giant non-producer, who, instead of assisting in the general maintenance, takes what others produce, and can and does withhold land from its maximum production—further swelling the ranks of the unemployed. I deprecate the language of prejudice (I myself am a landowner), but I cannot shut my eyes to facts. Nor do I wish to state even the fraction of an untruth. The world's trouble is too serious for that. It may recommend what I say to quote, not some rabid present-day theorist, but an orthodox political economist :

'A considerable part of the produce of every country is the recompense of no service whatever, is received by those who neither labour nor put by, but merely hold out their hands and accept the offerings of the rest of the community.' (Nassau, Sen., *Political Economy*, 1858, p. 89.)

'"The surplus"' (after wages and profits) 'is taken by the proprietor of the natural agent and is his reward, not for having laboured or abstained, but simply for not having withheld what he was able to withhold, for having permitted the gifts of Nature to be accepted.' (*Ibid.*, p. 90.)

(f) Such measures try to cure the tree by snipping off the tips of the twigs while the disease is homing at its roots.

(g) They are all assaults on individual liberty and therefore in radical disagreement with true Liberalism.

What, then, is wrong with a Competitive system? Nothing except that there is no such thing in existence. Competition exists, but not as a system operating in all economic relations. It would be far more correct to say that its opposite—a monopolistic system—rules. Our system of land tenure does not encourage the competition of acre with acre and lot with lot for the employment of capital and labour. On the contrary it is notorious that the non-use or non-effective use of land, by creating fictitious and exorbitant values in used land, extracts exorbitant tolls from capital and labour, and, by limiting production, increases price, and reduces demand and resulting employment. This is monopolistic and incites defensive but equally disastrous action,

first on the part of capital, which by tariff policies and through high prices multiplies the unemployed, and secondly on the part of Labour, which by Trade Unionism, also working in the direction of limitation of supply and price raising, still further swells the ranks of the unemployed. The unemployed are played off against the employed to beat down wages. Out of this abnormal condition, and out of no other, arises the industrial problem with its poverty, misery, and a large and preventable part of its crime. The normal, the natural, condition, that contemplated in the constitution of man's universe and the original scheme of things, is one in which there shall be so many more opportunities for the worker that he will, on being discharged from one billet, be always able to step into another. Jobs should seek men, not men jobs. In other words, every man in England would have an alternative. That is to say, he would, economically, be free. This is the goal of Liberalism.

This becomes obvious when we further realise that, in the last analysis, land (natural resources) is the *only* employer. If this be so, and it cannot be questioned, we are faced with a dilemma. Either God made enough of it or made it rich enough to provide employment for all the human race of any generation *plus the unborn*, or He stultified His divinity and hurled His children into cruel misery by an awful miscalculation. The *plus* is the economic alternative. It is the duty of a Liberal party to see that mankind gets it. By what means?

I will put this without present reference to its justness. We have seen the radical, the fundamental relation between land and economic freedom, and how the absence of an alternative (freedom) creates the industrial problem and its presence would solve it. I do not suggest the dispossession of any landowner, so that there need be no wail about personal belongings being turned out into the street, but I do suggest that the condition of his remaining in possession should be his payment of the land's annual value into the State coffers. His improvements, the product of labour, should be free, but the land, which is not the product of labour, should bear the burden of public expenditure as it once did, and the present exactions from the earnings of capital and labour correspondingly remitted.

What would be the effect?

(a) By the remission of the present levies on capital, so far as compatible with the needs of the Treasury, British industry would find the situation so eased that it could lower prices to such an extent as to enable it to walk without effort over every tariff wall in the world, more than make up its loss of rate of profit by its gain in aggregate profit, and, by its expanded output, mop up all unemployed labour. Income tax, municipal rates on improve-

ments, excess profits duty, and, worst of all, duties on the personal estate of deceased persons, are confiscations of the earnings of men's labour, and reduce the power of industry to compete in the world's markets. Taxes on unimproved land values are not the confiscation of the product of labour, but the transfer of rightfully paid rent from the people who by no labour produce it to the public uses of all the people who do produce it.

(b) No man could hold land and pay the tax without getting from it its best return. This would set the wheels of industry going directly and indirectly in all the primary and derivative industries till some were left waiting for new workers to be born.

(c) Protection, with its selfish disregard of the unprotectable industries, its callous indifference to the contracted purchasing power of the poor, its cowardly and un-English refusal to stand up to rival trade, and its disemploying effects, would lose the last shred of excuse.

(d) If it did not abolish unions it would abolish the necessity for them. Given a state of affairs in which a man dismissed from one job knew that he would be sought for by others, would he prompt his union to call out all his fellow workers till he was reinstated? No, he would quietly walk into his alternative job. The continuance of unions would be unthinkable, and the unionist would be relieved of those levies on his hard-earned gains which he now pays with such loyalty or submissiveness. He would be relieved of an almost intolerable burden justifiable only as we justify our naval expenditure—as in self-defence. But amongst all the evils of unionism which would be abolished there is one which I have never heard mentioned, the abolition of which would itself be perhaps the most beneficial social revolution of which the world could think. The worst outgrowth of trade unionism has been its repression of the ambitions and powers of its members. I do not wish to make irritating references to the 'go slow' policy, but I do not hesitate to say that the atmosphere of the trades unionist discourages attempts to rise out of the ruck, with the result that thousands of men whose brains might be used for the multiplication of the world's wealth dare not risk the suspicion and active hostility of many of their associates by striking out for themselves, manifesting their ability, and working to their healthy utmost. I hold that if there is any superiority in brain power it is amongst the working classes. I may be wrong, but I think so. No one, at least, can persuade me that there are a few hundred talented beings and millions of inferior intellects, the latter all herded together in the rank and file of the trade unions. The potencies of thousands of men are sterilised and held in check by a tyranny which may not be intended, and of which they may not be conscious, but which is

nevertheless a tyranny, a cramping effort-killing tyranny, the worst effect of which is its wholesale destruction of personality. Release all these potencies and the face of the world would be changed. Wages, instead of playing slightly above or beneath a low-level mean, would be graded from lowest to the point where they passed into a partnership return. Every man's output would be his highest. His competition with his fellow would not be raised beyond his power of endurance by the fact that that of others was extinguished or tampered with by some man-made privilege. Nominal wages would rise. Real wages would rise higher. Owing to the blessing of general abundance, prices would fall so that purchasing power would increase. The resultant response of supply could keep steady the demand for labour and save men from involuntary idleness. The capitalist on his part would be better off, for he would not have to face a union unable to avoid giving as much protection to the scallawag as to the honest and efficient. He would be sure of the co-operation of labour either in a wage-earning or a partnership capacity, for it would always pay him to have men who produced not a fixed union quantity, but what they were paid to produce. Even if these prognostications be not obvious, the fact that a policy is based on justice and right should inspire a courageous faith in its advantages.

(e) Capital would be relieved of the burdens involved in public charities, old age pensions, insurance schemes, and poor law expenditure, for they would be unnecessary. Getting his rights, every man would individually take care of himself. If it be feared that there would not be sufficient wealth to meet these demands, it must be answered that there is now enough to meet them with difficulty, but that out of the enormously expanded production of a free community they could be met with ease.

It may be doubted whether the revenue from land values would be sufficient in itself to meet the demands of public expenditure. If not, let other sources be tapped, but let it be remembered that the institution of an inexpensive mode of taxation and the abolition of those that are very expensive would so simplify the public service that less revenue would be required, while the enormous impetus given to general prosperity by the economic and industrial benefits of the reform would result in corresponding increases from time to time of the land values from which the public revenue would flow.

There remains the most important question of all. No one now denies that land should never have become private property. The question is narrowed down to whether it is just to deprive the landowner of what has for so many centuries been private

property with the consent of the community. One might refer to the growing sentiment of political economists from Adam Smith to John Stuart Mill, but it should be sufficient answer to say that age does not make wrong right nor injustice justice, that the community has never given consent, for 'the community' means 'the whole community,' that a Government which allows a wrong to continue is itself guilty of perpetuating it and therefore should put an end to it, and that a merely sentimental objection to taking from people what they do not produce should not blind our eyes to the real injustice of taking, as we do from capitalists and labourer, what they do produce. The only question at issue is not a comparison of equities but of hardships. It *would* be a deprivation and sometimes a hardship to a few if land values were resumed (mark that word 'resumed') by the State to which they once belonged, but that would be as nothing to the unspeakable and widespread miseries inflicted from generation to generation upon the unfortunate and disinherited mass, and would be amply compensated for by a participation in the boundless prosperity due to the unconfined energies of humanity under conditions of freedom.

If the Liberal Party will not make the Land Question its first objective it will have lost its only hope and the only justification of its existence. If it continues to talk washily about 'doing' things for the working man instead of breaking his chains and putting him in a position to 'do things' for himself, if it will be still handing him doles and charities to keep him quiet, it will be discredited as lacking a principle and merit the taunts of Mr. Austin Hopkinson's healthy attack in *THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* of last March.¹ It will have abandoned the central principle of Liberalism, and, in the proffering of sops to the electors, will be out-promised by both Conservative and Labour Parties. Will it make the great adventure? It may lose at first, but its very courage and single-minded concentration on a definite iniquity would restore all lost ground, give it an immense influence on the policies of other nations, and entitle it to a secure place in the grateful heart of humanity.

CYRIL F. JAMES.

¹ A Basis for a Conservative Party."

THE OTHER ROOM

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

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CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR BRISCOE, F.R.S.
DICK BRISCOE	His cousin.
DR. KENNEDY
MRS. BRISCOE
JANE	A servant.

SCENE.

The study in the PROFESSOR's house at St. John's Wood. The room, though comfortably furnished, has almost the aspect of a laboratory ; various machines (some covered with black cloths), such as spectroscopes, Röntgen ray apparatus ; also retorts and other chemical apparatus. A desk at the right with papers, etc., near it a low armchair. An electric lamp on the desk.

Occupying a prominent place near the desk is an apparatus consisting of a wooden box, somewhat resembling a magic-lantern case and photographic camera combined. It is connected by wires with electric switches near the desk.

Door to house R., door to library L. Window L. (Nearly the whole of the back is concealed by a large framework on which is stretched a white sheet.)

TIME :—AN AFTERNOON IN AUGUST.

PROFESSOR *discovered.* He is a man of thirty-three ; keen, eager face. He walks up and down in feverish agitation. He looks at his watch impatiently. There is a knock at the door.

PROFESS. (Annoyed.) Come in !

(Enter ELSIE. She is a bright, charming woman of twenty-five.)

(The PROFESSOR must indicate in this scene that in spite of his absorption he has a warm and passionate nature ; and that his affection for ELSIE is exceptionally strong.)

ELSIE. May I come in ?

PROFESS. Yes, of course. What is it, dear ?

ELSIE. Won't you come to tea ?

PROFESS. No, no ; I don't want any. Besides, I'm expecting Kennedy at any moment on important business.

ELSIE. But he'll want tea and I'm sure you do, so we'll have it in here for once. (*At door.*) Bring tea in here, Jane—— It's sacrilege I know, but if Mahomet won't go to the mountain——

PROFESS. (*Laughing.*) I'm afraid you've got it the wrong way up.

(JANE brings in tea. Exit JANE.)

ELSIE. Tom, dear, have you looked in the glass to-day ?

PROFESS. Eh ? Not since I shaved, dear. Why ?

ELSIE. Do you know you've circles round your eyes ?

PROFESS. Have I ? I haven't noticed them.

ELSIE. I have. You're overworking yourself, dearest.

PROFESS. I daresay I am : I'm terribly anxious just now, I confess. (*He is helping himself to sugar.*)

ELSIE. (*Putting her hand on his.*) Tom ! you don't want four lumps, I'm sure.

PROFESS. Eh ? No, no, only one of course : I was thinking of something else. Yes, you're quite right, dear ; I have been overdoing it lately—and I'm afraid I've been sadly neglecting you.

ELSIE. You've been neglecting yourself, and that's worse.

PROFESS. Have I ? Well, as soon as this invention of mine is completed——

ELSIE. But your health's the first consideration. You ought to be at the sea or on the mountains. It's Vacation at the University and yet you stick in town.

PROFESS. I couldn't enjoy a holiday till I know how this turns out.

ELSIE. But, Tom, dear, is it so very important you should complete your invention at once ?

PROFESS. Yes, some other man might anticipate me. Besides, it means money—heaps of it.

ELSIE. But we don't want money so badly as that.

PROFESS. No, no ; still I've been spending a good deal on my experiments lately—this apparatus is confoundedly expensive ;—and it's on my conscience I don't give you as much as I should like.

ELSIE. I want more of you, not more money.

PROFESS. You're an angel, Elsie. I'm ashamed of the selfish way I've been behaving ; living the life of a hermit and leaving you to amuse yourself alone. But science is an exacting mistress.

ELSIE. You know I'm not often jealous of your devotion to her.

PROFESS. You're a model wife, Elsie : many women would have been resentful of my neglect, and hindered me by constant interference.

ELSIE. I see : your idea of a model wife is one who keeps in the background and lets you live alone with your work.

PROFESS. Elsie !

ELSIE. No, I didn't mean to say that. But I wish your work didn't take you so much away from me.

PROFESS. It never shall again, once get this affair finished. But there's no reason for your shutting yourself up because I do : get Dick to take you about for a day or two and then I shall——

ELSIE. But I want *your* society, not Dick's. I've had so much of his lately.

PROFESS. He doesn't bore you, does he ? I thought you and he got on so well together.

ELSIE. O, yes : he's a pleasant companion enough, but I think he comes here too often.

PROFESS. Eh ? Why ? He's got nothing else to do, has he ?

ELSIE. That's just it : he ought to be looking for some employment.

PROFESS. Ah, yes : he is rather unsatisfactory from a business point of view I know, but he has the gift of being amusing, and I'm afraid I'm poor company whilst this is on my mind.

ELSIE. Very well, then I must be content with Dick, but he's a poor substitute for a husband.

PROFESS. I hope so ! I don't want him to take my place altogether.

ELSIE. (*Laughing.*) Then you should be careful you don't leave it vacant too long.

PROFESS. Must I—— Ah ! is that Kennedy ?

ELSIE. No, I hear Dick's voice.

(*Enter DICK, shown in by JANE. He is a handsome well-dressed fellow of twenty-six ; easy, genial manner.*)

PROFESS. Ah, Dick ! How are you ?

DICK. (*Shaking hands with ELSIE.*) First rate, thanks. But, I say, am I allowed in this sanctum sanctorum ?

ELSIE. Yes, for once ; I've forced my way in, you see. Some tea ?

DICK. Thanks. (*Sees the screen.*) Hello, Professor, are you going to give us a magic lantern show ?

PROFESS. No, no ; that's only for an experiment.

DICK. And what's this bag of tricks ? (*Points to apparatus.*)

PROFESS. Don't touch it : it's nothing you would understand.

DICK. I'm afraid not. I say, Elsie, what a mess your hall's in : are you going to repaper it ?

PROFESS. No, no : it's only some fresh wiring being put in.

DICK. You're always pulling the house about, Tom ; I wonder Elsie stands it. Another new wonderful invention, eh ?

PROFESS. Yes, yes : some experiments, that's all.

(Enter JANE.)

JANE. A man from the Electric Company would like to speak to you, sir.

PROFESS. *(Eagerly.)* I'll come at once. *(To ELSIE.)* Excuse me a minute, dear.

(Exeunt PROFESSOR and JANE.)

DICK. I've got something for you, Elsie. *(Pulls packet out of his pocket.)* Look !

ELSIE. No, I don't want them.

DICK. What ? Why they're candied violets ; you said you doted on them.

ELSIE. Yes, but I don't want you to buy me things—you can't afford it.

DICK. O, yes, I can ; I'm in funds just now.

ELSIE. Have you found a billet at last ?

DICK. No, not yet.

ELSIE. Then you mustn't spend money on these till you earn it.

DICK. But I did earn it : I won four pounds at billiards last night.

ELSIE. Is that your idea of earning money ?

(He opens the box and holds it out to her ; she takes some sweets.)

I didn't expect to see you to-day.

DICK. Why not ?

ELSIE. You were here yesterday.

DICK. I know : coming here is one of the few good habits I've formed. Do you object ?

ELSIE. I think you waste too much of your time here.

DICK. Nonsense ; it keeps me out of mischief. Besides, Tom likes me to come.

ELSIE. Indeed ? You don't see much of him.

DICK. No, but I'm very useful to him.

ELSIE. You ? useful to him ?

DICK. Rather : I help to amuse you and so prevent his having to bother about you.

ELSIE. *(Annoyed.)* I don't want to be amused, and Tom is——

DICK. I know, the best of husbands : you're always saying so. But the best of husbands is a very busy Professor of

Physics, and can't spare much of his time for his charming wife.

ELSIE. I won't let you say such things.

DICK. Well, he's a sort of cousin of mine, and surely one may abuse one's relations.

ELSIE. Even when they've been so generous to you as Tom has?

DICK. O, he's a good sort, but he does make me a bit wild when I see how he coops you up, never trots you out, and spends on his rotten experiments enough to keep a couple of motors.

ELSIE. (*Laughing affectedly.*) O, don't waste your pity on me, please; and please drop the subject of my husband once for all.

DICK. You aren't angry with me?

ELSIE. Not if you'll be sensible.

DICK. And you don't mind my coming here? You don't know how much I like it. *You* don't dislike it, do you?

ELSIE. (*Hesitatingly.*) No: I like you to come—sometimes.

(*Enter PROFESSOR with DR. KENNEDY, a man of forty.*)

PROFESS. My dear, here's Kennedy.

ELSIE. How do you do, Doctor? You'll have some tea?

KENNEDY. No, thanks, my last patient insisted on giving me some. Ah! is that you, Dick? Not at work yet?

DICK. I'm waiting for you to offer me a partnership, Doctor.

KENNEDY. If that's your present occupation it's likely to be permanent, I'm afraid.

DICK. (*To Elsie.*) You see!—Don't blame me for not getting a post: blame those who won't give me one.

PROFESS. Yes, yes, but now—— (*To ELSIE*) I've some important business to talk over with Kennedy, so would you mind——? Have a game of croquet in the garden or some music with Dick for half an hour.

DICK. Come, Elsie, this is no place for us.

ELSIE. No: we can take a delicate hint. (*Laughing.*)

PROFESS. O, Dick: you'd better stay dinner and take Elsie out to some theatre to-night. (*To ELSIE.*) You'd like to go, wouldn't you?

ELSIE. Not to-night I think. (*To KENNEDY.*) I shall see you before you go, I hope. (*Aside to KENNEDY.*) I want to speak to you about Tom; he's overworking himself and I'm anxious about him.

(*Exeunt ELSIE and DICK.*)

KENNEDY. I'm afraid that cousin of yours won't make his fortune in a hurry.

PROFESS. Dick? No, I'm afraid not, but he's a pleasant sort of fellow. Don't you think so?

KENNEDY. No, I don't like him. But there's no doubt women do.

PROFESS. (*Naively.*) Yes, he gets on very well with Elsie.

KENNEDY. I've no doubt he does.

PROFESS. What do you mean?

KENNEDY. You don't suppose he comes here so often to see you?

PROFESS. You don't mean——

KENNEDY. I mean nothing except that Master Dick has a bad reputation, and can't be trusted, I fear, with a pretty woman.

PROFESS. Ah! you don't say so! I didn't know. I—I must speak to Elsie about him.

KENNEDY. No, no, don't get me into hot water. No doubt she can take care of herself. And now let me hear why you've sent for me in such a hurry.

PROFESS. Yes, yes, we've no time to waste. (*Watch.*) Excuse me one moment. (*At the telephone.*) 36685 Central.—Yes.—Is that Mr. Jackson?—You promised the current for five to-day.—Yes, I know: will you telephone when it's available? It's urgent.—Thanks. (*Replaces telephone.*) Ah!

KENNEDY. My dear Tom, you're too excited. Calm yourself. What's up?

PROFESS. Jack, my dear old chum, prepare yourself for a shock. I'm the greatest man in London to-day.

KENNEDY. I'm delighted to hear it. What's happened?

PROFESS. I've made the discovery of the century. In another month my name will be in every mouth; I take my place with Stephenson, Bell, Marconi.

KENNEDY. Yes, yes, but what is this wonderful discovery?

PROFESS. I've put the coping-stone to the work of all these men. Listen: here's where we stand at present. By the telegraph you can communicate with a man in another town, another continent: by the telephone you can talk to him: but what *can't* you do?

KENNEDY. Well, you can't see him for one thing.

PROFESS. You'll be able to before another year's out.

KENNEDY. What do you mean?

PROFESS. I've discovered the method of transmitting images in the same way as sound is now transmitted. Seated in your armchair you will be able to see into the next room, the next country; across the ocean in time, I've not the ghost of a doubt.

KENNEDY. You're serious?

PROFESS. Do I look like a man joking?

KENNEDY. But it sounds incredible.

PROFESS. So did the telegraph a century ago—the telephone fifty years ago, wireless telegraphy twenty years ago.

KENNEDY. That's true enough. How did you hit on it ?

PROFESS. Partly by experiment, partly by chance, as so many discoveries have been made. I've worked on the assumption of the fundamental identity of light and electricity : it's all a question of transformation : it's a secret that was bound to be discovered some day—scores of men are at work on it, and I'm the first to hit on it.

KENNEDY. Do you mean you'll be able to see through a brick wall ?

PROFESS. That's nothing : you can do it already with the Röntgen rays, can't you ?

KENNEDY. Yes, yes, of course. You make use of them, I suppose.

PROFESS. No ; I wasted nearly a year over them and the Becquerel rays before I found I was on the wrong tack : my method's on simpler lines.

KENNEDY. 'Twill be a fortune for you if you succeed.

PROFESS. If ? There's no 'if.' I *have* succeeded.

KENNEDY. What ?

PROFESS. Yes : last Tuesday. Did you notice a small mirror on the wall of the other room ?

KENNEDY. No, I came straight in here.

PROFESS. Well, that mirror's connected by wires with this receiver and transformer—that contains my secret ; then there's a magnifying lens here which throws the image on to the screen.

KENNEDY. Do you mean to tell me——

PROFESS. Yes !—I don't claim complete success—remember the first steam-engine, the first telephone ;—but I swear that when I sat here on Tuesday and switched on the current I saw the next room appear on the screen—faintly, a mere adumbration,—but I could see where the window was, and I believe I saw the piano as a dark blur. I turned on the full force of the current, the image became clearer—then the fuse melted and everything disappeared.

KENNEDY. That was dastardly luck.

PROFESS. I could have blown my brains out for sheer exasperation. Think of it ! A stronger current and I should have triumphed.

KENNEDY. You think that's all that's wanting ?

PROFESS. I'm sure of it : certain of it. I tore off to the Company for more current but the wires wouldn't carry it, and it's taken three days to put in a new installation. For three days I've been on tenterhooks, within grasp of the greatest discovery of the age, and I've had to sit idle.

KENNEDY. Idle ? Your wife says you've been overworking.

PROFESS. Well, not idle : I've improved my lenses and

focussing apparatus, purified my chemicals, done everything to make the next experiment final.

KENNEDY. And the stronger current——

PROFESS. The Company have promised it for to-day at five.

KENNEDY. It's nearly five now.

PROFESS. Yes, in ten minutes I shall know. (*Shuts shutters.*)

KENNEDY. (*Helps him.*) You must have darkness?

PROFESS. Yes. (*Turns on electric light.*) Except that a red light doesn't affect the development :—actinic rays, you know.

KENNEDY. No wonder you're excited and nervous : 'pon my word you've made my pulse beat faster. But what do you want me to do? Witness your triumph and testify to it?

PROFESS. No, not that exactly. I don't know quite what's the matter with me,—I know I'm overwrought, nervous, unstrung,—but I've been haunted since Tuesday by a strange presentiment that I shall never give this discovery to the world.

KENNEDY. Surely you aren't superstitious.

PROFESS. I thought not, but this feeling has grown too strong for me to resist it. Suppose anything should happen to me, my secret dies with me.

KENNEDY. But surely you've recorded your experiments, you——

PROFESS. Only in cipher till this morning. Then I wrote out details of my process so that my discovery should not be lost to the world whatever happens. (*Takes a sealed envelope from drawer.*) Here's the manuscript : I want you to know where it is, so that in case——

KENNEDY. That's all right, but for goodness' sake do rid yourself of these fancies.

(*PROFESSOR replaces envelope in the drawer.*)

PROFESS. Yes, I feel easier now I've confided in you.

KENNEDY. Does your wife know about all this?

PROFESS. She knows I've an invention in hand, not what it is. I didn't like to raise her hopes, and of course I couldn't tell her what I've just told you. But she'll know to-night, and then I shall be able to show her how I appreciate her devotion : I'll make her the richest woman in England.

KENNEDY. Yes, there's no doubt there's a big fortune in it.

PROFESS. Yes : I don't care for money myself, as you know,—except for research, but for her sake I'm glad. What I want—*my* ambition—is the knowledge that I've wrested one more secret from Dame Nature, and taken one more step towards the happiness of the race.

KENNEDY. Yes, I suppose that will be so.

PROFESS. Suppose?

KENNEDY. Yes : it's only a supposition. You see I'm not

an inventor and haven't your enthusiasm. What I sometimes ask myself is whether the world is really the happier for all these modern adjuncts of civilisation, whether the old simple life wasn't productive of a higher, more self-reliant race than——

PROFESS. Nonsense : do you want to go back to the days of stage coaches and rushlights ? Where are you to stop ? Why not to cave dwellings and stone axes ? Doesn't every invention increase the sum of wealth, and give facilities for an ampler existence, a more expanded outlook on life ?

KENNEDY. Yes, yes ; don't overwhelm me : anyhow we can't put back the clock, so—— (*Telephone bell.*)

PROFESS. (*Leaps to the telephone.*) What is it ? (*Listens.*) Right. Thanks. Kennedy ! the current is on now.

KENNEDY. Is it ? Then I'm off.

PROFESS. You're not going to see the experiment ?

KENNEDY. Not unless you wish—and you don't wish. You'd like to be alone.

PROFESS. What makes you think that ?

KENNEDY. I put myself in your place.

PROFESS. (*Shakes his hand.*) You've read my thoughts, my dear fellow.

KENNEDY. If it's a failure you won't want me to witness it : if it's a success, call me and let me be the first to congratulate you. I'll stay in the library till you call.

PROFESS. You won't wait long I promise you.

(*Exit KENNEDY L.*)

(PROFESSOR turns out the lights, and turns on a shaded red light near his chair. Then after a moment's agitated pause, he moves the switch ; sinking into his chair as he does so. . . . A mysterious gloom pervades the room, intensified by the red light, which reveals his eager, anxious face : his look is fixed on the screen. On the screen there appears an indefinite picture of a room ; PROFESSOR gives a smothered cry of delight. He turns to the switch and adjusts it, murmuring 'More current still.' The picture on the screen becomes clearer. He turns a screw saying, 'Focus wrong.' The picture becomes quite clear. He cries 'Eureka !' and sinks into his chair, overcome.)

The screen reveals the drawing-room in detail ; ELSIE is seated at the piano ; DICK is singing. The song ends and ELSIE rises. DICK is standing a little way off with the music in his hand. He speaks to ELSIE : she smiles and shakes her head. He advances and speaks earnestly to her. She steps back and he moves to her side ; he points to the title of the song ; she turns to him and holds

out her hand for the music. DICK suddenly throws down the music, clasps her in his arms and kisses her. PROFESSOR, who has been watching the scene as if fascinated, leaps to his feet with a hoarse cry and dashes the apparatus to the ground. The picture instantly disappears. PROFESSOR rips the screen from its frame, staggers back to his chair and sinks exhausted.)

(Enter KENNEDY hurriedly. Turns on lights.)

KENNEDY. What's the matter? What's happened? You've failed?

PROFESS. (Wildly.) Failed? Yes, it's an utter, ghastly failure. Damn the accursed thing! It's ruined my life! (Sinks fainting.)

KENNEDY. Come, pull yourself together, man. (Helps him to sit up.)

PROFESS. Brandy! in that cupboard!

KENNEDY. (Getting it.) Did you faint? Here, drink this.

PROFESS. Thanks.

KENNEDY. (Goes to door.) Mrs. Briscoe!

PROFESS. No! don't let her come in! I won't see her!

KENNEDY. Nonsense. Sit still, lie back in your chair.

(Enter ELSIE.)

ELSIE. What's happened? Ah! (Goes to PROFESSOR.)

PROFESS. (Pushing her aside.) No: it's nothing. (Drinks brandy.)

ELSIE. (To KENNEDY.) Has he fainted?

KENNEDY. I don't know; I wasn't here. He'll be all right in a minute.

PROFESS. Yes, I'm better now; it's—it's nothing. Go away.

KENNEDY. (Who has been feeling his pulse, etc.) Yes, he's all right now.

ELSIE. But what was the matter?

KENNEDY. He's had a shock: he thought he'd made a discovery and he's failed.

PROFESS. No, by God! I *have* made a discovery, but—but it wasn't the one I expected.

KENNEDY. What was it? What do you mean?

PROFESS. Nothing, nothing. Something incredible, terrible. (To ELSIE, who is stooping to replace the fallen apparatus, savagely.) Leave it alone! Don't touch it I tell you.

KENNEDY. Come, come; you'll make yourself ill if you can't control yourself.

PROFESS. Don't be afraid: I'm all right now. I'm sorry I've made all this upset, Jack; and disturbed you for nothing.

KENNEDY. Nonsense; you'd better lie down for an hour and keep perfectly quiet: I'll look in again this evening.

PROFESS. No, don't trouble ; I feel myself again now.

KENNEDY. But what was it that——

PROFESS. Don't ask me about it, please : I—I don't want to talk about it.

KENNEDY. I'll be off then : telephone if you want me.

ELSIE. (*Aside to KENNEDY.*) You will come in this evening ?

KENNEDY. Yes, and we must get him away for a holiday as soon as we can.

ELSIE. I will : I've been dreading this breakdown for days.

(*Exit KENNEDY.*)

Are you sure you feel better ? Is there nothing I can get you ?

PROFESS. No, nothing. Go away, please : I want to be alone.

ELSIE. But you must lie down and rest as Dr. Kennedy said. Let me help you to your room.

PROFESS. No : I'll stay here : I'm as well as ever I was.

ELSIE. (*Sore at being repulsed.*) Won't you let me——

PROFESS. No, thanks : I want nothing.

ELSIE. I know what a terrible blow this disappointment must be to you, dearest : I'm so sorry. I wish I could share your trouble : I'd gladly take it all if I could.

PROFESS. (*Looks at her fixedly : pause.*) Where's Dick ?

ELSIE. (*A slight start.*) Dick ? He's gone.

PROFESS. Gone ? Why ?

ELSIE. I sent him away.

PROFESS. (*Agitated.*) You sent him away ?

ELSIE. Yes. I'll tell you all about it some time, when you are quite yourself again.

PROFESS. No, now ! now ! Why did you send him away ?

ELSIE. He—he forgot himself and said what he ought not. I've told him never to come here again.

PROFESS. (*Visibly relieved.*) Ah ! What did he say to you ?

ELSIE. O, the usual nonsense : that he loved me and so on.

PROFESS. And you ?

ELSIE. Of course I refused to listen to him.

PROFESS. Is that all ?

ELSIE. No, but it's no use saying any more about it : it's all over and done with.

PROFESS. He kissed you.

ELSIE. Yes. He caught me in his arms and kissed me before I could stop him.

PROFESS. What was the title of the song he was showing you just before he kissed you ?

ELSIE. Maude White's 'How do I love thee.' (*Suddenly, in a frightened voice.*) How did you know he showed me a song ?

PROFESS. I saw you.

ELSIE. Saw us ? Where were you ?

PROFESS. Here : in this chair.

ELSIE. (*Involuntarily retreating.*) Here ? What do you mean ? I—I don't understand : it's impossible !

PROFESS. No, it's fact. Don't be frightened ; I'm not out of my mind : I'm perfectly sane. My invention was a success, not a failure ; on that screen I can see everything that takes place in the next room as if I were there. Look ! I'll show you. (*Sees his apparatus.*) No, it's smashed !

ELSIE. Smashed ? Who broke it ?

PROFESS. I did ! What was the first thing it showed me ? My wife in another man's arms !

ELSIE. Ah ! So you were spying on me ?

PROFESS. Good God, no ! I never even thought of your being in that room : I'd forgotten everything but my invention. You believe that surely ?

ELSIE. Yes, I believe it. But, Tom, how could you doubt me for a moment ? Do you know me so little ?

PROFESS. Forgive me, my dearest : I won't even believe the evidence of my eyes in future.

ELSIE. (*Kisses him.*) And now we'll forget the whole episode. To-morrow we'll go away for a holiday, right away from everybody, and when you come back you will repair your machine and find yourself the most famous man in London.

PROFESS. No, by God !

ELSIE. Tom !

PROFESS. Do you think I will ever take the responsibility of the risk that man or woman should suffer what I've suffered the last half-hour ? Not for the riches of an empire !

ELSIE. But Tom——

PROFESS. No : if some other man can tread in my steps and discover what I've discovered, let him ; but if fame and riches are to come to me it must be by some other road than that which nearly led to the wrecking of our lives. I will not have my memory cursed by others, as I should have cursed the man who made it possible for me to see what I've seen. (*Takes envelope from drawer and tears it to pieces.*)

ELSIE. What are you doing ?

PROFESS. Destroying the only record of my invention. Now the secret only exists here (*striking his forehead*), and it will be buried with me. (*Sinks into his chair.*)

ELSIE. (*Kneeling by him.*) Yes, yes ; you are right, dearest. (*He kisses her.*)

(*Curtain.*)

H. M. PAULL.

'IDYLLS OF THE KING' IN 1921

'THE Reaction against Tennyson,' which is the subject of an illuminating study by Professor A. C. Bradley in an English Association pamphlet, has culminated in the prevalent depreciation of his most ambitious and, for long, most popular work, *Idylls of the King*. Even the most advanced anti-Victorian critic, unless paradoxically careless of any reputation for poetic taste or insight, could not deny the exquisite verbal felicity of many of the shorter poems. And however lightly he rated *The Princess* or *Maud* as a whole, they contained songs and lyrical passages 'that envy could not but call fair.' *In Memoriam* might be discounted as a speculative and religious poem, but it was impossible to question its interest as a personal record and as an idealised delineation of aspects of Victorian culture and social life.

Idylls of the King lay more open to a frontal attack partly because weapons for the purpose could be sought in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, the source of the chief episodes in the poem. Yet many of the attempts to use the prose romance to discredit the *Idylls* have been based upon a misunderstanding, and have missed the really vulnerable point in Tennyson's reinterpretation of the Arthurian story. Malory was a fine artist, but in selecting and adapting from his 'French books' he did not trouble overmuch about consistency. There are two contradictory elements in *Morte d'Arthur*. On the one hand the downfall of the Table Round is represented as due to an early sin of Arthur, who in his youth had betrayed Bellicent, not knowing she was his own half-sister. The issue of this lawless passion was Modred, the traitor knight, who brought the king to his doom. This version of the story is the subject of the interesting Elizabethan play, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, and it has been contended that Tennyson should have followed similar lines, and shown us Arthur as the victim of Nemesis.

Such a treatment would not only have been alien from the Victorian poet's temper and outlook, but it would have been false to the dominant element in *Morte d'Arthur* itself, where the king is pictured as the flower of knights and men, and where at the close his tomb bears the inscription, 'Rex quondam, rexque

futurus.' Thus Tennyson would have been justified by Malory's example in representing Arthur as the perfect knight and ruler. But he was not content with this. From the time of his earliest study of the story, he began, as his son has told us in his *Memoir*, to allegorise it, though he wavered as to the form of his interpretation. In a memorandum drawn up in the 'thirties of last century, and presented in 1869 to James Knowles, Arthur appears as 'Religious Faith,' and the Round Table as 'liberal institutions.' But Knowles himself states that Tennyson said to him, 'By King Arthur I always meant the soul, and by the Round Table the passions and capacities of a man. . . . There is no grander subject in the world than King Arthur.'

Tennyson, however, found it impossible to give a strictly allegorical interpretation to the story. His method (as has been often pointed out) is more akin to the parable, wherein the characters are not personifications of some single quality, but where the story as a whole has a secondary moral or spiritual meaning. He makes this clear in his Epilogue addressed to Queen Victoria:

Accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
Ideal manhood closed in real man
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to earn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's.

It is the endeavour to turn the great romance to edifying uses that has been, apart from changes in poetic taste, the stumbling-block to a younger generation more deeply versed than Tennyson's contemporaries in medieval literature, and impatient of the intrusion of ethics into art. And I would not deny that Tennyson's scheme necessitates an illegitimate transvaluation of parts of the Arthurian story, and leads to some insoluble entanglements. But even here there are episodes of sheer romantic beauty. And the general conception of Arthur as an embodiment of the spiritual principle in the world leavening human society and lifting it above the beast is not only lawful, but is of the very essence of Tennyson's genius. It therefore produces, when his genius is working at white heat, poetry that is not Victorian in any sense, good or bad, but in its degree as timeless as that of Spenser or Milton. And as *Paradise Lost* and *The Faerie Queene*, both of which have a didactic purpose, present new angles of interest to every succeeding age, so Tennyson's distinctive interpretation of the medieval romance may be found to have a significance after the world-upheaval of the war which it lacked for a generation which had not known, nor even dreamt of, such a cataclysm.

One of Tennyson's favourite images is that of the soul coming

from the deep and returning to it. Hence the mystery of Arthur's origin is symbolised in the tale believed by Bellicent, that on the night of King Uther's death in Tintagil, Merlin on the shore had

Watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame :
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!'

The authority of the spiritual ruler must be taken on faith, and it has that within it that overbears doubt and opposition :—

The savage yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
Crowned on the dais, and his warriors cried,
'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will,
Who love thee.'

Arthur's answer to the cry is to found his ideal society, the fair Order of the Table Round, 'a glorious company, the flower of men,' whereon his own image is to be impressed. His words work with such power upon his followers

That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed.

It is with the same mystical authority that he appears in the vision of Leodogran, King of Cameliard. Leodogran, dreaming, saw upon a peak haze-hidden—

A phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost,

who 'mid the smoke and fire of war

Sent out at times a voice ; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, 'No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours' ;
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crown'd.

And Leodogran, realising with the eye of faith who and what Arthur is, gives him his daughter Guinevere to wife. But Guinevere, swearing at the altar a deathless love, 'with drooping eyes' is to prove fatal not only to the Table Round but to the scheme of the poem. It was possible for Tennyson to represent Arthur as the soul or the spiritual principle in relation to the ideal

society of his knights. But insuperable difficulty arises when thus regarded, he is brought into individual human relationships, above all that of a husband. It is true that Spenser, whose Prince Arthur, as Magnificence, represents all the moral virtues, makes him the lover of the *Faerie Queene*. But then she is herself a transcendental figure, and their union, had Spenser lived to complete his epic, would have been that of perfected humanity with glory in its noblest form. It is only thus that the love of the ideal Knight and King can find fitting interpretation. If we are to keep the Guinevere of medieval story, Arthur cannot be completely spiritualised.

But this can be only fully realised later in the poem. Meanwhile in the *Idylls* that immediately follow *The Coming of Arthur*, in *Gareth and Lynette*, *The Marriage of Geraint* and *Geraint and Enid*, the King and Queen are in the background, and the parabolic intention wears so thin that it well-nigh disappears. These *Idylls* are of the versified novelette type, and they are very loosely knit to the main theme. But in *Gareth and Lynette* there is one significant episode, in the description of Camelot, the shadowy city of palaces, which as Gareth and his companions approach it, flashes with its spires and turrets through the mists and then again disappears, so that they cry 'Here is a city of enchanters,' and

There is no such city anywhere,
But all a vision.

And when Merlin meets them at the gate, he gives a riddling key to the mystery :

For truly as thou sayest, a Fairy King
And Fairy Queens have built the city, son . . .
And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,
For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saving the King ; tho' some there be that hold
The King a shadow, and the city real.

Camelot, as Tennyson himself said, is 'symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions and of the spiritual development of man.' It is therefore

Never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.

And as always, when he is developing this *leit motif* of the poem, the verse suddenly thrills with a subtler cadence that marks off the episode from the *Idyll* as a whole. The figure of Gareth has a virginal charm, but the story of his adventures has not much poetic significance, and so far as it has a definitely allegorical intention, as in the contests with Morning Star, Noon-Sun, Evening Star, and Night or Death, it is an excrescence on the general symbolism of the *Idylls*.

Tennyson shows more of the art of the story-teller in verse in *The Marriage of Geraint*, where he found his materials in the *Mabinogion*, not in *Morte d'Arthur*. The tale of Cinderella and Prince Charming in all its variants has an eternal attraction. Enid of the faded silk, doing blithely the menial service in her father's ruined hall, is one of the most exquisite of Cinderellas, and none of them has been heralded into the presence of the Prince to lovelier music. The lines have still their thrush-like sweetness and purity :

And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint.

And the journey of Enid, at Geraint's wish, to court in the faded silk, instead of the gorgeous gown in which her mother had clothed her, is in the true romantic vein. But the stupid tests to which Geraint later puts his wife's loyalty and obedience leave us cold. The pattern of the wife who meekly endures all tribulation at her husband's hands has been drawn once for all by Chaucer, after Petrarch and Boccaccio, in the Clerk's *Tale of Griseldis*, and anyone else attempts it at his peril. But even were the narrative of Enid's trials more pedestrian than it is, it would be redeemed by the seraphic sweetness of the lines that tell of the reconciliation of the twain :

And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart
And felt him hers again : she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

How exquisite here is not only the cadence of the verse, but the suggestion of a love as pure and perfect as that of our first parents before the Fall.

With *Balin and Balan* we come closer again to the central theme of the war of Sense against Soul. We see the beginning of the break up of the spiritual society of the Round Table. In the *Memoir* of the poet by his son we are told that the *Idyll*, of which an earlier version by Tennyson is printed, was written because he felt that some further introduction to *Merlin and Vivien* was necessary. I do not know whether he had been moved at all by the criticism of R. H. Hutton that the atmosphere

of *Merlin and Vivien* was too dark and lurid for its position in the epical series. But so far as Vivien is concerned, I wish that the addition had not been made. The 'damsel-errant,' as she appears in *Balin and Balan*, making mock of her boyish squire, 'Sir Chick,' maddening Balin with her lies and proclaiming the return 'of the old sun-worship, is more crudely drawn than the wily Vivien whom we see lying at Merlin's feet before an oak in the wild woods of Broceliande. She is here no mere damsel-errant, but another Lilith or Lamia, the woman-snake with the horrible beauty of the serpent, its cunning, its malignant hiss, its envenomed bite. She has fascination in the real meaning of the word, and she seeks to capture the great Enchanter with an enchantment more potent than his own. Merlin is the type of the sceptical intellect which can discern the true spiritual king and enlist in his service, and therein perform mighty works, but which is not spiritual itself, and is thus exposed to the snares of Sense. The duel between the two is worthy of its magnificent elemental setting of wild woods and gathering storm, for it is vital to the future of the spiritual society. And as always when he is dealing with this central theme, Tennyson's art catches fire. If we read again the *Idyll* from Vivien's opening manœuvre :

And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together, curved an arm about his neck,
Clung like a snake ;

to the close when (in one of the poet's most original similes) :

The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colours, like an opal warmed,

and he told her all the charm and slept ; and

In one moment she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame—

we shall find that Tennyson has here shown a dramatic power for which to-day he does not receive due credit. But it is a power that extends only to symbolic types, as both Vivien and Merlin are, and not to complex personalities. That is partly why Tennyson fails with Lancelot, who is taken all in all a lay figure. But it is not the whole reason.

One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall . . .
When as we read of the much-longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating . . .
That day no farther did we read therein.

Dante was an austere enough moralist, and it is from the second circle of the *Inferno* that Francesca is speaking. But he knew what medieval love was, and Tennyson did not. It is in the gingerly handling of the passion of Lancelot and Guinevere that he lays himself most open to the charge of 'Victorianism.' It is a vain thing to draw out leviathan with an hook, to turn the romance of these grand amourists to moral edification. It is not thus that these immortal stories enlighten and inspire, as of a truth they do. Nor is it by the love of the maid of Astolat that we would see Lancelot redeemed, when we remember that in Malory it is Elaine who bears Galahad as son to Lancelot. Yet no one could wish that Tennyson had not written his *Idyll*. The lily maid, as unaccompanied of women as Miranda, living her lonely life of fantasy, till it flames into sudden and destroying love, is an exquisite creation. And she is loveliest of all in death, when she passes at last as she had wished

Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,
Until I find the palace of the King.

This is one of the high places of romance, where Tennyson had ventured with eager youthful step in *The Lady of Shalott*, and where he now walks again with statelier pace :

So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her,
'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again
'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face,
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

In *The Holy Grail*, too, Tennyson was treading again on ground long familiar to him. His early lyric, *Sir Galahad*, in its lustrous beauty and spiritual intensity had anticipated the work of the pre-Raphaelites. He might well have seemed the predestined re-interpreter of the San Graal story to a generation awakening anew to its significance. But, unfortunately, in *The Holy Grail* he twisted the symbolism of the legend. The quest for the Grail is no longer the search for absolute union with Christ. It means the renunciation of ordinary ties and duties for the sake of spiritual excitement. A society already decadent through indulgence in

sensual excess rushes feverishly into the opposite extreme of an overstrained asceticism, and thereafter recoils into yet lower depths.

Such is in essence Tennyson's application of the Grail story, as it is voiced by King Arthur himself :

And spake I not too truly, O my knights !
Was I too dark a prophet when I said
To those who went upon the Holy Quest,
That most of them would follow wandering fires,
Lost in the quagmire ?—lost to me and gone,
And left me gazing at a barren board,
And a lean Order—scarcely return'd a tithe.

Thus while Wagner in *Parsifal* was drawing from Wolfram von Eschenbach's High German version of the legend renewed sacramental significance, Tennyson was emptying Malory's narrative of the Quest of much of its spiritual content. Yet this shifting of values is not consistently carried out. The figure of Galahad enthralled his imagination as in his youthful days. With the virgin-knight the 'Holy Thing' moves night and day uncovered, and in the strength of it he rides 'shattering all evil customs everywhere.' And the narrative art of the *Idylls* reaches its climax of luminous beauty in Sir Percivale's recital of Galahad's passing 'in silver-shining armour starry-clear' over the great sea, while 'o'er his head the holy vessel hung' to the spiritual city.

But even of Galahad himself, Arthur speaks with a note of yearning, which is discordant with the spirit of the Grail story :—

And one hath had the vision face to face,
And now his chair desires him here in vain,
However they may crown him otherwise.

As for the other knights they have followed wandering fires. They have deserted, in the quest for signs and wonders, the service of their true King who is seeking to leaven the world about him here and now, and who irradiates it with his own spirituality :

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air
But vision.

If the Grail story has suffered violence at Tennyson's hands, his own ideal finds noble utterance here.

In *The Last Tournament* another of the great medieval stories goes through a transvaluation. Tristram and Isolt are originally as high figures of romance as Lancelot and Guinevere, and fate has an even more overmastering part in the tale of their tragic love. We all know how the story has come again to glorious life

in the greatest of love-operas. But Tennyson's aim was again as different from Wagner's as in their treatment of the Grail theme. He did not want to magnetise us with the glamour and pity of the old-world tale. He took Tristram as the type of the Round Table in its decay, when even Arthur begins to fear

Lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more ?

And from this point of view, if we can bring ourselves to enter into it, Tennyson's Tristram, just because he is a type, is a more successful creation than his Lancelot. In him sense has completely triumphed over spirit, and finds its fitting hymn on his lips :—

New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er ;
New life, new love, to suit the newer day :
New loves are sweet as those that went before :
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.

In the impassioned last dialogue with Isolt in the casemented room in Tintagil, when Tristram repudiates his fealty to the King who once seemed to him, 'no man, but Michael trampling Satan,' and who is now 'a doubtful lord' seeking to bind men

By inviolable vows
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate.

in that dialogue, broken by the avenging battle-axe of King Mark, we hear the death-knell of the Table Round.

With the flight of Guinevere, when her sin is discovered, comes the end. In Malory it is to her lover himself, in the convent at Almesbury, that she makes her confession of wrong done and avows her hope that she may yet be saved :

Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thee well I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health ; and yet, I trust, through God's grace, that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right hand, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage ; and I command thee on God's behalf that thou forsake my company . . . For as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee ; for through thee and me is the flower of Kings and Knights destroyed.

There speaks the voice of the Middle Age. Its earthly and its heavenly passion—all is there. But with Tennyson's interpretation of the story it was necessary that Arthur himself should be brought face to face with Guinevere and unfold to her the ruin that her sin has wrought. And if we think of the King and Queen as types, he of the spiritual ideal, she of the voluptuous life of the senses, that has sapped and brought low the fair fabric of the Round Table, then all is consonant. Such an Arthur to such a

Guinevere not only can but must use the mighty words that we all know so well :

Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin and the breaking up of laws.

He must lay bare the sin that has spoilt the purpose of his life ; he must forgive her as eternal God forgives, must cry :

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.

And by this love and forgiveness such a Guinevere must be uplifted and redeemed :

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light.
I yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human, too,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

To question or deny the poetic splendour of this last dialogue between husband and wife is idle. But just because it is between husband and wife it has been fiercely assailed. And of a truth Tennyson here finds himself in the *impasse* to which, as I have said, he was predestined by his mystical conception of Arthur. To show a figure, so conceived, in the *rôle* of the blameless and accusing husband was to invite the charge so hotly made that the King has here become a prig and Pharisee. To those who choose to make it there is no answer except that the Arthur whom they impeach is not Tennyson's Arthur, and for this the poet must himself bear the responsibility. A keener sense of the incongruous would have saved him from exposing his ideal King in a situation round which cluster a thousand disturbing associations from the novel and the stage.

In *The Passing of Arthur* the King reassumes his true *rôle* of the hero of a spiritual epic. He rides forth to meet 'death or he knows not what mysterious doom' in the last weird battle in the west. The battle is fought amid spectral gloom ; it is a confused *melée*,

For friend and foe were shadows in the midst,
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew.

It is the twilight of the gods, wherein all spiritual values are obscured. And into the rhythm of the lines that picture the stricken field by the winter sea has crept the chill of a world in eclipse :

Only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shivered brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

From Arthur's lips as he gazes on the spectacle rises the cry of the despair that assails the highest, holiest nature in its dark hour,

I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King,
Behold, I seem but King among the dead.

Yet even now to the eye of faith his true royalty lies open and bare :

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere, ' My King,
King everywhere, and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.'

And when Sir Bedivere belies in part these brave words by hesitating to throw away Excalibur, the last visible memorial of the glories of the Round Table, Arthur's spiritual authority still avails to overawe him into obedience. Betrayed, defeated, sorely stricken, Arthur is yet, in the truest and most majestic sense, every inch a king.

'The vision of Leodogran's dream,' as R. H. Hutton has said, 'is literally fulfilled.' The cloud has rolled down upon the earth, and the King, a mighty phantom, stands out in heaven, but stands out crowned, for he has lost nothing in himself of the spiritual elements of his kingdom. Such a life cannot end in death. It came with signs and wonders and with them it passes away. We hear again the echoes of Merlin's riddling prophecy,

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

Whither he is borne on the dusky barge we cannot tell, but we know that there is no thought of failure in his heart. 'The old order changeth yielding place to new.' The fair and stately fabric of the Round Table has been shattered. But the spirit which was regnant at its core, which irradiated its being with living light and fire, that takes no hurt from 'the waves and weathers' of time, that tramples with victor-feet Death itself into the dust.

Thus Tennyson uses the Arthurian story to symbolise his own *Welt-Anschauung*, that there is a spiritual principle in the universe, incessantly struggling with the material elements, liable to temporary defeat, but in essence unconquerable and immortal. When the author of the *Idylls* was in the hey-day of his fame a Dorsetshire poet and novelist was slowly catching the ear of a smaller public with a strangely different interpretation of life. To Mr. Thomas Hardy Man is the plaything of ironic Powers :

As flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods,
They kill us for their sport.

When the President of the Immortals has finished his sport with Tess, and with the rest of us, there is no more to be said. By his consummate expression of this view of the world Mr. Hardy has become a classic in his lifetime. But to Tennyson this would have

been a creed of despair. For him human society could only exist on a spiritual basis, with God renewing himself in many ways. He clothed this conception in the garb, half-medieval, half-modernised of the Arthurian story. Hence have sprung the flaws and inconsistencies which have provoked so violent a reaction against the poem that at first was so widely acclaimed. For all that is shallow or half-hearted in his handling of the great romance for his own purposes Tennyson has paid dearly. But Time is the most impartial of critics, and the generation that has lived through the Great War may be able to do more justice to the *Idylls* than that which preceded. Wordsworth's sonnets have spoken with a new voice to those who have found in them not only a poetic record of the Napoleonic struggle, but a majestic proclamation of those ever-living principles which were at issue once again in the World-War. For Wordsworth those principles were enshrined in the historic national liberties of England, Switzerland and Spain, assaulted by tyrannic military power. Tennyson viewed them in the legendary form of an ideal society reared for a time above the encircling welter of pagan savagery. In either case the poets were concerned with the war of Sense against Soul. And has not the world-conflict revealed to shuddering humanity this elemental struggle in its most naked form beneath the laboriously built up structure of civilisation ?

The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws.

* * * *

The fear lest this my realm, uprear'd
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more.

Such familiar lines have gained immensely in significance since August 1914. They are the more poignant and arresting because they have originally no relation to historic facts. It is one of the tests of genius that its utterances are perpetually proving their value and aptness in unforeseen applications. *Idylls of the King* is not an organic whole ; it is a medley, with a strangely fitful inspiration. But when this inspiration is at work on this central theme of the poem, it gives birth to verse that no change of literary fashion can affect, because, like all true art, it is incomparable and timeless.

F. S. BOAS.

A PLEA FOR THE OLD TESTAMENT

It is unfashionable nowadays to break a lance in favour of the Old Testament. The tendency is to magnify the difference between Old and New Testament, to the disparagement of the one and the exaltation of the other. Though neither of the two 'books' is a unity, yet, for purposes of comparison, each is regarded as if it were. The God of the Old Testament—a perilous abstraction!—is contrasted with the God of the New. The 'morality' of the Old Testament is contrasted with the 'morality' of the New. What is generally done in these contrasts is to take the God and the morality of the Old Testament at their worst, and to compare them with the God and the morality of the New Testament at their best. The Old Testament is skilfully assimilated with its lowest level; the New Testament with its highest. Thus the God of the Sermon on the Mount is compared with the God of Judges and of Joshua. And the God of the former means the conception of God as we can frame it by the very best and noblest portions of the Sermon; the God of the latter means the conception of God as we can frame it by the very worst and lowest portions of Judges and Joshua.

Even if the Old Testament has to be regarded as, in any sense, the record of revelation, it is the record of imperfection and crudity. The human element is large, and weighs down the divine. Historically, the Old Testament may have its value; religiously, that value is small. For why use the imperfect, when you have the perfect at your hand? If the radiance of daylight can guide you, why carry about an ugly, guttering candle? Who, after all, is the God of the Old Testament? He is the fierce, cruel and jealous deity of a single, uncivilised people—by name, Yahweh; he is a partial and tribal God, excessively keen about his own honour and glory, which is closely connected with the honour and glory of his chosen people. To maintain and increase his own reputation and the power of Israel, he is willing and ready to order the slaughter of any number of men, women and children, if they belong to races outside the favoured one. In return, the chosen people has to serve its divine Master and King by elaborate sacrifices of bulls, goats and sheep, and by

observing a multitude of 'Don'ts,' the sum of which constitutes its morality. And what a morality it is: outward, legal, negative! As to inwardness and 'character,' they are unknown. No wonder that the perfect product of Old Testament teaching and ideals is the unlovely Pharisee of the Gospels. It is hard lines that Christianity, which is much less the issue of the Old Testament than its opposite, should be burdened with this gruesome heritage of the past. Must poor little English children of the twentieth century after Christ still have to learn about the taboos and the prejudices of this petty Semitic tribe? What is the minimum of Old Testament which could make the New Testament intelligible? Is not much of the suspicion with which institutional Christianity is regarded in certain sections of the population due not to anything specifically Christian—not to Gospel or Epistle—but to the fact that the Old Testament has still officially to be spoken of as the word of God, and that the New Testament has still to drag along with it, under one cover, this unfortunate book of cruelty and law, with which it has been associated for so many centuries to the injury of religion and to the degradation of Christianity? Should not the connexion, at long last, be frankly cut? May it not be finally recognised that the sacred book of the Jews, with its tribal and blood-thirsty God,¹ its crude and legal morality, and its fierce and bitter nationalism, forms no part of the sacred literature of Christianity?

Such, rather emphasised and drawn together, seem to be the tones and reflections which we hear about the Old Testament to-day. If a Jew raises his voice in arrest of judgment, it may be regarded as mere prejudice. That must be risked. It may at once be conceded that the old Jewish view, according to which the Old Testament, and more especially the Pentateuch, enshrined religious and moral perfection, is gone for ever. No doubt many orthodox Jews still naïvely believe it, but they could not obtain any hearing from those outside their own ranks. He who would make a claim for the religious greatness of the Old Testament can only do so to-day if he frankly recognise its imperfections and its limitations. If he attempt too much, he must inevitably lose all. For him the half, or perhaps a smaller fraction still, must be much larger than the whole. The fact is that one great argument for the greatness of the Old Testament is precisely to be found in those very imperfections and crudities which are now so often brought up to its discredit. It *does* contain these: it starts with them, and it by no means sheds them all. The latest portions of the Old Testament have crudities and imperfec-

¹ 'Yahweh is even more unbridled, licentious, vengeful than his people.' *Epilegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, by Miss Jane Harrison. 1921, p. 31.

tions of their own, and some crudities and imperfections which are comparatively naïve and harmless in the earliest, are much more definite, offensive, and elaborate in the latest, portions of the 'book.' All this must frankly be conceded. But these crudities and imperfections are not the only things in the Old Testament, *and they make the other things the more remarkable.* An achievement, some of which, in a sense, goes against the grain, is all the greater an achievement. What is the soul of a book, a person, a spiritual creation? What is its tendency, its essence? Is it the evil, the dross, the crude, the common, the ordinary? Surely not. Is it not rather the good, the special, the peculiar? And is this not the case with the Old Testament? What is it straining to produce? The worst bits of Joshua and of Esther, or the finest things in Deuteronomy and Isaiah? The imprecations and particularism of the Psalter, or its spirituality and universalism? I think the latter. Do you say: 'This argument, put more clearly, merely declares that the few fine things in the Old Testament prepare the way for the noon-day splendour of the New'? I am not going to accept or to deny the inference, but I would add to it this: that the Old Testament also prepares the way for the Judaism, and especially for the Liberal Judaism, of to-day. It may be that the Old Testament could fulfil itself in many ways. And in any case, the genius, the inspiration, the higher nature of a book reside surely in its qualities, and not in its defects, in its special greatness, and not in its common weaknesses and ugliness.

What the ultimate meaning and philosophy of it all may be I make no attempt to explain; the methods of God are exceedingly strange and hard. You have a people, and you have a religion, which, in some ways, deepen and accentuate each other's defects. The people is fierce, and its God is fierce; and people and God make each other yet fiercer. National hatreds become sanctified (alas, the word!) by religion, and religious zeal becomes intensified by national hatreds. And within the pale of the people rules a crude and harsh morality; a blow for a blow, measure for measure; do good to the good and to the friend; requite the evil and the enemy. And this very morality, like all ancient moralities, is part and parcel of the national religion. You start, indeed, with Yahweh, the God of Israel and the only God of Israel, but you hardly know if this singleness of nation and God is going to be a quality or a defect, so limited seems the outlook of Yahweh to Israel, so open and obvious his partiality. And if Yahweh has some hankering for justice, he has also strange moods of cruelty and caprice.

But what emerges? First, Monotheism absolute. No other divine power than One. And that One, spiritual. 'God is

Spirit' is the affirmation of the Fourth Gospel, but it may be safely asserted that the highest teachers of the Old Testament imply the same doctrine.

Nevertheless, Yahweh remains intensely 'personal.' It is doubtless no less absurd to speak of God as 'he' than it would be to speak of him as 'she.' But what other resource have we? How much better to speak of him as 'he' than as 'it.' The Old Testament is innocent of metaphysical speculation, but is not this very innocence one of its negative excellences, inasmuch as while, at its best, it soars high enough for saints, it never soars too high for ordinary and average folk, so that the same words can be appropriated by all? For the purposes of my argument it may also be truly said that Yahweh, while intensely 'personal,' lacks mythology, and the combination is his unique strength or quality. He may not be represented by any likeness or form: he may not be worshipped under any symbol or shape. He is both near and far; he fills heaven and earth, but they cannot contain him; he dwells in heaven, but also in the Temple; he dwells in the high and holy place, but with him also that is of a contrite heart. How all these various affirmations are to be harmonised, who can say? But it is the strength of the Old Testament that those who were, or are, reared upon it could, or can, firmly believe them all.

And what is Yahweh's character? How completely different is Yahweh at his purest from the supposed God of the Old Testament as a whole, or from the actual God of much of Joshua and of Judges. Gone are moods and caprices. Instead, changelessness and fidelity. He does, indeed, still punish, but for the sake of justice, and not for pleasure. 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live.' His primary qualities are compassion, and that not wholly translatable excellence, *chesed*, which is least feebly rendered by loving-kindness or love. He is righteous and long-suffering. 'The Lord is righteous in all his ways and loving in all his works.' And these qualities are predicated of him again and again. 'He does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men. As a father pities his children, so the Lord pities those that fear him. He heals the broken in heart, and binds up their wounds. He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.' What a different story such verses seem to tell from the God of vengeance, or, at the very best, of strictest and most pitiless justice, who is supposed to be the God of that gloomy and unreal abstraction, the Old Testament! But is he not always Yahweh, the God of the Jews, the God of Israel, and *not* the God of all mankind? Yes; he is always the God of Israel, but it would not be fair to stop at that. He is also 'the God of the spirits of all flesh.' Moreover, we have to distinguish between his character as it is in itself and

his character as it is displayed when lower national passions interfere. In itself, the divine character is perfect. Pure justice, pure mercy ; a unity of lovingkindness and wisdom. His character in the Old Testament at its best may still be his character for us to-day. It is to be admitted that towards the nations this character usually degenerates. It is inconsistent with itself. But even this degeneration and inconsistency are, in the very highest portions of the Old Testament, transcended. 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations.' 'Egypt, my people ; Assyria, the work of my hands.' 'My salvation shall extend to the ends of the earth.' Jonah is as much a portion of the Old Testament as Esther. And Jonah is its glory. Are you most yourself at your best or your worst ? When you yield to your weaknesses, or when you struggle against them and overcome them ? If my answer be sound, then the Old Testament is also most itself, its true essence is most truly shown, at its best and not at its worst ; its true tendency and issue are displayed, not in Esther, but in Jonah. 'And should I not have pity on Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons who cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle ?' What a mighty distance from Joshua ! What a spiritual achievement ! What a religious record and victory !

It is easy to criticise the Yahweh of Judges, but it is less easy to carp at the Yahweh of the noblest Psalms. Was it not a providential superstition which led the Jews to give up saying and pronouncing Yahweh, and to use instead the harmless epithet 'Adonai,' or 'Lord' ? For, the Lord, is to us a familiar, and not disagreeable, synonym for God. And is not the God of the noblest Psalms (themselves the product of Prophecy) the God of modern piety ? For religious purposes it is perfectly legitimate to pick and choose, to collect and combine. So picking and choosing, so collecting and combining, we form a conception of God, which can hardly be paralleled outside the Bible in its harmony of simplicity and depth, of strength and beauty, of definiteness and reserve, a conception suited both for the wise and the foolish, the average man and the saint. 'How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God ; therefore the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings. With thee is the fountain of life ; in thy light we see light. Thy lovingkindness is better than life. Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?' There are, indeed, heights and depths of mysticism to which the Psalmists never attain. But what they *do* achieve, what they *do* offer, has been comfort, inspiration, strength, for countless human souls. And it avoids many a pitfall. The mysticism of the noblest Psalms is pure and

simple and strong and clean. The God who is the object of worship in these Psalms, who produces this deep fervour, this clean but passionate devotion, has hardly a feature which the piety of to-day needs to modify or to reject. It is true that often, even in the very best and noblest Psalms, there are expressions or desires which we must eliminate, but it is easy to do so without altering the essential characteristics of the God, or making the worship of him vapid or unreal. Any lower elements drop off without difficulty and without injury to the whole. The noblest Psalms can be religiously bowdlerised without destroying their individuality. They gain. The dross is easily separated from the ore. The ore shines out all the more distinctively. Is it not absurd to create an abstraction, and call it the God of the Old Testament? What common denominator can be found? Are you going to make up the lineaments of an average God, half way between Judges, on the one hand, and the best conceptions of the Prophets and the Psalter upon the other? More commonly such an arithmetical monstrosity is not attempted, and the God of the Old Testament is roughly equalled with the God of Judges. In other words the best is ignored, and the worst is used for the whole.

If one were to ask, not for an 'average' picture of Yahweh, for that is impossible, but for the result of the higher teaching concerning him as it reflected itself in fairly average minds, it would not be unfair to point to the 145th Psalm. Here you have what (when national enemies are not in mind) Yahweh has become to the average religious writer towards the close of the Old Testament period. You have a Theism, not complete, not perfect (verse 20), but yet pure and elevated, simple and strong.

Suppose, however, we take a glance at Yahweh in his least satisfactory aspect, and where he is most open to easy criticism and attack. He starts his career in the closest possible association with Israel, and with the least possible concern for the rest of humanity. Moreover, every enemy of Israel is *ipso facto* an enemy of Yahweh. But how great is the religious achievement, which not only changes Yahweh from being one national God out of many into the Sole Divine Power in heaven and earth, not only produces the Book of Jonah beside Judges and Esther, but also creates the conception that the defeat and overthrow of guilty Israel is the work of Yahweh and the vindication of justice, and the still profounder conception that the very purpose of Israel's election by Yahweh is to publish the knowledge of the true God to all the nations of the world. From the Song of Deborah to the 49th and 53rd chapters of Isaiah: what a tremendous development! It may be admitted that the 'development' is not merely chronological. You can make up a disagreeable picture of Yahweh and of Israel from passages which are very late as well as from

passages which are very early. The dross and slag continue to the end. But the point is that the higher is actually present in the Old Testament as well as the lower, and that it is the higher which counts, which manifests the Spirit of God, which truly differentiates. There is nothing specific, original or essential about Esther. No struggle was needed to produce it. It did not go against the grain. It was not thrown up by the victory of the Higher against the Lower; of the Spirit of Righteousness, Universalism and Purity warring against National Prejudice and Hatred and the Desire for Revenge. But the conception of the Suffering Servant is profoundly original, and seems to represent the genius of the Old Testament at its height. And even though Esther-like passages be more numerous in bulk than parallels to Isaiah xlix. and liii., yet, nevertheless, it is, I repeat, the great and the original things which constitute the real essence of the Old Testament, and not the common and the cheap things.

If the achievement of the Old Testament as to the nature and character of the Divine Being—his Unity, his Moral Perfection, his Spirituality; his ‘Nearness,’ on the one hand, his Omnipresence, upon the other—seems marvellous in purity and worth, no less remarkable is its achievement as regards the right relation of man to God and the moral ideal. The teaching of the greater Prophets is fixed and unassailable. ‘I desire love and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God rather than burnt offerings.’ ‘Let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a perpetual stream.’ ‘What does the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice and love *chesed*, and to walk humbly with thy God?’ This teaching is above criticism. But, the Law! Well, some of us still believe that there is a place for Law—for ‘Thou shalt, and thou shalt not, because thou canst’—*even* in religion. Man, still lower than the angels, cannot yet wholly dispense with a Law without: the law graven in the heart, the law of the New Covenant (Jeremiah xxxi. 33), is still an ideal to be always sought for, but only partially obtained. As for the actual Law of the Pentateuch, it must be admitted that it includes much which is obsolete; it includes some things which are ordinary, average or poor. But it is inaccurate to speak of it as a collection of ‘Don’ts.’ There are in it positive, as well as negative, enactments. The combination of the two in the Ten Commandments has hardly lost its value even to-day, and the world would certainly be a far happier and better place than it is if the Ten Commandments, which have come in of late for some rather cheap and inaccurate depreciation, were universally obeyed. There are some negative commands, which can only be positively put into practice. ‘Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight or in measure. Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie to one another.’

Such laws seem as much positive as negative. 'Thou shalt not avenge or bear any grudge' immediately precedes the more famous and more positive command of love. 'If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat' is its interpretation. It is too often forgotten that the mandates, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might,' and 'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' are not only both found in the Law, but were quite as famous, and quite as familiar, and quite as important, in Judaism as in Christianity. 'But who is thy "neighbour" in Leviticus?' I fully admit: he is 'the child of thy people'; in other words, he includes 98 per cent. of all the men and women the ordinary person usually comes into contact, or has to do, with. There is, indeed, another 2 per cent., and they are not wholly left out in the cold: 'The resident alien that dwells with you shall be as one that is born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.' There are surely many of us modern Englishmen (whatever our creed) whom this law hits pretty hard. And till we obey it in the letter and the spirit, we might, perhaps, do well to cease cavilling at the Old Testament. Its moral and religious ideals may need supplementing, and may have found a noble supplement; but they are not so low or so easy that we can wisely reject or ignore them.

C. G. MONTEFIORE.

THE SMALLEST EUROPEAN SONG-BIRD

WHEN birds flock in autumn to the south, they leave behind some of the brightest and frailest. No English birds are more resplendent than the kingfisher and green woodpecker, which remain with us all through the winter ; and when autumn thins the woods both of leaves and birds, it is the best of all times for making the acquaintance of the golden-crested wren. He covers much ground at this season, hunting for insects among the boughs in company with titmice and tree-creepers ; and now, too, his numbers are swollen by a great incursion of his brothers from the Baltic pine-woods, which habitually migrate to our own isle.

As we wander in the calm November woods, disturbed only by the redbreast's resonant song among the aisles, and the tapping of a great titmouse as he breaks on a bough some seed of white-beam or hornbeam, sometimes we are warned of the goldcrest's approach by his own minute voice, and sometimes by the subdued cries and flitting forms of his companions. The goldcrest's characteristic note at this season is not his small wheedling song, so persistent in spring, but a thin, elementary chirp, subtler than the cry of any tit, and recalling by its slightness the squeak of the shrew-mouse in the hedgerow, or of the bat by the summer eaves. Sometimes it is briskly repeated, as a lively chatter. It is a cry proportionate to his size—a fairy signal devoid of the aggressive mannerism, the grimacing twang, which marks most cries of the tits. As he slips into sight with his companions among the discoloured boughs, his pre-eminence in minuteness is manifest. For here is the smallest bird in Europe, a song-bird of less than the weight of a halfpenny, a winged thing less than an inch longer than the smallest humming-bird. As the mixed flocks drift through the copse, with its summer screens dissolved, the goldcrest makes even the long-tailed tit look bulky beside him. For even without his great tail, which is more than half of his length, the long-tailed tit's body is a good half inch longer than the goldcrest's ; and half an inch is much in such company. The tree-creeper, for all its slenderness of form, and the chiffchaff, smallest of our summer migrants, are not far from twice the size of the goldcrest. By a pretty repudiation of brute strength, the kingship of the birds, and the scientific title of "*regulus*," have been conferred at one time or another both on the goldcrest and the

common wren. But the wren, if a king, is an uncrowned one ; his head bears no golden sign ; Nature does not recognise his coronation. Probably the wren was named king of the birds for want of knowledge of the smaller bird with its visible symbol of kingship. For in earlier centuries the goldcrest was a good deal overlooked, partly from the general unobservance of natural matters, and partly because in all probability it was scarcer than now. It is true that by docking its tail the common wren makes itself actually no longer than a goldcrest, but it is a far more stoutly built bird, and its body looks all the larger for its curtailment.

As it flits to us through the autumn woods, sometimes the goldcrest may at once alight head-down on some thorn-spray or fir-tassel, and declare itself by its golden feathers. The kinglet is brighter than the queenlet, but she too is crowned. In both the bright feathers form a band from the front to the back of the little bird's head ; in the cock bird two stripes of bright lemon yellow enclose a streak of orange, in the hen the whole band is bright yellow. But it is difficult to distinguish these shades of colour as the live birds hunt with their unceasing restlessness among the leaves ; we can only detect, as a rule, that the cock's crest is the bolder and brighter. As if to make their brilliant silken lustre more conspicuous, the whole bright area both in cock and hen is bordered by two definite stripes of black. This crest can be slightly raised when the bird is animated, like that of the blackcap, the skylark, and various other species ; but we need not look for an outstanding plume, like that of the hoopoe or common lapwing or crested tit. Its possession by both sexes, albeit in a modified form by the hen, is one of many similar warnings against overworking the theory that the bright plumage of male birds has been evolved by sexual selection. If male goldcrests gradually acquired their bright crowns in competition for appreciative hens, the duller members dying out for want of mates, how did the crowns of the hens arise ? Except in a few species in which the hen is the more splendid, and the wooer, there is no suggestion that her own bright colours have been acquired by competition for the cocks. The hen's part in a typical bird courtship is ostentatiously passive and almost provokingly indifferent. Yet here are hen goldcrests, and the hens of such brightly adorned species as the woodpeckers and kingfisher, ornate with almost masculine splendour. The most that can be claimed in the case of the goldcrests is that selection may have given the cock's crests their superior brightness ; but how the crests arose for selection to work upon still remains unproved.

So much for this symbol of royalty when the birds reveal it. But to catch sight of a live bird's crest one often needs a bird's-eye view ; and how are we to recognise the goldcrest slipping

lightly through the boughs above us if he keeps his crest turned to the sky, while we plod earthbound? His differentia is fairly plain apart from his very small size. He has little likeness to the common jenny wren, but is half titmouse, half warbler—a titmouse in his fondness for often hanging heels-above-head, and yet a warbler in many soft, stroking movements, and his more slender shape. Both in form and colour, he comes nearer than any other bird which winter leaves us to that summer tribe. He is a little more stoutly built than they, as if to face rough weather; and like the summer verdure reflected in the coats of the wood-wren and willow-wren there is a tinge of evergreen in his plumage. But if we do not catch sight of his crest, and cannot even see him clearly enough in the air or among the foliage to appreciate his small size, we can usually recognise him by his wings. They have a dark brown patch which is pretty sharply contrasted with a white line on the coverts above, and the paler quills beneath. This pied marking is distinctive and fairly conspicuous, and will catch a vigilant eye even in the dim light that falls through a bush in November.

If the habit of migration in any way depended on apparent power of flight, the goldcrest's puny wings would emphatically make it a resident. But truly resident birds are proportionately rare, and are no more common among the weak than the strong of pinion. The goldcrest is rightly included in the list of our 'resident species,' for there are always goldcrests in this isle; but, like most other species in that list, its individuals are largely migratory. The breeding-ground of goldcrests extends over a great tract of the Old World, from the Azores, through Europe and Northern Asia, to Japan. Within this wide range of climate the habits of the species are naturally not constant; the goldcrests of Scandinavia are summer migrants, flocking in autumn to our own warmer shores, while the birds that breed in the south-most part of their range are probably resident. Various local races, including those bred in our own island are sufficiently distinct to be recognisable, but their movements have not yet been accurately traced. We do not yet know what proportion of our British goldcrests join in the great autumn stream of migration which carries so many birds of our so-called resident species to the shores of south-western France, and on to Portugal and the African coast. It is probable that many do migrate, especially in our colder winters, but that a minority which find snug quarters remain in the country all the year. But of the great inrush to Britain from the north in autumn there has long been no doubt. It has been conspicuous on our north-east coasts, and sometimes along the whole eastern seaboard, for a century past. On the Lincolnshire coast, goldcrests used to be known as 'woodcock-pilots'—the name may still survive—because of their abundant

arrival a little before the woodcock come, at the time of the November full moon. These immigrations are as wonderful for their enormous numbers as for the minute dimensions of these passengers across the wild North Sea. On the wild cliffs of Fair Isle, midway between Shetland and Orkney, Mr. Eagle Clarke found them abundant on many days in the three autumn months. 'Goldcrests everywhere to-day (17th October) on the cliffs and in the crofts alike, uttering their peevish little call-note. They give one the impression that they are suffering, for they sit very close and pay little attention to the presence of an observer. An example which came into one of the houses readily sat on the occupier's arm, and devoured about a score of the common house-fly.' Such a meal speaks of sheer starvation; more often than not the food picked up by the goldcrest is invisible at a range of a few feet. Their cry might well sound peevish! and yet its apparent fretfulness may merely have been due to the environment of the surf and precipices, which makes any woodland note seem homeless and sad—even the laugh of the woodpecker. There can be little doubt that many of the goldcrests which we see in autumn and winter in inland places are survivors of this horde of immigrants, though they do not declare their foreign origin as plainly as the redwings and fieldfares from the same Baltic home. Some of them are perceptibly larger than our breeding birds, and this is one of the differentiating marks of the Northern European race. These larger birds from North Europe have been found in winter in the Spanish peninsula, which is a kind of Riviera in the chilly season for many birds from the north; and there can be little doubt that many of our British goldcrests pass south also. The northward migration in spring is much less marked, as is natural after the waste of life in the inclement half of the year; but the multitudinous migration of the goldcrests on a clear April night has been vividly described by Gätke as he watched it on Heligoland. The journeys of these winged flakes from Norway to Portugal, and home again, are at least as wonderful a feat of flight as the migration of British swallows to South Africa, which has been verified in recent years by the identification of five distinct specimens, marked at their nesting-places between the Trent and Forth.

There can be little doubt that goldcrests have greatly increased in this country since plantations of pine and fir have been so greatly multiplied. These little birds delight at all times of year in a pendent spruce-bough, or the denser tassels of an Austrian pine; and they delight in spruce-firs at nesting-time. Woods of fir and pine were not planted in England until the seventeenth century, while it was not until the nineteenth that plantation in country districts took place on a very large scale, and almost every villa garden in town suburbs boasted its clump of coniferous

evergreens. Before the time of this coniferous eruption, England had none of the evergreens in which goldcrests delight all through the year, except yews and furze, neither of which stand now in the first rank of their favour. In Scotland there were always some Scotch pines; but there too the great epoch of plantation did not begin until nearly the end of the eighteenth century. Goldcrests, moreover, are less fond of Scotch firs at nesting-time than of several other coniferous species; the boughs of old trees seem too scantily covered for their liking. The multiplication of conifers seems not only to have increased their numbers but to have altered their habits. Bewick's *Land Birds* was published in 1797, and he, or rather his descriptive collaborator, mentions oaks as their favourite trees. This is quite contrary to modern experience. Though the oak is so full of insect life that it gives them a good hunting-ground, they seldom spend much time in one compared with the firs. It was undoubtedly the planting of pines and firs about our houses—for shelter and privacy as well as an economic crop—that first made goldcrests familiar birds, and, so to speak, domesticated them. Gilbert White, in his forty-first letter to Pennant, specially mentions the 'golden-crowned wren, that shadow of a bird,' as one which does not take refuge in winter about houses or villages, but 'keeps aloof in fields and woods'; and he adds the significant remark that 'they are almost as rare as any bird we know.' Yet more than two centuries earlier William Turner, a Northumbrian like Bewick, but who made many of his observations in Germany, definitely describes them in Bavaria as visiting towns in winter. Nowadays the same might be truly said of most towns in England; and the fir-trees have made the difference. At Selborne, with its oaks and beech-woods, there were doubtless few firs and pines in Gilbert White's day—there are few now in the immediate neighbourhood of the village. It is probable, too, that the effusion of conifers over Britain, to the obliteration, it must be admitted, of a good deal of its most characteristic scenery, has also profited the goldcrests which breed beyond its borders. Three centuries ago the Baltic goldcrests must have swung west and south, when winter called them, on the same track that they are following now. Their path is ruled by coast-line and climate, more enduring than fashions in planting trees. But a pineless England must have proved a far bleaker refuge. Every north wind searching the furze-brakes must have driven them further into the south, across other tracts of sea which they must recross before they regained their Baltic home. Every spruce-clump planted on English soil must be a haven of refuge for these northern goldcrests, a kind of home from home, and must tend to increase their numbers in their breeding quarters.

A bird so slight as the goldcrest, and one which appears to be

at all times an insect-eater, must inevitably be one of the first to suffer destruction from a savage season. On few species was the disastrous effect more marked of the bitter weather of the first four months of 1917. In that dire winter—it lasted until the third week of April—birds of many kinds perished by thousands, perhaps by millions; with redwings, those tender thrushes, a market-basket could have been filled on many mornings in a short walk near the Norfolk coast. Whether they were frozen in their home coverts, or went south to the equal cold of the Continent, and never returned, the goldcrests of many English districts were nearly wiped out. In the years just preceding they had probably been more numerous in England than at any time before; from February to midsummer, the minute and eager song seemed perpetual in every other fir-clump. The desolation was the more marked when it came. Even in 1918, after the first two breeding seasons since the frost, the scarcity of goldcrests was still very marked. Three more summers have now restored them to fair abundance, though they have not yet reached the high-water mark of the years before 1917. The recovery of many small birds from the disaster of the frost has been retarded by the abundance during several seasons of birds of prey, due to the abandonment of game preserving in the war years. It was pleasant, if you were not a sheep-farmer, to see ravens find their way back to the old nesting-rock from which they had been long banished, but less attractive to witness song-birds harried at nesting-time by the untuneful and predatory jay. Fortunately the small size of the goldcrest's nest makes it more likely than most others to escape the jay's pale eye, and from its peculiar pendent position it must often be a difficult crib to crack.

Like the long-tailed tit, the goldcrest is an early nester, and builds an equally skilful and almost as beautiful a nest. The cock and hen join in building it. Nowadays it is usually hung beneath the drooping sprays of a spruce-fir or other coniferous tree; and the birds can fit it with equal success against the stiff, unyielding branchlets of a spruce not more than six feet high—the merest Christmas tree for a flower-pot—or under the pendulous finger-tips of a full-grown spruce at a height of thirty or forty feet. The low-built nests are the most commonly found, but not necessarily the commonest, for a ball of green moss barely three inches across is not easily detected in the upper boughs of a tall spruce. From the fondness of goldcrests for the upper branches, it is probable that they often build among them. No other nest of a British bird is so skilfully hung to its supports, unless it be the reed-warbler's or the house-martin's; and the goldcrest's typical method is distinct and unique. The nest hangs less among its supports than beneath them, clinging much

like some pendulous fruit, almost hidden in leaves. It is not immensely large for the size of the bird, as is the long-tailed tit's, and often the common wren's; nor, like the nests of these two birds and those of some of the goldcrest's nearest warbler relatives, is it domed. When partly built, in structure though not in situation it is much like the chaffinch's, which is small, from its neatness, out of proportion to the finch's size. But the walls are curved in as they rise, until they almost meet after all, and with the roof of live fir-needles to cover as much of the entrance as is not filled with feathers, the young goldcrests are almost as well sheltered as in any domed nest. The chief material is fine strands of moss; and when the little birds change their minds, or find a difficulty in fixing their foundations, a bough of a spruce may be found tagged with half-a-dozen moss-clots before one of them gets fairly started as the nest. Besides moss, there is a generous contribution from the unwilling spider, especially of the cocoons, which when egg-filled are the very apple of her eye. The neat green sphere—for it is nearer a sphere than a hemisphere—is often spangled outside with these silken cocoons, like a long-tailed tit's nest or a chaffinch's, though, unlike those two birds, the goldcrest does not usually add lichen as well. The difference does not seem strictly one of protective adaptation, for though the goldcrest does not usually fix its nest against a lichenous background, many of the lichen-covered tits' and chaffinch's nests are not built among lichens. It may be suspected that the choice of these bright flakes is partly æsthetic. Inside, the nest of the goldcrest is abundantly stuffed with feathers, and among the feathers are laid from seven to a dozen minute eggs. Their average size is appreciably smaller than that of the long-tailed tit; that is to say, they are about as big as a good-sized pea. Their colour is quite distinct from that of the eggs of tits, and of the goldcrest's warbler relatives, all of which may be accurately though inadequately described as being white with red spots. Goldcrests' eggs are of a light tawny yellow, mottled more or less thickly with a deeper shade of yellowish or reddish brown. They have the colour of ripe corn in them. This hue tends slightly to confirm a suspicion that the goldcrest's typical method of building may not always have been the same. Generally speaking, the paler the egg the more covered the nest it is laid in; and by providing goldcrests with eggs of subfuc hue Nature seems of the opinion that they should be laid in distinctly more open nests than those of the tits and the wren, or of the chiffchaff and dome-building warblers. It is true that the goldcrest's nest is open above, or at least ajar; but the eggs are not more exposed than those of the chiffchaff and willow-wren, which can usually be seen from outside. Did goldcrests, then, once build more exposed nests? There seems a hint of it when we find that nests

built in furze-bushes are not always of the pendent type, but are sometimes attached to the sprays much like a chaffinch's.

Goldcrests are double-brooded, and may be seen and heard about their nesting-places from very early spring until July. After that, they lose their song and tend to wander, though an evergreen covert agreeable in goldcrests' eyes is seldom long without visitors, or was, at least, in the years before the great frost. Then our own birds begin roaming through the woods, and in October the migrants from the Continent begin to join them. In winter they remain less among the boughs of trees than when their interests are centred on a nest; they can be seen busily hunting in low bushes, or slipping on commons and fellsides from the junipers and scrubby birches to search the dead bracken below. Their restless activity is extreme; we may watch them hunting for an hour together, and their bodies will not once be still for two seconds. Besides their continual change of position, they are perpetually half-opening and folding their wings, and expanding and closing their tails. When searching a tree-trunk—and a scaly larch-trunk is one of their richest hunting-grounds—they will prop themselves momentarily upon their tails, like the tree-creeper and woodpeckers. In an hour's unresting activity they will sometimes traverse not a dozen yards of copse; and the ceaseless strokes of their bills are a revelation of the invisible abundance of insect life. Like the smaller tits, they are curiously indifferent to human observation, even when in happier trim than on Fair Isle; it seems as though their dark and brilliant eyes, trained on mites and spiders, did not easily comprehend so large a bulk as a man, and took him for one of the natural elements in the landscape—some stock or stone. This is different from the conscious familiarity of the robin; it confers an odd sense of invisibility. By March, or even February, the wandering flocks break up, our goldcrests settle in pairs in the shrubberies and plantations where they will nest, and before the end of February the cocks may sing. Once more that minute yet vigorous music begins to vibrate in the fir-boughs, hardly recognisable as a bird's song by unaccustomed ears taking as their standard the ringing notes of the chaffinch, which break out in the same lightening days. The goldcrest utters a set song or phrase, like the chaffinch's or the hedge-sparrow's or the wren's, with the same rapidity and marked rhythm. It has two notes several times repeated, then an emphatic final flourish, and all of an exceeding fineness, like a tune scratched by a needle upon glass. This is music proper to a bird whose body, as Turner remarked, is 'not much larger than a locust's'; yet it has all a song-bird's expressiveness, and nothing of the insect's mechanical chirr. It is the most spirited of Nature's undertones.

ANTHONY COLLETT.

TIGER-HUNTING IN HYDERABAD

ALTHOUGH tigers are not as numerous in India as they were fifty or sixty years ago, they are still abundant in certain favoured localities. The chief enemy of great game is to be found in the spread of railways, which not only open up fresh shooting grounds but tend to the exploitation of the country, the reclaiming of waste lands, and the extension of cultivation. It must not, however, be supposed that tigers are more abundant in great forests and vast uninhabited regions. On the contrary, they are to be sought for rather in the neighbourhood of the habitations of man, provided there remain sufficient secluded haunts to furnish them with cool and sheltered retreats. In the great forests the bison and elephant love to roam, far from the haunts of man, where no sounds save those of Nature strike upon the ear and where the wild beasts can wander in peace over almost untrodden solitudes. But man brings with him domesticated animals and extends cultivation, the former an attraction to the cattle-loving tiger, the latter enticing those ruminating wild animals, deer, antelope, and pig, on which the great cats chiefly prey.

Nor are the great beasts of prey without their uses. If they are killed off, the deer, antelope, and pig devastate the husbandman's crops. Moreover, the great carnivora improve the breed of those species on which they prey, for the weaklings and otherwise unfit furnish their first victims. The fittest survive. If, however, the ruminating wild animals are exterminated, the tigers, bereft of their natural prey, become cattle-killers and are prone to attack man himself. It is for the best that the balance of Nature should be maintained, and that both carnivora and ruminants should preserve their proper proportions.

The State of Hyderabad is very favourably situated as a habitat of tigers. Although newly-constructed railways have opened out the country to a considerable extent, the remoter parts of the Nizam's territory are still far from the line of rail and comparatively inaccessible. Twenty years ago certain regions were infested by tigers, and still in favourable localities these great beasts seem to be as numerous as in days when I brought to bag twenty-seven in two hot weather expeditions of six weeks each. I heard

recently from an old Indian officer who accompanied me on several expeditions that they are so destructive that special measures have to be taken for their reduction. The country consists generally of an extensive plateau, some 1800 feet above the level of the sea, well watered, intersected by ranges of jungle-clad hills, and characterised by cool, well-wooded valleys in which the tiger, impatient of heat and thirst, finds plentiful shade and water. Those wild animals which form the natural prey of the great carnivora are by no means everywhere abundant. Tigers are sometimes so hard pressed for food that I have known them devour porcupines, snakes, and crabs. But usually these extensive regions are in the valleys well cultivated and inhabited, and even where there are wide stretches of forest, the villages and tracts of arable form oases in the jungle, cattle are abundant, and the nomadic tribes of Brinjaras have large herds which are followed from one pasture-ground to another in plain and hill by wandering tigers.

The month of March brings in the hot weather in the Deccan. It comes with a scorching blast of wind blowing as from a furnace, which gladdens the heart of the sportsman, who knows that it will rapidly thin out the leafy jungle and dry up the water, thus limiting the extent of the tigers' wanderings. But in March the nights are pleasant, and in the early morning, before the sun has risen over the eastern hills, the air is still fresh, and in watercourses and low ground the dew lies upon the grass, but is soon sucked up by the rays of the risen sun. In the daytime the birds are beginning to gasp with open beaks, and all living creatures seek the shade of tree and copse. In the great jungles which stretch beyond the blue hills towards which the sportsman's eager eyes are now turned, the tigers have given up wandering by day. Their peregrinations in search of prey take place during the dark hours of the night when the earth lies cool under the star-spangled canopy of the heavens; in the heat of the day they rest in umbrageous solitudes, or lie in shady pools.

The camp and shikaris are getting ready in the compound of my bungalow, for they are to start a week ahead in order to be ready on the bank of the Pein Ganga, seventy miles distant, when I arrive there. Sepoys and servants are busy packing the bullock-carts with provisions, guns, camp equipage, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia required for camp life. Stores are packed in small and handy wooden cases, a week's supply in each, so that the unopen boxes are always convenient for travelling. Two camels, useful in emergency for country impassable for wheeled traffic, are groaning under their loads. Ponies are there for three sepoy's whose duty will be to collect beaters and stiffen the line. Finally, a herd of young buffaloes for bait, with their driver, an

old man called by the camp 'Brook Sahib,' perhaps owing to a fanciful resemblance to a European of that name. In place of the usual turban he wore on his head a battered old pith hat discarded by his master, and his shrivelled body was hung round with gourds containing his provisions for the march. His only other garments were a strip of cloth round his loins and a ragged khaki jacket with no sleeves. Over his shoulder he carried a rusty spear. It was nine o'clock, and the moon was just rising, a silver disc, over the black rim of the horizon behind the palm trees, when the procession started, the camels complaining loudly, the bells tinkling at the necks of the yoked oxen, the carts creaking, the men shouting, and old 'Brook Sahib' bringing up the rear belabouring his grunting charges, until all disappeared in a cloud of dust down the road towards the jungles of Mahor and the distant line of hills in the east.

A week later, before daybreak, my horse stood at the door, and other horses had been posted on the way to the distant jungle, so that no time need be wasted on the road. There was a ride of seventy miles in front of me, but the journey was not tedious, as it lay through varied scenery. The first forty miles it was across flat country, mostly under cultivation, which abounded in antelope. This brought me to Umerkhed, a place infamous for atrocious murders by Thugs in the 'happy days' before the advent of British rule. Close by a party of travellers had been strangled within the memory of men still living. The robbers, disguised as harmless travellers, had mixed with a dozen people proceeding from Hyderabad to Nagpore. Each Thug cunningly singled out a victim, and at a given signal fell each man upon his quarry, and in a moment the whole party were strangled with knotted handkerchiefs. The victims were buried in a dry watercourse close at hand, and in a very short time all signs of the crime were obliterated.

On leaving Umerkhed I turned into a jungle-clad valley through a range of hills. As I rode through the valley the short, sharp bark of a rib-faced deer re-echoed on the hillside ahead, and the cry was repeated farther on, and then taken up by a peacock which uttered the trumpet-note of alarm. Evidently a tiger or panther was afoot. A few miles farther on I splashed through the shrunken waters of the Pein Ganga and rode into my camp, which was pitched under a large banyan tree on the farther bank of the river. I was met by my Bhil shikari, Bhima, who lived in the adjacent hamlet. Bhima was a remarkable man, with a wonderful eye for country. In the beat he never made a mistake, and he was with me in the killing of some twenty-five tigers in three seasons, during which he was my head man. The sportsman is greatly indebted to the natives of the country, the shikaris and beaters, who for a small reward take their lives in their hands and drive the

tiger from his lair, and as much credit is due to the unarmed men who drive as to the sportsman who actually kills the beast with the most deadly weapon that modern science can provide. As for weapons, in tiger-hunting I always used the old '500 Express rifle by Holland and Holland, which now stands in the gun-rack in my library, and I could wish for no better.

There were other shikaris besides Bhima. There was old Nathu, who grew garrulous with advancing years and was fond of relating the doughty deeds of his master and himself with the addition of many embellishments. He feared nothing. He would rush up to a wounded and dying tiger and belabour the monster with tongue and stick. Simple-minded and honest, he would carry on cheerfully and tirelessly through a long day's work notwithstanding the burthen of sixty years. Then there was little Chunder, the gentlest and most faithful of beings, possessed of a rare intelligence unclouded by the fumes of spirituous liquors, for he would touch none of them. He was a trustworthy man to send out to explore a tract of country preparatory to an expedition, to conciliate the inhabitants and to bring in news that could be relied upon. There was also the faithful sepoy orderly, Shaikh Karim, who managed all camp arrangements and, armed with a gun loaded with ball, stiffened the line of beaters. Once when mauled by a tiger his first inquiry when the beast had left him was as to the safety of his master.

Oh, faithful friends and followers, all gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds! When the time comes for me to cross the river which you have already passed, may you be there to greet me at the camp pitched on the bank of the Stygian stream, with news of the sport to be had in the jungles behind the veil where, according to that fine naturalist Frank Buckland, we hope to meet with many interesting animals!

Bhima had news of tigers. The country was an ideal haunt for them. The river flowed through a rocky bed for many miles between forest-clad hills and through a valley of varying width. On one side the forest and the hills came down almost to the water's edge. On the other was a strip of level ground between the river and the hills, containing a few scattered hamlets whose inhabitants cultivated the plain and maintained herds of cattle. Beyond the cultivated tract, the forest of teak and bamboo grew abruptly and filled the valleys and ravines that cut deep into the mountain range. In these valleys the tigers had their habitat, as well as in the forest on the other bank, where they found shade, water, and game in abundance, whilst at night they could issue forth to prey on the village herds which went to graze in the jungle or to drink at the river.

On a distant hill overlooking a broad valley was the Ziarat of

Shaikh Farid, a Mohammedan at whose tomb, gleaming white upon the cliff, my shikaris said rites must be performed to propitiate the jungle god, or we would meet with no success. Next morning we went to the Ziarat, taking buffaloes as bait for tigers and accompanied by the whole of the denizens of the camp and most of those of Bhima's village. A goat was taken for the sacrifice, killed at the tomb, and its flesh cooked and eaten, all partaking of the feast. Towards evening we descended to the valley, where we found tracks of a tigress, and we tied up two young buffaloes within view of the tomb of the patron saint.

On visiting the place next morning, I found that one of the buffaloes had been killed and dragged off, the footprints of the tigress being plainly visible ; at one point she had picked up her victim and leapt with it across a wide nullah. A pool of blood and a broad trail in the grass marked the scene of the tragedy. With the help of eighty beaters I drove out and killed this tigress without difficulty. A day or two later an immense tiger killed one of my buffaloes in an adjoining valley. After observing the kill, I went to look at other animals tied up higher up the valley, and on returning found that the tiger had followed us a long way, as was evident from his tracks. It may be thought that the hunter had been hunted, but it is probable that the tiger had merely been impelled by curiosity to see us off his premises rather than by hostile intent. He was evidently alarmed, for we were unable to find him when we beat the jungle, although I drove him out next day and killed him with one bullet. Tigers are not always so easily killed. The following year one that I shot in the mouth in this same spot charged us when followed up, and nearly caught old Nathu, but he stood his ground with stick raised, and the tiger was fortunately rolled over with another shot when close to him.

It was now necessary to sacrifice to the jungle god who had brought us this success. The animist religion of the jungles approximates to the worship of the great god Pan and to the system of sacrifice recorded in the Old Testament. A narrow path ran up the valley in which I killed the big tiger. Here in the dust were the footprints of many beasts. A bear had shambled along, and after him a panther whose pugs overlay those of Bruin. Deer and blue bull, four-horned antelope, pigs, porcupines, peafowl, partridges, and little quail—all these had passed by in the silent watches of the night or in the early morning before the rays of the sun had warned them to seek the shade of umbrageous thickets. Their comings and goings could be plainly read in the Book of Nature that lay open to the observant eye. Beside the path in a wretched tenement of sticks and stones that formed the abode of the jungle god, the deity was represented by a red-painted stone over which his banners, a few red and white rags, fluttered in the

breeze. Like Abraham of old, my shikaris dragged a kid to the shrine and anointed it with country spirit, and the goat bowed down before the graven image and was immediately slaughtered and its blood spilt on the threshold. A severed foot was hung up as an offering within the sacred tenement, around which could be heard the voice of Pan, and the tracks of his shaggy hoofs were imprinted on the jungle path.

From here I moved my camp fifteen miles down the river, on the far side of which was an extensive forest stretching down to the water's edge and well stocked with game. Here I put up a bison with two calves, and at midday a herd of spotted deer came down to drink about 400 yards from my camp. I shot the stag, and in the evening killed a blue bull in the forest. This was indeed the Empire of Nature, and the forest was beautiful beyond description! Giant trees, the growth of ages, stood upon the river bank, their topmost branches dotted with vultures and their nests. The river flowed in a rocky bed, strewn with great boulders and containing broad, deep reaches where crocodiles lay like logs upon the surface and otters disported themselves in pursuit of fish. Sometimes the stream narrowed to a silver thread between stretches of sand or murmured over pebbly shallows. On the margin, kept green by perennial moisture, grew thick brakes of cane and grass jungle; graceful bamboos bowed their feathery branches to the water, and beyond the level the hillsides were thickly grown with teak trees. Umbrageous nullahs, containing here and there a pool of water, wound their way to join the river.

In the forest was an infinite variety of life. Bison, though scarce, were to be met with. The great sign-manual of the tiger was upon the paths and the margins of the pools. The half-devoured body of a four-horned antelope, placed for concealment in the fork of a tree, indicated the presence of a panther. Claw marks all the way up the bole of a giant pipal tree showed where a bear had climbed in search of honey. The bark rubbed off the trees told of stags polishing their antlers-sambur on the hill-top and spotted deer which frequented the river banks where their graceful forms were reflected in the water. Wild dogs standing in a glen represented the vermin, which were unable to make much impression on such a vast quantity of game. From almost every thicket a little antelope rushed out with white scut in air, peafowl filled the shady spaces, and monkeys with black faces grinned and chattered overhead.

Here on every side resounded the voices of the forest. In the glades and on the banks of the stream the spotted deer were seldom silent. Constantly the belling of the stags or the shrill bark of the hinds resounded in the woods. In the evening the

harsh, grating cry of the panther came from the neighbouring hills ; and at morn and at the setting of the sun the loud resonant 'Miaou ! Miaou !' of the peafowl struck upon the listening ear. The deep purr or distant roar of a tiger might sometimes disturb the silence of the night, answered by a voice of fear in the jungle. The chattering of the monkeys, the monotonous shriek of the coel, the ceaseless stridulation of cicadas, composed the chorus of Nature's orchestra ; all these and other sounds struck upon the ear and gladdened the solitude of the woods. There could be no greater pleasure than to wander, rifle in hand, over these sylvan haunts in the Empire of Nature.

I killed here a great tiger which, according to the shikari's account, was only brought up to me by old Nathu facing him with stick and shout. The tiger leapt lightly down six feet of bank below me, and when I shot him he sank in a pool of water, from which the dripping carcass was soon hauled. This tiger was only nine feet long, but was immensely stout and powerful. We skinned him on the spot, and the vultures soon stripped the flesh from the bones. That night a tiger killed a buffalo at the same place, but he did not eat any of the kill, and the tracks showed that he had left early in the night and retreated along the bed of the river. Next night a tigress and cubs passed close by without killing the fresh bait, and it appeared as though the ghost of the departed tiger, whose bones lay there, had haunted this ill-omened spot.

Ten miles farther on a jungle hamlet stood alone and isolated in the wilds, the hills falling with precipitous descent to a wooded ravine in which tigers were reported. Here I killed a fine tiger after a very long chase. This animal was much addicted to lying in water in the heat of the day ; indeed, my shikaris said that he was in the habit of lying immersed with nothing but the tip of his tail showing above the surface ; this extremity, moving to and fro, used to betray his presence in the bath ! On arrival in this jungle I pitched my camp a couple of miles from the hamlet. That night a great storm arose ; the thunder reverberated among the hills. Armies of black clouds were driven across the sky, their sides rent by lightning flashes ; tumultuous fragments separated themselves from the main mass, and were driven in torn battalions through the firmament where the floating moon seemed to fly the faster. The rain poured down in torrents, but in an hour or two the storm passed ; the sky cleared and the moon swam serene in the dark blue vault, accompanied by the unnumbered stars of God.

Even in this weather the tigers were afoot. The day broke clear and bright, and I visited the buffaloes that had been tied up the day before. The tiger had passed close to one of them, and

stopped on the margin of a pool of water to drink. He had then lain down as though to watch his prospective prey, and I could only conjecture why he had not killed the wretched animal. He had perhaps been alarmed by a sudden flash of lightning. For he had walked swiftly away along the bank of the watercourse, and was joined by a tigress half a mile farther on. The shikaris said that the jungle god had forbidden him to kill and must be propitiated, so the sacrifice of a kid was carried out in the usual way to the red-painted stone near my camp.

We drove the tiger out a few days later; he came along dripping from the water in which he had been immersed, but, just when I thought that he was mine, he turned with a gruff roar up the bank of a ravine and rushed off into the forest. We found him again next day, but he was angry and unmanageable; he made off towards my camp, and later turned fiercely on the beaters and broke back without giving me a shot.

Leaving the kill where it was, in the hope that the tiger would return, I went back to camp, and in the morning found that the tiger had visited his prey and had thrown the remainder of the carcase into a pool of water, presumably to conceal it from the vultures. These birds hunt by sight, and not by scent—a fact tigers and panthers are well aware of, for they frequently cover up a carcase with leaves, or drag it into the shelter of a bush. This day I was struck down by the sun, and for some days could not go out, and during this time the tiger continued his marauding life with impunity. But at length I tracked the beast down into a long narrow valley, and there tied up a buffalo near a pool of water among the rocks. He had led me a long chase, and it could be imagined that he took a pleasure in foiling my efforts to encompass his destruction. My men said that he had become fierce with this persistent pursuit, that he would turn on us soon, and that he was protected by the sylvan deity.

But his hour was at hand. That night I directed some of my best men to occupy points of vantage overlooking the ravine before daybreak. The day broke, and they saw the great beast lying beside the carcase of the buffalo which he had killed. The sun rose and shone into the valley below, and as the scorching rays reached him the tiger entered the water, and after drinking retired to lie up in a thicket at hand. A hundred beaters were collected, and by midday I was on the scene of action. The whole countryside gathered to the beat, eager to witness the death of the tiger which had given us so long a chase, and whose fame had spread far and wide. I climbed a rocky eminence above the ravine, passing a great black bear among the rocks, and descended into the glen half a mile above the spot where the tiger lay, and where the heights narrowed into a boulder-strewn neck

of ground. A line of men crowned the heights on either side, and the rest assembled below. The beaters advanced on a given signal, and the tiger soon gave notice of his presence and tried to break out up the hillside. But a trusty leader, charging at the head of a body of Brinjaras, drove the tiger grumbling down the hillside. And now I saw Bhima walking alone up the bed of the ravine, with beaters on either flank, and following the tiger with a flourish of his spear. The great beast entered a bamboo thicket in front of me, where I could hear him panting, and as the beaters approached he burst from the thicket with an angry roar and charged across the open ground in front. But my bullet found his shoulder; he turned a complete somersault, lay gasping among the rocks, and in a few moments was dead. Thus triumphantly ended this chase, which has not taken long to relate, but was an arduous undertaking entailing many days of hard work under a burning sun. Still weak from sunstroke, I got into a bullock cart with difficulty, into which the tiger was also hoisted, and we rode back to camp together. That night the shikaris held high revel, each one relating his deeds of prowess, and all having some strange tale to tell regarding the courage and the peculiar habits of the dead monster. No doubt he is to this day the subject of jungle tales in the surrounding hamlets, and will be talked of for many years to come. For in these remote forests, but seldom visited by the wandering sportsman, the names and the deeds of the hunters who have gone for ever are not forgotten, but may be heard at night round the camp-fire on the lips of the jungle men.

I killed two tigers at this place the following year. One was the finest I have ever seen, nearly ten feet in length, and with a leonine mane and a fine ruff round his face. The other was perhaps the tigress which eluded me on this occasion. She killed many a fat buffalo, but could never be found as she made for some distant haunt at sunrise. At last one morning, taking off my boots, I stalked her at dawn and shot her as she lay beside the carcase on which she had been feasting.

In these remote regions the natives look upon every white man as a 'medicine man,' perhaps not entirely without reason. I am not a medical practitioner, but always have a medicine chest, and thus was enabled to minister to the sick. I treated a few cases of fever and other ailments, and my fame as a doctor spread far and wide; people flocked in from outlying hamlets. Those with pains in their abdomens were treated with pills and essence of ginger, while quinine was in great request. It was not possible to accomplish all that was demanded. The old expected to be made young, the blind to see, and the lame to walk, and were much disappointed at my failure to restore their sight or limbs,

or to renovate their youth—for it was before the days of the thyroid gland. But rum in small doses, tempered with essence of ginger, and administered to aged men, was found to have a remarkably beneficial effect, and the old fellows would come each day for the dose to be repeated, declaring that they had not felt so young for years. My remedies were probably no less effective than the extract of wild dog's liver and tiger's fat on which they pinned their faith.

Some miles from my next encampment a large tiger gave me a long chase, for each day after killing a buffalo he would retreat to a distance, and the hard ground precluded tracking. At length we traced him to his lair in a secluded glen among the hills, from whence it seemed impossible for him to escape. The glen had precipitous sides, and the entrance to it from the main valley was comparatively narrow, and could easily be covered. Driven forth by a crowd of beaters, this monarch of the glen came out erect and fearless, his fierce eyes gleaming in the noon-day sun, and at ten yards distance stopped before me, when I put a bullet into his shoulder. He charged forward towards the opening of the glen, and there died in a patch of long grass, where his coloration blended wonderfully with his surroundings, and I walked up close before seeing him.

This was a fine beast, and I could not but feel some regret for the noble life that I had taken. The glen in which he lay dead was strewn with huge boulders torn by wind and weather from the rocks above, and contained giant trees, the growth of centuries. It had probably been a stronghold of tigers through countless ages. In the rainy seasons a waterfall had poured down the cliffs at the head of the ravine, where they fell sheer to the valley below, and had worn a basin deep in the solid rock. From the rocks above this basin, which now contained the only water in the glen, were suspended huge stalactites which must have taken æons of time to form. The tiger had no doubt wandered over these valleys for many years, as the place was remote from the haunts of man, and had not been visited by other sportsmen. From here he had issued forth on his nightly quest in search of prey, living his life unmolested and unmolested until a bullet stretched him dead at the entrance to his lair.

I killed several other tigers in the vicinity of this camping ground. I thought one was a miss, but found a spot of blood, and, on following up, the tiger was found lying dead a few hundred yards farther on. Another one was slightly wounded in the back, and I then came suddenly upon him lying down within six feet of me; he raised his head, and the green eyes flashed, and then I shot him through the heart. Then there was a pair in a kind of canyon, killed with a right and left, the tigress jumping over the

body of her mate and galloping a hundred yards with a bullet through her heart. Near this spot I came upon a bear a few yards off, and shot him through the body. He stood on his hind legs and seized and gnawed a tree trunk close by, but though I walked close up to him, he did not attempt to charge and I killed him with a shot in the head.

I have known tigers kill and devour bears on more than one occasion, and they will sometimes even indulge in cannibalism. Of this I found unmistakable evidence in the form of a claw that had been swallowed and was found in conjunction with other remains. The culprit was an old tiger which I hunted for some time without success. He was going lame on one of his hind feet, and I conjectured that he had been injured in a fight with one of his kind, whom he had defeated and devoured.

I had now arrived at the edge of a great forest, beyond which lay a *terra incognita* which had not been visited by Europeans for many years. Here I discovered an aboriginal Gond shikari, who was with some difficulty induced to come to my camp. He had not previously seen a white man, and when my men went to his hut he tried to escape into the jungle like a wild animal. However, when he found that he was well treated he became quite at his ease, swallowed a tot of rum, and was glad to give information about the jungles that lay in and beyond the forest. He had a great reputation in the surrounding country. He had been wounded by a bison many years before, how long he did not know, but he was then a young man, and the bamboos had twice seeded since, a phenomenon that is said to take place only once in thirty years. He accompanied me for some weeks, his first and last service with a white man. I inquired for him two years later when in this part of the country, but old Indru Gond had already departed for the Happy Hunting Grounds, and in a most appropriate manner. He was following a bison he had wounded with a bullet from his matchlock when the beast rushed out upon him and trampled him to death. And so he lay at last in his resting grave in the depth of the forest where he had passed his life, surely a better and more desirable life and death than is the lot of most civilised men.

And Indru, that great Hunter, the Wild Beasts
Stamp o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I emerged after a journey of thirty miles through waterless forest into a well-watered oasis. Here a group of small villages stood on the shores of several extensive lakes, abounding with crocodiles, wildfowl, and fish. I rode up to the high ground overlooking the largest sheet of water—a scene beautiful to behold. The dam which penned in the waters of the lake was

crowned with stately trees which proclaimed the great age of the construction. Below were stretches of emerald rice-fields, fringed with lofty palms, and beyond again the gloomy recesses of the primeval forest. On the far shore of the lake, which was perhaps a mile in width, grew giant banyan trees whose tendrils had dropped and taken root, forming umbrageous aisles which sheltered the remains of ruined temples, now crumbling into dust. Beyond again, a few hundred yards from the shore of the lake, an old mud and stone fort, picturesque in the distance, rose from a group of trees backed by distant hills. The green shores of the lake were dotted with cattle; flocks of wildfowl floated on the glassy surface or skimmed from end to end, wheeling in lessening circles. From a spit of land a crocodile plunged into the water on my approach.

A Gond Raja resided in the fort and owned the surrounding land. He must be propitiated, for my shikaris ascribed to him dominion over tigers, saying he could forbid them to kill my buffaloes and could turn aside my bullets. He sent a message to say that he would call on me in the evening, when he arrived in a gaily-caparisoned bullock cart, accompanied by a retinue of ragged savages. In a king of aboriginal Gonds one might expect to find a savage clad in the scantiest of garments; but the Raja was of a fair complexion, and not of that coal-black hue which distinguished his subjects. He was well mannered and well dressed, and quite at his ease although he had never before spoken to a white man. His retainers were armed with a variety of weapons, from a rusty old double-barrelled gun to Gond spears and axes. He promised me all assistance in pursuit of tigers, and he was delighted with an old tent and saddle with which I presented him. He conversed agreeably, and told me that his ancestors owned all the surrounding country until invaders from the north had dispossessed them some hundreds of years ago. The dams which held the waters of the lakes had been built a thousand years before by his forebears. I returned his visit, sending a spearman as herald, and was received in *darbar* in the fort.

I killed several tigers here, including one which nearly caught the Raja, who had ridden out to see the sport. This was a fierce animal which came roaring along in the beat, tearing down cloths which had been hung on bushes at intervals to keep him in the line. Then he stood roaring at my orderly, who was posted in a tree and who finally threw his shoes in the tiger's face. The beast then came towards me, and I killed him with a shot through the shoulder.

Although the Gonds do not object to tigers being killed, they hold them in veneration. The women assembled when a tiger

was killed, and placed each a copper coin on the body and salaamed to the dead monster. They had a Tiger-god. In a village near my camp a panther took a child from the side of its sleeping mother and devoured it in the neighbouring jungles, where nothing was to be found but two little hands with yellow palms turned up as if in mute appeal for vengeance. The Gonds said it was no use trying to shoot the panther, as it had been killed or driven off by the Great White Tiger. When a tiger or panther committed unusual depredations on their cattle or took to man-eating, the aid of the god was invoked by a procession, and during the night after this ceremony the White Tiger was supposed to appear and hunt the obnoxious beast. My shikaris believed this, for, said they, tracks larger than those of any tiger were to be seen after this nocturnal visitation.

Beyond the Raja's domain I crossed an extensive plateau in two marches, and descended into a well-wooded valley, passing at first through dense forest on the mountain side, composed of tall ebony and other trees amid which the 'Flame of the Forest' splashed its scarlet tongues. There was also a great extent of bamboo forest which lay withered and supine, a general seeding, said to occur only once in thirty years, having taken place, most opportunely in a year of scarcity when the poor people could not obtain grain and were dependent for sustenance on these seeds and other produce of the forest. There were tracks of a herd of bison, but the forest was singularly destitute of animal life, and there was no sound but the ceaseless screech of cicadas.

But the jungles below were well furnished with tigers. I descended into a deep valley with precipitous sides, from which huge boulders appeared to have been torn by titanic hands and hurled with thunderous volume into the vale below. A trickling stream which had its origin at the head of a ravine widened out to a considerable river as we descended the valley. Here Nature came to life after the inanimate stillness of the higher ground. Spotted deer appeared in the glades, monkeys grey and brown swung from the overhanging trees, and when the lengthening shadows proclaimed the approach of sunset, the peafowl trailed their jewelled trains at the water's edge, and jungle cocks crowed defiance from the adjacent thickets. I shot many tigers in this neighbourhood, my map showing eighteen in a comparatively small area, killed in the course of two expeditions. But it would be tedious to describe the incidents of the chase, although these presented features of varied interests. It may, however, not be out of place to make some remarks as to the size of these animals, regarding which there has at times been so much controversy. On this point I can only say that, while eleven- and even twelve-foot tigers have been recorded by some sportsmen, it was never my

fortune to meet with any measuring even ten feet in length in a straight line between pegs placed at the nose and tail. By measurements taken in this manner my longest tiger had a head and body six feet eight inches in length, to which must be added three feet of tail. But size is no criterion of sport, which must be judged by the exertions undergone, the skill exercised in the pursuit, and the dangers and difficulties encountered and overcome. The days spent in the chase are glorious to look back upon when one sinks the string of thought into the well of memory.

It is as 'the voice of the years that have gone ; they roll before me with all their deeds.' Once more, when far from the haunts he loved so well, the old hunter hears in imagination the voices of the forest ; once more he sees as in a vision through the dim vista of bygone years the great striped cat walk up the shady side of the cool ravine ; the noble stag stand motionless as a statue on the mountain top ; the shaggy bear charge with gruff roar and strange antics ; and the crack of the trusty rifle, now standing unused in the rack, again echoes in the forest as he gazes on the trophies of the chase.

R. G. BURTON.

A VISIT TO BALLIOL, 1879

WHEN I was seventeen I was invited to stay at Balliol for the Ball to be given there in celebration of the College being head of the river for the first time since 1874. The crew, several of whom I knew, were—W. H. P. Rowe (bow), E. A. Upcott (2), J. Twigg (3), M. R. Portal (4), H. C. Lowther (5), A. A. Wickens (6), S. B. Crossley (7), W. A. B. Musgrave (stroke), B. W. Randolph (cox.); and I looked forward to a delightful visit. Tea, which was served on our arrival, was a somewhat alarming meal. The newly arrived guests sat in a sort of semi-circle with the Master in the centre—occupying an armchair so high that his feet did not touch the ground but, lightly crossed, gave a Puck-like impression as though poised for flight. The elder ladies addressed various remarks to him which he answered in short, gentle phrases, bending his head in assent to their obviousness, and we were early encouraged to go to our rooms. I prayed that dinner would bring an influx of undergraduates of whom I should not be in the least afraid; but my prayer was not granted. There were other girls besides myself in the house party, including Mary Baird, wife of the present Master of Balliol, A. L. Smith, to whom she was then engaged. She was a lovely girl, with a Madonna-like face, and hair golden as a sovereign fresh from the Mint. Mr. Smith, then a Fellow of Trinity, was one of the invited dinner guests, but undergraduates, alas! were few and girls, elderly girls and married women many. I saw that, although our host was Master of a great College, he was culpably short of men, and that I should have to walk in to dinner alone. The Master took in Lady de Vescei, Robert Browning, who was staying in the house, Rhoda Broughton, and I watched various other people of light, leading or distinction proceed arm in arm to the dining-room. Then, following with other unpaired girls in their wake, I eagerly sought a vacant place near some of my friends. None was to be seen. Suddenly from the end of the table came a small, gentle, yet commanding voice: ‘Miss Farwell, will you come and sit next me,’ and I had to walk alone down the full length of the room feeling much as if I were under fire. However, when I reached the vacant chair on my host’s left, he was very kind to me although,

during the course of dinner, he suddenly remarked, 'Miss Farwell, I see you have brothers : you say "awfully" '—a deduction which appeared to me not only fallacious but deceitful, since one of my brothers (afterwards Lord Justice Farwell) had been a Balliol man and he therefore *knew* and did not divine.

It was their suddenness of attack which made the Master's criticisms so incisive. He listened so patiently, and with so benevolent an expression, and he moved so quietly, that often those who were talking did not know that he was near them. One morning two girls, who were eagerly discussing their various balls and parties, felt that someone was watching them and, looking up, found that Professor Jowett had come silently into the room and was looking benignly down upon them. One of them, with engaging promptitude, exclaimed : 'Oh, Master, I'm afraid you think us very frivolous, talking about nothing but dances.'

'On the contrary,' he replied, 'on the contrary, I think it the only thing you are serious about.'

I was, however, far too shy to talk about balls and parties, and happily my host had recently been staying at Airthrey with the Abercrombys while my mother and I had stayed with Lady Alexander, my mother's cousin, at a neighbouring place, Westerton, so the beauties of Stirling formed a safe topic of conversation.

I was, too, much interested in the Master's talk with Lady de Vesci, whom he had taken in to dinner, and one remark of hers established itself as a sign-post through life to me. She told him that she made it a fixed rule that her mornings should always be her own, no matter what guests her house might contain. During these hours she transacted household business, read and wrote : at two o'clock she went downstairs to lunch, ready to entertain her house party ; the morning hours, however, must be hers. Feebly, failingly but persistently, I have followed in her wake and still think with gratitude of the words which impressed upon me that working hours to oneself were as essential as sleeping hours.

After dinner I drifted into safe harbourage with girls and undergraduates nearer my own age. We all looked admiringly at Rhoda Broughton and longed to be introduced to her, but she was of course absorbed by our elders and betters, and she went home early, escorted by Robert Browning.

It was a wonderful moonlit night, and when he returned he insisted that we should all go out and walk round the Quad. So forth we sallied, the Master leading, while Browning, who had a delightful love of youth, took charge of me, and we walked out into a world of silver light. Then I saw the real man. All through dinner he had told trivial stories to which those of us young enough

to believe that poets always thought and spoke in poetry listened wonderingly ; but, as we walked slowly round the Quad, while he talked and I listened, I realised how, in artificial light and surroundings, surface talk screens real thought, as curtained doors a shrine.

He spoke of the German poets, of Goethe chiefly, and told me of his theory, then unknown to me, that it was Judas Iscariot's intense faith in Christ which led to his betrayal of Him—the all-devouring desire to force the God who had descended into Man to declare His Godhead. He drew for me this character of Judas and, as he spoke, from the shadows of the old college buildings a picture slowly formed, then leapt into the light—the picture of a young disciple, ardent, adoring, seated at Jesus' feet, listening to His words, missing their meaning, looking for the Kingdom without, not learning of the Kingdom within. From the shadowed background the face of Judas came before me, a sombre light in the dark eyes, the thin hand outstretched to meet his Master, as He offered the sop which should be given to 'that one of you who shall betray me.'

To Judas these words, revealing Christ's knowledge of his purpose, were a prophecy that his act, pre-ordained, would be the clarion cry calling the hosts of Heaven to establish a Kingdom upon earth.

Thus Browning painted for me the figures in his picture, outlined, filled in, vitalised as are the figures on his great canvas, 'The Ring and the Book,' and from that night in every picture of the Last Supper I search the face of Judas for that leaping light within the sombre eyes and, never finding it, turn empty away.¹

* * * *

Suddenly, from one of the doorways of the Quad, a lamp glowed, dull and hideous, across the moonlit square ; a sound of rushing feet upon a stair, of laughing voices, broke the poem and my picture slid up a moonbeam.

So violently was I brought back to earth that I abruptly stopped in front of the doorway whence the light came, but Browning drew me on. 'Don't look, don't look,' he said. 'If we don't stop the Master won't, but if we do he will.'

I hastened on, my steps spurred by a fleeting glimpse of a friend's face within the darkened doorway.

The next day Raymond Portal, winner of the quarter-mile at Lilley Bridge in the Oxford and Cambridge sports of that year,

¹ In his recent *Life of Goethe*, Professor Hume Brown states that 'In concluding the sketch of this poem as he originally conceived it, Goethe remarks that he found he had neither the knowledge nor the concentration of purpose necessary for its adequate treatment,' and in the fragment which is all that exists of the poem Judas is but a shadow ; yet, for Robert Browning, it held soul and substance.

said to me : ' I was so thankful to you for going on last night. The others could have got away, but I had jumped on to some broken glass a day or two ago and could not have run a yard.'

Raymond Portal was a man with whom one felt friends at first sight. I never saw a great deal of him, but he was, I think, the most universally liked man I ever knew, and he was certainly the best companion on a wet day that I have ever met. I vividly recall a house party for Henley when the first day dawned in a downpour. One gloomy face after another came into the breakfast room and depressed, some even slightly irritable, voices answered questions as to tea and coffee. Mr. Portal, however, came in alert and *debonnaire*, talking nonsense about a gigantic bath sponge with which he proposed to mop up the weather, and his imperturbable good humour infected us all, even the weather itself, for it cleared, and I remember that he rolled up my umbrella for me with a masterly skill which I have never seen excelled, and that turns my thoughts back through the years towards him whenever I try to roll it for myself.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the 'Springer' of those days, and later the 'Springie' of the Diplomatic Service, was another Balliol man who, throughout his life, won the liking of all about him. Again, for me, it was a case of seeing but little of him and liking that little much, and when, during the anxious days of war, I heard of the delicacy of touch with which he handled difficult situations and of his sympathetic realisation of what hurt others, I looked at three vases which, during those Balliol days, had found their way to my mother's mantelpiece and recalled the why and wherefore of their coming. We had been staying in a country house where all who were young enough danced every evening after dinner and my mother who, although a great musician, had the soul of dance music within her, played for us. On the last night, when she rose from the piano, one of the girls staying in the house exclaimed : ' Surely Mrs. Farwell isn't going to stop playing already. She can't be tired, and it's our last night.'

My mother had spent the whole evening at the piano and the young men who heard the remark were annoyed. Nothing, however, was said, and the next day the party broke up, three of the undergraduates going up to London by an early train, while we remained until the afternoon. The following morning my mother received a box from Mortlock's and, upon opening it, found that it contained three china vases—a pair and one centre piece formed by three vases joined together. Inside this was a card inscribed : ' From three grateful dancers.'

My mother was enchanted and naturally concluded that the charming idea had been evolved by the man we knew best in the house party. When, however, she said to him ' I know it was

your thought,' he shook his head. 'I wish it had been,' he answered. 'We were all very angry and wanted to do something to show how much we appreciated your playing for us so untiringly, but we couldn't think of anything. Then Springer suggested this.'

One of my fellow guests at Balliol was Mrs. Main Walrond, wife of the Master of Charterhouse. She was very nice to me, although I was greatly disconcerted by the remark with which she opened conversation on the morning following my arrival at Balliol. 'We all thought you must be a bride,' she said, 'when the Master called you to sit next him at dinner last night, and you know you had on a white satin dress!'

Shortly after the Oxford term ended she invited my mother and myself to hear Dr. Jowett preach at Charterhouse and to lunch afterwards to meet him. His sermon opened the gates of prayer to me. He told us that to set aside our daily interests, ambitions, anxieties and desires, our hopes and fears, our sorrows and our joys, when entering God's House, was foolish, even wrong. It was not His will that we should leave everything we felt, wished or feared, outside. Our daily thoughts and needs should enter with us; so that we might think of them in His Church, but think of them in a Godlike way: if evil lay in them it would pass, for God would help us. Nothing was too great or too small for Him. We should pray out of our own souls and what was printed there, whether or no we found it printed in our prayer-books. For the first time I listened to a sermon that I did not find too long.

Half an hour later, in the beautiful old dining-room at the Charterhouse, my mother sat next the Master at luncheon and a discussion arose as to the opening of a University career to women, a young lady who had just taken honours being present. One of the other ladies held that such a career was unfeminine and altogether undesirable; my mother warmly defended it, and her antagonist, finding every argument countered, appealed to Professor Jowett to support her contention that women should never enter the lists with men, and that it was useless, since men had always done everything better than women and always would. He listened benignly, then, with his head turned slightly sideways after the fashion of a gentle and reflective owl, he said softly 'Which make the best cooks?' Everybody laughed. My mother admitted that she feared men did and the discussion ended; but the Master sought out the girl graduate when we left the dining-room and had a long talk with her about her College and its Principal, who was his friend.

I am not certain whether it was during my stay at Balliol, or on another visit to Oxford, that one of my undergraduate partners

confided to me a story of the Master which I promised not to reveal to any of his friends. He said he knew I should enjoy it so much that he could not help telling me, and I think if, after the long lapse of years during which the story has been silently stored in memory's strong-room, he reads it here, he will not feel that I have broken my word, since I do not give his name.

He had gone late into chapel one dusky winter's afternoon and had hastily slipped into what appeared to him to be the first vacant seat. In Balliol Chapel, however, the seats were, he said, far apart and a moment after he had seated himself a young lady rose from her knees in front of him and sat down on his knee. The situation overcame him and he collapsed in a wild fit of laughter. The verger severely approached and desired him to report himself to the Master after chapel. He did so, and in much trepidation related his story. The Master listened attentively, his head slightly on one side, his eyes studying the speaker's face. The recital ended, he spoke slowly and wonderingly.

'What, Mr. —,' he said gently, 'you laugh because a young lady sits on your knee! I think that was most extraordinary of you — Come for a walk with me next Sunday.'¹

Professor Jowett was, I think, unrivalled as an attentive listener and succinct commentator. There is the famous story of his interview with the fifty recalcitrant washerwomen who deemed their fees for the College laundry work inadequate. He at once acceded to their wish to see him and when ushered in by his servant Knight they found him seated in a high arm-chair much as I found him on my arrival at Balliol. He asked them to state their case. They did so volubly, and when at length they paused, breathless but confident, so urbane had been the attention given to them, he simply queried: 'Is that all, ladies?' and, when they assented, rang the bell. It was promptly answered.

'Mr. Knight,' the Master said softly, 'have the kindness to show these ladies out, and to procure me fifty other washerwomen.'

The ladies, however, did not go; they remained to repent and retract, crushed by the conclusiveness of the comment. Its calmness froze all thought as to whence the fifty other washerwomen were to come!²

I recollect during my Balliol visit hearing many references to Mallock's *New Republic*, published a year or two previously but

¹ A Balliol Scholar of those days, who has been so gracious as to read these pages, suggests a very cogent reason for the pledge of secrecy demanded. He says the story cannot be true! Since, however, it fulfilled the purpose designed by its narrator and pleased me much, I let it stand in the hope that it may amuse others also.

² My Balliol Scholar declares this story also apocryphal but worth preserving, as eminently characteristic of the Master

which I had not read, since in those days a young girl's library list was carefully selected but, as I now turn over the pages of an ancient copy, the reasoned optimism of 'Dr. Jenkinson' meets the pessimists of to-day as unanswerably as Professor Jowett met them then, and the 'cheerful smile' with which we are told that he answered Lady Ambrose's query 'Do you think we are so very bad?' is transferred to one's own lips as one reads his reply.

'Yes, yes, there is a great deal that is very bad in our own days—very bad indeed. Many thoughtful people think that there is more that is bad in the present than there has ever been in the past. Many thoughtful people in all days have thought the same!'

This is distinctly reminiscent of the story of Lord Bowen, who on one of his visits to Balliol awoke in a depressed frame of mind. It was a wet morning and he remained indoors feeling, and saying, that the world was in sad case; the country was going to the dogs, its future dark with threatening clouds. He talked at length, his host listening with gentle patience. When at last he paused the Master smiled and said cheerfully:

'Well, you know, Bowen, you must put your trust in God, and you'll feel better after lunch.'

His unruffled serenity and certainty were well summed up in one of the 'character verses' of which those days were prolific.

I come first; my name is Jowett,
Whatsoever is I know it.
I am Master of this College
What I don't know is not knowledge.

It was of course natural that the heads of colleges should appear to undergraduates unduly impressed with a sense of omnipotence, and their verse upon the slender, stately Dean Liddell and his portly spouse breathed the same feeling:

I'm the Dean of Christchurch, Sir,
That's my wife, look well at her.
She's the Broad and I'm the High,
We're the University.

The verse on Lewis Nettleship, however, gave 'the converse to the tale,' and nicely caught his characteristic hatred of committing himself:

My name is Nettleship, or so,
Or at least I think I mean
That I am the junior Dean.
If you don't go, you'll be gated.
I don't think that's over-stated.¹

¹ The lines are flippant, but 'the junior Dean' was very dear to all who knew him. It is recorded that 'He loved great things and thought little of himself. Desiring neither fame nor influence he won the love of men and was a power in their lives; and seeking no disciples he taught to many the greatness of the world and of man's mind.'—*R. L. Nettleship*, from the tablet in Balliol College Chapel.

Poetry is an attribute of youth and I still possess three slim, paper-covered little volumes, published in Oxford by Thomas Shrimpton and in London by Simpkin, Marshall and Co., under the title of *Waifs and Strays. A Terminal Magazine of Oxford Poetry.*

Their pages hold verses sad and serious, frivolous and gay. There are many romantic little love songs by Sir Rennell Rodd, whose inscription in a gift copy of one of his early publications perhaps sums up his poetical philosophy.

‘Ils emportent plus de poèmes sur leur bière
qu’ils ne laissent dans leur bibliothèque.’

A delightful parody of Gilbert’s ‘The Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*’ called ‘A Song of ’41 : a Bump and a Bucket’ is by Arthur Wickens, the youngest son of Vice-Chancellor Wickens—some verses signed ‘G. N. C.’ showing Lord Curzon’s vision already turned to the ‘distant Asian passes,’ where ‘the banner of England flew,’ and a long serious poem by Sir Clinton Dawkins ; also a frivolous ‘Five o’clock Tea’ by H. B. Freeman, and, under initials unknown to me, some verses from ‘The Critic to the Poet,’ which handle Troubadour Lyrics somewhat roughly. He brusquely declares :

I know not whether the loves you mourn
Dead loves you adored were ever born ;
Or whether the flame that you tell us you feel
Is slaying your heart as with pitiless steel.

But this I know ;—that such amorous lays,
Such knowledge wide of the wide world’s ways,
Such hopeless love, such ineffable rage
Seem odd when coming from one of your age.

Yet—was he right ? Is it not just when one is young that the ineffable and the hopeless reign ? To youth the ineffable appears attainable and when unattained hopeless. Hope seems to die, although in truth it is but illusion that perishes while from its ashes hope rises once again to its home in Heaven. One of the writers in these little volumes of verse, now a well-known statesman, remarked many years ago to a great friend of his and of mine : ‘When I was young, and had something to say, no one would listen to me ; now that I am middle-aged, and have nothing to say, everyone listens.’ Yet, does *he* now listen to the younger voices ? Habitually the man whose barrel of eloquence has long since been bottled, labelled, binned, finds the vats of young wine sharp and harsh, ungrateful to a critical and fastidious palate.

My old friend Justin McCarthy once asked me how it was that I had never wished to be a man. My reply was simple : ‘Because my greatest pleasure in life is listening to the conversation of men

worth hearing and, had I been a man, this privilege would not have come to me in my eighteenth year.' He agreed and told me that, as a young man, his greatest wish had been to meet Tennyson. After many years of wishing and waiting an occasion came when he was introduced to him. Tennyson looked at him and, without a word, turned upon his heel.

Many years later when, dining with 'Elizabeth' of the 'German Garden,' I was talking to Mr. Herbert Trench, the conversation turned to the same subject and I quoted Mr. McCarthy's remark. 'Yes,' he said, 'I had a similar ambition with regard to Robert Browning but, when the opportunity came, after a banal phrase he devoted himself to the youngest girl present.' I felt the tragedy but, remembering the moonlit Quad at Balliol, I fear my sympathy was with that tiresome and intrusive girl.

There was, however, one young Oxford man whose acquaintance I made a year or two after my visit to Balliol, to whom Browning said many kind and encouraging things as to a little love-song shown to him at a dinner-party. I quote from memory, roughly and I fear incorrectly :

And if I say thine eyes are blue
I do but liken to the sea

That which is all the world to me :
And if I say my vows are true
I do but raise a doubt anew

That all I live for is for thee.

Thou art the fulness of the year,
The balmy softness of the spring,
All that the summer's sun doth bring,
The fulness of rich autumn's cheer,
That which makes winter never drear,
Beauty's first-born in everything.

Oh, sun and moon of day and night,
Was this the bargain that was driven
Betwixt the powers of Earth and Heaven,
That the new sun so wondrous bright
Must shine in every mortal's sight,
And not to one alone be given ?

'Tis the decree, thou reignest there
On thy high throne, and yet I ween
Thou might'st have reignéd, still a Queen,
What though thy subject peoples were
One heart to love, one tongue to swear
What that heart's worship might have been.

On leaving Oxford, however, the author became a successful barrister, and not a poet. Indeed, with the exception of three small volumes by Sir Rennell Rodd, I vainly search the Poetry section of the London Library Catalogue for the names inscribed in my slender little volumes although, under more serious headings,

several are to be found. In those days I fear that skill in, and love of, dancing had much to do with my friendships, yet that there was something beyond and above this I realised when discussing a State Ball in King Edward's reign with a friend who had been absent from England for some years. She was telling me how many of the old partners of her girlhood's days she had met, and added : ' So many of them have become such distinguished people in the interval ! '

' Yes,' I said, ' isn't it extraordinary how one's friends make great names for themselves ? '

Her reply was prompt. ' Oh, mine could not help it,' she said.

Mine, however, could and did, for even when born to brilliant names they added fresh facets to their lustre.

EVELINE M. FORBES.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS

IN reviewing past history we are struck with the extraordinary changes that have occurred in human propensities since ancient—since, indeed, mediæval—times. Life was then simpler; there were infinitely fewer comforts, luxuries and amusements. Faith was stronger, and could overpower reason when one sought to forecast coming events. And the objects of life were different. Men lived more in the present and less in the future. They were more ‘sporting,’ and less prudent than ourselves—that is to say, they had more imagination and less ‘common sense.’ They were, in fact, closer to childhood. The world was young. It was simple in its tastes, superstitious in its hopes, and romantic, instead of economic, in its conduct.

The poems of Homer are living pictures of ancient life. Feelings and motives which, however heroic, might actuate conduct at the present day, are set on a stage of extreme simplicity. There were few refinements in food and cookery; pleasure was sought more in quantity than in quality. Dress seems to have varied but little within the tribe or nation. Furniture was so rude that metal pots were generous offerings as ceremonial presents. Games were of the simplest description. The chariot races of the *Iliad* took place on a stony, ravine-cut plain, with a stump for the turning point. We are reminded of the improvised expedients of children at play. Masters and servants lived in the closest intimacy. A princess could assist her maids with the family washing.

Since those days pleasures have become extraordinarily elaborated by the development of special tastes. There must be many hundreds in food and drink alone, which are *acquired*, just as one ‘learns’ to smoke. Our dress is a complex of many articles of clothing which it needs patience to put together. Styles of dress are not national, or hereditary, but are constantly varying. Our furniture is to that of the ancients as the drawing-room is to the nursery. Our amusements are to be counted in scores; our games are defined by strict rules, and need carefully prepared ‘grounds’ or courses. There is a vast multiplicity of tastes in art and music, with refinements that the ancients

would not have appreciated. And we are not satisfied, as they were, with *creative art*; we require decoration, and insist upon technique.

Pleasure has, then, become more complicated with the advance of civilisation. Nervous sensory susceptibility becomes refined so as to appreciate, so to speak, *shades* as well as colours. This is, indeed, what is meant by the 'evolution of tastes.' It has been proved that a man's sense of touch increases in delicacy if its delicacy is tested by a continuous series of experiments. Accordingly sensation is refined by varied experiences in sensation, and the refinements so acquired are passed on by instruction to the next generation. But so ephemeral are these tastes that they disappear if they are not practised. One who has become a stranger to luxuries of food or drink—to art or music—is surprised to find that he has lost his appreciation of them.

Are we to conclude that pleasures become more intense by being refined? Are we happier than the ancients? It is doubtful. Does middle age enjoy a dinner at the Ritz more than childhood does a piece of cake or an orange? We can only judge from the expression of the features; and, here, the advantage is to the child. It is, no doubt, generally true that, in developing refined tastes, one loses appreciation of the simple. But very many men are happier in the rough simplicity of camp life than amidst the sophisticated pleasures of civilisation.

Let us turn now to another characteristic of the ancients—the greater insistency of their faith. In those days religious beliefs were as naïve as those of the nursery. Deities differed from mortals only in being stronger, more passionate, and in living for ever. There was no elaboration of creeds or subtlety of dogma; indeed, current opinions as to the nature and attributes of particular deities were constantly changing. Beliefs showed the curious mixture of the grotesque and the sublime which so often surprises us in the religious notions of children. The future, it was held, could be divined more accurately through oracles and omens than by reasoning from the past. State affairs were guided by fortune-tellers. What should we think of our Government if, being uncertain, say, as to its Irish policy, it deputed the Secretary of State to consult a clairvoyante who lived in a grotto under the cliffs of Matlock? In ancient days nothing would have seemed more obviously appropriate: the oracle was the statesman's recognised adviser, and States vied with one another in decorating its official abode. A general would not join battle until an animal had been slaughtered and cut open, and he was satisfied that its entrails were in good condition and normally placed. Had we not freed ourselves

from this superstition, our Corps Commanders in the War would have insisted upon inspecting the liver of a goat, or a fowl, before issuing their orders for the day.

These imaginings are not, of course, dead. Fortune-telling is still a profitable business: there are multitudes who think it unlucky to spill salt, to sit down thirteen to table, or to start travelling on a Friday. But superstitions are dying, and it is not sacrilegious to smile at them. We have become disillusioned. To awake in disillusionment is one of man's severest trials. But he owes his sagacity to this discipline. The errors of divination have been remembered and laid to heart. Man has the capacity of reasoning from the past to the future, and has slowly extended it as faith has disappointed him. He puts more and more trust in 'common sense.'

These are great changes—from simple pleasures to the refined, from divination to reason. Still farther-reaching has been the tendency to live more in the future and less in the present—to set prospective interests above those of the hour. This is a transformation which will require some unfamiliar analysis. How does the future exist for us in consciousness? Evidently as an *expectation*. We cannot form a concrete idea of the future apart from an expectation or a hope, and there is no future for one who has lost all expectations. How do we come to *expect*? By the evolution, it appears, of the appetite which urges us to *search* for food and not to wait until it presents itself to the senses. Influenced by an appetite we 'look ahead.' When a thing has given us pleasure in experience, we search for it appetitively, exactly as we do for our food. Its pursuit becomes our 'business.' Our object is to realise expectations, that is to say, anticipations of the future. Accordingly one who is occupied in business lives in the future without thought of present enjoyment. And his activities, like most of those which are dictated by instinct, afford no pleasure in themselves apart from anticipation of success. It may shock one to suppose that the mainspring of our commercial life is the conscious elaboration of a propensity which at its simplest is merely an instinctive craving. But we need not insist upon this. The point is that the economic interests of 'business' lead us into the future, while pleasure is a distraction of the present. And of the truth of this there can be no question.

No contrast can be stronger than that between the dull insistence of an instinct and the vivacity of our 'spirits.' This converts favourable or unfavourable physical conditions into moods of happiness or depression: it gives their emotional element to joy and grief: it uplifts us with enthusiasm or casts us down in distress. Its influence clearly penetrates to the brain,

and works a marvellous transformation in the character of thought. General or abstract ideas become concrete images or fancies; the inanimate is vivified and personified—that is to say, thought becomes imaginative, and creates and decorates in place of reasoning. We begin to imagine when we are abnormally exhilarated or depressed in spirits. A sunset which entrances us becomes an opening of the Gates of Heaven, and the fleecy clouds that surround it are flights of golden-winged angels. Imagination is the genius of Romance and Idealism, as well as of Art. Romantic conduct is that which is imaginatively decorated. Our ideals are personifications of our own states of nervous exaltation, or of their causes. In itself there is nothing ‘ideal’ in freedom of choice; but by the glow of imagination it is transfigured as Liberty. In Art and Idealism imagination bears us into the upper skies, in Romance into the clouds. But it also lends us wings for humbler flights. It is the inspiration of Play. For play is the expression of *fancies*. We ‘act’ when we personify images of motives or conduct, and the theatre is ‘the play’ *par excellence*. Children’s games are obviously fanciful. So are those of adults. There is nothing in a football or cricket match, apart from the fancy that renders it an image of the rivalry of conflict.

Pleasure may of course be purely sensual, although, even in this case, it is enhanced by its effect upon our spirits. In its imaginative phases it may be purely spiritual. In either case it is a *present* attraction, and dims our appreciation of the future. But its absorbing effect is strongest when it is purely imaginative, since the fancy can feed upon itself, whereas the gratifications of sensual pleasure must be searched for. Accordingly it is the imaginative who are least trammelled by provident anxieties: they live from day to day, and take no thought for the morrow. This is so with children—and also with those who possess the artistic or ‘Bohemian’ temperament.

It is indisputable that in ancient days life was vastly more imaginative and playful than at present. Athletic games were held in extraordinary esteem, and the victors were honoured above statesmen and generals. But their prizes were such chaplets or garlands as might be improvised by children in a playing-field, and offered nothing whatever to a desire of profit. The affairs of life had a melodramatic flavour; and conduct was tinged by a romance which attained its apogee in the Trojan war. In later days, Herodotus tells us, it seemed incredible to the Persians that this costly expedition should have been undertaken merely to recover a runaway wife; and he was of opinion himself that Helen could not have been in Troy at the time, since in this case the Trojans would surely have raised the siege by giving her up. He was too modern to appreciate the uncalcu-

lating romance of earlier centuries. So there are critics in these days who will have it that the Trojan war arose out of commercial quarrels concerning the grain trade that passed through the Hellespont. They are anachronistic, animating with economic motives those who were hardly touched by them. The atmosphere of the *Iliad* is purely romantic. In those days the motive of war was the hope of glory, or the desire for revenge. There were economic advantages in plundering and enslaving: piracy was undertaken as a business. But most of the wars which Herodotus chronicles were undertaken for purely 'sentimental' reasons. For what material expectations could Cyrus have turned his arms against the nomadic Scythians, or Xerxes have dreamt of the conquest of Athens?

Idealism is imaginative, and we find in ancient days an appreciation of magnanimity which is somewhat disconcerting. Warriors were cruel and revengeful, but under sudden inspirations were capable of extraordinary greatness of spirits. Defeat in those days might mean extermination; but, moved by a flash of pity, a conqueror might not only spare his adversary, but make a friend of him. Has the magnanimity of childhood ever been better illustrated than by the episode of Diomedes and Glaucus? The rage of conflict is suddenly quenched by thoughts of old family friendship: the antagonists undress on the battlefield and exchange their armour in token of brotherhood, Glaucus giving golden arms in return for Diomedes's brazen, with such romantic indifference to economic values that the poet cannot help smiling at his improvidence.

To us these motives seem poetical and fantastic, but they were accepted as real in the centuries which followed the composition of the *Iliad*. What has occurred since those days to change so completely our outlook upon life? Evidently the invention of money, which has subjected man to a magnetic influence that was unknown in Homeric times. Money materialises the future, and therefore reinforces our instinctive, as opposed to our imaginative, propensities. If the future were annihilated, money values would vanish. We think of money as a symbol of *things*. We should think of it as materialising and guaranteeing *expectations*. One who possesses five pounds possesses an assured general expectation of receiving goods to this amount. Being materialised, his expectations can be exchanged for goods, or for other expectations, as is the case with operations on the Stock Exchange. In fine, money guarantees expectations, values them—converts them into 'credit'—and mobilises them for exchange. The process of exchange is, then, immensely expanded, and, since each exchange involves a profit, the aggregate of profits is increased. But expectations exist only in mind; and accordingly

the economic situation is affected very greatly by the condition of popular mentality—by the hopes and fears of the day. Political economy ignores this, and is, therefore, an untrustworthy guide to the future.

It will be objected that if money represents expectations, its value will depend upon a balance between the currency and the expectations of the day, and, since these are constantly fluctuating, the value of money can never be stable. We know by sharp experience that if the future becomes obscured by the confusion of war, money loses its value, and prices rise. In ordinary times its value is stabilised by the use of credit—by expectations of receiving money—which expand or contract as prospects vary, and act upon the stream of currency as a regulating reservoir does upon a canal.

This definition of money is too strange to be easily acceptable. But it is not vital to our argument. No one can deny that the effect of money is to give increased reality to the future, and this suffices for our purpose. It stimulates investment: it is the source of dividends, and offers the only convenient means of sharing in others' profits by exacting interest. Man has always been pressed by instinct to look beyond the sensations and feelings of the moment. Money has reinforced this provident propensity, and has, therefore, diminished the attraction of imaginative, or spiritual, pleasure. The charm of play, art, and idealism has faded before the urgency of 'business.' The course of human culture has been changed. We have become more orderly, industrious and far-seeing. But we appear to have lost in happiness. Business is uninspiring, and is haunted by care. If we regard the features of our fellow-passengers in a metropolitan railway carriage we find little to show gaiety of heart. Were it not indeed for the relaxation of holidays, which enable us to play for a while, life would be almost intolerably dull to those whose spirits have not been altogether stifled. And money-making excites no admiration. Another's prudence leaves us cold, while our heart goes out to the magnanimous.

This momentous change of outlook has come about slowly and irregularly and has been checked by reversions into imaginative simplicity. It began some centuries before the commencement of our era. A growing lust for gain is vehemently denounced by the Hebrew prophets; and classical literature abounds in lamentations for the passing away of a 'Golden Age,' when man was unthralled by the temptations of lucre. Its influence upon him grew and spread. A blight seemed to fall upon his spirits. Art lost the genius of imaginative creativeness, and became merely decorative: it might achieve 'prettiness,' or dexterity in technique, but was uninspired by living visions. Literature was

barren of new ideas, drifted into criticism, or was content to juggle with words or metres. Religious interests concentrated themselves upon dogmas, forms and ceremonies. Ideals lost their hold, and were regarded as quixotic. For most of them imply *resistance*—the antagonism of the spirits to the instincts, as of courage to physical fear, of generosity to avarice, of forgiveness to revenge—and ‘business’ smiles at these aspirations and holds that the line of least resistance may be most advantageous. Accordingly morality became conventional. And, since man admires the spiritual—however far he may drift from it in practice,—economic motives do not win the respect of others, and society lost its most forceful bond of union. The antagonism between the rich and the poor—between capital and labour—can hardly be reconciled by ‘common sense,’ for experience shows that one class may profit by the loss of another. Accordingly it became necessary to conciliate—and demoralise—the poor by offers of doles in unemployment and of amusement in idleness—the ‘*panem et Circenses*.’ Moreover, from the ‘business’ point of view the employment of mercenary soldiers has much to recommend it. So Rome drifted to her destruction by barbarians who were infinitely inferior to her citizens in number, knowledge and resources.

But the death of Rome rejuvenated Western Europe. The barbarians annihilated the future by their violence and caprice. They were children—cruel and bloodthirsty, but childlike in their imaginative simplicity. Art revived in Gothic architecture. Religion regained a real significance. Ideals of resistance were honoured in asceticism. The crusades in their romantic uselessness take us back to the Trojan war. Life was melodramatic; and romanticism bore a peculiar flower in the observances of chivalry. War was infused with the ‘sporting’ spirit: it was unfair to take advantage of an adversary’s necessities or to overwhelm him by mere weight of numbers. The period of rejuvenescence lasted for about a millennium. It was thoughtless and turbulent. But Chaucer, writing near its close, gives a vivid picture of light-hearted gaiety.

The pendulum has now swung back. Life is again overshadowed by the interests of the future; and mechanical and chemical inventions have added enormously to the volume of economic expectations. They appear to differentiate our civilisation widely from that of classical days. But we are, in truth, nearer the times of the Antonines than those of the Plantagenets. The change has come gradually and unevenly, as by a process of irregular filtration. The money-making habit, once peculiar to the Jews (and a cause of the antipathy with which they were regarded), spread to the townspeople, and through them to the

country. But its effect upon popular mentality could be checked by the influences of tradition and education. The Irish, for example, still preserve their imaginativeness, and it is for this reason that we cannot understand them. In the East 'business' has always been limited to particular classes or castes. The Mohammedans still abstain from the taking of interest. And it is a striking fact that, at the present moment in India, nationalist aspirations are led and sustained by the enthusiasm of an ascetic.

It is difficult to contrast with fairness the effects of imaginative and practical motives, for we naturally admire the former, even if we are unswayed by them. There are few to whom idealism makes no appeal, however much they are entangled in the meshes of 'business.' We must, however, remember that imaginative promptings have been responsible for an appalling amount of human misery, that wars of sheer ambition have for ages past destroyed civilisation after civilisation that man has laboriously built up, so that progress has been an alternation of daylight and eclipse, instead of a gradual advance from darkness to daylight. On the other hand, the pursuit of gain imposes the self-repression of timidity—or, at least, of caution; even the desire for vengeance will give way before calculations of profit. 'Business' promotes the morality of orderliness, however conventional. And it does more than this. Since its transactions rest upon *persuasion*, as opposed to command, it breeds a spirit of deference which is atrophied in an atmosphere of military power. And by linking nations together it produces an economic internationalism which in time may soften the clash of patriotic jealousies. Nor must we forget that the pursuit of riches leads to pleasures of an imaginative kind. For the rich are held in esteem, and may use their resources to purchase distinctions. All things considered, we may conclude that the evolution of economic interests is increasing the orderliness—and, perhaps, the stability—of life, while lessening its gaiety and charm: it is rendering us dull in ourselves and to others, but at the same time conventionally 'respectable.'

We may be thankful for the peace and quiet of orderliness and still deplore the loss of imaginative vivacity and idealism. Is it impossible to conserve them amidst the material temptations of our economic culture? Fortunately, man is extraordinarily plastic—influenced by education to an extent which we hardly realise—and may be stimulated by ideas as strongly as by sensations. In the training of the young we have, therefore, a means of counteracting the growing pressure of the economic. Education may be infinitely more than the acquisition of useful or useless knowledge. It may intensify the appreciation of the creative in art and literature, of such ideals as those of Magnanimity and

Sympathy. The imaginative faculties may be cultivated in play, and it is probable that school games have an influence at least as valuable as the teaching of the class-room. It is for this reason that our public schools are so successful. They may impart but little useful knowledge ; but they are a protest against the all-sufficiency of the commercial spirit.

BAMPFYLDE FULLER.

THE MANSION HOUSE

THE official residence of the Lord Mayor of the City of London, the Mansion House, is perhaps the best known, and yet the least known, of all the public buildings of the Metropolis. It is famous all the world over for its great banquets, its meetings and conferences in aid of national and international charities, and the patriotic and benevolent enterprises which have been inspired and initiated within its walls. All the great statesmen and diplomats and lawyers and ministers of religion of our own and foreign nations have spoken there. It has known no politics, or rather it has accepted them all ; and as for religious or sectarian or party projects, they have all had a fair field and no favour. At least once in recent years an utterance at the Mansion House saved us a European war—I refer to the speech of the present Prime Minister, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the Bankers and Merchants of the City at what was called ‘ the Agadir Crisis ’ in July 1911. Who knows—but it is futile to ask—if the Great War of 1914-18 might not have been averted if an equally forcible statement from a Cabinet Minister at the Mansion House had made it clear to the Central Empires that the British Empire would not take their aggressive arrogance lying down ?

But people know little of the Mansion House on its more domestic side. It lies upon the bed of the Wall-brook and is built on the site of the Stocks Market, which was in the heart of the old City and was used on alternate days by butchers and fish-mongers. At that time the Lord Mayor, though he lived in the City, had no official residence. His duties were transacted at Guildhall and his hospitalities were exercised either at his own house or at the hall of the Guild to which he belonged. In course of time, as mayoral duties increased, and the City extended, it became necessary to erect an official residence for the Chief Magistrate, and this particular site was chosen. Some part of it was the churchyard of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw. A few years ago, when excavations were made in the cellars, human remains came to light and were re-interred in the City of London Cemetery at Ilford. They may have been of persons who had died in the Great Plague or the Fire.

The first stone of the Mansion House was laid in 1739 by Sir Micajah Perry, M.P., the Lord Mayor. I hope it is not true, but the cost is said to have been met in a great measure from fines imposed on Nonconformist citizens who refused to take upon themselves the office of Sheriff. Probably, if that be the case, good care was taken to select as many of these reluctant and wealthy burghers as could be found for the sake of the fines. Possibly the whole story is mythical. Either for want of money or from the difficulties attending the erection of a building on piles over a river bed, the Mansion House took fourteen years to complete, for it was not occupied until 1753, when the Lord Mayor was Sir Crisp Gascoigne, an ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury. It was designed by Mr. George Dance, the Clerk of the Works of the City, and cost 71,000*l.*—a large sum in those days.

The exterior is so well known that it need not be here described. An immense attic extending over the whole building, and contemptuously called 'the Mayor's Nest,' was so unsightly that it had to be removed. The principal room, with its twenty-two Corinthian columns, is called 'the Egyptian Hall.' Nearly everyone at a banquet, either out of a genuine desire for information or to start a conversation, asks his neighbour why this name was given to a chamber from which all Egyptian details are wanting. The only answer given is that the Egyptian Hall was designed by the Earl of Burlington from Vitruvius's description of an Egyptian chamber.

As was written by an expert a few years ago : ' The large hall retains that mysterious subterranean appearance so peculiar to the architecture of that once-powerful and populous nation whose noble solid structures had their origin in the cave and developed that type of building into temple, monument and pyramid. The Egyptian Hall has all these attributes of solidity and grandeur and much of that mysterious dimness associated with the Egyptian architecture, which is only relieved and **not** removed by the brilliant east and west stained glass windows and the glow of brightness and colour used in the decoration.' That is the technical explanation of the name ' Egyptian Hall,' and it must suffice. It was more than adequate for a friend of mine who, when we sat down to dine, was full of zeal and curiosity about the Egyptian Hall, but, before we rose, was alluding to it, more or less affectionately, as the ' Jerusalem Chamber.'

Whatever be its style, its acoustic properties are negative and exasperating. At public meetings, when the platform is at one end, people hear pretty well. At banquets, when the host and principal speakers sit at the south side, the difficulty of hearing is appalling. Various devices have been tried to remedy this, but

without effect, and it still remains probably the worst hall acoustically in all London.

The marble statues in niches in the walls were purchased by the Corporation for 10,000*l.* at the Great Exhibition in 1851, and are the work of J. H. Foley, R.A., W. Calder Marshall, R.A., E. H. Baily, R.A., P. MacDowell, R.A., H. Weekes, R.A., Joseph Durham, A.R.A., William Theed, and other well-known sculptors. The stained glass windows placed there in 1886 represent (1) the signing of Magna Charta, (2) Queen Elizabeth proceeding by barge to the Tower, (3) the death of Wat Tyler, and (4) Edward the Sixth entering the City in state.

In the Saloon, which, formerly an open court, was roofed over in 1796, are busts of King William the Fourth, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, the Duke of Kent, the Prince of Wales (Edward the Seventh), Lord Salisbury and others, and four historical panels in tapestry executed at the Windsor Tapestry Works, in which the late Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold) took a great interest. In the Long Parlour are plaster busts of Wellington and Nelson. It is said that at a luncheon there to the members of the *Comédie Française* on their first visit to London in 1879 an illustrious tragedienne, noticing these busts, got so annoyed that she was with difficulty restrained from leaving the room by way of protest against the bad taste of their having been exhibited on such an occasion. If they had been covered over for the day it might have only drawn the visitors' attention to them and so made matters worse. A year or two later a beautiful representation of Leda and the Swan in the Old Ball Room was by a concession to prudery boarded up for a whole year. When the boards were removed hundreds of people visited the building to see what had been so jealously guarded from their eyes, though previously no one had ever taken any notice of the sculptured group.

In the State Drawing Rooms portraits of George the Third, Queen Charlotte, Queen Caroline, and the Princess Charlotte, brought from the Art Gallery at Guildhall, have recently been hung. It is a curious fact that while the Mansion House is rich in sculpture it does not possess any painting of its own. The rooms have usually been hung with pictures taken by Lord Mayors from their own homes.

On the same floor is the Mansion House Justice Room, where criminal justice is administered daily, either by the Lord Mayor or a brother alderman, assisted by a highly qualified legal staff. It was originally the laundry of the house. As Mr. Carl Hentschel, in an interesting lecture on the Mansion House, said: 'There the dirty linen of the public is now washed, where formerly the dirty linen of the Lord Mayor and his household was cleansed

in private.' Below the Justice Room are the cells where defendants are detained until their cases come on. If remanded or committed for trial, they are removed to prisons after the business is over. Some famous cases have been heard in the Justice Room at the Mansion House in the last fifty years and eminent members of the Bar have practised there.

On the upper floors are the private apartments. These include an excellent ball-room built before the Egyptian Hall, where smaller and more enjoyable dances are held, the floor being perfect. In the State Bedroom there was once a bed which cost 3000*l*. 'The Courier,' in 1824, said: 'It seems almost equal to the Great Bed at Ware in which we are told twenty-six butchers and their wives slept on the night of King William the Third's Coronation.' It was eventually sold by auction.

The Kitchen is, naturally, a very important part of the Mansion House and has the same area as the Egyptian Hall. 'It has a vaulted roof with square columns. On one side of the room are two open ranges, each of sufficient size to roast an entire ox. The vessels for boiling meat and vegetables can scarcely be called pots, but are better described as tanks, whilst the stewing range consists of a long broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces and the spits look like huge cages formed of iron bars.' (The *City Press*, May 19, 1897.)

The Plate Pantry is well worth a visit, for the Mansion House possesses a large assortment of plate good, bad and indifferent. A piece of plate of some kind is added every year as a souvenir of the Mayoralty, and it varies in taste and workmanship. Only three of four pieces bear dates prior to the Great Fire in 1666. One is a small chalice or cup with the inscription 'The gift of Robert Christopher, Clothworker, late one of ye Secondaries of ye Compters 1662.'

Of three silver tankards dated 1593 the following description is given: 'In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Sir Bevis Bulmer Kt. became famous by working a vein of silver at Coombe Martin in Devonshire. He gave "a rich and fayer cup" to the Rt. Hon. William Earl of Bath with a long inscription in verse and another with a cover to Sir Richard Martin, Lord Mayor, to continue to the said Citie for ever. The latter weighed 137 oz. and bore the following rhyming inscription:

" When waterworks in Broaken Wharfe
At first erected weare
And Bevis Bulmer with his Art,
The waters 'gan to reare
Dispersed I in earth dyd lie
Since all beginning old
In place called Comb where Martin lounge
Had hid me in his molde.

I did no service on the Earth
 But no man set me free
 Till Bulmer by his skill and change
 Bid frame me this to be."
 Anno Nostræ Redemptionis 1593
 Reginis Virginis 35

Ricardo Martin Militi : iterum Mayori sive, dice secunda civitatis London.' Sir Richard Martin was Lord Mayor in 1588 and 1593. Three covered silver tankards of different sizes, bearing inscriptions testifying that they were given by Sir Bevis Bulmer, still exist at the Mansion House ; but the largest cup of all—that with the inscription—has disappeared. It may have been destroyed in the Fire or 'accepted by' one of the Stuart kings, who were all connoisseurs of the plate of the Corporation and the Guilds.

An even more interesting cup, dated 1772, has this inscription :

'This cup presented by the City to Alderman Olver for joining with other Magistrates in the release of a Freeman who was arrested by order of the House of Commons and in a warrant for imprisoning the messenger who had arrested the Citizen and refused to give bail, is by him deposited in the Mansion House to remain there a public memorial of the honour which his fellow Citizens have done him and the claim they have on him to persevere in his duties. March 1772.'

The liberty of the Press probably dates from that episode, for the freeman arrested was a printer who had dared to print and publish the debates of the House. Among the 'other Magistrates' referred to in the inscription was the famous John Wilkes, but he got off scotfree, while both the Lord Mayor (Brass Crosby) and Alderman Oliver were arrested and confined in the Tower. Another cup records a domestic entertainment of some interest ; it is inscribed :

'Presented to
 The Right Honble. Samuel Wilson.
 Lord Mayor of London.
 to commemorate an entertainment given by
 His Lordship and the Lady Mayoress
 in the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House
 on the 5th day of April 1839.
 to His Lordship's family
 at which One hundred and eleven Members attended
 and in remembrance alike of the splendour and hospitality
 of the scene
 and of the great kindness shown
 by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress
 to their guests.'

The S. S. Collar worn by the Lord Mayor dates from 1535 and the pendant Badge from 1607, the crystal Sceptre from the

fifteenth century, and the present Mace—the latest of four—from 1735. One of the many swords is enclosed in a pearl scabbard presented by Queen Elizabeth. On visits of the Sovereign to the City, the Lord Mayor hands this Sword to His Majesty at the boundary.

In the Servants' Hall over the fireplace is this inscription under date 1753 :

' RULES OF THE HALL.

Swear not. Lie not. Neither repeat old grievances.

Whoever eats or drinks in this Hall with his hat on shall forfeit sixpence or ride the Wooden Horse.'

The ' Wooden Horse ' is a long pole. This the offender was made to stride and be carried in derision round the hall by a footman at each end. The alternative punishment—the forfeiture of sixpence—was generally more acceptable.

The Mansion House has no stables of its own, but the Corporation possess commodious stables—and now a garage—and a ' pound ' for lost animals in Whitecross Street, adjacent to the famous Church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where Oliver Cromwell was married and Milton is buried. There the famous State Coach is kept. It is only used once a year, on Lord Mayor's Day, when, drawn by six horses, the new Chief Magistrate, with his Chaplain and the Sword and Mace Bearers, rides in it from Guildhall to the Law Courts and back. The coach was built in 1757. Its panels were painted by Cipriani. Its harness is very massive and the coach weighs between three and four tons. (*The City Press*, October 29, 1890.) The ordinary State Coach is hired for the year. Most of the recent Lord Mayors have possessed a motor car of their own, and the State Coach is only used on ceremonial occasions in and near the City.

As the Lord Mayor has many official capacities, his costume varies as the functions demand. At the Coronation he has a special robe copied from the portraits of his predecessors when vested for this great and all-important solemnity. Whenever the Sovereign or when a foreign monarch or head of State visits the City, the Lord Mayor wears a crimson velvet robe of State only differing in a few details from that assigned to earls and fastened with gold cords and tassels. On occasions of lesser state the Lord Mayor appears in a black and gold robe, such as is worn by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Lords Justices, and other high dignitaries. This he invariably wears when he goes to St. Paul's Cathedral, where he has a special stall or throne, over which the State Sword is suspended, on the left side of the choir. The same robe is used at his attendance at the City churches, in all of which there is a Lord Mayor's pew with a sword-stand, in a socket of which

the Sword is inserted. At the Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, at meetings of the Corporation, and when presiding in the Justice Room he wears a violet robe trimmed with sable. On Saints' days and very special occasions a scarlet robe with fur takes the place of the violet. As he is the head of the Lieutenancy, he uses its uniform on military occasions.

It would require an article all to itself to describe in any detail all the functions which the Lord Mayor discharges. While the first Mayor, Henry Fitz Alwyn, took office in 1189 and filled it for twenty-five years, a modern Lord Mayor finds a single year sufficient for his health and all his activities and more than sufficient for his cheque-book, however rich he may be. His official stipend of 10,000*l.* is always largely exceeded. The famous Richard Whittington was Mayor three times, but not in successive years. His dates are 1396, 1397, and 1400. The equally distinguished William Walworth preceded him in 1380. The first Mayor to whom the title of 'Lord Mayor' was given was Thomas Legge, who was Chief Magistrate in 1554. He was an ancestor of the Earl of Dartmouth, who is proud of the fact. Some thirty years ago two well-known Earls, both still living, suggested the holding of a dinner at the Mansion House at which peers and others descended, like themselves, from Mayors and Lord Mayors might assemble. It, however, came to nothing. Possibly some of the proposed guests were not willing to avow their descent from merchant princes of the past! Within the last sixty years only two Lord Mayors have been re-elected—viz., Mr. William Cubitt, M.P., the famous builder, who served in 1861-2, and Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler, M.P., who served in 1884 and again for the latter half of 1885, his successor (Mr. Alderman Nottage) having died in office. While the latter is the only Lord Mayor who has died at the Mansion House within living memory, births there are equally infrequent. A grandson was born to Lord Mayor Cotton in 1876, but there have been no births there since. The eldest daughter of Lord Bearsted (Sir Marcus Samuel) was married in the Egyptian Hall by the Chief Rabbi in 1903. In Lord Marshall's mayoralty in 1919 his little granddaughter was christened by a Wesleyan minister in one of the State Drawing Rooms.

The Lord Mayor takes precedence of every subject of the Crown within the City. Outside he is accorded the precedence of a Privy Councillor. It was a misunderstanding of these arrangements which led twenty-five years ago to momentary friction between the Chief Magistrate and the Benchers of the Middle Temple. The Temple is no part of the City, and therefore the Lord Mayor has no special precedence within its precincts. That is now thoroughly understood and the parties are on

the best of terms. The Lord Mayor is accorded the pass word of the Tower, signed by the King himself, and no troops go through the City—except four or five specially exempted regiments—without applying for and receiving his consent. He is the first Commissioner of Oyer and Terminer at the Central Criminal Court, and when there takes precedence of the judges, sitting in the chair of State. Of course there are only one or two formal occasions when this right is exercised. The Lord Mayor is also ‘Admiral of the Port of London.’ In 1919 Lord Marshall, then Lord Mayor, witnessed the River Pageant in that capacity, an Admiralty barge being placed at his disposal by the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. There was an amusing search among precedents as to what dress he was to wear and what flag to fly, but I forget what was eventually settled, though everything passed off with the greatest harmony and without treading on anyone’s toes. Being the head of the Lieutenancy of the City, the Lord Mayor nominates the members of that body. Down to twenty years ago he could fill every vacancy among the Lieutenancy which arose in his year of office. Now only one in three vacancies is filled, and the regulations get more and more restrictive every year. These altered arrangements are not confined to the City, but prevail in every county in the kingdom.

A good deal might be written of Mansion House Funds, which in half a century have amounted in all to ten millions sterling, but space prevents it. I think I have established my submission that the Mansion House from its least known side is not uninteresting. Though I have worked in it daily for forty-six years, I do not yet seem to know it as thoroughly as it deserves to be known.

WILLIAM J. SOULSBY.

THE JEWISH WORLD PROBLEM

AMONG the many vital questions which the war has forced into prominence is that of the relations of the Jews to the political, social and industrial life of other nations and the influence of Judaism upon the affairs of the world. At the great Zionist meeting at the Albert Hall on July 12, 1920, Rabbi Silver said that 'A wave of anti-Semitism is sweeping over the world. . . . The war has upset the world, and the Jew always suffers from an upheaval.' The term 'anti-Semite' is a misnomer, and at the present time the most active manifestation of 'anti-Semitism' is the attack of the Zionists on the liberties of the Palestinians. While I can see no evidence of the world 'wave' to which the American Rabbi referred, there are signs of an awakening to a danger long foreseen—the danger of the assertion by veiled methods of Judaic control over national and international policy and economics. There are at most fourteen millions of Jews in the world, and while taking into full account the great ability, energy, and organising power of a tribal section of the people of Israel, the least instructed observer of events and tendencies must be aware that this trivial minority of the human race, equal in number to the Koreans, is now wielding authority in this and other countries which would be excessive if it were wholly resident in one of them. 'Wars,' as a Jewish writer has proclaimed, 'are the Jew's harvests,' and although the catastrophic 'upheaval' has brought unparalleled suffering upon mankind from which Jews have not been exempt, it has conferred disproportionate wealth upon them and has enhanced their powers for good or evil. Incidentally it has led to an access of arrogance which all sober-minded Jews must regret.

It was inevitable that the world war should stimulate investigation of Jewish proceedings. The uncanny pre-knowledge existing in some circles and the preparations to exploit it, the awful tragedy of Russia and the desperate attempt to repeat it in Hungary, the congregation of Jews in Paris during the deliberations of the Supreme Council and the complexion of certain provisions in the Treaties, some economic phenomena baffling explanation, the revolutionary movement here and elsewhere of

which a German Jew has been made the apostle, the tell-tale reticence of a part of the Press in relation to certain subjects—all these symptoms and many more undoubtedly started a train of thought which persists.

Meanwhile, some light is forthcoming where much seemed inscrutable. The *Protocols* were first published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode and quickly became unprocurable until reissued by the patriotic Society of 'Britons.' A fresh translation was produced by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, Mass., with valuable *pièces justificatives* bearing on the authenticity of these amazing documents, together with some closely related evidence taken by the Overman (Senate) Committee. The *Protocols* are obviously a compilation from many sources—not all Jewish—intended for the use of secret societies, and anyone with access to them could turn them to account for a special temporary purpose. Mrs. Webster has shown that they almost literally reproduce the tenets of revolutionists of the eighteenth century, and they would naturally be revised from time to time as circumstances dictated. No one who reads them carefully can fail to realise their diabolical cleverness and their profound knowledge of human weaknesses. Forgers are unable to secure the accuracy of their forecasts, and most of the prophecies in the *Protocols* stand fulfilled before our eyes. It has been well said that if their compilers wished to bring the edition made public by Nilus in 1905 up to date, it would be necessary only to replace the recurring 'We will' by the past tense. Mrs. Webster's theory of 'a revised programme of illuminised Freemasonry formulated by a Jewish Lodge of the Order' holds the field and is confirmed by a large mass of the recorded opinions of Jewish authorities. The keynote of the *Protocols* is contempt of Gentile character and brain-power, and the ultimate aim set forth, the establishment of a Ruler of the House of David by means of a world revolution, which, to Gentile readers, has seemed wildly impossible, might strongly appeal to young Jewish neophytes of an illuminised Lodge who accepted literally the promises of the Hebrew Prophets.¹

In her remarkable study of the French Revolution, Mrs. Webster inevitably revealed some Jewish activities, which entailed a partial boycott of a work of great historical importance. *World Revolution*, which followed, is being similarly banned, although it throws a flood of light upon the past history of the revolutionary movements which now threaten Christian civilisation. It is perhaps characteristic of British mentality to ridicule the idea of a world conspiracy and to underrate the power of secret organisa-

¹ More evidence as to the origins of the *Protocols* will some day be available, though Nilus is not likely to have survived the Bolshevik fury; but the origins are of less importance than the subject-matter with the world warnings which it conveys.

tions in which Orientals excel. The failure of the Western mind to fathom the depths of Eastern intrigue lies at the root of the Jewish Problem.

World Revolution is a calm and laborious analysis of masses of material, partly from Jewish sources and leading to certain definite conclusions, which it is madness to ignore. No one who has not conscientiously examined the abundant evidence on which Mrs. Webster relies and other revelations to which I shall refer can claim the right to reject the warning which she impressively conveys. The words of Joseph de Maistre written in 1811—'*Si ces hommes comprenaient la révolution aujourd'hui, elle finirait demain*'—embody a profound truth. Knowledge is the greatest safeguard of mankind against evil, and here as elsewhere strenuous and successful efforts are being made to deny knowledge in relation to vital matters to the people who now hold the reins of power. There has never been a time when the truth was so difficult of attainment, or when insidious propaganda, inspired for definite purposes, was so rampant and so deadly. The sinister instructions given in the *Protocols*, based upon a startling appreciation of the weak points in Gentile human nature, supply a coherent explanation.

The revolutionary movement in this country is mainly founded on the principles which Karl Marx stole from earlier revolutionaries and elaborated for British consumption. Working men's colleges educate future labour leaders on the preposterous borrowed fallacies of *das Kapital* and the '*communist manifesto*.' Socialist Sunday schools teach little children the accursed tenets of the 'class war' and fill their tender minds with the soul-destroying doctrines of hate and of treachery to their fellow-men. Here is a specimen of the 'new ideology' said to have been 'created' by the working classes, though it was contemptuously flung at their heads by a bourgeois German Jew¹:

I think I would be right in saying that you might enter the service of the enemy for a definite purpose of assisting the revolutionary movement by getting information. . . . You might for example take a gaffer's job, or a manager's job or a secret service job; in a word, you would be doing quite a good thing by taking any kind of job if it was done to assist the revolutionary movement.

Conceive the kind of citizen that such teaching might produce! And here is an example of the songs taught to infants:

We belong to the Red Flag Legion
And we're makers and breakers of life;
Strong arms of the arm and the hammer,
We care not a damn for the strife.

¹ It has of course been stated that Marx was not brought up in the Jewish religion, which is irrelevant to the Jewish Problem.

Though we run all the stockyards and dockyards,
 Railroads and sweatshops as well,
 We can chuck it and go on our benders,
 And send our dear masters to hell.¹

Now, if the leaders and the rank and file of manual labour were aware of the truth about Marx as Mrs. Webster has plainly stated it, might they not have rejected their Jewish apostle with contumely? The facts are very simple. Marx was a prince of plagiarists, the sources of whose theories and even popular catch-words Mrs. Webster traces. He was financed by the German capitalist Engels, of Manchester, whose fortune was based on the negation of all the principles in which he pretended to believe, and 'he was an impostor from the beginning.' He never showed the smallest sympathy for the British working classes, whom he described as 'swinehounds,' and he never did a stroke of manual labour in his life. He was an agent of Pan-Germanism, used by his masters to further their objects, and he did what he could to ensure the downfall of France in 1870-71, and to advocate rebellion in Ireland in German interests. Were it possible to set before our honest workers the life-story of this false and contemptible person, they might well revise their opinion of 'the charter of freedom of the workers of the world.' Unhappily it is quite impossible to bring before them this necessary knowledge, and it is only now that the truth about the effects of Marxism applied to the hapless Russian working classes can no longer be concealed. Why an excess of propagandist energy in the one case and of calculated reticence or falsehood in the other have so long prevailed will be understood by all readers of the *Protocols* and *World Revolution*.

The war disclosed co-operation between Judaism and Prusso-German interests unexpected in this country, where the *Judenhetze* was believed to be a living force. Among the most important passages in Mrs. Webster's book are those in which she explains 'the definite alliance between Prussianism and Jewry' which she dates from 1866. If Treitschke could write that 'the Jew is our misfortune,' the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* was able to declare, since the war, that there is 'no contradiction between the *desiderata* of the Jews and German interests.' Bakunin, the Russian anarchist, was within the mark when he wrote in 1872: 'The dream of the Socialists who swear by the head of Marx is the German hegemony, is German omnipotence, at first intellectual and moral and later on material.' During and since the war, our 'Socialists who swear by the head of Marx' have consistently evinced German sympathies. The relations between Germany and organised Jewry are still obscure in many respects; but they

¹ *The Red Army*, a collection of songs for use in the Proletarian schools. There is now a large literature of this class reeking with the abominable doctrines which Marx copied from ex-commissary 'Gracchus' Babeuf, himself a plagiarist on a large scale.

have already exercised an influence too little realised, and if they continue they are destined to play a powerful part in the future affairs of the world. In 1914, Prussianised Germany stood revealed, and Carlyle's theory of a 'noble, patient, deep, pious Germany,' which survived even at this late date, dissolved into thin air. Whether Carlyle, in this as in so many of his confident judgments, was wrong, or whether Prussian influences, in alliance with those of Jewry, had modified the national character and policy, is not certain; but Prussian and Jewish principles and methods have much in common. The following sentiments seem eminently Prussian; but they correctly interpret the attitude of the Zionists towards the Palestinians.

'According to the laws of nature, right lies in might. . . . The word "right" is an abstract idea, unsusceptible of proof. The word means nothing more than: Give me what I desire so that I may have evidence that I am stronger than you.' (*Protocol I.*)

The influence of the Jews in the French Revolution, which the *Protocols* claim as their work, and in the earlier subversive movements may never be completely unravelled; but, as regards their rôle in the later upheavals, there is no better witness than Disraeli. In *Coningsby*, Sidonia is made to foretell the revolution then impending in Germany, in which the Jew Lassalle took a leading part.

That mighty revolution, which is at this moment preparing in Germany and which will be in fact a greater and a second Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is *entirely developing under the auspices of the Jews*,¹ who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany.

The 'second Reformation,' of 1848, as Mrs. Webster points out, 'inaugurated the emancipation of the Jews in Germany as surely as 1790 had inaugurated it in France,' and four years before the event Disraeli was aware of what was coming. Of Sidonia, his creator writes that

no Minister of State had such communication with secret agents and spies. . . . He held relations with all the clever outcasts of the world. The catalogue of his acquaintances in the shape of Greeks, Armenians, secret Jews, Tartars, Gypsies, wandering Poles and Carbonari would throw a curious light on those subterranean agencies of which the world in general knows so little, but which exercise so great an influence on public events.

Travelling round Europe on a financial mission, Sidonia finds Jews in power in Russia, Spain, France, and Prussia. In *Tancred*, which gives a vivid idea of Eastern and especially Hebrew ways of thought, he is somewhat in the background, but is felt as a power throughout. It is he who opens the door of 'the great Eastern mystery' to the hero by his agent Besso, 'the only banker in Syria,' who 'really ruled Syria before the expulsion of the Egyptians. . . . I applied to Metternich about him, and

¹ The italics are mine.

besides that he is mine.' He is, therefore, charged to supply Tancred with 'as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon.' It is Sidonia who says: 'What is individual character but the personification of race?' While Besso declares: 'We have our share of the government of the world,' to which Tancred is made to reply: 'It seems to me that you govern every land except your own.' Fakredeem, who symbolises Eastern intrigue, is the foil to Tancred, the heir of an historic house seeking peace of mind 'in the land of inspiration' where 'some celestial quality must for ever linger,' and the book ends with his fervent declaration of love to the Jewish 'Rose of Sharon' interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont at Jerusalem.

No one who wishes to grasp the Jewish Problem should fail to read Disraeli's novels.¹ In them we see the power of the Jew in world politics plainly indicated; but perhaps their greatest lesson is the persistency and the force of racial characteristics. Macaulay, in his closely argued appeal against the 'civil disabilities' of the Jews, perfectly recognised the 'political power' they wielded even in his day. 'They possess it; and as long as they are allowed to accumulate large fortunes, they must possess it.' But in one of those *ad captandum* analogies which serve only to mislead, he asserted that 'if all the red-haired men in Europe' had been subjected to the same ill-treatment as the Jews have experienced in the past, they would have developed the same tendencies. The absolute disregard, here implied, of the vital principle of race disqualifies Macaulay as a judge of the Jewish Problem.

To most Gentiles, the idea of Jews—the greatest capitalists in the world—assuming a Revolutionary rôle has naturally appeared inconceivable. That 'We must follow a programme of violence and hypocrisy, not only for the sake of profit, but for the sake of victory' (*Protocol I.*) has seemed unthinkable. As Disraeli pointed out:

The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the equality of man. They have also another characteristic, the faculty of acquisition. . . . Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property and natural aristocracy.²

This statement correctly describes the attitude of many Jews who are true citizens of the countries of their adoption; but it is also Disraeli who declared that

the natural equality of men and the abrogation of property are proclaimed by the *secret societies who form provisional governments, and men of Jewish*

¹ I confess that these novels made little impression upon me in my young days. It was the late Sir George Birdwood—a ripe Oriental scholar—who first begged me to study them seriously.

² *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, quoted in *World Revolution*.

race are found at the head of every one of them. The people of God co-operate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of wealth ally themselves with communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe! ¹

The fact is that 'our terrible power of the purse' ² can be used secretly alike to provide and to hide the machinery of revolutions, while it is Gentile capital that suffers from their effects.

The two most momentous events of the Great War were the Battle of the Marne and the destruction of the Russian Army, followed by its reconstruction with Chinese mercenary auxiliaries for the purposes of the Bolshevik Terror. The devotion of the Tsar to the cause of the Allies, the unexpectedly rapid mobilisation, and the invasion of East Prussia denied to the German General Staff the forces necessary for the great *coup* which had been laboriously planned, and the fine counter-stroke of General Joffre reduced the Germans to a partial defensive and wrecked their confident hopes of a short and triumphant campaign. The Russian Army, after the shattering defeat of its northern wing at Tannenberg, fought on with dogged determination in spite of grave defects of equipment, which the Allies at huge cost strove to make good. That Army was never in a better condition than when it became vital to German interests to destroy it. The result we know. The victory of the Allies was postponed, involving a ruinous expenditure of life and treasure.

Until the secret history of Russia has been unravelled—if that is ever possible—we shall never know all that lies behind this catastrophe. Disraeli hints at the existence of Jewish power in Russia long before the World War; but it is impossible to disentangle the German from the Judaic influence. The complete wrecking of Russia could not, however, have been the object of the General Staff. On the fall of the Duma, the Jewish orator Kerensky obtained a brief spell of power, which he utilised to issue decrees exactly calculated to demoralise the Russian Army. His subsequent relations with the party of open violence which displaced him, though still obscure, were peculiarly suspicious. He was supposed to be in hiding for some time; but no efforts to capture him seem to have been made, and he was easily able to escape to England, where he was received by the Prime Minister. Bolshevism is of course the political system, compiled by Marx for popular consumption, with some added Judaic features.

There is much . . . in the fact that so many Jews are Bolsheviks, in the fact that the ideals of Bolshevism at many points are consonant with the finest ideals of Judaism. ³

¹ *Ibid.*

² Herzl, *The Jewish State*.

³ *The Jewish Chronicle*, April 4, 1919.

The *personnel* of the Bolshevik Government—so-called—which has assassinated Russia and is responsible for an unparalleled loss of human life and immeasurable human suffering, has, from first to last, been mainly supplied by Jews. The chosen emblem of Bolshevism is the five-pointed Zionist star. The agony of Russia is written large in the pages of the *Protocols*, where Russia is indicated by name as an obstacle to be broken down, and

to sum up our system of shackling the Goy Governments of Europe, we will show our power to one of them by assassination and terrorism. (*Protocol VII.*)

From us emanates an all-embracing terror. (*Protocol IX.*)

Lists of the ruling commissaries have been published in America by Mr. Ford and by the 'Association Unity of Russia,' which doubtless contain inaccuracies; but the fact remains that their complexion is dominantly Jewish and that the Soviet is distinctly a Judaic invention.¹ Trotsky (Bronstein) has been throughout the active genius of the Terror, and the organiser of the Chinese and Red forces by which it has been carried out. The parentage of Lenin—the dreamer of dreams and the author of impossible manifestoes—is not clear; but his wife is stated to be a Jewess, and he has issued proclamations in Yiddish. The Germans have admitted responsibility for sending Lenin to Russia with large funds; but far more remains to be explained. Who devised the most deadly plot ever conceived? Why, as General Knox reported on February 5, 1919, were two Jews, Vanien and Safarof, who afterwards instigated the foul murder of the Imperial family, sent with Lenin through Germany? Above all, why did the plot extend to America, whence Trotsky immediately started after proclaiming that 'I stand forth the world's greatest internationalist. I shall rule Russia'? Why did large numbers of Jews from the East End of New York follow Bronstein to appear as well-placed commissaries?² And when he was arrested by the British authorities at Halifax, whence came the influence which procured his release? The destruction of Russia was not a sudden idea on the part of the German General Staff.

¹ Quotations can easily be multiplied to prove that the assassination of Russia was claimed as a Jewish achievement so long as the fiction of its success could be maintained. Mr. Zangwill has selected Trotsky as one of the glories of his race. (*The Jewish Chronicle*, February 17, 1920.) 'The Revolution set creative forces free, and see what a large company of Jews were available for immediate service. . . . Jews are to be found among the trusted leaders and the routine workers of all those (Russian) revolutionary parties. Rabbi Magnes.' (*The Jewish Forum*, February 1919.) 'Without exaggeration it may be said that the great Russian social revolution was indeed accomplished by the hands of the Jews.' (Mr. Cohan, the *Communist*, April, 1919.) 'A Jew, Goldberg, is chief over hundreds of Russian generals . . . Jews in every department in every office . . . A Jew at the head of the labour army . . . Jews controlling the medical, political and culture departments.' (*The Jewish Forward*, Chicago, quoted by the *Dearborn Independent*).

² Evidence given in the U.S. Senate Report on Bolshevik propaganda.

It was a well-planned conspiracy, and 'a large company of Jews was available for immediate service.'¹ Precisely the same phenomenon appeared in Buda Pesth, where it has never been pretended that the whole Red movement was not dominated by Jews led by Bela Kun (Cohen), who established a Terror exactly like those in Russia and Ireland. Bela Kun was subsequently sent by Lenin, or Trotsky, to the Crimea, where he is reported to have caused 25,000 people to be executed. The sudden accession of Jews to power in Russia and Hungary was an astounding portent.

A volume could be written upon the reaction of Bolshevism in this country, where powerful influences were obviously at work to create sympathy with the directors of the Terror in Russia, Hungary, and Ireland. Litvinoff was an honoured guest at a Labour Conference at Nottingham masquerading as a Slav. Would our working men have welcomed him if they had known that he was a German Jew of the name of Finckelstein? As soon as the Government allowed the so-called commercial mission to establish itself in London under Kaminoff (Rosenfeld), who proved impossible, and subsequently under Krassin (Goldgarb), intercommunications between it and the more advanced elements of Labour became fast and furious. A 'Council of Action' was set up on advice received, and the title recalls that of the 'Inner Actions Council,' a Junta of seven which controls the international Jewish organisations; while Soviets (Kahals) were duly nominated in many places. Funds in considerable amounts were made available, and it was possible to sell the jewels of murdered Russians in Hatton Garden for propaganda purposes. The foreign policy suddenly developed by Labour leaders—the 'Hands off Russia' cry, when there was no idea of further aid to the White forces, the bitter antagonism shown to Poland, and the solicitude on behalf of the Red revolutionaries in Hungary and Ireland—provides food for reflection. The manual workers had no chance of learning the truth, and were the dupes of German-Judaic propaganda.

In America alone has there been a careful investigation of the Jewish Problem. Mr. Ford, for reasons which must have been cogent, has devoted his energy to inquiries which have led to the most amazing results. The *Dearborn Independent*—an excellent weekly paper issued at 10 cents—has, since May 22, 1920, regularly published a two-page article of extraordinary interest.² It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the mass of detailed information thus brought together. There are apparently about 3,300,000 Jews in America; but accurate figures are unattainable, because the people who loudly proclaim themselves a nation have, there as here, succeeded in preventing the registration of their

¹ See footnote (¹) on p. 895.

² Forty-two of these articles have been reprinted in two pamphlets at 25 cents each.

nationality on entry.¹ Mr. Ford's paper provides an exhaustive analysis of the effects of the principles of the *Protocols* translated into action in the United States. The extent of the control by Jews of certain great industries and the methods by which it has been obtained, the operations in land estate in New York with the capture of Fifth Avenue, and the various organisations by which power is asserted are lucidly explained. The open attack on Christianity is powerfully exposed. In many schools the use of the Bible and of Christian hymns has been banned. A War Department circular stating that the type of officer required for the new Armies was 'a Christian gentleman' had to be withdrawn and 'a courteous gentleman' substituted. The proposal to use a cross upon the chaplain's uniform was immediately attacked and defeated. The climax was perhaps reached when the President, who had incautiously associated scholarship with 'the religion of Jesus Christ' in a University address, was forced to make a humble apology to Mr. Bernstein, which was published in the Jewish Press with the heading: 'He did not mean it.' The 'Jewish Records' for the year 5668 (1907-8), establish the connexion between the abolition of Christianity and Jewish requirements.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the year in America has been the demand in certain quarters for the complete secularisation of the public institutions in the country, *what may be termed the demand of the Jews for their full constitutional life.*²

This peaceful attack on Christianity, inaugurated by the B'nai B'rith, must be compared with the martyrdom of the Church in Russia, which was checked only by the intense animosity which it aroused among the peasants and working classes. The *Protocols* give plain warning of both.

The assertion of control over a great part of the American Press is well illustrated by the story of the successful fight of the late Mr. Gordon Bennett in which the weapon of advertisements was shamelessly used and was cleverly turned against the Jewish aggressors. The whole question of the absorption of theatrical enterprises and the cinema business into great Trusts and the

¹ This and the extensive adoption of 'cover names' have effectively obscured Jewish activities in many directions. A Jew charged in America with an atrocious murder was described as 'a pert little Englishman,' and a recent inquiry in a British court of justice as to the nationality of an offender was bitterly resented. A French or a German name is not recognised as that of a Jew; but, when a German assumes a Slav name, Jewish nationality is generally present. Thus Apfelbaum (Zinovieff, member of Council and President of the Communist Congress at Baku), Sobelsohn (Radek, one of the high priests of propaganda), and many others are disguised, while many German and French revolutionary internationalists of Jewish nationality are not identified as such in this country.

² The italics are mine.

way in which 'popular' songs are produced and exploited is carefully examined. It is shown that the films industry is almost exclusively in Jewish hands, and a writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle* is able to state :

The reels are reeking with filth. They are slimy with sex plays. They are overlapping one another with crime.¹

Mr. Ford does not confine his examination to purely domestic matters, and he has the advantage of evidence given in official inquiries which never reaches this country. His account of the cotton transactions at the outset of the war, of the use of 'Gentile fronts,' of the Polish question, of the sudden rise to power of Jews in Germany² after the deposition of the Kaiser and their subsequent partial retirement, of the abrogation of the Russian Commercial Treaty in the time of President Taft, and of other world affairs is profoundly instructive. No one who has not read this admirable series of articles can form a just appreciation of the magnitude of the Jewish Problem.

That Problem may be briefly stated. Distributed over most Western countries, with a marked concentration in Russia and America, is an exceedingly able, ambitious and power-loving Oriental race, cherishing old traditions, inspired by ideals which may conflict with Gentile polity, more united than other peoples, and claiming a distinct and peculiar nationhood. The Jews are not only well organised in most of the countries of their adoption, but they are internationally organised for purposes of their own. Their influence in national and international affairs is largely unknown to the Gentile world and has been carefully developed in recent years.³ Is such influence, so exercised, compatible with democratic institutions? Can the Gentile nations indefinitely tolerate a double citizenship wielding powers independent of constitutional Governments, and at the same time swaying the affairs of the world in conjunction with sectional organisations, often of a revolutionary character?⁴

In this country, and in others, there are many Jews who are loyal and valued citizens; but, whenever they have proclaimed

¹ Compare *Protocol XIV.*: 'In countries so-called advanced, we have created insane, dirty and disgusting literature.'

² This distinctly proves the existence of pre-arrangements.

³ The story of the reorganisation of American banking effected by Mr. Paul Warburg, who is not an American citizen, is astounding. Lord Bryce has recently drawn attention to the grave dangers that may arise from the operations of international finance. (Address at Williamstown, Mass., August 5, 1921.)

⁴ The Socialists who were expelled from the Assembly of the State of New York were all Jews, and in the evidence against them a book in Yiddish published by the 'Jewish Socialist Federation of America' was adduced. This book states that 'Working men cannot depend on peaceful evolution; they must prepare for revolution and class dictatorship.'

their solidarity with their adopted States, they have been subjected to violent attacks. Of Mr. Morgenthau's recent claim to be an American, the *Jewish World* could say :

What horrible banality ! God's chosen people, their aspirations and their strivings satisfied, their martyrdoms avenged by becoming American.¹

In the spirit here manifested, of which there are many examples, lies danger which Gentiles ignore at their peril.

In no country have Jews been more generously treated, more trusted and more honoured than in Great Britain. Here at least 'martyrdoms' to be 'avenged' are in a distant past. We have a natural horror of intolerance, and anti-Judaism is never likely to assert itself among us. The British people, if they understood, might, however, deeply resent political influence in their affairs by an alien Eastern race which proclaims its separate nationality.² It is for the Jews to consider whither they are being led.

In *Essays and Reviews*, once the subject of bitter religious controversy long forgotten, Dr. Temple paid a notable and deserved tribute to the part played by the Jews in 'the education of the world.' If they had followed St. Paul, or if later, like so many of their fellow-tribesmen, they had embraced Islam, history would have been differently written. Is it impossible that the solution of the Jewish Problem may be found by Jewish leaders before the Gentile nations awake to danger and assert their right to the undivided allegiance of the citizens whom they accept and shelter ? In his remarkable preface to the interesting pamphlet by Mr. George Pitt-Rivers,³ Dr. Oscar Levy explains the causes of the terrible errors which have led the Jews to become the 'experienced officers of all latter-day revolutions,' and made them, in his opinion, at least the indirect authors of the Great War.

We who have posed as the saviours of the world, we who have even boasted of having given it the Saviour, we are to-day nothing but the world's seducers, its destroyers, its incendiaries, and its executioners. . . . We who have promised to lead you to a new Heaven, we have finally succeeded in landing you into a new Hell.

Yet, as Dr. Levy points out, 'It may be that only a Jew can save us from the Jews, a Jew who is great enough, strong enough.' And he ends on the same note :

Yes, there is hope, my friend, for we are still here, our last word is not yet spoken, our last deed is not yet done, our last revolution is not yet made.

¹ July 27, 1921.

² Many Jews have proclaimed that patriotism is impossible to them. 'The patriotism of the Jew is simply a cloak he assumes to please the Englishmen. . . . Jews who pretend that they can at once be patriotic Englishmen are simply living lies.' Similarly frank sentiments can be multiplied, and Jews have a perfect right to hold them ; but the State has also the right to deny naturalisation in all such cases.

³ *The World Significance of the Russian Revolution.*

This last Revolution, the Revolution that will crown our revolutionaries, will be the revolution against the revolutionaries.

No other solution of the Jewish Problem would be so satisfactory to the world or to Jewish interests, and there are already some signs of a revolt against Zionist extremism which may develop on the lines which Dr. Levy indicates. In this country the warnings which Disraeli gave were disregarded. We have fondly believed that a revolutionary movement could never assume serious proportions. We ridiculed the idea of foreign influences, and we were recklessly negligent in matters of immigration. During the war we were, for the time, conscious of such influences, and the 'Hidden Hand' became almost an obsession in some minds, to be quickly forgotten. It has now been officially admitted that many of the active paid agitators who preach Marxism daily are aliens; and an analysis of the nationalities of the revolutionaries who have filled meetings at the Albert Hall would have led to surprising results. Here, as in America and other Western countries, the principle of a double nationality accompanied by organised efforts for objects which may, as in the case of Palestine,¹ conflict violently with national policy and traditions cannot be accepted without grave danger. If, in spite of all warnings, this principle is still tolerated, then we must know exactly where we stand. The use of Saxon or Norman 'cover names' must be abolished, and we are entitled to be able to recognise Jews employed in the public services, in business of all kinds, and in other activities which affect our national life. The remarkable letter published in the *Morning Post*, April 23, 1919, by ten distinguished Jews formally repudiated the 'mischievous and misleading doctrines' to which international Jewry has committed itself 'as dangerous in themselves and false to the tenets and teachings of Judaism.' Mr. Morgenthau and other eminent American Jews have adopted the same attitude. If all Jews who are loyal to the countries in which they reside would unite to put an end to sectional incursions into foreign and domestic politics and would sternly condemn the participation of their race in subversive movements, the Jewish Problem would find a solution, and a fertile source of world unrest would tend to disappear.

The British Empire is now being subjected to attack wherever it is thought to be most vulnerable, and notably in India, Ireland, Egypt, and Palestine. A connexion and a common purpose can be traced, and similar methods are adopted. The strenuous

¹ Dr. Weizmann has candidly explained that the Zionist movement, which has created an ulcer in the Near East, was entirely due to 'a small band of foreign Jews who said to 'the British statesmen': 'The Jews will get to Palestine whether you want it or not. There is no power on earth that can stop the Jews from getting to Palestine. Address, Cannon Street Hotel, September 21, 1919.)

efforts directed from Moscow to promote World Revolution and to create a ferment throughout the East are not of Slav origin. The rebellion in Ireland is not a national movement.¹ It was Marx who declared that Ireland was the proper starting point for the operations against Great Britain, which he regarded as an essential part of the World Revolution that he strove to organise and control. If we ignore the existence of this concerted attack and neglect to examine the nature and the history of the forces by which Christian civilisation is now threatened, we shall deserve all that the international revolutionaries are working to bring about.

SYDENHAM OF COMBE.

¹ De Valera and Dail Eireann have not the smallest claim to represent the Irish people, whose wishes we do not know. Their method is the same as that of Lenin and Bronstein—Terror inspired by a small minority. The Moplahs, under the guidance of *intelligentsia*, have experimented in the same direction, and intimidation is rampant in many parts of India.

COULD REVOLUTION WIN?

THE VIEW OF A SOCIALIST AND EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR

I FIRMLY believe that by evolutionary and not by revolutionary methods the present condition of society is quickly collapsing. As the tribal system, the feudal system, and the guild system all outgrew their obligations to society, and each by its existence laid the corner-stone upon which arose the succeeding system, so I believe the capitalist system has served its object, and the time is arriving when it must surrender to the tide of advancing time. Its message to the world has been to demonstrate that man is no longer an individualist, rather that he is a cog in the social and industrial machine, each and every man dependent and inter-dependent upon the other. I believe the time is ripe for the present system to give place to a system which shall subsist on co-operation and mutual goodwill. But I dread the day when by bloody conflict one section of the community shall endeavour to wrest from another the reins of government in this country, and use brutal force in the suppression of its captives—ostensibly for the emancipation of the majority. In the first place, coercion can do no more than suppress for a time. Every act of coercion, with almost mechanical precision, produces an equivalent reaction. Human nature cannot passively resist uncouth and savage oppression and persecution. In the treatment of animals it is an already exploded idea that force is of lasting avail. Is it intended to uplift mankind by methods which we consider too base for our domestic animals? If, in their blind devotion to Lenin and Trotsky, the Reds of this country were completely to over-run Britain and inflict their doctrine upon all, what clear-thinking person could anticipate the sword would then be sheathed for evermore? That stage would only indicate the real beginning of the serious business. Counter-revolution would be as certain as the revolution of the solar system: and with the lesson of Russia fresh in our memories, I ask the workers of Britain to reflect for a moment. Would not the vanquished aristocrats, in the event of their own inability to re-conquer, sound the clarion call to the anti-proletarian forces of other nations? And would not the

Ludendorffs respond as willingly as Churchill responded to the invitation of the Czarists to crush the Soviet republic ? Yet our gas-bag revolutionists forget this all-important factor. They forget that, when a class struggle is declared, geographical boundaries of the nations are relegated to obscurity and class is class the whole world over.

The effects which the first few hours of revolution would create upon the masses would play a part of no mean importance in the decision to carry on or relinquish the half-fought struggle. I can perceive that, with its back against the wall, an Imperialist and capitalist Government would use every power within its reach and summon to its aid every form of strategy to beat off the usurpers. I can visualise the Army and the Navy rigidly withholding food supplies from the hands of the revolutionaries and their wives and families. I can see that the dependants of the men in His Majesty's forces would be carefully shepherded together and succoured under the protecting wing of the Government, so that the work of the troops could go on unhampered by any feelings of sentiment or any fear that their actions might rebound upon their own flesh and blood. The whole of the essential services of the country would be in a state of chaos, railways and mines would be at a standstill, the industrial and employment system would be scrapped. There would be no means of subsistence for the Reds and their followers, and let us not forget the words of Napoleon, 'An army fights upon its stomach.' Hungry women and starving children would kill the revolutionary spirit in a very short time.

Even if the proletarian army commanded and operated the whole of the food-producing organisation of the country—which would obviously be impossible in the abnormal circumstances then existing—this would be of little avail unless raw produce could be obtained from other lands, and, whilst the fleet remained unvanquished, this would be absolutely impossible. Even with the fleet out of the way, we saw in the revolt in Germany that the country upon which chief reliance would be placed in our case—America—absolutely refused to supply produce to the occupants of the Red territory. We could only anticipate similar action in this country, especially as America is growing in its hatred of the Red element day by day.

A very vital question is whether the armed forces of the Crown would remain loyal to the Imperial authority. In my opinion the answer is distinctly, Yes ! Discipline is developed to such an extent that an order to shoot is obeyed, without the reason why being asked, and with entire disregard of the nationality or the opinions of the persons against whom the order is directed. At Amritsar, in Ireland, during the siege of Sidney Street, and by

the working-class soldiers of England against the workers of Russia this is adequately demonstrated. The rank and file of the Army—I speak with feeling and responsibility as an ex-sergeant-major—are not encouraged to cultivate minds of their own. They are trained to become acting machines, not thinking machines. The overwhelming majority of the junior officers and the whole of the senior officers are recruited from the *bourgeoisie*, the class whose existence would be threatened by the revolution. I think this fact alone justifies this position that there would be very little risk of disloyalty or mutiny in the Army or Navy. The soldier and sailor begin to grumble when definitely and directly their welfare is neglected. Look after them, make them comfortable, and the question presents no further difficulties. The recent effort to corrupt men of the Irish Guards and to instil into them the spirit of Sovietism, it will be recollected, was attended with a signal and dismal defeat. That does not augur well for any possibility of the Army and Navy being bought over into the camp of the Reds.

The question of the police force of the country can be considered as bound up with that of the Army and Navy. Under the present scheme of Home Office supervision the constabulary is practically a national military body, required to carry out the direct orders of the Home Office, irrespective of the desires of the particular localities to which sections of the force are allocated. The local chief constables are virtually all ex-military officers, and the rank and file are not sufficiently class conscious to secede from the Imperial powers and take the side of the workers. Their class consciousness underwent a severe test and failed only a few months ago in the memorable strike. A little bait from the Government sufficed to make them henchmen ready to carry out every will and command. Again, during the Glasgow riots, the police force made no scruples about breaking the heads of the demonstrators, and a similar but more regrettable instance occurred more recently when a procession of discharged and disabled ex-soldiers endeavoured to march peaceably and in an orderly manner to the House of Commons in order to place their grievances before their elected representatives.

Then again the Government has its 'White Guards,' no less certain than its permanent bodyguard. The spirit of Imperialism is being perpetuated amongst the greater proportion of the discharged soldiers in the country (men trained in the use of arms) through their various organisations, and under the leadership of officers of high rank who could be relied upon to place themselves at the disposal of the Government in any emergency. One such society, composed entirely of ex-officers, even announced this project as one of the main planks in its programme. Of the

Special Constabulary perhaps it is necessary to say but little: almost to a man they would turn out to be loyalists. The position would resolve itself into a conflict between an unorganised, scantily trained rabble of the proletariat armed with comparatively obsolete weapons—in many cases without arms at all—and a perfectly disciplined Army, Navy, and Air Force, not forgetting the Territorial forces, equipped with the most modern death-dealing appliances that science could design.

I know the disciples of violence proclaim that the Army and the Navy hold no terrors for them. Those forces, they argue, are dependent for their existence upon the workers, who by the withdrawal of their support could immediately rob them of their power. In other words the general strike which would be the beginning of the revolution would suffice to bring the forces of the Crown to their knees. Such is the trump card which they vow they hold and intend to play when the moment arrives! This to my mind is another instance of excited and superficial consideration. The Army, to all of us who know it well, is a perfectly self-contained body. Within its ranks are men not only who can use the rifle and bayonet, but the chisel, hammer and lathe. There are in it butchers and bakers, motor mechanics, and railway engine drivers—in fact, representatives of every craft and trade necessary for the existence and continuance of the force as an autonomous machine. The Government doubtless already have accumulated safely guarded stocks of munitions and commodities which would render them entirely independent of the producers who now man the workshops. As to food, vast quantities have to be imported from abroad, and it is safe to assume that the Army would not be starved as long as the Navy remained intact. Rather would the commissariat of the proletariat be in a very bad state, and the exhaustion of their initial supplies would mean the undermining of their *morale* and to a large extent their undoing.

Next, what of the population outside the immediate forces of the Government and the aristocracy? The middle classes are already organising themselves with a view to resisting any attempt at Bolshevism. They are, by their own declaration, at the service of the Government. Three out of the four large associations which cater for the discharged soldiers and sailors are also of the same way of thinking, and in the railway strike a good instance of their willingness to stand by the Government was given when they offered to supplant the strikers and run the trains. We saw how Sir Eric Geddes was able to produce an army of transport volunteers at shortest notice, and it would be safe to say that since those days the system of organisation has become more perfect and more capable of immediate application.

The class consciousness of the masses of the workers would

also need to be depended upon by the Revolutionists during the class conflict. Is it not a significant fact that, at the General Election, out of six million trade unionists there were only two and a half million Labour voters? True, a few abstained from voting because their ideas were far more advanced than anything the Labour Party had to offer, but these were not sufficient vitally to affect the figures. Even the miners can only muster direct actionists in the proportion of half and half. The Trades Union Congress does not even go so far as that. Virtually every industrial dispute brings forth its quota of 'blacklegs.' Look at the interest taken in trade union meetings—a 20 per cent. attendance every time and never more! Or in the May Day processions, where 10 per cent. is a reasonable estimate. Birmingham, with its population of nearly a million, only mustered 1500 demonstrators on the last occasion, and this was the biggest assembly for many years past. As one of the organisers and marshals of the procession I can testify to the apathy apparent on every hand. Again, many thousands in the ranks of the workers are physically unfit for the merest semblance of the rigours and hardships of active service. That is what kept many of them out of the Army during the recent war. Many more thousands kept out of the Army because they had not a single spark of fight within them, and would funk any issue whenever it came about. I do not here include conscientious objectors. I have nothing but admiration for those men who, honestly believing the war was wrong, were prepared to endure untold suffering and persecution for the sake of their convictions. But I do refer to the young and able men who felt in their hearts that the war was being waged in the cause of freedom and for the right, but who, rather than risk their flesh and blood in battle, preferred to stay at home, live in luxury, and earn enormous wages. Revolutionists could not rely upon all the men who preach revolution, or even those who agree with its principle, to shoulder the gun on behalf of what they claim as their rights, if it called for a bit of courage and determination to win through.

If the workers cannot be relied upon to cling to their cause when only a little personal convenience stands to be sacrificed, how can they be expected to sacrifice wives and families and even their own limbs and lives for a similar cause, and when the possible fruits of victory are none too plainly in view?

'Arm the proletariat!' cry our Trotskys, as their unfurled banner and unshorn hair flutters in the breeze. Would they arm the blacklegs, the Tory and Liberal working men, the men who prefer their beer to the ballot-box, the discharged soldiers who still are loyal to the Government, and the skunks who would not dare to show themselves outside their cellars?

No ! As a Socialist I have probed this question. I have searched through history for an instance of success where such an outbreak did not bathe the countryside with blood, condemn to destruction the fruits of hundreds of years of labour, and send to the churchyard thousands of the country's bravest and fairest men and women, innocent children too. And I have come to be convinced that, besides being a wicked way, the use of force is a futile method of removing from our midst the evils of the present system.

My only advice and solution is—a little more patience and a little more clear and calm thinking. First of all capture the parliamentary machine. The workers of Russia and the madmen of Moscow had not the opportunities of the ballot-box, and no analogy exists between that country and our own. Controlling the strings of Government we can frame for the Army and Navy a policy in accordance with our own line of thought. Its officers can be the sons of the workers ; its rank and file men of our own mind. The education which we shall provide for our children will give them a different visualisation of the structure of society, and their knowledge of economics will teach them the falseness of its present constitution. Then we can legislate according to our desires. The whole of the workers and the majority of the other classes would stand by us in our enactments. The Army, the Navy, and the Air Force would be ours. A capitalist revolution would be an impossibility, and even did they call for assistance from their class over the seas, they would be met with a force of defence which would be ready to carry out the will of the Government.

Socialism with mutual co-operation and fellowship is a worthy and lofty ideal, and I am convinced is the next stage in the evolution of society.

But Bolshevism, apart from its ethical standpoint, Is it worth the candle ?

Think about it !

C. E. LEATHERLAND.

THE DECLARATION OF PARIS AND LORD CARTERET

High above each in genius, lore, and fire,
With mind of muscles which no toil could tire,
With lips that seem'd like Homer's gods to quaff
From nectar-urns the unextinguish'd laugh,
Frank with the mirth of souls divinely strong,
Carteret's large presence floats from out the throng.

LORD LYTTON, *St. Stephen's*.

IN the preface to his brilliant biography of the once-famous statesman, John, Lord Carteret, Earl Granville, Mr. Ballantyne¹ wrote that the almost complete oblivion which covers his career is one of the curiosities of English political and historical literature. 'In an uneasy sort of way posterity sometimes vaguely wonders why it does not know more of Carteret. But this merely nominal and unintelligent remembrance has itself been a misfortune. For if the man of genius was not to be remembered with full knowledge, it was a double wrong that an unintelligible and impossible figure should be set up to play fantastic tricks in the records of English history, and that this should gravely be declared to be the figure of Lord Carteret. For the Lord Carteret of the English historian is a fantastic impossibility.'

In his essays on the Ministers of George II., Mr. Reginald Lucas² dwells on the exalted place that Carteret occupied in the judgment of his contemporaries. Horace Walpole called him 'master of all modern politics'; Chesterfield 'master of all modern languages.' Lord Macaulay's opinion is germane to the subject of this article. 'no public man had such profound and extensive learning. He was familiar with the ancient writers . . . his knowledge of modern languages was prodigious. . . . He spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, even Swedish. . . . He had read all that the Universities of Saxony and Holland had produced on the most intricate questions of public law.'

¹ *Lord Carteret, a Political Biography*, by Archibald Ballantyne. Richard Bentley and Son, 1887.

² *George II. and his Ministers*—Carteret, the Foreign Minister, by Reginald Lucas Arthur L. Humphreys, 1910.

In the long dispute on maritime law between Frederick the Great and England, which began in 1744 and was not settled till 1756, Lord Carteret figured greatly, as the following brief summary of the Prussian version of it will show.

On the outbreak of the war between France and England Lord Carteret, in reply to a question put by Andrié, Frederick's Minister in London, assured him that Prussian commerce with France would be allowed to continue during the war on the same footing as in peace, except in contraband of war: that ships' timber and naval stores were not contraband: from which the inevitable inference that Prussian ships might carry French goods from France without risk of seizure. Yet Prussian timber and French goods were seized and confiscated by the English Prize Courts. Frederick claimed compensation for his merchants, which was refused; whereupon he withheld payment of the last instalment of the Silesian Loan then overdue to British bankers under his guarantee,¹ and devoted the money to compensating his merchants, whose claims had been assessed by a Commission of his own creation.

The dispute lingered through interminable correspondence till the outbreak of the Seven Years War, when the matter was amicably adjusted by a Declaration annexed to the Convention of Westminster, signed on January 16, 1756, in virtue of which the balance due on the Loan was to be discharged and 20,000*l.* paid in full satisfaction of all Prussian claims for seizures. By the Convention itself the neutrality of North Germany was guaranteed during the war, and the security of Hanover thus assured.

Students of international law know little more about this *Cause Célèbre* than that the Prussian case was contained in a document commonly called the *Exposition des Motifs*: that the English case was stated by the Law Officers in a Report to the King: that both these documents were circulated throughout Europe in the early days of 1752: and that opinion in Paris, on the authority of Montesquieu, pronounced the English Report to be '*réponse sans réplique*.' Those who have read the documents, seeing Carteret's name mentioned on almost every page of the Prussian case, must have vaguely wondered, 'in an uneasy sort of way,' why they knew nothing of the man who was alleged to have assumed so grave a responsibility as to have promised that the traditional English maritime practice should be inopera-

¹ In 1742, preliminaries having been signed at Breslau, peace was concluded between Prussia and the Queen of Hungary at Berlin. Frederick retained Upper and Lower Silesia, and undertook to pay the amount due to the English creditors of the Silesian Loan contracted by Charles VI. in 1734-35. The story is unravelled in Sir Ernest Satow's monograph on the subject: but the only detail with which we are concerned is that the final instalment was overdue at the time of the happenings which led to the claims made by Prussian subjects against England.

tive against Prussia: must have searched vainly through the Law Officers' Report for some straight denial of so extraordinary a suggestion; but finding none have been satisfied to accept the verdict of history that the allegation was true.

Here is one of the 'fantastic tricks in the records of English history' which 'unintelligent remembrance' of Carteret has played. The Lord Carteret of the international lawyer, as of the historian, is a 'fantastic impossibility.' There is not one word of truth in the allegation from start to finish.

Is it worth while to vindicate the memory of a statesman dead these 175 years? Yes, for there is something more than historical accuracy involved; the nature of Lord Carteret's alleged promise was such that it is of great importance to-day that the truth should at length be established. No one can disagree with *The True Briton* that such a promise, if made, should have been fulfilled, even though it involved the sacrifice in favour of Prussia of the first principles of our maritime practice. But Prussia claimed, for the first time in history, that 'free ships' did as of right make 'free goods'; and the claim of right was fortified by the alleged promise. Therefore Lord Carteret is charged with having done what Lord Clarendon did in 1856, practically admit that English maritime practice was inconsistent with the Law of Nations.

Foreigners have long memories. The story of the dispute has been told by the editors of the *Preussische Staatsschriften*, published in Berlin in 1885. They seek to justify Frederick's attitude, and quote with approval the opinion of Trendelenburg, in 1871, that the philosophical treatment of the question by Frederick bore fruit, a hundred years after, in the Declaration of Paris! So the title of this article is explained. And Trendelenburg had good authority for what he wrote. Baron Manteuffel at the Congress in 1856 readily accepted Lord Clarendon's conversion to the new doctrines of the Declaration of Paris¹ without instructions from his Royal master in Berlin, for 'these doctrines had always been professed by Prussia.' And the penitent, conscious of England's iniquities, accepted the statement with becoming humility. And there is more. A very active sect exists in England to-day who are anxiously endeavouring to keep alive the Declaration of Paris, and, with slight modifications, its offspring the Declaration of London. So soon are the lessons of the war forgotten.

Englishmen are apt to be bored with their country's history. We went into the war without an army.² We are presently

¹ The *Story of the Declaration of Paris* was published in this Review in November and December, 1917.

² Sir George Arthur's *Life of Lord Kitchener*, vol. iii., p. 7.

going into the discussion on Maritime Law and the Freedom of the Sea without archives. Only by painful piecing together of such documents as have been preserved can we get at the facts of our sea wars and the troubles with the neutrals, which form so large a part of the history of England. But there are great gaps; and as, in much previous writing, my endeavour has been to clear out the rubbish of wrong inference which has been allowed to accumulate in them, so here, in regard to the greatest gap of all, and the most dangerous, because it lies at the root of the dispute with the neutrals which has never been settled, I hope to remove the mass of misapprehension which fills it.

The points as stated in the Prussian case which are material to Lord Carteret's alleged promise are briefly these:

- a. that he had assured Andrié, in the name of the King, as reported in his despatch of May 18/29, 1744,

que le pavillon du roi seroit respecté à l'égal de celui des autres puissances alliées de l'Angleterre, à l'exception des seuls vaisseaux qui porteroient des munitions de guerre aux ennemis de la nation britannique;

- b. that Frederick required some more precise declaration; and Andrié, in his despatch of May 29/June 9, reported that Lord Carteret 'lui avoit réitéré et assuré au nom du roi' that ships' timber and naval stores 'n'étoient réputés contrebande'; that Prussian commerce would not be interfered with so long as it was not in munitions of war—' (munitions spécifiées dans tous les traités de commerce entre les puissances maritimes)'; and that the commerce of neutrals should remain as free as in time of peace;

- c. that Andrié requested Carteret to put this declaration into writing, but

celui-ci lui répondit toutes les deux fois qu'il lui en parla, que ce n'étoit pas l'usage en Angleterre.

Now, on the face of it, all this is very mysterious.¹ The statements attributed to Lord Carteret contained elementary blunders which, even in those happy far-off days when the 'competitive' was not, no Foreign Office clerk could possibly make—that ships' timber and naval stores *were not contraband*; that contraband was defined, meaning thereby uniformly defined, in all treaties of

¹ From many passages in Frederick's *Political Correspondence* it appears that Andrié was a man of weak memory, possibly also of weak intelligence, and therefore an untrustworthy recorder of conversations. Frederick often had reason to be dissatisfied with his reports, and complains of his 'peu d'attention,' of his 'relations si peu exactes,' of 'la légèreté avec laquelle vous passez sur les affaires les plus importantes.' This in 1746, prior to his recall. Though, technically, matter of 'prejudice,' it is very material to the issue, whether Andrié's reports of his conversations with Carteret were accurate.

commerce between the maritime Powers. One would expect to find the Law Officers repudiating the suggestion as fantastic.

But from the first their handling of the case is bewildering. Extracts from Andrié's despatches had been set out, with their dates. In a civil suit production of documents would have been at once demanded and ordered. The fact that in diplomatic controversies no such procedure is recognised did not warrant the absence of all curiosity as to what else those despatches contained. It so fell out, as will presently appear, that another fragment of an Andrié despatch was discovered of infinite importance. Having found it, the Law Officers were bound to challenge the fragments which had been set out, or at least to intimate that the interpretation put upon them could not be admitted without knowledge of their contexts. If by chance their legitimate curiosity had been gratified, they would have discovered that the so-called report of May 18 29 was a postscript, which showed the real nature of Andrié's request: that it was for an 'Admiralty order' modifying the maritime practice in favour of Prussia, and that all the talk about refusing to put the alleged assurance into writing meant no more than that this order had been categorically refused. If, therefore, any assurance was given it must have been at the interview reported on in Andrié's second despatch, which requires us to assume that in the eleven days' interval Lord Carteret had changed his mind. The suggestion of a 'reiterated' assurance was no more than *léger-de-plume*.

It is a fact ¹ that up to the first half of 1745 only enemy ships were seized by the English privateers: but as the French merchant flag gradually disappeared from the seas, the Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Prussian merchantmen began to take over the commerce of the French ports; and the seizures complained of were of cargoes on board these neutral ships, condemned either as contraband or enemy property. The seizures were followed by complaints from Andrié, many of which have been preserved. In the first case, a Dutch ship laden by Prussians with planks from Stettin to L'Orient, the action of the Navy Board in exercising the right of pre-emption was acquiesced in. Between January 1746 and July 1747 five complaints are on record, and the *gravamen* of them was—either that the seizure violated *le droit des nations neutres*, or was *une injustice criante, non seulement contraire aux lois qui lient la nation britannique, mais encore celle de la marine*, or that the goods were not contraband '*par les traités*.' In no case did Andrié rely in his protests on the assurance said to have been given to him by Lord Carteret. Judged by the ordinary rules of diplomatic conduct, this of itself is sufficient to show that

¹ As recorded by De Martens in his '*Causes Célèbres*,' and by the *Preussische Staatschriften*

the assurance was never given. For no Instructions to the fleet in pursuance of it were ever issued, and it was therefore his duty at once to complain and report to Frederick. The Law Officers were bound to maintain, if only for the honour of the Department, that if the assurance had been given it would have been carried out.

But the Law Officers had the key in their hands which, if they had put it to the proper use, would have exploded the whole story at once. They had discovered, 'exhibited in a cause, and certified to be a true extract by Mons. Michell under his hand,' part of a despatch from Andrié which contained this warning:—

Your Majesty's subjects ought not to load on board neutral ships, any goods really belonging to the enemies of England, but to load them for their own account, whereby they may safely send them to any country they shall think proper, without running any risk. Then, if privateers commit any damage to the ships belonging to Your Majesty's subjects, you may depend on full justice being done here, as in all like cases hath been done.

By inconceivable carelessness this despatch, written on May 29/June 9, was allowed to be printed three times in the Report as of the year 1747, instead of, as obviously was the true year, 1744. It was without doubt an extract from the despatch to which Andrié's second report was a postscript.

Andrié was recalled in the summer of 1747, and Michell took over charge of the Legation, and carried on the complaints as occasion arose. In August he protested against the capture of three ships '*sans fondement légitime*,' and '*contraire aux droits des nations neutres et amies*': but never a word about Carteret's assurance. In September 1747, however, in regard to the ship *Les Jumeaux*, the note of his complaint changes. The seizure was contrary to the declarations of the British Ministry. '*ainsy qu'il sera aisé de prouver*.' For the first time reliance is placed on declarations—in the plural, and not of one Minister, but of the Ministry: but so far unspecified.

We have now arrived at the close of 1747, and at this point a new element is introduced into the comedy; the second act opens, and it becomes well documented, thanks to the Editors of Frederick's *Political Correspondence*, written (as I gratefully acknowledge) in Prussianised French.

The commercial privileges which Holland enjoyed under her treaties with England and France, specially the clauses which enabled her to carry enemy goods free, were so great that she preferred to maintain that position so long as the Allies defended the Netherlands, until in April 1747 France declared war against her. As a necessary consequence her much-needed supplies of naval stores brought by Dutch ships would cease. She proposed to enlist Prussian ships in their place.

De Valory, French Minister at Berlin, suggested that a trade should be started between Emden and the French coast. Frederick was flattered, but realised that 'il faut que nous nous y prenions avec toute la circonspection possible.' De Valory had insisted that the success of the enterprise depended on due respect being paid to the Prussian flag. Frederick replied, 'Il est assez aisé à dire que je dois faire respecter mon pavillon, mais la question est de savoir comment s'y prendre.' He knew what to expect from the English privateers; however, there were certain business details to be settled first, whether the Emdenais were rich enough to finance the trade: whether some Dutch merchants could not be induced to settle in the Prussian ports: 'après quoi il faudra penser comment faire respecter mon pavillon, en cas que les puissances maritimes osassent l'insulter.' To this end Michell was instructed to make 'des instances pressantes soutenues de représentations nerveuses' to Lord Chesterfield, then Secretary of State. In fulfilment of these orders Michell picked up the thread of 'many and reiterated assurances' by the Ministry, dropped in his letter of September, and requested that, in accordance with them, orders should be given to respect the Prussian flag, to leave Prussian vessels free 'sans les troubler ou les molester sous prétexte de visite,' and to be satisfied with the production of Prussian papers.

Lord Chesterfield's answer gave little encouragement. Some neutrals had treaties with England, which were religiously observed: some had none: and they were dealt with by the ordinary law. Prussia had no treaty, and would therefore be treated like other non-treaty neutrals. Frederick, abandoning all hope of getting what he wanted by persuasion, sent an arrogant answer that he would admit no wider significance to the word 'contraband' than that it included powder, guns, cannon, and projectiles: and that if Prussian ships were hindered in their voyages the money which he had in hand for the discharge of the Silesian Loan would be devoted to pay the losses suffered by his subjects.

The Duke of Newcastle succeeded Lord Chesterfield, and in February Michell forwarded four complaints, supporting them by an assertion that not only the Ministry, but the Duke, then just come into office, had repeated the promises of his predecessors. So bold was he in the execution of his orders, or so acute in gauging the mentality of the Minister, that in April he followed up the attack by a demand that an appeal, long pending, should be hurried on by order, 'afin que par là je sois à même d'informer le Roy M.M. de la réalité des assurances qu'on luy a donné depuis si long tems.' And the easy proof was at length forthcoming. He had the honour to forward 'copie d'une déclaration

que milord Granville a donné à M. Andrié au commencement de la présente guerre.'

The proof somewhat lacked the precision implied by Michell's description of the document. The 'copy of the declaration' turned out to be a copy of Andrié's second report to Frederick in 1744.

Here was a pretty state of things. Carteret, the King's favourite Minister, the brilliant, the accomplished Carteret, versed, as no other man in England, in Prussian policy, master of many languages, but hated as statesman was never hated by politician, abandoning the traditional sea policy of England, not for one neutral, *but for all!* I have looked anxiously through the dusty bundles of papers for some half-sheet, such as Ministers so often use for the immediate recording of their thoughts, on which might perchance be written 'Damned nonsense: write and tell M. Michell so— Why, he has the— effrontery to say I said so too!'; or this, 'Some tomfoolery of that man Carteret: there must be some papers in the office: hunt them up.' Even political hatred of the man might have been waived in the country's interests: for if Andrié's report were true, all those confiscations of Prussian cargoes ought never to have been ordered. Even such a minute as this to the Under Secretary is not to be found: 'Write a polite letter to Lord Granville, and ask him if it's true.' It is all blank; there is nothing, not a word scribbled on the document. Is the incompleteness of our archives the only explanation? or was it patrician contempt, or patrician incompetence? Profounder students than Coxe of Newcastle's character would readily accept the last explanation. But I am concerned with the greater man Carteret, and I cannot as yet profess to solve the riddle. But when the Duke of Bedford went to the Northern Department, and the comedy was played again for his benefit, the copy of Andrié's letter being produced in support of another complaint, the honest Secretary's suspicions were aroused, and a hunt was made in the office for some record, some private memorandum of Carteret's, and nothing was found. So there was the case, apparently as perfect as case could be. Michell's extraordinary asseverations of reiterated assurances, borne out in one most important respect, supported by a sentence in Andrié's report four years previously, referring to the King's order to interview Lord Carteret: 'J'en ai encore parlé ce matin à my Lord Carteret, sur quoi ce Secrétaire d'Etat m'a encore réitéré et assuré au nom du Roi son Maitre,' that ships' timber and naval stores were not contraband, and all the rest of the story.

Now, unfortunately, what Andrié actually wrote was that Lord Carteret '*m'a déclaré*'; not a word about reiterated assurances, for the very good reason that in his previous letter, written eleven

days before, he had informed the King that his request had been refused by 'ce Secrétaire d'Etat.' Michell had inserted that little sentence so adroitly that it fitted in with his statement of assurances given 'depuis si long tems . . . ainsy qu'il sera aisé de prouver.'

There is not the slightest difficulty in understanding why this little piece of editing was done. The answer to that troublesome question engendered by M. de Valory's commercial proposals, '*comment s'y prendre ?*', had been thought out. The one way to make the Prussian flag 'respected' so as to ensure the safety of the new commerce was to strengthen Andrié's report, and the case of 'reiterated assurances' brazened through.

But we know what was going on behind the scenes, by favour of Baron Charles de Martens, who has printed Andrié's 'post-scripts' in full, and of Frederick's *Political Correspondence*, wherein the ingenuous story of the De Valory proposals is set out. These interesting facts were hidden from the Law Officers. Yet they had got to the kernel of the whole matter, and had reduced the whole question to a nutshell—

'Before the year 1746 the Prussians don't appear to have openly engaged in covering the enemy's property. . . .

'From 1746 the Prussians engaged in the gainful practice of covering the enemy's goods ; but were at a loss in what shape, and upon what pretences, it might best be done ' ;

unconsciously transliterating Frederick's '*Comment s'y prendre ?*'

Surely it was their duty, having gone so far, to probe the case by all the methods known to the ordinary lawyer, for the case of assurances fairly bristled with suspicious circumstances ; instead of which they undertook the most uncongenial task of contending that if the assurances were given they meant nothing : and it was not very well done. After reading the Report the uncomfortable impression is left on the mind that it was assumed that the Prussian version of the conversations with Carteret was accurate, and had to be explained away.

It was not very dignified to meet the statement that Carteret had declared ships' timber and naval stores not to be contraband, with the remark that 'the verbal declaration of a Minister in conversation might show what he thought contraband by the Law of Nations' ! And it was not very learned to invent a theory that the King could not make a verbal agreement with Prussia as alleged, had he been so minded. The constitutional principle on which this part of the Report is based is more than questionable, and it is wrapped in such involved language that its only title to fame must be that of a 'model laconic.'

But the point with which we are concerned is whether we can

find some scintilla of truth in the Prussian case of assurances, or whether it is not a tissue wrought from the fantastic imaginings of Frederick and his henchman Michell.

Sir Ernest Satow believes the assurances to have been given as reported by Andrié, and doubts the possibility of there having been any misunderstanding, because Carteret 'spoke German fluently.' In deference to the opinion of so distinguished an authority, more especially as his is the last printed word on the subject, it is advisable to carry the discussion one stage further, and to conclude, instead of beginning, with the *a priori* arguments.

First : Carteret was all for Prussia, and the policy of his life was to separate her from France. He had, however, met with a rebuff. When France declared war Lord Hyndfort was instructed to press Frederick to fulfil his engagement to defend Hanover under his guarantee of the Treaty of Westminster, 1742. But Frederick had declined, suggesting that England was the aggressor.

Would it have been possible for Carteret, as part of his general policy, to have made this concession of free commerce with the enemy during the war ; or to have agreed to it as a sop to buy performance of the guarantee ? To both suggestions the answer is the same. If either possibility be admitted, we must be logical and admit also that the concession would have been made effective ; instructions to the Fleet would have been issued.

The fact is that the non-fulfilment of the alleged promise destroys all possibility of the allegation being true.

Secondly : free commerce with France in the sense desired by Frederick would mean essential assistance to France. Now the threat of an invasion, Frederick's participation in which was by no means negatived, had only died down a short time before. It is inconceivable that Carteret should have sanctioned that assistance in precisely the form in which France desired it, and so have enabled her to renew her attack by sea—free carriage of ships' timber and naval stores. Within three months he refused it to Denmark and Sweden ; if he had already granted it to Prussia he would have been stultifying himself. And even with regard to Holland and the Marine Treaty of 1674, it is to be noted that the Council had protested against the acceptance of the Dutch interpretation of their privileges.

And to clench this point, there is among the Carteret papers ¹ an intercepted letter dealing with the shocking state of the French fleet, in which there is this pregnant sentence : ' Il faudra que la Cour se détermine à faire des dépenses bien-considérables, si elle veut disputer l'Empire de ces mers aux Anglais.' This expenditure would have gone into the pockets of the merchants of ships' timber and of the neutral carriers who were claiming to carry it

¹ British Museum, Add. MSS. 22, 541, f. 309.

'free.' To stand by, to allow free delivery of the goods, would have been madness. And Carteret was not mad.

Thirdly : Carteret had been the most prominent leader in the 'No Search' dispute with Spain, and had supported the war of 'Jenkins' Ear.' Could this have inclined him to acquiesce in Frederick's claim to resist 'tout prétexte de visite' ? Carteret had read all that the Universities of Saxony and Holland had produced on the most intricate questions of public law.¹ Can we imagine that he would be willing to admit, as Frederick's lawyers contended, that there was no difference between search in peace and search in war ? We may at least assume that Carteret was not ignorant of the rudiments of English maritime law.

And yet ! Michell's assertions were not denied. The simple and the straight way, the question put to Carteret, 'Was the story true or false ?' was not taken. He was an honourable man ; his answer would have been No, or Yes. Had he admitted that, by some mysterious lapse, he had yielded to Andrié's persuasion, and, by some still more mysterious lapse, had forgotten to fulfil his promise, *The True Briton* was right, the case ought never to have been contested. On the other hand, a denial would have put the Government in an impregnable position, and the very unedifying discussions between Newcastle and Michell, conducted with a view to compromise by an unknown mutual friend, in which an extraordinary amount of bad constitutional law was talked, would have been avoided.

Yet even this is only a half-statement of the difficulty. Michell had been clever enough to send Carteret a copy of the *Exposition des Motifs* as soon as he had presented it officially. Why did he not tell the Ministers that the versions it contained of Andrié's interviews with him were incorrect ? There was, in 1752, no open feud between him and the Pelhams. He was President of the Council : and his duty was clear. I do not attempt to extenuate the fault, but admit that, if the case *aliunde* were not so overwhelmingly strong, his silence must inevitably be taken for acquiescence and the verdict of history stand.

The only possible explanation is that Carteret, and all the Ministers, treated the story of the 'assurances' with supreme contempt. This does not, however, excuse the Law Officers for the slipshod way in which they dealt with it. For this the only explanation is that there was lingering in Murray's mind¹ some trace of the old political hatred, which led him to refrain from exculpating Carteret from the great offence. Even as the Law Officers knew it the case was unsubstantial and invited annihila-

¹ The Report was drafted by Murray, the Solicitor-General, as 'junior,' and Walpole attributes all its excellencies to him. He describes him, in another part of his *Memoirs*, as 'the creature of Newcastle.'

tion. As we know it now it was the flimsiest, stupidest story that ever was concocted. Had this part of the case been loyally dealt with, and with due regard to the national interests, then that part of it which laid down the clear law of the sea would have stood out a still more 'excellent piece on the Law of Nations'; would indeed have been an answer without reply.

Yet a reply was attempted, the curious story of which it will be my privilege some day to relate. It involved a 'fake,' before which Michell's editing of Andrié's despatch paled to insignificance. An 'Impartial Foreigner,' a gentleman at the Hague, whose initials were 'H. V.,' wrote his remarks upon the English Report to a friend in London, bearing testimony to the justice of the Prussian case. It is to be found in the *Preussische Staatsschriften*. And there is also published by De Martens the 'all-embracing rejoinder' drafted, as it is alleged, with infinite care by the 'illustrious Cocceji' and his cohort of lawyers, printed in July 1753, but, on the advice of M. de Saint Contest, not presented to the British Government.

Pamphlets of that date have passed into the dust of ages, and therefore these reprints are of extreme value. And it is curious to note that the remarks of the 'Impartial Foreigner,' written in February, and Cocceji's Reply, published in July, are identical. The conclusion is obvious: the two documents were written by the same hand. To such quaint tricks was it necessary to descend to support the claim put forward by Frederick on behalf of his merchants.

It is conceived that the real reason for its non-presentation was that it contained this sentence. After maintaining that the neutral flag covers enemy goods with the exception of contraband, this further exception to the so-called 'freedom of the sea' was admitted:

long-tems qu'elle [chaque nation neutre] ne poursuit que son *propre commerce*, sans s'engager à ce qu'on peut appeler avec raison, *faire le commerce des ennemis pour eux*. Car alors elle n'agirait plus comme une puissance neutre, mais comme alliée et auxiliaire de l'ennemi, et si sur avertissement convenable elle ne s'abstenait point d'une pareille manœuvre, elle mériterait d'être traitée en ennemie.

Thus, in 1753, the Prussian lawyers laid down a principle which was, at the beginning of the Seven Years War, acted on by England, to be known thereafter as the 'Rule of 1756'; and the Prussian Reply was submitted to and approved by the French Government.

Those who understand the momentous issues which will presently be discussed between the Powers when they meet to settle the principles of Maritime Law for guidance in future wars will not fail to note the importance of this admission.

F. T. PIGGOTT.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.—II

A good deal has been written about the Retreat of March 1918, which followed the greatest British defeat in the war, the heaviest blow we had received since the day of York Town. Little has, however, been recorded from the point of view of a single formation such as a division. Perhaps the best contribution of this sort is the twelfth chapter of Major John Ewing's *History of the 9th (Scottish) Division*, a tribute to one of the grandest fighting retirements in our military history. Still less has been written from the personal point of view. The impressions made on the mind of an officer of subordinate rank, who yet, being on the General Staff of a division which was in the hottest of the fighting, saw some of the most critical episodes on his part of the front, may have interest as a sort of microcosm. It is that belief, at least, which has inspired the account that follows. This account, which is not, for reasons which will presently appear, a personal one for the first two and a half days, is based less on official documents than on my own diary. Somehow or another I managed to find ten minutes each morning to scribble down not only the main events of the previous day but a few lines descriptive of the most striking scenes I had witnessed. And now, after three and a half years, when I open that diary and spread out a map on the table beside it, scene after scene comes crowding back.¹ I can see the villages, woods and streams of all that pleasant green and rolling country over which we retreated, the long chains of silent refugees, figures that Millet should have painted, bodies of troops plodding wearily back from position to position; and little individual portraits—the drawn, sullen, yet still determined face of a company commander who had fought two rear-guard actions, a brigadier and his staff lying under a thornbush with their maps and note-books and glasses, fighting their battle as in older days, a squadron leader of French dragoons, very spick

¹ Despite the pretence that in England to-day it is desired to forget everything in connexion with the war, a good many demobilised officers seem to preserve some of their maps, and even to consult them on occasion. It may be of interest to those who have them to know that this account of the Retreat can be followed on the ordinary General Staff 1/100,000 series, Sheets 'St. Quentin' and 'Amiens.'

and span with white hunting-stock and monocle, sitting his big bay thoroughbred in the market-place and taking the reports of his patrols.

The 36th (Ulster) Division, of which I was at that time G.S.O. 3, had relieved a French division astride the Somme before St. Quentin on January 14. Five weeks later its front had been narrowed, the 30th Division taking over the sector north of the river in the forward system of defence, though in the second position, or Battle Zone, as it was called, we continued to be responsible for a sector north of the Somme, behind the village of Fontaine-les-Cleres. Our frontage was now about 6000 yards. Our position was crossed by a series of ridges and valleys running east and west. On the northernmost of these were the enemy's and our own front line trenches, on the second our intermediate position or Line of Redoubts, on the third, 4500 yards behind our front line, the positions of the Battle Zone. This last had been sited by the French before we arrived, but not begun. The greater part of our work was now devoted to it, but we lacked the man-power to make it as strong as it should have been made. There was also a shortage of wire during February and the early part of March. At the opening of the attack there should have been at least three times the depth of wire in front of this vital position that there actually was. What was equally disquieting was the position on our right flank. Our front line ran roughly east and west, that of the 14th Division on our right more nearly north and south. It was apparent that should the village of Urvillers be taken by the enemy the right of our forward system would be crumpled up.

It was, in this quiet line, in this silent, open country, hard to imagine that a great blow was preparing. Week by week came scraps of information, each small in itself, but fitting into its place in the puzzle-picture on which we were at work. Aero-dromes and hospitals, marked by red crosses, were reported by the flying men in back areas. New military roads appeared. Hutier, specialist in 'drives,' was discovered to have come into line with a new army. Later on, photographs showed a number of shell-holes behind the enemy front line to have been worked on. We guessed that these were being prepared as trench-mortar emplacements and ammunition dumps for the bombardment of our front line wire, as Hutier had destroyed the defences at Riga. Small parties of officers reconnoitred our position through their glasses. I had an excellent observation post in the dovecote at Essigny, just out of our area, with a team of intelligent observers, devoted to their work. They recorded an extraordinary bulk of traffic. Here on clear evenings I used to watch the movement toward St. Quentin on the main road from Guise. On the 17th

of March, with the glass set upon a point where some screening which hid the road had fallen, I counted 120 lorries passing it in ten minutes. Then the light failed me, but I knew that I had seen the beginning only of that night's work.

Leave had not been stopped during all this period. Our G.S.O. 2 returned from England on the 19th of March, and that morning I went for four days' leave in France. I had had influenza early in the month, and suffered a great deal from neuralgic headaches, and had been promised a short rest at the seaside when the G.S.O. 2 returned. On the evening of the 18th two deserters from a trench mortar battery had come into our lines. They declared they had come over to avoid the fighting, and that the attack would be launched on the morning of the 21st. We had had from prisoners previous reports of immediate attack, and there seemed no reason to suppose that this was any more accurate as regards the exact date than they had been.¹ When the news came in at night, as I was to start at 6 a.m., I rang up the G.S.O. 1 on the telephone beside my bed and suggested that I should stay. He told me to go. In consequence, I was away from my division when the assault was launched, and actually did not hear of it till the following day. I have occasionally felt a twinge of shame with regard to this, but have comforted myself with the reflection that many more important people than I were on leave in England at the time.

I reached Amiens on the morning of the 23rd, where I learned that Ham had fallen. I had some hours to wait for a train going eastward. I made inquiries as to where I was likely to find my division, but I might have saved my breath. Finally I decided to go to Chaulnes, where, I thought, I was more likely to get news. The city was almost normal, though refugees had begun to come in. I had an excellent luncheon at the Godbert, well beloved of old, and when I went to buy a novel at the Librairie Garnier in the Rue des Trois Cailloux found three ladies absorbed in the purchase of pale mauve writing-paper, with their initial in gold at the top. At the station was a large number of civilians with their parcels, waiting to take the same train as myself, after their morning's shopping. Many a long month was it to be ere some of these poor people saw again the villages they expected to reach in a couple of hours. The guard declared that the train might go to Nesle, and I naturally decided to stay in it if it did. But it did not reach even Chaulnes. At Rosières we halted, and were told that it was dangerous to go further. I was astonished, but less so than the civilians, who appeared dumbfounded. A few asked me for advice as to getting to their homes. I told the

¹ The report was confirmed beyond doubt by prisoners taken the night of the 20th by the 61st Division, two divisional sectors to the north of us.

women who were alone that the wisest thing they could do would be to return to Amiens by that train.

Noticing a block in the traffic at the level crossing beyond the station, I walked along the line, and saw the welcome gleam of a scarlet hat-band. It proved to cover the head of an officer from G.H.Q., out to visit the Corps Headquarters to learn how things were going. He did not know the whereabouts of my division, but he was going to our Corps, the 18th, and offered to take me. Nesle was deserted as we passed through. I found the headquarters of the 36th Division at last in the village of Beaulieu-les-Fontaines, south-east of Roye ('Amiens' L5). It had just moved back from Freniches, a 'jump' of upwards of five miles. That fact alone sufficed to give me a fair idea of how things were with us.

I gained little further information that night or next day, the story coming out in scraps, at meals, in cars, sitting over the telephone at night. I shall not relate it here at great length, but something must be told if what follows is to be understood. The early events of the 21st were the same as over many miles of front; the tremendous drum-fire opening at 4.30 in the morning, trench mortars smashing the forward zone to pieces, 105, 150 and 210 mm. howitzers bombarding the Line of Redoubts and the valley in rear of it with high explosive and phosgene gas, high velocity guns on villages and headquarters in rear; the thick fog which prevented any S.O.S. signal being seen and screened the attackers from our machine guns; the rush of the assault over the ruins of the forward system, its encirclement of the strong points in the Line of Redoubts, the attack on the Battle Zone in the still prevailing mist. At one point only was this system penetrated on our front, when the enemy just south of the river broke through into Contescourt. Though a counter-attack did not dislodge him, yet he made no further progress here. The situation was serious, but not to be despaired of, and the troops in the Battle Zone were resisting with heroic tenacity. At 1.15, however, came news that Essigny village, in the area of the 14th Division, had fallen, our flank being thus completely turned. A defensive flank was formed, but the situation to the south was now too serious for half-measures, and the Higher Command ordered us to withdraw behind the St. Quentin Canal at Happencourt. The most notable event of the second day had been the defence of the Redoubt in the Battle Zone, north of the Somme, the only part of our original positions now retained. The gallant garrison held on for hours after the fort was surrounded, and beat off attack after attack during the day. At evening they had to be left to their fate, the Fifth Army deciding to retire to the line of the Somme and its continuation southwards in the Canal

de St. Quentin. The division, with the 61st Brigade attached, took up a line behind this barrier from St. Simon to Sommette-Eaucourt. The following morning it was discovered that the 30th Division, which had put up a magnificent fight on the 21st, and was to win still greater fame in the days that followed, had not been able to establish its right on the canal bank. The main bridge at Ham had not, apparently, been very effectively demolished, and was certainly very quickly repaired by the enemy. On the other flank the troops of the 14th Division were forced to retire from Annois, where the enemy was established by noon. There was hard fighting at Aubigny, which changed hands three times. At night, after I had rejoined, our line ran through Golancourt, Eaucourt, Ollezy, and thence south, to the west of Cugny. During the afternoon French troops, hastily pushed up, with no guns and little ammunition, had taken up a line two to three thousand yards behind our men.

The salient held by our attached brigade, still stoutly clinging to Ollezy, was an impossible one, and they were lucky to be able to extricate themselves the following day and fall back fighting on Villeselve. An equally dangerous situation was being created by the pressure of the enemy who had poured through Ham, between Golancourt and Villeselve. I received instructions from the 18th Corps, which was not in touch with the 3rd Cavalry Division, to convey to the latter orders to clear up if possible the situation between these villages. I was told I should find General Harman in the neighbourhood of Guiscard. His headquarters were actually at Berlancourt.

It has always been one of my greatest regrets that I did not see the attack by detachments of the 6th Cavalry Brigade launched by General Harman, for, small as it was, it was one of the most brilliant cavalry actions on the Western Front. Squadrons of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 10th Hussars and the Royals charged the enemy with the sword, from Collezy in the direction of the two little copses just south of the track from Golancourt to Villeselve ('St. Quentin' B4: the copses are shown in green). The German attack was broken up, a large number sabred, shot and ridden down, and over a hundred prisoners taken by the cavalry. Our infantry followed up this charge, cheering.

The respite was valuable but momentary. On our right the French, through whom the 14th Division had been withdrawn, had lost Neuville, and our own troops were forced back on Berlancourt. The enemy did not attack in the open, but his scouts and light machine gunners worked their way forward with very great skill, the product of Ludendorff's excellent training during the period of waiting, brought flanking fire to bear on each little salient, and ate continually into our line. Towards evening

Guiscard was heavily shelled. The headquarters of the 9th French Division in Quesmy must have narrowly escaped capture. I was coming from that village after a visit to them, and as my car passed through Guiscard in the darkness the white flares of the German patrols, signals to their artillery to stop shelling the village, were being sent up from the gardens on its western side.

But now the French line, though thin, was continuous, running west of Flavy-le-Meldeux, through Rouvrel, Bethancourt, across the high ground west of Guiscard and Quesmy. We received orders at 11 p.m. to withdraw through them, for rest and reorganisation. The withdrawal was carried out during the night, a rearguard action being fought between Guiscard and Berlancourt to cover it. I shall never forget what I saw in the darkness, as the remains of two of our brigades came back into Bethancourt. Their total fighting strength at this time cannot have been much more than 1200 rifles. Some of the men could scarce drag one foot after another. As man after man came up I saw faces stamped with the lines of utter weariness. But if they straggled it was from sheer fatigue, not lack of discipline. They would still have faced about and attacked had they been ordered to do so; they still gave prompt obedience to the word of command. Neither then nor in the days that followed did I see one of our men without his rifle. A commanding officer who had not received orders where to go asked me for his direction. I had not been back to headquarters nor seen the orders myself, but had heard that rations had been sent to Crisolles, and told him to march on that village. Some of the battalions were fed there, and then the infantry was moved back to billets in Sermaize and Frétoy, the artillery being left at the disposition of the French.

The 25th of March was the only day from first to last on which we were not engaged. We had now been put under the orders of the 62nd French Division. We had no definite news as to how affairs were going, but the distance which we were moved back—one brigade with the aid of some buses—that evening, seemed to indicate that the worst had happened to the north. Our new quarters were the villages of Guerbigny and Erches on the river Avre, a dozen miles further back ('Amiens' H4 & 14). Divisional Headquarters opened at Warsy.

It was riding back that afternoon from Avricourt to Warsy that I first saw considerable numbers of French refugees on the roads. Families of six or seven would be clustered about a waggon piled high with their clothes and bedding, with perhaps a coop of hens tied on behind. The children would be driving two or three cows. These were the lucky ones. Some of the poorest had no transport other than a barrow. Then—and later, when it had begun to rain heavily and turned much colder—I saw

these unfortunates toiling along, women dragging and pushing the barrows, a mother carrying an infant and leading by the hand a child a few years older. Once, toward the end of the retreat, I saw a very aged woman pushing along on a hand-cart her paralysed husband. For these I was able to find places on a lorry at the next village. On another occasion a woman was carried out on a bed, to be put on top of a pile of household goods on a farm-cart. They told me she had given birth to a child two hours before.

Wonderful was the demeanour of these poor souls. Here and there a woman sobbed, sometimes one, walking in silence, would burst into tears if spoken to, but for the most part women and men alike preserved a calm and patience admirable beyond all words. And about the most fantastic of these cavalcades there was the dignity of untold suffering and sorrow nobly borne.

The end was not yet. At eight o'clock the following morning we learnt that the enemy had broken completely through in the neighbourhood of Roye, and were ordered to take up a line from the Amiens-Roye Road, north of Andechy, in touch with the 30th Division, to L'Echelle-St. Aurin, in touch with the French. The greater part of this line was an old trench system, still protected by a certain amount of wire, though the farmers had torn up some of it. Quickly as our troops were on the move, they were forestalled on the left by the enemy, who actually had machine guns already in the copse due north of Andechy on the main road. At this point touch was never gained with the 30th Division.

I had ridden up through Erches, and, being told there were Germans in Andechy, desired to make certain of the fact. I dismounted two hundred yards short of the village, and was going forward on foot, the place showing no sign of life, when a French patrol, a section of dragoons, caught me up. Fifty yards from the first house they suddenly spurred into a gallop. At the same instant a rattle of machine gun fire burst out. The four dragoons swung about in a flash, one man reeling in the saddle, and an instant later flew past me, that infernal gun playing like a garden hose round them and me. I ran back, scrambled on to my mare, which was plunging in the hands of the groom and trying to break away after the French horses, and we got out of it. No need to ask whether there were Germans in Andechy!

I went up again in the afternoon to see how the line held, leaving the groom with the horses under the shelter of a bank outside Erches, which was now being heavily shelled. He had an unpleasant two hours, and wisely moved a hundred yards further from the village. I found our men holding the trenches easily enough, checking any attempt on the part of the Germans to debouch from Andechy with Lewis gun fire. They had a good

trench, they had had a few hours' rest, and they were confident of beating off any frontal attack. But the left flank—that was another question. There was anxiety in their eyes as they looked toward that green copse on the main road to the north of them.¹

There is no doubt that the enemy gradually worked small bodies through on this open left flank, though our reserves were echeloned in rear to cover it. By dusk he was in Erches. One of our brigade headquarters was attacked and dispersed, and we suffered another extraordinary calamity. A car, containing our G.S.O.1 and two battalion commanders, was captured just outside Guerbigny. An infantry gun was worked through on the left after dark, and opened fire into our men's backs. Some of the most desperate fighting of the week took place on the morning of the 27th, when our left brigade, surrounded by the enemy, lost heavily in prisoners. The right brigade, reduced to a handful, was forced by weight of numbers to retire across the Avre and fall back through Figni res. We had at least done what had not been accomplished since the opening of the attack—we had held up the enemy's advance for upwards of twenty-four hours. Later that afternoon what was left of the infantry of the Division was directed on Soudon.

The fates had not quite finished with us. We were called out once more on the personal order of General D beney to cover his guns in front of Coullemelle and Villers-Tournelle, the enemy having gained ground on the Montdidier-Breteuil Road.² But the danger was averted, and the worst our men suffered was a night in the rain. The French were really now in strength. As we moved back next day, helped by a number of buses, through Ailly-sur-Noye and Essertaux toward Wailly, we passed chain after chain of lorries, furiously driven by little Annamites, packed with their *Bluets*, the Chasseurs Alpins. The sight of these fresh and obviously excellent troops was a joy to our worn-out men. It will be admitted that it was the turn of the latter for a few days' rest.³ On the night of the 30th the Division was entrained at Saleux to be sent to the Gamaches area, near the coast, for reorganisation.

On the previous evening I was left behind at Essertaux with a

¹ When Liaison Officer with the French during the 'Victory Offensive' of August, I went forward on a reconnaissance and found French and Canadians held up at this very point, on either side of the Amiens-Roye Road. So, five months after the events here recorded, I again heard German machine guns firing, probably from the same emplacements, in their old trenches of 1916.

² . . . Le G n ral Cdt. la 1 re Arm e a prescrit un d ploiement d'artillerie dans la r gion de GRIVESNES, en vue de battre le flanc des colonnes ennemis.

Il vous demande de vouloir bien porter toute l'infanterie dont vous pourriez disposer sur COULLEMELLE pour couvrir le d ploiement d'artillerie pr vu. . . . G n ral D beney.

³ We had troops again in line, at Ypres, by the night of the 6th of April!

telephone till a new line had been established at Wailly, whither the headquarters were moving. As I was walking through the village, a big limousine passed me. Inside was a French general alone, beside the chauffeur a huge negro. The general stopped the car to ask me the way to the château. He was a short, broad-shouldered man, pale-faced, with an air of almost savage vigour and determination. I knew I had seen his photograph, but could not for the moment identify him. It was Mangin, with his famous black body-servant. I saw him later at the château, where I 'closed up' some stray junior British officers whom I found occupying the best bedrooms, and whom he was too courteous to allow his aide-de-camp to displace or even to inform of his presence in the house. I had naturally no such compunction, and sent one of their servants to fetch them in their pyjamas to be told of the situation and the requirements of international good manners. The following night I drove to Abbeville, *via* Amiens and Picquigny.

Different tales have been told of the Fifth Army in the Retreat. On the one hand is the view of that 'Minister of the Crown' who declared to General Gough that the troops left their positions on many occasions without sufficient reason. On the other is that of the stout and generous enthusiasts who would depict them as figures of triple brass. Neither is quite true. Men are of material less durable than brass. A certain strain only can they stand. Moreover, as the Commander-in-Chief pointed out in his Despatch, these men were short of training. While Ludendorff was drilling the vast host he had collected astride the Oise we were digging trenches, with numbers inadequate even for that task, to meet its assault. I have spoken of my own piece of the front only, having seen no other, but I think it will be admitted that here, when these considerations are weighed and the final balance made, the achievements of these men, outnumbered, sleepless, broken with constant marching, harassed almost beyond endurance by never-ceasing attack, were, to put it as soberly as possible, fit to take their place in the traditions of the race that bred them.

CYRIL FALLS.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



No. DXXXVIII—DECEMBER 1921

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

I. THE WORLD'S DESIRE FOR PEACE.

WHATEVER may be its final results, the Washington Conference has opened in a spirit far more akin to the ideals of August 1914 than to that which governed the haggling of 1919. Mr. Hughes has put before the Powers a scheme to reduce naval armaments which involves the scrapping of the whole programme of American and Japanese ship construction. For ten years a building holiday can be assured by mutual agreement, and Mr. Balfour has been followed by Baron Kato and by the representatives of France and Italy in accepting the proposal in principle. The offer is indeed substantial, as it means that work will cease on nine battleships and six battle cruisers now on the stocks in America, and at the end of ten years Britain's naval strength will be left equal to America's, and greater than Japan's. Mr. Balfour has suggested that the tonnage of submarines should be limited and large submarines given up. Details are to be discussed in committee. Some limitation of armies must inevitably follow. The tone and temper of the plenary meetings of the Conference

already throw what Mr. Lloyd George has described as "a rainbow across the sky." Everything points to a large measure of success. The Conference will surely rank in history high above the many congresses which have from time to time made the world temporarily safe for dynasties or democracies.

Certainly the Conference enjoys two advantages which have not been common at such assemblies. Every Power represented at Washington has good reason to desire peace. Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium are all weighed down by the effects of the war. The United States are suffering from economic depression. Their intense jealousy of Japanese expansion has not made them militarist in feeling, and their sympathy with China is as much sentimental as commercial. The Japanese were rewarded for their share in the conquest of Tsingtau by the lavish benefits conferred upon them by Article 156 of the Treaty of Versailles, and for their abstinence from any further military effort by the transient capture of the Chinese markets; but a slump has followed. Competition has revived in China. The policy of great armaments has proved a costly lure. Of Japan's yearly revenue no less than 48 per cent. is now appropriated to her army and navy. The material benefits of penetration in China and Eastern Siberia have so far, in fact, been disappointing. There is thus nothing perfunctory in the attendance of these nations' representatives at Washington. The scene has nothing of the sinister background of implacable ambition which always shadowed and mocked the gatherings at the Hague. Secondly, behind and beyond the Governments for whom the diplomatists are to speak are ranged peoples whose judgments no executives can ignore, and whose hatred of war has never been so bitter. Great Britain used once to wage campaigns on land and sea for trade and empire; even in Queen Victoria's time most of her people could endure without poignant feeling vicarious sacrifices in foreign fields. Modern wars exact a vaster toll. No civilised community talks easily to-day of 'the last logic of kings,' nor sighs with Othello for the

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

The main hope of the Conference is based on this world-wide yearning for peace. Its roots lie much deeper than the mere dread of slaughter and waste. Those who have seen most of war are the best advocates of peace. We need only read the touching letter written by Oliver Cromwell after Marston Moor to realise how genuinely he had been moved by its carnage. Dr. Hume has left a record of how he found Wellington in bed the morning after Waterloo and told him of the casualties in the battle. 'He was much affected. I felt the tears dropping fast upon my

hand, and looking towards him, saw them chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks.' Sherman, the ruthless Federal general who marched through Georgia, is the author of the two phrases 'War is cruelty' and 'War's legitimate object is more perfect peace.'

The mass of misery which could soften the hearts of all these men of iron is nothing beside that born of a war in which nine million men were killed and thirteen million received lasting injury. The homes now most typical of England are those which enshrine the memory of husbands and sons who have died for their country and for 'a world set free,' and are consequently for ever impoverished and stricken. Yet these salient characteristics are equally typical of nearly every State in Europe. The households of Christendom share a community of bereavement. Without their willing help Governments can no longer carry on wars. They will not give it lightly.

The cause of disarmament does not derive its inspiration from civilians. A universal sigh of 'Never again!' is on the lips of millions who have gradually become entangled in the after-effects of the Great War, and realise at last its nerve strain, even if they have escaped its common legacies of unemployment and hard times. These men often look back with an unreasoning and elemental anger at all that they gave up and at all that they went through.

Even if they did not allow free play to these emotions, the civilised peoples realise that, whether they want war or not, they cannot afford to wage it. Victorious England, the most envied among European nations for having 'done well out of the war'—so little do alien peoples appreciate the grandeur of her sacrifices—spent 8,000 millions to survive; sold her 1,000 millions of foreign investments; and contracted a prodigious debt to America, which is never likely to be cancelled. She has to raise by taxation over 340 millions a year to meet the interest on her national debt, and another 130 millions to pay her pensioners. She is overburdened. She cannot keep her oversea markets with such a standing incubus added for many years to come to the cost of production in all her industries and manufactures. If the price of peace is eternal vigilance, the price of victory is, in our day, eternal indebtedness. There is no occasion for peace propagandists to try to daunt men's imaginations by dilating on various potential new horrors in the mechanism of warfare. It is already only too clear that our complex and precarious civilisation, which owes so much to industrial prosperity and to sound finance, would break down in the event of another cataclysm.

Nevertheless, in spite of the blessings invoked upon their work by politicians and the Press, it cannot be said that our spokesmen

crossed the Atlantic amid the enthusiasm of a hopeful nation. Mr. Lloyd George's description of the Conference as the greatest event in 1,900 years is treated as a sign of Celtic exuberance. Interest in public affairs is at the moment tepid, and such interest as there is has concentrated naturally upon the Government's dealings with the rebel Irish and with Ulster. Indeed, the normal Englishman hardly knows who is speaking for him at Washington. Disillusioned by three years of peace-making, he puts little faith in international congresses. The Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 did little to abate the enormities and nothing to avert the outbreak of the Great War of 1914. The terms adjusted at Versailles already seem to be hardly of less perishable substance than an eighteenth-century treaty. The traveller in France when at the Invalides will look at the railway carriage in which Foch signed the Armistice that famous November morning with much more sentiment than at the Hall of Mirrors. The common man would rather have a cartridge case from Gallipoli or a German helmet from the Hindenburg Line than the autograph of President Wilson or the pen with which Mr. Lloyd George signed the Treaty of Versailles. If men and women are not thinking much about Washington, it is because they thought too much about Paris. If they read without fervour the invitation written by President Harding on July 11, 1921, it is because they listened with too profound an awe to the rhetoric of President Wilson in January, 1919. Many of the maxims of political philosophy which dazzled Christendom when the *George Washington* carried Wilson to Europe have proved death-traps in political practice. Events in India and Egypt, in Ireland and Silesia, have impressed on men's minds the fatuity of preaching self-determination. Canons of disruption which were propagated by us by way of a solvent to destroy the Central Powers have been turned to dangerous uses by Gandhi among the Hindus in Bengal, and by De Valera among the Sinn Feiners in Ireland. Labour and Independent Liberal members of Parliament who had never previously been further east than Whitechapel, nor known anything of Egypt beyond the sight of Cleopatra's Needle, have been clamouring against British rule in the abstract terms of political pedants amid the cheers of agitators in the streets of Cairo and Alexandria. They say proudly in the published record of their mission :

Our motor cars were literally bombarded with flowers all along the road. Egyptian ladies shouted greetings from the balconies and threw flowers into our motor cars. The shouts 'Long live Zaghoul Pasha,' 'Long live Mr. Swan,' 'Long live the Labour Party,' mingled. . . . Mr. Mills expressed his pleasure at observing that even as India and Japan were developing a Socialist movement, so in Egypt, amid the throes of a nation's struggle for freedom and independence, a Socialist Party was in being to guide, if possible, that change.

Such fustian is an ironical aftermath of wiser men's war-time oratory.

The country seems to distrust its public men no less than their worn-out maxims. The same names which have been associated with the dilatory debates of the League of Nations at Geneva reappear at Washington, and critics ask whether any shining idealism can triumph at such a gathering. Our representatives share in the obloquy which the war stimulated against politicians and diplomatists. People wonder if these jaded men of affairs can ever accomplish the ends for which they have been chosen. The Americans appear to welcome disarmament; but disarmament depends upon policy, and a partisan Senate could again kill any scheme recommended by their diplomatists, but condemned by a bigoted Press. Englishmen remember with justifiable bitterness how the Covenant of the League of Nations which Europe accepted as an integral part of the Treaty of Versailles in order to placate President Wilson was afterwards repudiated in America as violating her most essential doctrines of foreign policy. They may still learn that Harding can succeed where Wilson failed.

Furthermore, it is obvious, and not a mere flash of cynicism, to doubt whether any conference can guarantee the world against war. In civil life a very wide appreciation of the identity of interests which ought to bind every class together in the preservation of industrial peace gives no security whatever against the blind power of passion and ignorance. The coal strike was an act of folly as well as a crime; the miners themselves lost fifteen millions in wages by their blunder; but it was none the less decided upon amid the applause of millions. So in international relations elemental forces like those which prompted the French Revolutionary attack on Europe in 1793, and the German onslaught of 1914, and armed enthusiasms such as Islam in its vision of a Paradise under the shadow of swords, will never be held back by congresses and compacts. The wanton and insolent violence which the Greeks called *ὑβρις* may indeed bring on its own punishment, but it has never yet been stopped by dialectic nor bridled by first principles.

These considerations go far to explain the relative indifference of the English people to the Conference at Washington. It would, however, be madness to accept them as constituting a conclusive reply to the high hopes which the brave man who can conquer disillusion after disillusion still dares to entertain. After all, a long lease is the next best thing to a freehold. To try to prolong peace is better than to submit with a faint heart to the fatalism of the pessimists. The defeat of Germany is itself the refutation of Frederick the Great's famous gibes that God is

always on the side of the big battalions, and that the only real treaties are a well-drilled army and a full treasury.

It is surely not beyond the wit of man to give Japan 'a place in the sun' without menacing the interests of America and the British Dominions, without accepting a host of Japanese immigrants on the Pacific slopes, and without involving China in exploitation. The Anglo-Japanese treaty now runs on tacitly from year to year, and its maintenance is disliked by Canada and Australia as well as by the United States. Its political value in the past has, however, been great; and if a policy of 'the open door' and conciliation is honestly adopted by all the Powers in the Far East and the Pacific, there is no reason to hold that the alliance is incompatible with the closest understanding between Great Britain and the United States. There is room for all in the Pacific. If countries do not want to fight, they need not. If the bitter controversies of litigants are daily compromised in civil matters, the territorial ambitions of great Powers can be equally well adjusted. A generation which imagines that it has settled the Balkans and the Near East, and may be on the verge of pacifying Ireland, need not despair of any task. The specific points on which conflicts of interest and of racial pride may arise cannot be dealt with properly by outside observers at this date. The dominating fact is that far harder problems have been settled before by men who want to settle.

It is, of course, possible that Japan will not accept a plan which leaves her for ten years with but three-fifths of the tonnage of America, but the difference can be compromised. No doubt in Japan, as in England, the cessation of naval construction means an immediate loss of employment to many thousands who earn their living in shipbuilding yards and dockyards. The transfer of labour to other channels of industry seems always to be far easier when alluded to in economic text-books than in the life of the nation, and the existing state of trade is not calculated to make the building of merchant ships a prosperous alternative venture. No doubt, too, armour plate plant will cease to be in demand to the loss of many individuals. These disadvantages, however, are in the long run small penalties to pay for great gains. The country's chief fears rather centre on the safety of the Empire and of its lines of communication when, if ever, the period of limited armaments comes to an end. It would appear that our own capacity to revive the industry on an emergency is not behind America's, while the technical skill of the present generation of British naval experts is unequalled.

The most vital task before the Conference is the settlement of international rivalries. Fears for the future vanish, if only the reduction of fleets and armies can be accompanied by serenity in

the politics of the world. Agreement as to the future of the Pacific and Far East is a condition precedent to the successful limitation of armaments. In disarmament England has already led the way, although our needs are far greater than those of any other Power, having regard to the extent and character of our Empire and of our obligations to our Allies. The incomparable Army of 1918 has been almost wholly disbanded. In spite of the large schemes of naval construction adopted by America and Japan, we have refused to compete with their endeavours. It would indeed be expensive to race with the United States. Their wealth is more than four times as great as ours, and is said to have increased by 30 per cent. during the war, while our own diminished by 12½ per cent. We have had no option but to drop from a two-Power standard down to the policy of merely keeping abreast with the naval strength of America or of Japan. It was this policy which led the Cabinet, after four years' abstinence from laying down large ships, to sanction recently the building of four new warships; that the step gave work to the unemployed was only a happy accident. Even this decision was criticised in the House of Commons by Major Birchall, M.P., as being a moral error as well as an economic blunder. Had Mr. Hughes' offer not since been made, it would have been difficult perhaps to accept his view so long as international relationships remained insecure; but, given security, its appeal is great. The chance of wars becomes more remote as soon as all nations become equally unprepared.

The existence of what may be styled a peace atmosphere is possibly a healthier sign than if the Powers had all promulgated definite peace programmes of the type which caused such confusion in 1919. Goodwill leads to more results than a wilderness of 'points' and 'planks.' A sober wish for peace seems truly to mark the Great Powers to-day. It was the ex-Kaiser, and not any English-speaking publicist, who first declaimed and drew cartoons about 'the yellow peril.' The Washington Conference, moreover, has several great advantages over the League of Nations whose work it is called upon to supplement. Its procedure depends simply on the will of its members. It aspires to no elusive and uncertain sanction. It will call in aid no tribunal of untried jurists from Brazil or Switzerland, no doctrine of impossible equality among States, no obligation to coerce any Power at the behest of any international body. The Americans have a chance of proving that their rejection of Wilson's policy was consistent with their traditional belief in peace. The Republicans have argued that their wish to remain aloof from the problems of Europe, and to repudiate Wilson's vision of an international super-Government, has never involved the abandon-

ment of other and more practical projects to secure the peace of the world. President Harding's move is, in fact, as much a point of party honour as an act of national policy.

It is inspiring to recognise how the representatives of every country share the hopes which President Harding has held out, notwithstanding the many grievances under which their nations still labour, and for which statesmen of earlier ages would have seen no redress except by dint of arms. Each of our own political parties joined in the resolution, passed by the House of Commons on November 4, approving of the International Conference at Washington, and trusting 'that a supreme effort will be made to arrive at such a measure of agreement as will secure a substantial and progressive reduction of the crushing burden of armaments.' Precisely the same aspirations have been expressed by M. Briand. Thus the theories current among civilised men have kept pace with policy. No leader of thought to-day would echo Moltke's dictum that 'perpetual peace is a dream, and is not even a beautiful dream. War is an element in the order of the world ordained by God. . . . Without war the world would stagnate and lose itself in materialism'; and if we still quote from the many fine passages in which Kingsley or Ruskin, Napier or Henderson, have dwelt on the nobler aspects of war, it is with the reservation that the only wars which nations ought to wage are wars of self-defence or to succour the oppressed.

There are people who seem to think that the ideals for which the Conference is intended to strive can only be realised in a confederation of the world; that they can only thrive in a cosmopolitan atmosphere in which men put mankind before their country. Some Britons have always fostered this view, and have thought that patriotism was incompatible with a true belief in international peace. Fox won an unenviable immortality of disrepute by speaking of the taking of the Bastille as the most glorious event since Saratoga and Yorktown. John Bright's abhorrence of such wars as were embarked upon by mid-Victorian England led him to lavish praise exclusively on 'the men who dwell and prosper on that Continent which the grand old Genoese gave to Europe.' During the Boer war Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman thought it wise to bolster up the case for clemency in South Africa by attacks upon alleged 'methods of barbarism' in use among our troops. In reality the cause of peace is ill served by this type of dialectic. If it truly rested on man's forgetfulness of his nationality and indifference towards his own people, it could not flourish in the world as we know it to-day. Nationalism is as strong now as it was when it inspired the Italy of Mazzini and Cavour or the Germany of Bismarck and William I. Australia and New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, cultivate a

far keener national spirit than their Motherland. Every State in Eastern Europe depends for its survival upon the spirit of nationality, and for this reason alone the Czechs of Prague still think of President Wilson as a king among men. Even in the United States patriotism is aggressive. Their favourite heroes in history are Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. What they lack in racial identity they make up for in national pride. Hence the feverish fancy that 'America won the war.'

It is therefore futile to base the case for peace upon a plane alien to the ideas and instincts of normal men and women. International Socialists may talk of uniting the proletariates of the earth by abstract dogmas of class consciousness, but they separate inevitably at the first beat of the drum.

Moreover, all historic precedents for what has been depicted in maps as 'the United States of the world' make no appeal to modern imagination, and in actual fact broke down before the force of the very principle of nationality which we are asked to forget. The Roman Empire rested on the practice of conquest and the institution of slavery. The mediæval Papacy reared its fabric on buttresses of priestcraft and superstition. A world State which transcends the boundaries of race and language and tradition will never captivate nations whose medium of political thought is practical and conservative.

Our duty is rather to inculcate the value of peace by arguments which men can understand, however nationalist their sentiments may be, and on which the success of any decisions arrived at by the negotiators at Washington must ultimately depend. It is hardly worth while to reiterate that war does not pay. This doctrine was the foundation of Mr. Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*, but it had been accepted by most men for a century before he wrote, and its acceptance can in no sense operate as a preventive against war. Races do not calculate their material interests when they fly to arms, and fear of loss will never act as more than a deterrent. The Great War was the answer to *The Great Illusion*. A nation like our own, which lives by the interchange of goods with foreign countries, has long appreciated this aspect of the question without needing to have it elaborated by the economists. Posterity, when it raises its yearly tribute to meet the interest on the National Debt, is not likely to forget.

Moral teachers should rather lay emphasis on two other and more vital facts. War means illimitable suffering. In war it is the best who die. These dominating facts are within our own knowledge. It is because he knows them so well that the average man, with all his scepticism as to its machinery and sanctions, instinctively feels that it approaches blasphemy to speak ill of the League of Nations.

It does not follow that because we look to the Washington Conference for genuine contributions towards the peace of the world war can cease to be a possibility. War is always a possibility. There are to-day a dozen seed-plots of international quarrels, and States like Germany and Poland have in no sense outlived their militarist traditions and racial antagonisms. Islam and Socialism are alike fighting faiths.

All that Governments can do is to lessen the clash of conflicting interests between nations ; to soften and dispel historic hatreds ; to cultivate in the minds of their citizens a detestation of war ; to instil in their schools some sense of the solidarity of our civilisation. These are tasks worthy of wise statesmen and great peoples, and unless they are fulfilled in the coming years, the negotiators at Washington, whatever may be their immediate achievements, will have laboured in vain.

It is well to recognise that the inculcation of peace, as being a moral as well as an economic necessity, is liable to a type of criticism which is certainly much more than the mere carping of cynics. It may be argued that the abnegation of arms involves spiritual as well as technical unreadiness in the event of future wars. If ever rapacity or revenge moves a people to attack a land long unfamiliar with the idea of a fight for life, will her manhood have decayed ? This contingency can never be impossible. Famine, envy, necessity (real or imagined), pride, national sensitiveness, may at any time drive a State into wild courses. Will an abhorrence of carnage and the long pursuit of peace have sapped men's capacity to defend hearth and home against such an assailant ?

The answer can be reassuring if a country remains true to her ideals. The great mass of our fighting men in the Great War were not only untrained in August, 1914, but had lived in an atmosphere far removed from every idea of war. Moreover, a determination to solve every problem of diplomacy by peaceful means is quite compatible with the practice of arms. Sir Walter Raleigh said truly, ' Though the sword is put into the sheath, we must not suffer it to rust or stick so fast that we shall not be able to draw it readily when need requires.' England cannot assume that her fleet may be broken up and her regular army disbanded because peace may seem to be assured for a generation. So long as these services continue on a peace footing proportionate to the strength of other nations, and so long as a host of voluntary societies, from the Territorial Army down to the humble Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, infuse their precious gifts of discipline and duty in the national character, there can be no real fear of degeneracy. Moreover, the maintenance of the British Empire itself involves the retention and constant exercise of those qualities

of justice and strength and those faculties of command and self-reliance which have been the main factors of our survival and success.

Neither the Jesuits nor the Germans were the first to discover the influence of education on national character. 'Marcus Cato,' says Plutarch, 'wrote books of history with his own hands in large letters that his boy might start life with a useful knowledge of what his forefathers had done.' It is right that the schools of Great Britain should give the rising generation adequate knowledge of their country's influence on the well-being of mankind. 'Waterloo,' said Wellington, 'did more than any other battle I know of to secure the true object of all battles—the peace of the world.' The ideal English education will foster the love of peace and the realisation that courage and self-denial, faith, hope and charity, have outlets enough in the daily life of a modern industrial State. The man who serves his fellows in civil pursuits is only carrying the ideals of the soldier into another field of action. The two tasks complement each other, and to instil the virtues of both into the minds of boys and girls helps to preserve the high qualities which are equally useful in war and peace.

If the teacher does point, as he should, to the miseries and misfortunes which follow inevitably in the wake of war, he can also help to keep alive the glorious memories of our soldiers and sailors—the men of Albuera and Trafalgar and Balaclava—and of those who lately gave their lives that Britain might live. In two of his poems Sir Henry Newbolt commemorates the idealist non-combatant who, though debarred from sharing in prowess, could so fill his hearers with the spirit of 'the old heroic names' that they 'hummed his music on the march to death.' This type of teacher will not disappear, nor will his teaching lose its magic, if the Washington Conference succeeds.

A modern Englishman is rightly slow in acclaiming change as progress. The march of man is very chequered. The achievements of our own generation in art or letters, morality or culture, have often been surpassed at various points in the earlier history of the race. It is easy enough to make a case which is plausible, if not convincing, against democracy. Its failures have been so frequent and so enormous; its ability to govern is so little, if at all, in advance of that exhibited in other systems. The belief in the steady ascent of man which coloured the philosophy and inspired the poetry of the Victorian age has been shaken by the inexorable logic of events. Nevertheless the love of peace which dominates men's minds all over the earth to-day, and particularly in democratic countries, may be justly deemed a real step forward from the morality of the past. Since the dawn of history the struggle among nations for survival has been, both in the theory

and practice of international conduct, the normal process by which States have developed. Primitive society lived in violence. From antiquity down to our own age conflict has been the key-note of relations between different races. 'A prince,' writes Machiavelli, 'is to have no other design nor thought nor study but war and the arts and disciplines of it, for indeed that is the only profession worthy of a prince.' 'In all times,' says Hobbes, 'kings and persons of sovereign authority because of their independency are in continual jealousies and in the state and posture of gladiators.' The Washington Conference is the symbol of a new view of the international system. War is now considered to be something horrible, abnormal—an event outside the natural evolution of men and nations.

Such a conception helps to bring the Kingdom of Heaven nearer to a suffering world. It adds an even brighter radiance to the Flanders poppies which we buy on Remembrance Day.

GERALD B. HURST,

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

II. AUSTRALIA'S POSITION

To the Australian people the Washington Conference is probably fraught with more momentous consequences than to any other party to the discussions. The main features of Australia's position scarcely need elaboration. This 'ultima Thule' of the white man has an area equal to that of the United States of America, with only one-twentieth the latter's population. Isolated from the great civilisation from which it has sprung, Australia is within a few days' sail of Asiatic populations pressing ever harder upon the inadequate resources of their overcrowded lands. In the event of a great racial war between East and West, Australia is equally attractive to the Asiatic as a prey, a prize or a base. The navy could not be built that would be adequate to the defence of her enormous coast-line. Her population of five and a half millions could not prevent a hostile landing. To an Asiatic victor she would be the principal reward. The submarine and the airship have turned her natural defences to nought, while the cost of effective protection would be crippling. Quite apart from her imperial and international relationships, therefore, Australia's interests lie wholly in measures designed to prevent the outbreak of a great war in the Pacific.

The possible causes of such a war are well known. In which of these is Australia most directly involved? At a casual glance, the policy of prohibiting coloured immigration, which she shares with America, seems to be Australia's contribution to the factors of embroilment with Asia, and more particularly Japan. I am, however, profoundly convinced that neither the White Australia policy nor Californian exclusionism is a primary consideration at present in the foreign policy of Japan. One of the most acute Westerners resident in China recently remarked to me that those matters, apart from their effect upon Japanese pride, were merely useful to Japanese statesmen in the game of diplomatic bluff, and that they would not waste one soldier's life over them. China, he declared, is the body and soul of Japan's foreign policy, and every other issue is subordinate.

Australia has much to fear from a future in which Japan bestrides the Pacific, gorged upon the vast resources of China. In this her interests march with those of the white world at large. Japanese aggrandisement in the Far East seems to depend upon two essential conditions—a first-class military alliance with one or more White Powers and a successful war with the United States. The latter condition would be contingent upon the first, and upon the continuation of the race for armaments. The only Power with which Japan could ally herself to any effect for years to come is, of course, Great Britain. Australian opinion is almost unanimously opposed to such an alliance, and is hostile even to the semblance of it contained in the existing Anglo-Japanese Treaty. The safety of Australia is regarded as resting upon the virtual isolation of Japan, or at least her disciplined control by workable understandings between Europe and America. Australians sympathise strongly with American dislike of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. They do not wish to alienate Japan, nevertheless, and would welcome a general understanding between the three great Pacific Powers designed to keep the peace in that contentious region. The United States and Great Britain desire the open door in China, and the maintenance of that country as a national entity and sovereign Power. Australia heartily agrees with these objectives, but her need is the simple one of security from attack. She has no real fear of being involved with the Mother Country in a war on behalf of Japanese interests, or in a conflict with America. But she does dread the steady development of a situation in the Pacific which would ultimately confer any form of hegemony upon Japan.

It would be a mistake to imagine that Australians regard the Japanese people with hatred. They are merely distrustful of the policy of their governing class, and they are determined that the high social standards of Australia shall not be lowered by intermixture with any coloured race whatever. Visiting England after eight years in Australia, one is gratified to find how widespread is the sympathy for the White Australia policy amongst the British people. But it is still not at all well understood. The doubt most frequently expressed concerns Australia's ability to settle the tropical regions with whites, and to 'fill up' the continent generally. How can we otherwise expect, we are asked, to be allowed to maintain an empty continent for ourselves? In this reasoning lurk many confusions. In the first place, the consensus of expert medical opinion, based upon investigations on the spot, strongly favours the possibility of successful white settlement of tropical Australia. When we stop asking our women to live in wretched, insanitary huts, with corrugated iron roofs, and set about devising hygienic modes of

living and working in such areas, we may have some right to grow pessimistic. But that primary experiment is yet to be tried on any scale. Space will not permit of more than this passing reference to a vital point. Suffice it to say that so far no conclusive evidence of any value has been offered to show that tropical Australia does not admit of white settlement. The evidence is increasingly the other way.

Some doubters would have us admit a certain number of coloured persons, including Japanese, and bar them from advancing over a fixed colour line, drawn across the tropical North. The impracticability of this plan becomes obvious when we ask what would happen when the rapid increase of the coloured people filled to overflowing the territory behind the line. But the supreme and unanswerable objection to racial intermixture of the kind that would become inevitable in Australia is one which affects the future of the whole world. It is in the best interests of humanity that, when such a chance presents itself, we should avoid the cultivation of those racial hatreds and caste divisions which have sapped the vitality of every civilisation that entertained them. Australia offers the world a magnificent opportunity to build a great white civilisation in the Southern Seas, to be a bulwark for all time, not merely against the coloured hordes of Asia, but against the corrosive and debasing conditions that inevitably follow the clash of superior with inferior standards of living and social custom.

In this grand enterprise Australia demands the support and backing of the whole white race. The entire future of the Pacific is bound up with Australia's destiny to become a great nation. The reduction of armaments and the naval holiday are splendid preventives of a great catastrophe. To Australia they are chiefly valuable in providing a much-needed period for the immigration and settlement of hundreds of thousands of British people. It is a remarkable, but little-known, fact that the indigenous Australian people are increasing at a more rapid rate than any other nation in the world. The natural increase—excess of births over deaths—is no less than 21 per cent. higher than that of the Japanese, and 4 to 5 per cent. higher than that of the United Kingdom. If we could once raise our population to about fifteen millions, the high rate of natural increase would automatically solve our gravest problems of defence and development.

It may be urged that these matters are of no direct concern to the Washington Conference. On the contrary, it is submitted that they represent the long view of the problem of the Pacific that alone offers any hope of a permanent settlement. If Australia, the home of one of the most virile and intelligent peoples the world has ever known, had a population of fifty millions of

such stock, there would be no Pacific problem. The Anglo-American-Australian Commonwealth of Nations would keep the peace in both hemispheres. The building of such a nation is a perfectly practicable and eminently reproductive proposal. Britain has both the people and the capital to spare for such an enterprise. But it needs to be planned on the grand scale, with strategy of the 'big push' variety, planned with all the resources of organisation and science. Given these conditions, even the already settled parts of Australia could be intensively opened up so as to absorb readily thrice the present population. Railways, irrigation, dry-farming, new ports, scientific research—these are the agenda of a great programme whose successful performance is of vital interest to the British Empire and the whole world.

In the meantime other developments are proceeding of fundamental interest to Australia. Perhaps the most important is the peaceful penetration of the Japanese throughout the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Americans are frankly concerned at this. It seems to me, however, that rather too much is sometimes made of this development. Japanese competition is doubtless a menace to European interests, but its real danger would arise only in the event of war. It is difficult, if not impossible, to prevent this kind of Japanese expansion. A phenomenon which has a great bearing upon this question, but which receives little notice from this standpoint, is the coming of the Indian into the Pacific. There are great numbers of Indian coolies, and also traders, in the Fiji Islands, and in many other groups. A very eminent Anglo-Indian who recently visited those islands remarked to me that within thirty years the Indians will have covered the Pacific by their own natural increase. Even allowing for some exaggeration in this statement, the prospect which it offers is highly suggestive, and of vital interest to the British Empire. The over-spreading of the islands by Indians would not only solve the labour problem which retards their development, but it would introduce as a dominant element a peaceful non-political race, with many affinities of interest and historic association with the white race. The chief objection to a similar expansion of Japanese is the obvious one that they belong to an imperialistic nation, whose commercial travellers are apt to be the advance guard of a more serious invasion.

Has Australia, then, no suggestion to offer for the satisfaction of Japan's claims for room to expand? So far we have dealt with little more than plans for effectively checking her expansion southward and westward in the Pacific, and in the nearer sphere of China. It must be admitted that on this point Australian opinion is neither articulate nor instructed. In the past few years at least a dozen books of first-rate importance have been pub-

lished dealing with Japan and her relations with the outstanding problems of world politics. I have repeatedly asked Australian booksellers what was the extent of the demand for such works, and the replies have been invariably most discouraging. I think the chief reason is to be found in the settled habit of leaving our foreign policy to Downing Street. Australia has only very recently felt the need for any foreign policy at all. Her elevation to a *quasi*-independent status within the League of Nations has not effected anything like the fundamental change in her imperial and international relationships that was too hastily trumpeted abroad by constitutional theorists. Weight of interests and military strength continue to be the decisive factors in the adjustment of international affairs. Independence varies directly with political responsibility. Australia's apparently subordinate place in the British delegation at Washington is a recognition of this fact, just as it is a welcome confirmation of the truth that the substance of British unity is worth a million times more than the shadow of Dominion independence.

Though Australians do not study these points with any care, their political instinct is wonderfully sound. While they resent the slightest encroachment upon their domestic liberties, they repudiate without hesitation any development of diplomatic separatism, or a lone hand in foreign relations. To my mind the British delegation at the Peace Conference was a model of its kind. Its working principles of consultation over common interests, united presentation of a common case, and special argument of particular cases with the general moral backing of the whole, admirably met the needs of a difficult situation. While not accepting their contention, I must confess to some intellectual sympathy with the American Senators who protested against each Dominion having a separate vote in the League of Nations. The grand anomaly of 'unity with independence' can only be bought at a price. And it is well worth our while to pay that price on an occasion like the Washington Conference. The Dominions have wisely returned to the united delegation method, and the effect of that concession to the logic of political realities upon the American authorities cannot fail to be helpful in the future.

Are Australians, then, favourable to an Anglo-American *entente*? Here again, they are not sufficiently articulate. The American as a supposed type is not popular with Australians, and the post-war policy of the United States is intensely unpopular. But political instinct once more prevails. The Australian feels, rather than thinks, towards a cordial understanding between the English-speaking peoples, though he does not for a moment think of the American as an Anglo-Saxon. This feeling

is fortified by the consciousness of America's attitude towards coloured immigration and her distrust of Japan. Many Australians have declared that, in case of a war between the United States and Japan, it would be a very difficult matter to keep our people from overtly assisting the Americans in their naval operations. That may not be correct as a reading of the possibilities, but it represents a deep-seated sentiment.

I have said that Australians do not study the problem of the Far East and the Pacific. Unfortunately this is scarcely less true of the politicians. Amongst these are many men of ability and integrity, but there is no tradition of assiduous study of the questions that come up for discussion in Parliament, such as one is accustomed to find in a considerable section of members of the House of Commons. Speeches on outstanding imperial and international questions in the Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth are lamentably poor in matter and in style. This is a serious thing, and the Press gives very little more lead to the people in such vital matters. In this respect the position is curious and interesting. The amount of space given to foreign news by Australian newspapers is considerable, especially having regard to the enormous expense of the cable services. But, for the same reason, we are confined to two or three of the old-established and very conservative sources of supply. The consequence is that the average Australian never acquires any liberal views of international affairs. He can always be relied on to take the orthodox views of foreign politics purveyed by the conservative Press. Even on a matter like the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in which his natural feeling led him towards hostility, it was quite noticeable that the British cable services gradually induced a mitigation of his sentiments, so that he was prepared for the compromise laid down by the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth—renewal on terms satisfactory to the United States. It is important to remember, in considering Australian opinion, that there is not a single daily newspaper that can be called truly liberal, in the best and non-party sense of the word. The Labour organs are, unfortunately, not well informed or influential.

That brings me to say something of the attitude of organised Labour in Australia to the matters under discussion. The only persons who study international politics at all steadily are a small percentage of the professional classes and a fair percentage of trade unionists. The war has brought about a welcome change for the better in this respect. The number of journals and magazines imported from abroad dealing with high politics has greatly increased. Their readers take little or no notice of the local Press. In the Universities this change is most noticeable. Public questions are eagerly studied, and a genuine international

sentiment, backed by knowledge, is developing. Australia is just beginning to enter the wider world of political thought, and the Labour movement is contributing not a little towards this awakening. But Australian Labour suffers from certain obsessions orthodox to itself, which cloud its thinking on international questions. Chief among these is the 'capitalist Governments' obsession. The pre-war Labour Party was quite alive to the nourishment contained in 'half a loaf,' but the new Labour leader is much too prone to cry, 'No bread!' This policy of aloofness has been developing for the past five years, and is likely to lead Australia into trouble, if it be practised by a future Commonwealth Labour Government. It is more likely, however, that the exigencies of actual situations will lead Labour Ministers to employ the usual methods of negotiation, in co-operation with the British Government, in their relations with foreign Powers.

To all countries interested in the Pacific there is a danger less tangible but more real than some we have considered. The past few years have taught us that even organised war is not so dangerous as disorganised peace. The question must be seriously asked whether the white race is capable of constructing a peace out of the turgid chaos in which half the world is weltering. If Central Europe cannot be saved, how are we to prevent the threatened disintegration of the East that is now showing itself in the unrest of Egypt, the Middle East, India and China? The yellow peril of an organised Orient laying waste the civilisation of the West is less to be feared than the crumbling of the immemorial caste systems of Eastern communities. Those rigid societies are cracking ominously everywhere, and there appears to be nothing to replace the social discipline of customs now rapidly disintegrating. No man can predict the extent or the violence of such changes during the next decade. Unhappily, the East is merely acquiring the cast-off clothing of the democracies of the West. What is to be done to arrest this twentieth century disease? It would seem that nothing less than the permanent establishment of means of co-operation like those of the Washington Conference can avail. Something like a biennial Convention of the Pacific Powers is needed to provide for a continuous and progressive development such as these ever-changing regions require.

Given elementary goodwill and such an arrangement for active co-operation, it is quite practicable to make the Southern Pacific into one of the world's most productive fields. Each civilised Power must keep before itself the dual obligation of protecting and uplifting the natives and making available to the world the incalculable riches of the islands. The former duty has been well expressed by Judge Murray, the able Lieutenant-

Governor of Papua (Australian New Guinea). Our aim must be, he says, 'to show how the civilisation of the twentieth century can be introduced among a people in the Stone Age, not only without injury to them, but to their lasting benefit and their permanent advance upon the road of civilisation.' This statement could legitimately be taken as a description of Australia's record in the treatment of native races under her care. The mandate over former German New Guinea granted to her by the League of Nations is a fitting recognition of her achievement. Commonwealth Governments have refused to yield to the importunities of traders and planters to allow any system of indenturing or private recruiting. Humane treatment has reaped its reward, for large numbers of natives have been induced to serve for short periods on public works and plantations under official supervision. The serious shortage of labour in the islands of the Pacific can only be overtaken, without the usual crop of evils arising from other methods, by teaching the natives the benefits of industry and giving them a fair share of its fruits. The evil past of the Pacific has yet to be lived down, and Australia's example in the tutelage of native races will not be without its influence at Washington and future conferences. The disgraceful treatment of Indian coolies in Fiji has temporarily dried up that source of supply. The sole condition of its re-opening that would be tolerated by Indian opinion is the free settlement of coolies as independent labourers or cultivators. There seems no good reason why this course should not be taken in all British groups.

One final word about the Japanese claim to 'expansion,' so insistently put forward at Washington. Doubtless the world will some day come to recognise the hollowness of this so-called 'right,' whatever be the nation that demands it. It is almost invariably in conflict with international ethics, as expressed in the Covenant of the League of Nations. It is only the past sins of foreign Powers in China that give Japan a colourable pretext for her monstrous pretensions and unlawful penetration in that country. Australians feel that if the Japanese can win such 'rights' in China and Siberia, there is no land in the Pacific that can morally be withheld from them. In blindly accepting this 'expansion' claim, we are merely creating new problems, not settling old ones. What is to be the end of these cycles of overflowing populations? It would be better for the world that they should cease to overflow, not that ever fresh areas should be found for them, at whatever risk and cost. Every nation must at some stage accept the logic of its geography and history and that of the world at large. The Japanese are a great and enterprising people, but it would not be of any special advantage to the world if there were fifty millions more of them. The same may be said

of the Chinese, Indians, Russians, and many another people. When a nation begins to 'overflow,' it should be told that it must live on its own premises and have no more family than its income justifies, as most individuals have to do. International safety will some day demand nothing less than this.

In the maintenance of this loftier view of world politics Australia is more fortunate than either Britain or America. She has no commercial interests to serve, no diplomatic past to live down, or foreign entanglements to escape. And it is hardly conceivable that she ever will have. Her people are imbued with a sane and clean idealism that is constantly nourished by the nature of their social life. They have not yet been to school in international politics, but that may easily prove their great advantage in the future. All parties are pledged to a policy that is the reverse of economic imperialism and the exploitation of weak or backward races. The influence of such a nation, occupying the key position in the Southern Pacific, must be increasingly in the direction of elevating the whole tone of international action in that sphere and of securing that progressive co-operation between all interests without which the drift to final catastrophe is unavoidable.

MEREDITH ATKINSON.

THE BRITISH LEGION

THREE years ago the war came to an end with the signing of the Armistice. For three years we have known peace. It may have been a doubtful and troublous peace, broken by minor wars and rumours of war, but it has been a real peace when judged by the standard of the four wild years that preceded it. Three years is a short period when marked on the graph of the world's history, but it is at least long enough to justify a review of national opinion within its span. It is long enough also to justify a consideration of the present estate of the men who fought in the war and have returned to civil life. How do they stand now, these who were our representatives, who stood for our nation when we put its fate to the ordeal of battle?

It is needless to insist to-day on the difficulties which have beset their feet. Of those difficulties some are eternal. After every great war there has been a hungry soldiery. Some are peculiar to the modern world, yet others to an industrial people in a modern world. When almost literally swords could be turned to ploughshares the problems of the reorganisation of life were comparatively simple. It was easy to set men again to the necessary tasks. Above all, the sons of the farmer, peasant and labourer who had gone forth to war had already served their apprenticeship. When they returned they could to a great extent take up their work where they had left off. For England in the twentieth century the case is far different. For a vast number of men returning to this small country from their battle stations all over the wide world it was no mere question of picking up again the idle spade and grape, grown rusty indeed, but still waiting there for the hands that had once used them. It was a question of inserting themselves as cogs and links and bolts into the vast and infinitely complex machinery of industrialism, a machinery which, transferred abruptly from purposes of destruction to purposes of construction, had many of its engines working at low speed, and many not working at all. With a world about us disorganised and impoverished, unable to buy from us the goods it needed and by the sale of which we lived, there was not work enough to go round once the first brief prosperity founded

on money artificially created had been exhausted. And for what work there was the least well fitted were in many cases the men who had gone to the war. They had served no apprenticeship, had learnt no trade. Leaving aside altogether the pitiable army of the bodily and mentally disabled, many thousands, apparently whole and sound, had suffered a weakening of the fibres. The rest found themselves in a strange world, which the older had forgotten and the younger scarcely known, a world wherein their steps were no longer guided and their actions ordered by discipline and the chain of command. After the first delight of liberty they stared about them, bewildered. But they felt they had earned their country's gratitude, and they looked to it, to it and its elected rulers, the Government, for aid in their struggle.

They looked not altogether in vain. It is easy to sneer at the extent of the work accomplished. But, owing to the number of men to be dealt with, the task was stupendous. With many hesitations, many mistakes, many surrenders to selfish interests, a great deal was done. And the country's gratitude was very real. It was with genuine enthusiasm that many employers of labour, small and great, big institutions and little private firms, strove to find work for the men who had fought for them. At least while the fever of victory still burned in cheeks and hearts a warm flood of thankfulness and recognition flowed from the people at home to the returned and compassed them about.

Has the flood grown cold? Has it ebbed? The cynical may reply by quoting the sentence with which this article opens. It is three years since the war ended. Three years may be a short period in history, but it is a long time where human gratitude is concerned. Since the day of the Victory March there has been a change of atmosphere. That change is, from some points of view, as necessary as it is inevitable. We cannot burn for ever with that fever of victory. This our world, if it would continue to exist, must settle to its mundane tasks, must fix its vision on future rather than past, must strive to renew itself in peace after having almost destroyed itself in war. That being granted, it is none the less true that out of the natural reaction has grown a whole crop of weeds of thought and conduct. The ideals for which we fought are questioned; the soldiers who led us are belittled by men who could not have commanded a platoon in action or issued a march order to a brigade. A little throng, which held positions scarce higher than those of clerk and reporter, has occupied itself in making revelations of things it never saw. Another little throng, of novelists, under pretence of a psychological examination of the period of the war, is fondling the insignificant minority of 'brittle intellectuals,' who can comprehend the righteousness of any cause but that of their country.

In a word, it is dexterously put about that our part in the battle is something of which we have cause rather for shame than pride.

But, it may be argued, all this miasma of false sentiment, and false history, and false-heartedness, is bred only of the swamps of our temporary exhaustion and depression. That is, indeed, true. The sun may take an hour more or an hour less to disperse them, but disperse them he will. But what is the effect meanwhile of this atmosphere on the men who fought and on the nation's attitude toward them? Can we doubt that it tends to create an indifference among the thoughtless to their fate? Forgetting the war, so assiduously preached by some who took no part in it, may easily come to mean forgetting the man who fought. He begins to appear a gull, least desirable of guises to a man of spirit. And as he shrinks, so does the man at home swell and expand. The man who stayed at home was chary of speech for some time after the Armistice. He may, as were the greater part of those who did not serve, have been kept back by the most honourable of reasons: by age, by infirmity, by actual compulsion. But, whatever his rôle at home, whether he sat in armchair or on office stool or workshop bench, he was at home, safe, and in reasonable comfort. Whether or no he was actually debarred from service, he felt, when he saw the khaki flood flowing back to this country, that it was meet for him to bear himself modestly, that the hour was to the young, who had given so much more than he. If men offered their wines and meats and women their lips and hearts to the returned, to his despite, it was but bare justice.

Most admirable attitude—but how swiftly laid aside! To-day it is the voice of the man who did not serve that tires our ears. His embarrassment is over. He has recovered all and something more than all his old assurance. For him in many cases the war was not unprofitable. There is no sneer in that reflection; many firms and business men and individual workmen made high profits and wages with all honour and did excellent service to the State in the making of them; not all were feathering their nests at the expense of the men who went 'over the bags.' But the fact remains, and must be taken into account. All the machinery of government and of affairs was in his hands. His position, as he came gradually to see, was impregnable. England to-day is ruled by him. Every Government office is his playground, every trade union his preserve. Through all the subterranean burrows of those great warrens he moves with the speed and ease of long experience. The ex-service man who ventures in is lost in the mazes. Very rarely, very rarely, does he find his way from the main passages down the private channels

that lead to the warmest nests. *His* country, the country that he fought for, for which he suffered anguish and terror, for which he was maimed, for which his feet were rotted in the icy slime of trenches, and his body chilled by the storms of the North Sea, which he preserved by his sacrifices, is controlled, and controlled most indifferently, by others than he.

And now at last it seems that he has found a remedy in combination.

Before Lord Haig had laid down his duties in France he had foreseen some of the difficulties of the future and realised that the work he had performed in war must be carried to its logical conclusion in peace. But he did not finally return till April, 1919, and by that time a number of enthusiastic men were already in the field. 'The Comrades of the Great War,' 'The National Association of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers,' and 'The National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers' were in being. Lord Haig took up the task nearest his hand. He founded 'The Officers' Association.' The task was not only nearest his hand: it was from some points of view the most pressing. The State was doing more for men than officers. The great majority of the officers promoted during the later stages of the war came from the same station in life as the men they commanded. They were no better prepared than the latter for the new battle of peace; their promotion had been, indeed, a handicap to their future. Their war gratuities, based on their commissioned service, were small. Their difficulties were at the moment perhaps the most serious of all. These difficulties were met as well as was humanly possible by the energy and zeal of Lord Haig and the power of his name in the country at large. But he himself had never allowed his vision of the future to be obscured by present necessities. He saw in the Officers' Association the germ of a far greater and wider-reaching idea. He saw officers and men standing once more shoulder to shoulder, united by a common interest and by the still closer bonds of what they had endured together.

The other organisations likewise had done much to meet the emergencies of the time. Their record of service is one of which their authors and controllers, now that they have come to an end, are most justly proud. They had thrown their chief energies into obtaining sufficient support for the disabled and for the dependants of those who had fallen in the field. They had founded clubs up and down the country. They had used their considerable influence to obtain employment for ex-soldiers and sailors. But their aims were often divergent, and their methods still more so. It is no secret that in various parts of the country branches of the different bodies, so far from being in harmony, looked on each

other with jealous eyes. And the very fact that they were dis-united gave to the people they required to influence, from Government departments down to private firms, the opportunity to play off one against the other. It was the old story of the war over again, of allies who did not pull together. And just as in the war, though the disease was patent, the manner in which the remedy should be applied was not. There were many difficulties, many prejudices, to be overcome; men who did not care for compromises had to submit to them for the general good. A joint conference on the subject of unity sat for the last five months of last year. A 'provisional unity conference' sat for the first five months of this. But at last the way was clear. At what is known in its records as the 'Whitsun Unity Conference' the British Legion was born.

The British Legion has for Patron H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the most popular personality in England to-day, whose grace and charm and modesty have won all our hearts. It has for President Field-Marshal Earl Haig, a man great in war, who will prove himself, when this fruit of the seed which he sowed comes to maturity, a man great in peace also. Its ruling body is its National Executive Council, which consists of two members nominated by each of its ten Area Councils, together with the President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and General Treasurer. One of the most inspiring sights that one can imagine in these uninspiring days is the big map in the Organisation Branch of the Legion's offices in Eccleston Square, with flags of a different colour for each Area marking the Branches. Round the great industrial districts the flags cluster so thickly that there is scarce room for their pins, while in the agricultural districts they are so evenly distributed as to show that no corner of the country has escaped the Legion's activities. By the time these lines are in print the Branches will number over 1,300, with a membership running into millions, though the exact figure will not be ascertainable till January next.

The principles and policy of the Legion, as set forth in its rules, are so fine, and so finely expressed, that I desire to quote them in full :—

The Legion shall be democratic, non-sectarian, and not affiliated to or connected directly or indirectly with any political party or political organisation.

The Legion shall be created to inaugurate and maintain in a strong, stimulating, united, and democratic comradeship all those who have served in His Majesty's Navy, Army, Air Force, or any Auxiliary Forces, so that neither their efforts nor their interests shall be forgotten, that their welfare and that of the dependants of the fallen may be safeguarded, and that just and equitable treatment shall be secured to them in respect of the difficulties caused in their lives as a result of their services.

The Legion shall exist to perpetuate in the civil life of the Empire and the world the principles for which we have fought ; to inculcate a sense of loyalty to the Crown, community, State, and nation ; to promote unity amongst all classes ; to make right the master of might ; to secure peace and goodwill on earth ; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy ; and to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual service and helpfulness.

That, it will be agreed, is a splendid confession of faith. As regards 'practical politics,' the first problem of the Legion is naturally the problem which is obsessing everyone to-day, that of unemployment. Mr. Lister, the Chairman of the Legion, related that in a gathering of 4,000 Legionaries marshalled to welcome their Patron, the Prince of Wales, during his tour in the industrial North, at least half were without work. As times improve these ex-service men have the right to be placed high on the roster. They can and will, through the organisation of the Legion, bring forward their claims to such a preference. But the Legion can accomplish far more than this in the industrial world. It can help to create a better spirit between masters and men, containing as it does tens of thousands of the first and millions of the second in its ranks. 'Selfishness and personal interests,' writes Lord Haig, 'dominate the position in nearly every walk of life at the present time. An awakening or resurrecting of the best ideals of comradeship created by common danger and common sacrifice is the only alternative to disaster. We must tackle the present industrial situation, promote a better feeling between employers and employed, encourage a joint effort which will bring greater production, greater prosperity, and consequently better conditions of life.' Many people have said the same thing in other words, but Lord Haig says it with a downright confidence that it can be done. If he is mistaken, if it cannot, the outlook is black indeed, and the better times to which allusion has been made will never arrive.

In its short life, since July last, the Legion has accomplished a great deal of valuable practical work. It has, for example, been able to relieve with temporary assistance between 150,000 and 200,000 men. That alone would have justified its existence. It has succeeded in improving, almost out of recognition, the pensions scheme, having influenced the holding up of the Government Bill and the insertion in Committee stage of a number of vital amendments. It has obtained direct representation on Regional Pensions Committees. But even more important have been its efforts which will bear future fruit. It has obtained a promise that in any schemes for the relief of unemployed sanctioned by the Government there shall be included 75 per cent. of ex-service men. That, it may be said, is a measure of bare justice,

but it is one that would not have been obtained had not the ex-service men possessed their organised machinery to back them. With regard to emigration, it is in touch not only with the Agents for the British Colonies, but with all our Consuls and Vice-Consuls abroad, keeping itself informed of the possibilities of employment outside this country, and making full investigation of all settlement schemes such as the 'Back-to-the-Land' movement in British Columbia. If the plans of Mr. Hughes and his White Australia policy can be carried through, its aid will certainly be called in, and it will have a great field for the more adventurous spirits who are prepared to cross the seas if they perceive a reasonable chance of success in a land peopled by their own kin.

A method of assisting those of the disabled who can still work which has struck the imagination of the country has been the institution of the King's Roll. On the whole, the private firms of Great Britain responded well to the King's appeal. The public bodies have in this respect a record far less desirable. In the first year of its existence not one-eighth of the public bodies of England and Wales had earned the right to use the Seal. Since then the Ministry of Labour, behind which it is safe to trace the influence of the British Legion, has begun to put pressure on these bodies. The situation is improving, but slowly. It would be easy for the Government to insist that every body which has the spending of public money, every department of state, and every firm employed by such bodies and departments, should be on the Roll. Most amazing of all is the fact that a large number of holders of the Royal Warrant, people in whose business the patronage of the King is a splendid asset, have not responded to His Majesty's appeal and are not on his Roll. Every firm that displays in its window the Royal Arms should display beside them the Seal of the National Scheme for Disabled Men. The first without the second is to-day without honour.

It is always easier to ask of the generous, even when they have given already, than of the stony-hearted. Letters have been written by the British Legion to all those patriotic employers who have already adopted the King's Scheme asking them if it is possible to increase the number of disabled men employed by them above the exact 5 per cent. Very favourable replies have been received. Many firms which have already more than 5 per cent. have promised to try to increase the figure still further. One big firm has added that it employs 75 per cent. of ex-service men, and hopes to increase the figure. That is the spirit we want to see abroad. The generous-hearted want only to have things made clear to them to have their imagination touched. Then they will do what is right. The stony-hearted require sterner measures. The British Legion is well qualified to undertake both tasks.

The British Legion has no politics. Its members can be Conservatives, or Coalitionists, or Independent Liberals, or Labour men. But it can and must concern itself with and keep its eye open to the movements of politics, which so closely affect its existence. It can find out which members of Parliament and leaders of party opinion in the country are in its favour. It can ensure that in the House of Commons there is a block of members who will always be ready to support it. It can at elections put questions to the candidates, and inform its members of their answers, without directly advising them how to vote; and when one of those candidates has been elected it can, if needs be, remind him of his promises!

I have given the merest sketch of the work and policy of the British Legion. Those who wish to study them in greater detail can do so in its own publications.¹ What I should like now to emphasise is the great importance of *every* man who has served in the Army, Navy, or Air Force joining the organisation. In a movement of this sort the strength of a body does not increase merely in the same progression as the numbers that join it. A body of two million men is not merely twice as powerful as one of a million, but three or four times as powerful. The British Legion claims to represent a vast section of the nation, the most important section of the nation—that which fought for it. It will speak for that section in unanswerable accents when it has enrolled the whole of it in its ranks. When that has been accomplished it will be the greatest force in the kingdom.

It needs that strength. Its cause is high and honourable, righteous through and through. But right has always needed might behind it if it would prevail, and needed it never more than to-day. It wants to see in its Branches all over the country those who have weathered the storm as well as those who lie waterlogged at its mercy. It wants the strong to help their weaker brethren. And in these unsettled times there are very few of us who can be sure that we shall not one day ourselves be glad of comradely assistance. It wants, above all, ex-officers to join. In some of the old associations officers were not admitted to membership, while in the Officers' Association membership was confined to them. A great merit of the British Legion is that it calls to officers and men alike and brings them together. One of the most pleasant features of social life since the war has been the friendship which officers who served together in various units and formations have brought back to civil life. The annual dinners of clubs formed by the officers and ex-officers of divisions and brigades and regiments have furnished some of the happiest

¹ Particularly in the monthly journal which bears its name, *The British Legion*, price 3d.

occasions in the lives of their members. But the comradeship of officers during the war, and perhaps especially of junior officers—the troop leader, the section and platoon commander—and their men, was no less real. It was a fact almost symbolical that in good trenches, in quiet times, the company officers lived and messed together in a central dug-out, while in bad lines, or where an attack might be expected to develop suddenly, the platoon officer lived all the time in the same trench as his men. That comradeship also should be perpetuated, and in the organisation of the Legion there is the opportunity. Many officers are living in districts where men who served under them are also living. They are the fortunate ones, for no pleasure could be greater than that of joining a Branch which has among its members some of the good fellows whose existence was perforce so largely ordered by what ‘the officer says.’ But the fact that an officer is to-day far from his territorial district is no objection to his joining the Legion. He was made an officer during the war because he was a man of some character, with some influence over other men. Not all the best men were made officers, and not all officers, in the haste of the moment, were chosen from the best men; but that, broadly speaking, represents the facts. To-day that character, that influence, is needed as much as ever. And something more is needed. The good officer was the father of his men. They brought their troubles to him and asked for his advice. He entered into their hopes and aspirations. He knew their weaknesses as well as their strength. His very presence meant that things were going well, his absence that they were going ill. In how many of our ‘shows’ has a unit, displaying the greatest gallantry and devotion, become disorganised and ineffective when its officer was hit! ‘We went on,’ said the survivors. ‘There was heavy machine-gun fire. Our officer was killed. Then—’ They did not shamefully cast away their arms. They did not run away. But the corporate spirit of the unit was lost; the co-ordination of the attack disappeared. Its energy oozed from it, and the assault ceased to make way, or even gave ground to the counter-attack.

It must not be said by any Legionary or by any Branch of the British Legion: ‘We combined, we planned, we wanted to do much for ourselves and our country, but the officers were not with us, and so—’

I have spoken hitherto chiefly of what the British Legion can do for itself and for its members. But I think it has also a great part to play in the whole future life of the nation. ‘The ultimate goal of the British Legion,’ writes Lord Haig, ‘must be an uplifting of the whole and the creating of a happier and more God-fearing community. What other goal is more worth trying for?’

No watchword could be finer, and none more urgently needed. The man who joins the British Legion is helping himself, but he is also helping England. And the case of England to-day is in many respects as desperate as it was under the menace of the submarine campaign. Overloaded with debts, torn by dissensions, filled with such class selfishness and bitterness, such poverty and misery, as she has not known for eighty years, our ship of state is clawing off a lee shore in a tempest. In the first hungry days the ex-service men of the British Legion have called upon their country for help. In a little while it may well be the country that will be looking to the British Legion to save it from destruction.

For consider the situation. On the one hand we have a huge community weakened, distracted, puzzled. On the other is a body of men young; vigorous, if their vigour can be directed; hopeful, if they can be given goals worth attainment. They represent the flower of the nation, all the more precious because so many of its finest blossoms have died and dropped off in foreign lands the world around. They have as leader the man who led them in battle, who performed his service faithfully and well, whom they learnt to trust; a great man, without the facile arts that bring glittering success to politicians, but beside whose true fineness, as of tempered steel, their glitter is like the tawdry spangles of a circus acrobat; a man who represents the best type of British character, strong but courteous, slow to speech but sure of thought. These men, this leader, together they must form a stout crust to the national body, to reinforce it, to enable it to hold out against the pressure from all sides that is being and that will increasingly be put upon it in the next few years.

I was shown the other day the private diary kept during the war by an officer with a notable fighting record. There was one interesting account of a certain successful attack.

A great number of the men (he wrote) seemed at first to be rather 'passengers.' But a few of the stoutest-hearted did the early work for them, and then they warmed to it and went on all right.

That, of course, was true of most attacks, though it is not a feature on which war correspondents were likely to insist. It is true in all times of trouble, in situations that call for moral as well as in those that demand physical bravery. In the difficulties around us and before us we want the British Legion to represent the stoutest-hearted, who will put courage into the 'passengers,' who will inspire the whole nation by their example.

A fine idea? Why, it is the finest idea that has come to birth in this country since the war! Above the arena of men of middling talent, squabbling, greedy, jealous, out of reach of its dust, this institution might float like a splendid flag, to which all would raise their eyes in pride and confidence. I see no other

programme, no other ideal, no other light on our horizon, that promises aught like this. By its agency the weak may take his place in the battle beside the strong and fight as stoutly as he—for our salvation.

The whole situation reminds me of some glorious doggerel in *Pilgrim's Progress* from the poem entitled *The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim* :—

Tell them of Master Feeble-mind also,
Who not before, but still behind, would go ;
Show them how he had like been slain,
But how one Great-heart did his life regain.
This man was true of heart, though weak in grace ;
One might true godliness read in his face.
Then tell them of Master Ready-to-halt,
A man with crutches but without much fault.

* * * * *

Forget not Master Valiant-for-the-Truth,
That man of courage, though a very youth ;
Tell everyone his spirit was so stout,
No man could ever make him face about,
And how Great-heart and he could not forbear,
But put down Doubting Castle, slay Despair !

The walls of Doubting Castle are stiff, and Despair is a most formidable giant, but it is not beyond the power of the British Legion to put down the one and slay the other.

CYRIL FALLS,

Late Captain General Staff.

THE QUESTION OF UPPER SILESIA

LAST August the failure of England and France to agree as to the disposal of Upper Silesia caused a deadlock in the Council of the Principal Allied Powers and very strained relations between the two countries. A definite breach was only avoided by the decision to refer what appeared to be an insoluble problem to the Council of the League of Nations. Exactly two months later the Council produced a solution which has been accepted not only by England and France, but also by Germany and Poland, the two nations principally concerned. The solution is an original one, and has been hotly attacked, particularly in Germany; thus, in view both of the importance of the question and of the responsibility attaching to the League of Nations, it is natural and desirable that the decision of the Council should be carefully considered.

Upper Silesia, which formed the south-eastern extremity of the pre-war German Empire, is a region mainly agricultural and wooded, but containing valuable mineral deposits. The problem of its rightful disposal is highly complex. We are faced with the paradox of a territory which has not belonged to Poland since the fourteenth century, yet which before the war returned to the German Reichstag five Polish members who voted with the Poles from Posen; a territory which is marked as Polish-speaking on German maps, yet which voted German last March by a majority of seven to five; a territory where towns own one allegiance, and the districts surrounding them another; and where the whole constitutes an ethnical and cultural jig-saw puzzle for which there can be no really satisfactory solution.

To understand how this situation arose it is necessary to glance at the political and economic history. In the tenth century Silesia was taken from Bohemia (a Slav State) by Boleslav the Great, King of Poland. The eleventh century witnessed a revival and prolongation of the struggle for possession. It was then that Teutonic influence first supervened. The separate history of Silesia begins in 1139, when a dismemberment of Polish territory secured its independence. German intervention under Frederick Barbarossa occasioned the division of Silesia into

two dukedoms, with Breslau and Ratibor as respective capitals, and the introduction of German colonists and methods of administration.

From 1331 to 1742 Upper Silesia remained a province of Bohemia, and passed in 1526, with other Bohemian possessions, to the Hapsburg crown. It did not pass into North German hands until the Peace of Breslau, 1742, when the territory was ceded by Maria Theresa to Frederick the Great, at the close of the historic struggle made familiar to British readers by Carlyle's history of that monarch.

The Poles in Silesia have, however, despite their long separation from Poland, developed a strong sense of nationality. On the other hand, there is a large and patriotic German industrial population. It began with the settlers round Breslau in the thirteenth century, and has grown largely since the end of the eighteenth. Above all, since 1871, when the era of great industries opened in Upper Silesia, German colonisation followed in the wake of the railways. It concentrated in the towns, which became centres of enterprise with German majorities in nearly every one. Officials, railwaymen, colliery overseers, are German. The increase of the German element was accompanied, however, by an equivalent increase in the Polish population, so that the racial proportions varied little. The bulk of the colliers are Poles.

In 1913 Upper Silesia contained one of the major coalfields of Germany, with a production of about 23 per cent. of the total German output of hard coal. It is also rich in other mineral deposits, and in addition it includes a highly developed industrial area, with a highly trained population, largely German.

Both Germany and Poland claim Upper Silesia as indispensable to their economic development, and when Poland was brought into existence again by the Treaty of Versailles it became necessary to settle what was to be done with the province. On May 9, 1919, the Draft Treaty was laid before the German Government. By it the greater part of Upper Silesia was ceded to Poland. After considering the German protests, however, the Allied and Associated Powers decided that the ultimate disposition of the area should be determined by a plebiscite to be held there. By Article 88 and Annex of the Treaty a plebiscite was accordingly provided for and an Inter-Allied Commission set up to administer the area until the plebiscite should be held.

The Treaty directs that 'on the conclusion of the voting the number of votes cast in each commune will be communicated by the Commission to the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, with a recommendation as to the line which ought to be adopted as the frontier of Germany in Upper Silesia. In this recommendation regard will be paid to the wishes of the inhabitants as shown

by the vote and to the geographical and economic conditions of the locality.'

By the terms of the Treaty the Commission could not take over the territory from the Germans until fifteen days after the Treaty was ratified, and, in fact, it was not taken over for several months. During August and September 1919 the news of the coming plebiscite caused revolts among the Polish population against the German authorities. The disorders were suppressed by German troops. In February 1920 the Inter-Allied Commission arrived in Silesia under General Lerond. They had 11,500 French troops and 2000 Italians at their disposal. There were continual outbreaks of violence between the Poles and Germans throughout the rest of the year. The forces at the disposal of the Commission were inadequate for maintaining order in the inflamed state of national feeling. In March four British battalions arrived from the Rhine, and on March 21 the plebiscite was held. It showed a total German vote of 707,000 against 479,000 Polish, thus giving a German majority of 228,000 in the whole area. In the industrial area and coalfield, although the towns voted mainly German, there was a large Polish vote, so that the German majorities in Königshütte and Kattowitz were to some extent isolated. The plebiscite was held without disorder.

Early in May Polish newspapers stated that the Report of the British and Italian Commissioners would recommend the assignment to Germany of those districts which had voted German, and that the French Commissioner would not endorse this finding. A Polish insurrection immediately broke out with the connivance, if not the encouragement, of the Polish Government, under the leadership of Korfanty, a former Polish deputy in the German Reichstag. The French troops would not act against the Poles. The Italians made an effort to do so and lost forty killed. By the middle of May Korfanty's men had overrun the country as far as the Oder, and Allied authority only held in the big towns. The Polish Government formally repudiated Korfanty, but failed to close the frontier against supplies of arms and food for the insurgents.

On May 13 Mr. Lloyd George declared in the House of Commons that either Allied troops should restore order, or German troops must be allowed to do so. The speech caused Anglo-French relations to become very strained, but had a sobering effect in Upper Silesia. The Polish and German bands eventually evacuated the disputed area and were dissolved, and the Inter-Allied Commission resumed control.

The Reports of the Commissioners have not been published.

In the same speech Mr. Lloyd George stated in the House of Commons that the British and Italian Commissioners were in

favour of giving the quarters that were overwhelmingly Polish to Poland and the areas where, taking the towns and country districts together, the majority was German to Germany. So that all the Commissioners agreed on a division of the territory though they differed as to the line.

On May 26 M. Briand said in the French Chamber that the frontier proposed by the English and Italian Commissioners would result in only giving Poland 194,000 of the electors who voted for her, that is to say, leaving 60 per cent. of the Polish voters to Germany, whereas only 11 per cent. of the German voters would become Polish. The French Commission found this shocking and in contradiction to the Treaty.

Relations became very strained between the two Governments, the British pressing for a meeting of the Supreme Council, which was delayed by the French. On July 27 an acute crisis arose. News from Upper Silesia seemed to foreshadow a fresh outbreak, and the French proposed to send a division on their own initiative. On July 28 the British Government despatched a note to the French begging that there should be no departure from the policy of joint action. On August 1 the French gave way on this point, and the Allied Ambassadors in Berlin were instructed to inform the German Government that they must facilitate the transport of Allied troops to Upper Silesia at any moment.

At last, on August 8, the Supreme Council met in Paris.

The deadlock continued, and agreement appearing absolutely hopeless and the Entente being seriously strained, the Supreme Council decided to refer the whole matter to the Council of the League of Nations. It is understood that this was done on the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd George.

On August 29 the Council of the League met at Geneva to consider the question. Its members were :

Viscount Ishii	.	.	Japan (President).
M. Hymans	.	.	Belgium.
M. da Cunha	.	.	Brazil.
Mr. Wellington Koo	.	.	China.
M. Q. de Léon	.	.	Spain.
M. Leon Bourgeois	.	.	France.
Mr. A. J. Balfour	.	.	Great Britain.
Marquis Imperiali	.	.	Italy.

Viscount Ishii read a report stating that in a letter dated August 24 M. Briand had declared that the members of the Supreme Council undertook to accept the solution recommended by the Council of the League.

On September 1 the Council appointed a Committee of four of

its own members, the representatives of Belgium, Brazil, China, and Spain, to examine the question. These four were chosen because they represented Powers which had taken no previous part in discussions. After study of the plebiscite figures and of Clause 5 of the Annex to Article 88 of the Treaty of Versailles, in which it is laid down that 'regard will be paid to the wishes of the inhabitants as shown by the vote and to the geographical and economic conditions of the locality,' they decided that any solution which satisfied their interpretation of the Treaty would have to divide the industrial area. They then entrusted the study of the necessary economic provisions to two outside experts—a Czecho-Slovak and a German Swiss. These were given permission to consult any competent person they liked. Simultaneously the necessary political provisions were studied by the Minorities section of the Secretariat. The aim was to draw such a line as would satisfy the wishes of the population as expressed by the plebiscite—obvious economic absurdities being avoided—and the economic provisions were to make the settlement workable.

The Council adopted the recommendations of the Committee of four without any important alterations.

The general principles of the Council's recommendation were as follows :

Having regard to the Treaty, the solution must conform to the wishes of the inhabitants as expressed in the plebiscite. That was to be the governing consideration, and it therefore appeared to the Council necessary to divide the industrial area. It was, however, desirable to guarantee continuity of economic life during the period of readjustment, also to provide for the protection of minorities, and for their equalisation and reduction as far as possible.

A frontier line was accordingly drawn which gave to Germans and Poles a population substantially corresponding to the vote recorded at the plebiscite. Unfortunately, owing to the historic circumstances already referred to, it was impossible to secure that the whole of the population assigned to Germany should be German and the whole of that given to Poland should be Polish. After considering different suggestions for dealing with this difficulty, it was decided to draw such a line as would give to each country about an equal number of the nationals of the other. No one will pretend that this is a satisfactory solution of the question, but it is no worse, and perhaps better, than any other that can be proposed.

In order to make this severance of the industrial area workable it was necessary to make provisions for preventing the arrest of the economic life of the district by its political division. Accord-

ingly, for a period fixed for most purposes at fifteen years, the following arrangements were proposed :

(a) *Railways*.—There will be uniform rates throughout the plebiscite area. German State railways to be under a joint system of operation for fifteen years.

(b) *Water and Electric Power*.—In default of a special agreement between the parties, the existing arrangements for supply shall be maintained, and a system of reciprocal obligation established.

(c) *Monetary System*.—During a period not exceeding fifteen years the German mark shall remain the only legal unit of currency in the plebiscite area, failing a modification by mutual consent.

(d) *Customs Régime*.—Apart from temporary arrangements, it is provided that for a period of fifteen years—

(i.) Both countries shall facilitate the export from their own territories into the two zones of the plebiscite area of products indispensable for the industry of the latter ;

(ii.) Natural products, originating in one zone of the plebiscite area and intended for consumption or use in the other zone, shall cross the frontier free of duty ;

(iii.) Half-manufactured and unfinished products, originating in one zone of the plebiscite area and intended to be finished in the other zone and then to be transported into the country of origin, shall cross the frontier free of duty.

(e) *Products of the Mines*.—Poland and Germany shall permit export to each other's territory of these products for fifteen years in conformity with Article 90 of the Peace Treaty.

(f) *Employers' and Workers' Federations*.—Those in existence in the plebiscite area shall be recognised by the Polish and German Governments for fifteen years and allowed to enter into collective contracts throughout the whole area.

(g) *Social Insurance*.—The transfer of German State funds to Poland in as far as they concern the Polish zone shall take place according to Article 312 of the Peace Treaty.

Local benefit societies shall be maintained for fifteen years.

(h) *Movement between Zones*.—The inhabitants of the two zones shall be furnished with a free circulation permit for fifteen years.

(i) *General Provisions*.—The existing labour legislation shall remain in force in the Polish zone until Poland shall have passed legislation for the whole of her territory which may be substituted.

The two countries shall respect in their zones the existing rights and concessions of individuals, companies, etc.

Poland shall renounce for fifteen years the powers granted under Article 92 of the Treaty as regards expropriation.

Definite provisions on the lines of these recommendations are to be embodied in a German-Polish Convention. The German and Polish negotiators of this Convention are now meeting at Geneva under a Swiss Chairman, M. Calonder. To carry out these arrangements, an "Upper Silesian Mixed Commission" is to be set up without delay as an advisory body composed of an equal number of Germans and Poles from Upper Silesia, with a President of another nationality, who might be designated by the League Council.

Finally, any dispute between the German and Polish Governments which may occur within a period of fifteen years in respect of any legislative measure adopted by either country for the control of companies or industrial

or commercial enterprises, limiting their freedom in a manner contrary to justice from the point of view of nationality, may be referred by the Government concerned to the Council of the League of Nations, whose decision both Governments undertake to accept.

This short and very abbreviated summary of the factors of the problem and its proposed solution is yet sufficient to reveal its complexity. The fundamental consideration to be kept in mind is that the Council of the League was not asked to advise on the best solution of the Upper Silesian question, but on the least harmful way in which the relevant provisions of the Treaty of Versailles could be put in force. By the terms of that instrument the general principle that the redistribution of territory should be in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants was insisted on, but it was modified by an additional direction that geographical and economic necessities should also be respected. A further strain was added by the importance attached to the allocation of the province not only by Poland and Germany, the actual disputants, but by two of the Great Powers also. Controversy, complicated by disorders culminating in insurrection, had raged over the question for two years and five months, and so bitter was the contest that the Entente itself appears to have come more nearly to open rupture in the hours previous to the decision to entrust the problem to the League than at any other date since its commencement.

The main struggle centred in the possession of the famous 'industrial triangle.' This is the highly industrial portion of the territory in question which lies with its base along the old German frontiers. The voting in the whole triangle ran Polish to the extent of nearly 50 per cent. (six-thirteenthths), but Kattowitz and Königshütte, overwhelmingly German, lie right upon the eastern border. Indeed, it is as impossible to disentangle the two peoples by a single frontier as it would be to construct a satisfactory strategic line across Glasgow on the basis of a local veto poll.

It was, therefore, decided by the Council of the League to dissect out the interlocking populations as far as it was humanly possible, balancing the inevitable minorities on either side, one against the other, and, by the very novel and far-reaching provisions summarised above, to secure the economic life of the province during the period of transition.

Whether or not this decision was the best that could be made, it cannot really be doubted by anyone who has given attention to the subject that it was one at which honest men might reasonably have arrived. That is not to say that the procedure adopted was unassailable. To entrust to four gentlemen, some of whom had no very obvious qualifications for the duty except that they

were the usual representatives of the non-permanent members of the Council, the task of advising the Council on a matter of such immense political and commercial complexity, was bound to lead to criticism. The Council appear to have overlooked the fact that these gentlemen, however highly and justly they were esteemed by their colleagues, were most of them unknown to the outside public. Their recommendations were certain to be challenged, and they had behind them no world-wide authority, nothing except their intrinsic merits, which few would have the knowledge or impartiality to appreciate. It is very much to be regretted that the Council did not find it possible to choose as their advisers a Commission of men whose names would alone have ensured a respectful consideration for their judgment. However, it is only fair to say that the difficulties in the way of selecting such a Commission were doubtless very great. In any case our answer to the question of the justice or injustice both of the territorial verdict and of the economic compromise must turn on something far more fundamental. It depends chiefly on the extent to which we hold the nationalist or the economic view of the future of Europe.

The Peace Treaties of 1919 present the first great redrawing of national frontiers since the fall of Napoleon. In the century that has elapsed since then we have entered the era of the engineers. Population and wealth are no longer based on the single pillar of agricultural land, but on the tripod of food, fuel and minerals—coal and iron as well as wheat. This may greatly complicate frontier questions. Where, as in the present case, a particular district is rich in mineral and industrial wealth, the economic effects of its transfer from one sovereignty to another will be infinitely greater than those produced by the abstraction of an equal area of agricultural land when agriculture was the main source of wealth.

Upper Silesia is merely one area of several where nationalist and economic realities have met in uncompromising collision. In others the principle of self-determination has been ruthlessly applied. The Teschen coalfield, for example, has been partitioned so that a railway station lies in one country and the town it serves in another. (It is necessary to add that there the predictions of disaster have not so far been fulfilled.)

Numerically, as has been pointed out, the distribution proposed by the Council corresponds with great accuracy to the figures of the plebiscite. True, Kattowitz and Königshütte, overwhelmingly German, are annexed to Poland, but the national minorities are substantially equal, although the Poles have an advantage which amounts on the plebiscite figures to 22,000 votes out of a total vote of nearly 1,200,000, or less than one in fifty.

From the standpoint of the economist, the solution is more debatable. The provisions for co-operation demand a spirit of goodwill and mutual accommodation which has so far been strikingly absent. It cannot be denied that at the end of the provisional period and even to some extent during its continuance there will stand the political frontier cutting across all economic ties, and, if national feelings remain as they are, ultimately inflicting on the province of Silesia injury which may in its effects stretch far beyond the boundaries of the province and even threaten the peace of Europe itself. But, after all, no settlement can be permanent, and the international atmosphere in fifteen years' time will certainly be very different from what it is now, and may be more favourable to an amicable re-arrangement of boundaries.

However this may be, the duel between the nationalist and the economist is only beginning. The ardent self-determinationist, holding the doctrine of human equality, will never admit that the unskilled labour which made up the mass of the Polish vote should be permanently overridden by the present economic necessity of keeping the whole district under the skilled German direction which has produced its great industrial prosperity. On the other hand, the world in its present stage of development cannot afford the sterilisation of a great wealth-producing district even to appease nationalist aspirations.

It may be that important minorities will have to be ignored in the future, as they have been in the past, and that the economist will produce a new interpretation of human values. But this is a recasting of the ideals of our century too drastic to be promulgated at present, even if such a recasting is in itself desirable. It is much more to the purpose to devise some plan by which nationalist feeling and economic necessity can be conciliated. That is the great defence for the proposals under discussion. We have seen in various parts of Europe the result of a rigid application of the principle of nationality. Some modification of it is essential to the economic life of Europe. We cannot have a repetition of the senseless barriers erected between the Succession States of the Austrian Empire or the folly by which the control of the mouth of the Vistula, the great artery of the Polish plain, is denied to Poland. Now for the first time provisions have been suggested by which national sentiment shall be granted political expression and at the same time the realities of the economic situation be recognised. These can only be tested by time. But if they succeed it may be that a solution has been found not only for the Silesian question itself, but also for many other intricate and dangerous problems in Central Europe. Meanwhile the frontier line has been promulgated and will put an end forthwith to the state of uncertainty. The operatives of the mines and the

factories have their towns and villages unscathed by high explosives and the tracks of tanks, the only alternative referees. If in their folly they bring destruction and starvation upon themselves they will do it slowly, coldly, and methodically, and with unblinded eyes, and at the worst are no worse off than if they had invoked the guns at the outset. But if, as one must hope, they show themselves capable of being convinced by the patient pressure of fact, then a method of modifying the extremes of nationalism will be found here, a valuable precedent for the future of any such area. The verdict which neither France nor Britain could have imposed on the other has been accepted by both, and the Council of the League, if its solution succeeds, will once and for all have justified itself in the anxious eyes of Europe. Its solution will succeed if only the people most concerned accept it in good faith, and work it with goodwill.

ROBERT CECIL.

MISEDUCATING THE MASSES

IN the January number of this Review I was privileged to put forward some novel and perhaps rather presumptuous suggestions for improving our national system of Education. My point was, that home influence, being paramount and ineliminable, must be improved ; that before you could educate the child, you must educate the parent. I prefaced my suggestions by remarking that the influences hostile to receptivity of mind in children were several, and I took at random two influences as an illustration : (1) Home life and the force of parental example ; (2) Sordid and ugly surroundings, unconducive to the cultivation of a sense of beauty.

On consideration, I feel that much was left unsaid in that article which should have been said ; that an argument based on the discussion of those influences must be inconclusive and incomplete without at least a passing glance at other influences less obtrusive but no less important. Let me add them, therefore, to my list. They are :

3. Sources of vulgarity in Art, Literature, Music and the Theatre, tending to cheapen or deform the impressions of life.
4. The American Invasion.
5. Mental Indolence.

III.—SOURCES OF VULGARITY IN ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE THEATRE, TENDING TO CHEAPEN OR DEFORM THE IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE.

There has been observable in recent years a growing tendency on the part of our country to imitate France. The *entente cordiale*, no doubt, is chiefly responsible for this, and in some directions there is nothing to be said against the habit. Paris, of course, has long set the fashion in women's clothes, and no one, not even an American—or perhaps I should say, least of all an American—would begrudge her this prerogative. But she is now setting the fashion in certain other things besides clothes, and it is of those other things I want to speak. It is perhaps not sufficiently realised that allurements in France is not an art, but a national

characteristic. Much in her plays, her books and her pictures which we call 'risky' presents nothing of that quality to the Frenchman. It is the French expression of life and happens to be more intimate than ours. Now, when a book originally written in one language is translated into another it is apt to lose some of its subtlety. Exactly the same may be said of translating a national trait. It becomes deformed in some way, loses point, accuracy and, above all, character. This is what happens when England imitates France. England 'allures' with difficulty. She is not light-handed enough for the job, for one thing; for another thing it is not her job. The old Puritan strain has not been, and never will be, entirely purged out of her. Approaching the task with inborn disrelish, she seeks to cloak her self-consciousness under a boisterous assurance. The result of this ponderous posing is that England, when she tries to be 'risky' only succeeds in being vulgar; and that is why her comic illustrated journals, her picture postcards and her *revue* posters are mere travesties of their cross-Channel prototypes; that is why, presumably, she has never yet succeeded, despite many attempts, in producing a Balzac, a Flaubert or a De Maupassant.

One might be inclined to say off-hand that the productions cited above—the comic journal, the picture postcard, the would-be suggestive novel—cannot be regarded as serious contributions to art and are scarcely worth worrying about. But that would be tantamount to saying that the moral and mental welfare of the people is scarcely worth worrying about, since there are probably millions in this country who depend upon these things not merely for their notions of art and literature, but for their conceptions of life as well. Grasping this fact, one begins to realise what incalculable harm these cheap and nasty productions can do. There is no single thing to be said in their defence. They are not well executed, heaven knows they are not humorous, while they distort even the sordid and degraded aspect of life they set out to portray. Have you seen a group of children gaping at a *revue* poster or giggling outside the window of a postcard shop? Probably you have, but it may not have occurred to you to examine the poster or inspect the window. Have you remarked in your evening train from town a homing office-boy immersed in the pink pages of—well, let us call it *Snappy Bits*, or a young girl gloating over one of those paper-bound novels whose heroines, scarlet-lipped and scarlet-haired, are depicted on the covers? Probably you have, but it may not have occurred to you to glance through the paper or read the book. Yet really these are deplorable and revolting sights, as deplorable as war, as revolting as mutilation. They *are* mutilation. For thousands and thousands of young people these distorted impressions are the only

impressions. They have little or no means of access to the higher ideals—would hardly recognise them if they had. In the pursuit of art—if you can call it that—they follow naturally the line of least resistance. The postcard shop is the slum child's picture gallery. The salacious pink weekly is the office-boy's circulating library. The scarlet-haired heroines are devoured by the young girl in response to the first faint promptings of the sexual instinct—a perfectly natural and therefore entirely beautiful emotion demanding the most delicate and tender handling. To these young folk the characters portrayed here in picture or prose do not appear as deformities, but as living types on whose utterances and points of view, backed as they are by the compelling authority of print, they unhesitatingly model their conceptions.

If the sources of vulgarity were confined to picture postcards, posters, periodicals and novelettes, it would be bad enough in all conscience, but, unfortunately, they are not. There are other and even more insidious means of appeal. There is the stage play, there is the *revue*, there is the music-hall song. Let me deal with the plays first. There are two types of stage play which may, I think, be described as harmful, though their harmfulness differs greatly in degree: the melodrama and the farce. The melodrama, of course, has a weight of tradition behind it, and one may well doubt whether its illusions have not long ceased to exist, whether, in fact, that section of the public which still delights in its absurdities does not subconsciously adopt a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude towards them. Probably this is so to a great extent. Nevertheless, melodrama distorts life. The villains are ultra-villainous, the heroines are ultra-virtuous, the situations are strained and false. The pitch of agony attained is so acute that comic relief is demanded, and this 'relief,' dragged in by the heels as it were, is invariably of the lowest description. Now, distortion of the facts and incidents of life, even if it set out to emphasise an unimpeachable moral, cannot be beneficial, for the simple reason that it is false. I am far from suggesting that the people should be deprived of sensation in their dramatic fare, but it should surely be possible to combine sensationalism with verisimilitude. The majority of melodramas are carelessly constructed, badly written, and deplorably portrayed. There is no real attempt at art. They are money-makers pure and simple. Even on moral grounds it is difficult to defend them. Virtue is finally triumphant, of course, but one cannot help feeling that the triumph is more often than not a mere concession to tradition, while the crimes and vices denounced are only too obviously exploited for their enticing rather than their revolting qualities. In short, melodramas are cheap in intention and effects, and must tend to cheapen the standard of public taste.

Now to consider the farce—perhaps the most artificial type of play in existence, a type that is even less true to life than melodrama, and certainly possesses fewer chances of approximating to the law of probability. Our farces nowadays are mostly imported from France, and like the comic journal, the picture postcard and the paper-covered novel, have deteriorated in transit. Even at this rough-and-tumble business we have proved ourselves heavy-handed and unskilled. In our endeavours to ‘adapt’ French farces to English requirements we succeed merely in robbing them of that lightness and delicacy which are the only possible excuse for their presentation. The central theme—conjugal infidelity invariably—cannot be eliminated. The piece in translation is no longer *risqué*, it is not even alluring ; it is simply vulgar.

Why must we borrow from France ? It is not as though we were unable to produce good farces of our own. One can recall any number of them without effort : *Our Boys*, *The Night of the Party*, *The New Boy*, *Charley’s Aunt*, *Our Flat*, *The Man from Blankley’s*, and that delightful series of farces at the old Strand Theatre in which Willie Edouin and Fanny Brough were associated. They were all, without exception, intensely amusing and entirely unobjectionable. What a contrast these present to the miserable travesties of humour we behold to-day ! The confiding wife, the philandering husband, the fast woman, the prying maid-servant, the gay restaurant, the private room—to how many thousands of ignorant minds do these types and incidents represent the actual secret life of the ‘idle rich’ ?

Let us now examine the music hall—home of the *revue*, the low comedian, the sentimental ballad-singer and the American ragtime expert. Here we enter a department almost exclusively devoted to the interests of the masses, a department with an immense and ever-increasing *clientèle* for whom it caters at prices considerably below the average. Now it is a curious fact, well known to actors and stage performers generally, that different species of audiences have different and well-defined characteristics. The music-hall audience is distinct from the theatre audience, the theatre audience from the concert party audience, and so on. Managers, too, are well aware of this, and those who have double licences and provide stage plays and vaudeville alternately at their theatres will find themselves catering to a large extent for two separate and individual classes of patrons. Why this should be so it is difficult to understand (since all audiences form a portion of the general public), until one realises that the characteristic ‘appetite’ of the audience is practically *created* by the nature of the fare provided. When, therefore, we hear from the lips of those who *know* that certain ‘acts,’ songs, burlesques or

sketches are 'all right for the halls'—with the implication that they are 'all wrong' for any other house of entertainment—and when we make the further discovery that such 'acts,' songs, burlesques and sketches are invariably of the lower, broader or more suggestive type, we come to the inevitable conclusion that the music hall still retains—and intends to retain—the stigma of 'lowness' which has branded it in the past. Attempts have been made in recent years to purge the music hall of this traditional reproach. Sir Oswald Stoll, for one, has done much to raise the tone of music-hall performances, has practically succeeded, in fact, in drawing into his net the type of audience properly devoted to serious drama, opera and high-class concert. Such a result, however, could only have been achieved by a man with such tremendous facilities as Sir Oswald Stoll possesses, and at such vast emporia of entertainment as the Alhambra and the Coliseum. It will be found, I think, on investigation that the much-vaunted purification of 'the halls' does not apply to the large majority of London houses, while the provincial Empires, Palaces and Hippodromes remain exactly as they were ten, twelve, or fifteen years ago. The extreme caution exercised in selecting a 'command' programme worthy of their Majesties' consideration is less a proof of what the music halls can do than of what they might do if they were allowed. If Royalty imagines it is witnessing an average variety entertainment on these occasions, Royalty is sadly in error. All possible cause of offence has, of course, been rigorously excluded.

I have not the space here to dwell at any length on the manifold aspects and qualities of humour and comedy, to discuss the risible susceptibilities of audiences or the efforts of comedians to provoke them; yet a short survey of music-hall methods reveals facts and inferences too suggestive and pertinent to be passed over. There would appear, on investigation, to be five music-hall jokes in the world. They are (a) the mother-in-law; (b) the henpecked husband; (c) implying a swear word without saying it; (d) intoxication; (e) promiscuous love affairs. These time-honoured witticisms have practically controlled music-hall humour in the past, and will continue to control it, one may presume, with slight variations, until the end of time. Their vitality is really remarkable, although one is inclined to wonder sometimes whether the laughter they still provoke is not rather a concession to their age and long service than a spontaneous outburst of mirth. It will be amusing—it might possibly be instructive—to examine them one by one and try to discover in what, precisely, the humorous quality consists, what is the exact nature of their appeal.

(a) *The Mother-in-Law*.—This is one of the oldest jokes in existence and owes its origin, I suppose, to the fact that the

mother of a newly-married girl is rather apt to be critical of her son-in-law's social position and domestic virtues. The joke lends itself to great variety of treatment. The mother-in-law may be avaricious, interfering, unfriendly, overbearing or a mere hanger-on; but in whatever aspect she is presented, one thing about her is quite certain—she will raise a laugh. It is difficult to see why this joke should have survived. There are elements of humour, no doubt, in the idea of a nervous man presenting himself before a haughty and overpowering lady whose daughter—perhaps in defiance of parental precept—has confided to him her heart and hand. It is a distinct ordeal, and ordeals can be very funny—to the onlooker. Not quite so amusing is the notion of a blundering busybody of a woman interfering in the management of her child's new household and causing friction between husband and wife. As for the spectacle of the man who finds after marriage that he has saddled himself for life with an elderly and voracious female lodger who pays no rent—well, that surely is sheer pathos and nothing else. Yet mothers-in-law are immortal. Classical fiction has helped to make them so. Dickens' 'Old Soldier' is a notable example of the genus which occurs to me. Perhaps, on the whole, it is understandable that a character so frequently parodied and enlarged upon should find a permanent place in our affections.

(b) *The Henpecked Husband*.—In this joke we may include all those forms of conjugal unhappiness which, tragic enough in real life, become unaccountably ludicrous when portrayed upon the stage. The basic theme—that of the brow-beating wife and ineffective husband—is calculated to rouse a kind of amused contempt, and has aroused it probably ever since this particular combination of personalities first manifested itself in wedded life. The variations on the theme, however, the petty revenges, subterfuges, deceptions and compromises practised by the male partner, are surely such as will only provoke mirth in very debased or feeble minds. As an evergreen the joke rivals, though it does not surpass, the mother-in-law, and here again fiction has, no doubt, assisted in its vitality. It is worthy of comment, by the way, that the almost direct antithesis of the joke—a domineering husband subduing a refractory spouse, immortalised in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*—has never found equal favour with the public.

(c) *Implying a Swear Word without Saying it*.—A joke of comparatively recent date, not introduced until it became unfashionable to use such words as 'damn' and 'hell' in polite society. Though possessing no past to speak of, the joke would seem to have a great future, judging from its immense popularity and constant employment. There are very few music-hall songs

in which it does not figure in some guise or another. Obviously, too, it is capable of great expansion, almost any form of vulgar, obscene or indelicate suggestion falling within the category.

(d) *Intoxication*.—Another joke of vast antiquity. It has a certain dignity of its own, supported as it is by a weight of tradition; exploited as it has been by such masters of comedy as Shakespeare, Rabelais, Dickens, Sterne and others too numerous to mention. It hardly deserves, perhaps, to be classed with the mother-in-law and the henpecked husband, but mention of it cannot be excluded, since it forms a very important item in the equipment of music-hall comedians. The red nose, the shambling gait, the generally used-up and knocked-about appearance are spectacles which are thoroughly familiar to patrons of vaudeville, and it must be admitted that the enjoyment they may extract from such portrayals does not necessarily imply a low type of mind. Either you are amused by the antics of a drunken man or you are not. It is a matter of individual selection.

(e) *Promiscuous Love Affairs*.—A very comprehensive joke, embracing every operation of every species of 'girl-hunter' from the philandering shopwalker to the gloating office youth on holiday by the sea, and intimately associated with the central theme of conjugal infidelity before-mentioned. Under this head we must include the landlady flirting with her lodger, the city man with his shorthand typist, the soldier with his girl—not to mention all those casual encounters between the sexes on road, river or railway in which love or its substitute plays a part. The quality of love exploited is of the lowest—physical attraction with a hint, sometimes more than a hint, of impropriety. There is always a suggestion of deliberate allurement, with the presumption that such allurement is, in the ordinary nature of things, to be anticipated and allowed for. No music-hall comic song is complete without some reference of the kind, and it is pretty safe to assert that this joke more than any other is responsible for the stigma attaching to these houses of entertainment.

So much for the jokes presented. Let me add a word or two as to the manner of their presentation. It will be admitted that the music-hall 'lyric'—as the libretto of a song is imposingly termed—has reached a very low level. Much that is objectionable in subject-matter may be excused—or at all events forgiven—when couched in a brilliant, subtle or epigrammatical form. There is nothing in the least subtle or brilliant about the music-hall lyric of the present time. It is blatantly outspoken and crude. It frequently lacks even the merit of grammatical expression. The most successful song writers of the day—I regret that the law of libel prevents me from mentioning their names or quoting from their works—appear to think that a tune and an idea are

sufficient for their purpose, that the rest is mere 'padding,' to be sketched in at lightning speed, without any attempt at cohesion, relevancy or point. One joke *per* verse is the minimum—and maximum—they allow themselves, and a catchy refrain is often expected to atone for three or four carelessly-worded, faultily-constructed verses bearing little or no relation to the matter in hand. The unfortunate thing about it is that the song writers are justified in their opinion. The public accepts with perfect complacency all their slovenly productions, provided the catchy chorus and the perennial joke are not lacking, and while this is so one can hope for little improvement.

Enough has been said to show that the theatres and music halls, in an almost equal degree with posters, postcards, comic journals and paper-covered novels, are detrimental to the artistic and moral development of the public, that some more stringent form of censorship is urgently needed. In other words, why should we not again invoke the law? Why should it not be possible to make vulgarity a misdemeanour *equal in gravity to indecency* and subject to the same penalties and fines?

IV.—THE AMERICAN INVASION.

Once again I find myself on dangerous ground. The part America has played in the war, the identity of our interests with hers, the ovation—well-advised or ill-advised—accorded by the British public to her ex-President, all this points to the fact that there is springing up a sentimental attachment to that country which bids fair to rival the *entente cordiale* with France. Since I have no wish to offend the susceptibilities of those readers who, for political or social reasons, desire this *rapprochement* with our Transatlantic friends, I propose to make the briefest possible allusion to the facts and inferences suggested under this section.

By the 'American invasion,' then, I mean merely that adoption of American phraseology, American habits and American humour which is becoming so prevalent nowadays. We are as a nation imitative, prone to borrow the habits and customs of other nations. In this respect we resemble the Japanese, but whereas the Japanese, with their characteristic long-sightedness, only select such models as may ultimately afford them material benefit and prosperity, we English borrow indiscriminately and without ulterior motive any and every trait, mannerism and trick of deportment which happens to catch our fancy. Our imitativeness is in one sense a form of flattery. 'How delightful are these foreigners who have come to our shores!' is in effect the cry. 'Let us try to be like them. Not only will it amuse us, but it will please them immensely.' So it is that, having acquired a paste-

board-and-tinsel imitation of Parisian *chic* and allurements, we are now assiduously cultivating American breeziness, forgetting—or preferring to ignore—the fact that the puritanical strain in our nature is likely to prevent us from ever assimilating either manner with complete success.

I have used the word ‘breeziness’ to describe the American manner, and will for the moment let it stand. It conveys better perhaps than any other expression I could employ the *quality* of that great nation’s salient characteristics. The individuality of a people is largely governed by the climatic and geographical conditions of the country. The continent of America has been planned on generous lines. There is, there could be, nothing puny about it, nothing cramped, nothing narrow or confined. Largeness everywhere—breadth—distance; huge rivers, immeasurable prairies, lofty mountains, colossal waterfalls and lakes. And on a par with the conceptions of Nature we find the achievements—and failures—of man: vast, densely populated cities, huge business enterprises, broad and progressive industry, enormous wealth; violent catastrophes, unparalleled disasters, swift recoveries. A nation so circumstanced, so surrounded by largeness and space, could hardly fail to reproduce in her individuals a certain spaciousness of thought, and this habit of mind, inherent and innate, must inevitably find expression in the manner, deportment and speech of the people. That it has not yet to any appreciable extent found expression in the national music, painting and literature one may attribute, perhaps, to the fact that America is, relatively speaking, a very young nation whose strenuous need of expansion, in the interests of self-preservation, must necessarily preclude any serious excursions into the realms of art.

The word ‘breeziness,’ then, conveying as it does an impression of wind-swept spaces, vast distances, bold outlines and broad effects, is so far adequate, yet it fails to describe a certain *secondary* quality in the American temperament—a curious kind of deliberate superficiality, apparently compounded of recklessness, bravado and flippancy, which no one who has observed the American on our shores—or for the matter of that on his own shores—can have failed to notice. There are strong evidences of this quality not only in the people themselves, but in their novels, their dances and their songs—even their advertisements. It is this secondary aspect of American breeziness which we are now at such pains to acquire, and I hope I may not be accused of hyperbole when I suggest that its assimilation by the English people—particularly by the lower and lower-middle classes—is having a markedly deteriorating effect. Here is a case less of faulty translation than of sheer inability to translate at all. In

point of fact, there is no English equivalent for this species of 'recklessness,' and to simulate it with any show of success the English nature must be distorted and transformed. If you listen to a band of London street 'rowdies' shouting a ragtime ditty, you will detect a brazen note, an air of don't-care-ishness, almost of defiance, which was certainly never called into play by the lowest or most sordid of their native songs. They have become, in short—temporarily, at all events—the lawless, devil-may-care sort of fellows they erroneously imagine all Americans to be.

It is not difficult to understand how all this has come about. The slang terms, the curious broken rhythm of the music, the very names of the places referred to—Tennessee, Kentucky, the inevitable Dixie—cannot fail to convey even to highly educated minds a hint of wildness and irresponsibility which is by no means without its fascination. Truth to tell, we are all rather apt to envy the Americans their Dixie. We should like to have a Dixie of our own. There are romantic possibilities in Dixie beside which even the rich suggestiveness of *Zummerset* and glorious Devon pales into insignificance. Anything, we feel, could happen in a place with a name like that. Not a town in poor old England but sounds quite tame and humdrum in comparison! There is no doubt that the emotions engendered by songs of the Dixie order—even though they be second-hand emotions—have taken root in the hearts of the British public at large. To cope with these unaccustomed emotions it has been found necessary to cultivate an uncouth state of mind. The English are naturally a law-abiding people; their point of view is, in the main, orthodox; their desires are orderly and well controlled; their pleasures are—or were—partaken of in sedate and sober fashion. American importations are changing all that. Ragtime and jazz bands have let loose a new spirit—excellently adapted, no doubt, to the wild, open spaces from which it emanates, but apt to run *amok* where too narrowly confined. For such orgies of noise, such abandonments of gaiety, England provides a bad setting. At heart she has no real *penchant* for these pastimes. It is a taste artificially induced.

Along with American slang, songs and dances, come American 'methods.' America was the pioneer of the quick-lunch counter, the rapid transit, the slap-dash business deal. She was the original hustler. We are learning to hustle. But we are hustling, so to speak, from the wrong end. Progress on American lines appears to us to be synonymous with acceleration. We have merely to speed up our actions and the thing is done. Of course this is an entire mistake. The Americans act quickly because they think quickly. We have ever been a slow-thinking race.

Because we work or play at double pressure, it by no means follows that we shall do double the work or extract double the pleasure. Impaired digestions, jaded nerves and much sober reflection are too often the only results obtainable from these ill-considered attempts to Americanise our mode of life.

I have endeavoured to diagnose the malady ; unfortunately there is no remedy at hand. We cannot invoke the law in this instance. We can only hope that the American invasion is a passing phase, that our theatrical and music-hall managers will assist in its passing by the gradual substitution of British productions and British artists for the host of American attractions now figuring on their play-bills ; that the jazz drummers will burst either themselves or their drums ; that England, in short, will revert to her old-time gentleness, wise deliberation and simple gaiety—qualities which, without being incompatible with Prosperity, are certainly emblematic of Peace.

V.—MENTAL INDOLENCE.

In the two preceding sections particular stress has been laid on our powers of mimicry. It has been suggested or implied that our slavish imitation of France and America, far from enriching us, bids fair to leave us poorer than before ; that the laborious acquisition of alien emotions and sentiments has merely hindered us from developing our own. May I be forgiven for touching once again on this little weakness of ours ? The fact is, we are guilty of an even worse fault than imitating nations, we imitate each other. Now, while international mimicry if scientifically employed, as Japan employs it, may well be of service in introducing a new idea—or an illuminating aspect of an old idea—domestic mimicry, on the contrary, can scarcely fail to be cramping and unprogressive. Deliberately—as it seems—we set up fashions of thought, or allow them to be set up for us, and slavishly follow them. We fit ourselves into grooves from which we never even attempt to emerge. We repeat daily and hourly the opinions expressed for us by our journalist, our book reviewer, our Member of Parliament, our Hyde Park orator and our local preacher. We are second-hand and third-hand editions of a not necessarily authentic original. That this parrot-like attitude must militate against progress and enlightenment is obvious. A less obvious consequence is the encouragement it affords to mental indolence. It is rarely that we extend our minds sufficiently to work out a thought to its logical conclusion. Most of us, I fancy, stop about half-way. If taxed with this we should retort that it was all we had time for. This may be partly true, but mature thought could

become a habit to be indulged mechanically, just as slovenly thought is indulged.

Mental indolence, of course, is a failing common to all nations, but it is not sufficiently recognised, perhaps, that it is the root of half the evil in the world. To it can be traced every species of intolerance, injustice, vindictiveness, jealousy and spite. It is indirectly responsible for all forms of excess and many forms of crime. A negative quality, difficult to classify and hence to correct, it has never gained the notoriety attaching to a cardinal sin, yet it is one of the great contributory causes of sin, as subtle in its influence as pride, as deadly as avarice, as corroding as lust.

One might expect that such a devastating disease as this would have been taken in hand by the Churches, under whose jurisdiction it must naturally fall. But the Churches—of whatever denomination—have never accorded it official recognition. On the contrary, they have rather fostered than discouraged it by their insistence on doctrines and formulæ in place of reasoned thought and argument. Why they have done this is obvious. Reason and faith are not supposed to run well together in double harness. We think with our brains, we believe—or are supposed to believe—with our hearts. It is a subtle distinction and, I am inclined to think, as ethically as it is anatomically unsound. I am aware that ‘the heart’ in this connexion is merely a figure of speech. Everyone knows that the brain is the fountain-head not only of our instincts and affections but of every thought we formulate, every emotion we experience, every conclusion we draw. To say, then, that we think with the brain and believe with the heart is tantamount to dividing the brain into two sections, each working independently of the other, one regulating the instincts and affections, the other controlling the thoughts. Acting on this supposition, therefore, faith is either an instinct or an affection, that is to say that either it is born in us—as self-preservation and a knowledge of right and wrong are born in us—or that it is actuated by a predisposition to believe. There are serious objections to both these points of view. In the first instance, since there are thousands of unbelievers, the *instinct*—if it ever really existed—would seem to have fallen strangely into disuse. In the second instance, since our affections are notoriously variable and uncertain, subject to numberless caprices and influenced by every passing mood, any profession of faith which is based on the affections alone must be a very rickety structure at best.

It is clear, at all events, that our Churches cannot or will not help us to cultivate our own brains. Now, what of that other mighty educational factor, the Press?

On the whole we are proud, and justly proud, of our newspapers.

From mere chronicles of news they have developed into trenchant and vigorous commentaries on the manners, events and topics of the day. They have been of immense service in tracing criminals, exposing scandals, speeding up lax governments and bringing refractory politicians to book. All this, no one, even the most inveterate grumbler, will deny. Nor would it be kind, altogether, to impugn their motives on the score of self-interest and self-advancement, since a newspaper, after all, is a business, not a philanthropic institution, and must be run upon business lines. But we are speaking now less of intentions than of results, and in its effect on the public intelligence it is questionable whether the Press, notwithstanding its valuable services, is one whit more beneficial than the Church. There is no denying that the introduction of political partisanship into journalism has fettered the freedom of the writers to a very large extent, and it stands to reason that this violent partisanship cannot make for independence of thought in the reading public. The habitual reader of a politically biassed organ knows beforehand what it will say. Its opinions are hall-marked. His susceptibilities are never shocked, his assurance is never shaken, by a perusal of its columns. Therefore he reads it, with the result that his views are very soon as stereotyped as the journal's. Nor is it in the matter of politics alone that this fettering of public opinion manifests itself. A successful paper strives to control the trend of public thought in every matter savouring of controversy. It enacts the part of Greek Chorus to the drama of life; it is, so to speak, the ideal audience, faithfully expressing the sentiments and emotions proper to the occasion. Eccentricity is not encouraged in journalism. You may be as sensational as you please in the size and blackness of your type but not in the quality of your sentiments. That is one of the first things a budding journalist learns. It would appear, therefore, that the much-vaunted 'freedom of the Press' threatens to resolve itself into the 'servitude of the Public.' The daily paper is the lazy man's brain. He does not think things out; he has no need to. His pet journal does that for him. In fact, it does more. Not content with telling him what he ought to think, it tells him what he *has* thought. A national calamity, for instance, evokes the statement that 'a nation's tears watered the ground.' The lazy man reads the statement, accepting it with the utmost complacency, though it is more than possible that he experienced no symptoms of grief worth mentioning. Of a similar calibre are his patriotism, his righteous indignation, his scorn, his hate, his sense of beauty and his sense of art. He is a gramophone record, nothing more.

Perhaps some day an enterprising philanthropist will produce a newspaper which is what it professes to be: a paper of news;

a paper from which comment and criticism, adulation and flattery, venom and spleen, are rigorously excluded ; a paper without leading articles or editorial embellishments of any kind ; a paper that never brags about its circulation, the 'exclusive' nature of its news, or its singular foresight and acumen.

Meanwhile, aided and abetted by Church and Press, mental indolence continues to flourish. What precisely will be the condition of the national Brain under the rapidly approaching *régime* of State Socialism one hesitates to think. Can any genius ever emerge out of that 'pigeon-holed' existence ?

SUMMARY.

It is difficult to summarise suggestions so vague and so various as are outlined here. My intention has been rather to indicate the lines on which a problem may be approached than to map out a detailed scheme for attacking it. It has, at least, been made clear, I hope, that the really effective method of improving the juvenile mind is to improve the influences with which it comes in contact. And if I have made this clear, then I have virtually proved my case, for the reader, so far convinced, will necessarily argue thus :—

That the defect of all Education Bills—not even excepting the present Education Bill, with its ampler provisions—has been twofold : lack of imagination on the part of its promoters, lack of adequate assistance from its supporters.

That an extension of the period of scholastic training, though a needed reform, does not meet the case, since it cannot modify home influence, enhance the social virtues or ameliorate the conditions of life.

That the Minister of Education must seek and obtain vastly extended powers. That all the forces of law and order, of taste and culture, of science and the arts, must be at his disposal. That his post should be recognised as second only to the Premier's. That, since he holds the future of the nation in his hands, there should be practically no limit to his power and purpose. That he must, in short, be doctor, teacher and preacher rolled into one.

Never was there a nobler responsibility to be undertaken by man ; never was there a more golden opportunity for undertaking it than the present time ! In the minds of all true patriots the Child is now the paramount consideration. To the rising generation we look for the ultimate assuagement of the ravages and scars of War. To whom else *can* we look ? Death in a score of ghastly forms has robbed us of our fairest, our strongest and our best. Soon there must be others ready and worthy to take

their place. Reflecting on this, we perceive that Education has passed from the region of mundane effort, that it has invested itself with attributes almost divine. Not content with making the children fit to enter the world of men and women, we must transform that world into a place that is fit for them to enter. *And we must do this first.* The tremendous influence of example on childish minds must not be overlooked. One evil boy can corrupt an entire school. Let us give our children knowledge, by all means, since knowledge is power, but do not let us suppose that knowledge will necessarily turn them into good citizens or noble-minded men. It takes more than knowledge to do that. It takes—ideals.

WILLIAM HEWLETT.

GREEK IN EXTREMIS

WHATEVER be the sources of that 'interest in education' (as optimists call it) which has recently filled our schools to overflowing, it is not probable that the rising generation need be seriously alarmed by the methods of its working. The larger the number of pupils, the better is public opinion represented, and the greater the pressure which can be put upon headmasters; and the British public is generally quite firm in its desire to alleviate as far as may be the burdens of its offspring. All indications show that intellectual distinction will continue to be desirable, but not at the expense of any heavy tax upon the intellect; that ergophobia—a recognised if not a notifiable disease—will receive quite as sympathetic treatment as in the past; and that school authorities will be steadily pressed to eliminate from their curricula such subjects as are 'useless,' or difficult, or likely to interfere seriously with games.

As the schools have long been full, so now, since the war, are the Universities. Oxford and Cambridge in the last two years have had serious difficulty in housing their multitude of students; and if numbers have now, owing to one special cause, been slightly diminished, there is still every prospect of their remaining for some time at least above the pre-war level. Here, again, it would be difficult to suspect the public of having a mere love of learning for its primary motive. Let this not be misunderstood by those who used to carp at Oxford and Cambridge as mere haunts of idleness. There are really very few idlers in these days. Probably never since academic examinations were first invented was there so large a proportion of candidates intent on passing them, and working to that end. The great object, with most, is to obtain degrees or diplomas; but, above all, to get these useful certificates as quickly and as easily as rules allow; the shorter the course and the softer the option, the greater, naturally, is its popularity. In this matter, academic authorities show themselves extremely compliant. They go more than halfway to meet the wishes of their *clientèle*; the tendency of modern academic legislation is to give the student what he or she wants in the shortest possible time. Thereby everyone is pleased; the candidate gets his certificate,

and the treasury of the University gets more fees in proportion as the ease or brevity of the course attracts a larger entry. That is not to say that our ancient Universities have deliberately set out to make money by cheapening their degrees ; be it far from the present writer to suggest such a thing ! The truth is that if there be a tendency to make degrees easier of attainment than they were, it is ~~the~~ outcome of circumstances which have tended quite naturally and inevitably, and sometimes even laudably, to that consummation. If legislation has been crowned by financial success, the legislators were not actuated primarily by financial motives. It was quite natural and right that courses of study should be made easier and shorter for men who had spent years in His Majesty's forces during the recent war—years which otherwise they had meant to pass at Oxford or Cambridge ; and the advantages given to these men inevitably open the door to a policy of making things easier for others too, not Service men alone. It was, no doubt, inevitable that the advocates of admission of women to Oxford should seize the opportunity of pressing their claims, in view of the ' magnificent services ' of women during the war ; and if the claim was totally illogical—if the undoubted heroism of hospital nurses was hardly a reason why their sisters should be invited to help in the government of Universities primarily intended for men—logic is the last consideration to appeal to an Englishman. The ' feminists ' gained their end ; and the difficulty of maintaining severe intellectual tests, in a University where women are members of educational boards, is known to many. It was inevitable, also, that the forces so long arrayed against ' compulsory Greek ' should seize so favourable an occasion as the years 1919 and 1920 for bringing Oxford into closer touch with a menacing but still bribable democracy. The cumulative effect has been such as I have indicated ; shortening of courses of study, admission of women (at Oxford), and abolition of ' compulsory Greek,' have all played their part in the process of smoothing the path for aspirants to academic success.

When educational reform, whether accidentally or not, takes the line of making things easier, the classics are bound to be handicapped. That is happening now ; it was to be expected. The facts are lucidly set out in the Report of the Prime Minister's Committee on Classical Education. A majority of the inhabitants of these islands have no belief whatever in the value of knowing Latin and Greek—especially Greek. It is difficult ; its immediate utility as a means of earning a living is not apparent ; and when Universities which insist on some knowledge of Greek are denounced by the progressive for imposing an intolerable burden on the ignorant but deserving student, there is always a chorus of approval. That is quite natural. You cannot acquire

even an elementary knowledge of Greek or Latin without thinking for yourself ; and to a very large number of men and women to be made to think is an intolerable burden. The human mind, being for the most part receptive rather than creative, and certainly seldom inclined to the hard business of reasoning, prefers, when the option is given, to follow lines of study where memory rather than reason plays the larger part. Thus it is that when Latin and Greek lose their *clientèle*, it does not mean a proportionate increase among students of mathematics or natural science. These subjects, too, require that the reasoning power should be used to its fullest extent. Were they gaining as classics lose, the severance from a knowledge of the remote past would of course be regrettable ; but there would be substantial compensations. But it is not so in these days. It is the easier ways to scholarships and degrees that are now chiefly in favour not only with students at Universities but with teachers (sensitive as ever to the public's lightest wish) at schools. English literature is a formidable competitor for popular choice. Obviously an attractive school in itself, it is much in demand among the large number of candidates whose intellectual digestion readily assimilates the admirable judgments of their instructors. But the real boom is in Modern History, both at schools and at Universities ; and the superficial study of history (for examination purposes) is one which stimulates rather than compels independent thought. It would not, of course, be true to say that the student who relies on memory rather than thought, and diligently gets up facts and theories by means of lectures and notebooks, can thereby win the highest academic distinctions ; but there is no doubt at all that he can and does obtain in that way what the world calls 'Honours,' and respects as such. That is what is happening now with a very large number of men of good average abilities—not the brilliant specialists in any particular line, but the fairly capable, who are, for the most part, worth a college scholarship or exhibition. They used to learn Greek, often with pleasure and hardly ever without profit to themselves. Now, diverted from that study while they are still at school and obedient to the choice of their parents and guardians, they then and afterwards memorize lectures on Modern History or English Literature. No one but a dunce could justify ignorance of either ; but 'soft options' they are, considered as subjects of school and University examinations ; and it is a pity that the class in the whole community which most needs and best repays education should be encouraged to train itself on soft options.

There is no denying the facts. While a minority of *savants* are prosecuting classical research with very great activity, 'dead' languages are at a discount among schoolboys and undergraduates.

They need protection ; they do not get it. Greek, which is the least able to defy popular clamour and the cheap Press, has been deprived of a necessary prop¹ by the action of Oxford and Cambridge. There was nothing ignoble in the long-continued defence of 'compulsory Greek'; it was simply the assertion of the principle that studies essential to a really liberal education ought, whatever their unpopularity, to be protected, if anywhere, by our ancient Universities. It is recognised now that that principle is outweighed by other considerations. There is no need to discuss that matter any further ; the battle raged at Oxford for seventeen years, and probably there is no argument on either side with which the public is not familiar. But the final phase of the contest proved the existence of opinions which certainly mark a new departure in English thought. Beaten from one line to another, the defenders of Greek at last fell back upon the not unreasonable demand that candidates for honours in the Final literary Schools of the University—such as Theology, Modern History, English Literature—should be required (they, and no one else) to show some knowledge of the Greek language. Thus, no burden was imposed either on science men who had no time, or dullards who had no capacity, for learning Greek ; it was merely hoped that those who sought honours in literary schools, many of whom would in time be teachers of their respective subjects, should give some proof of being able to read the original of Greek masterpieces which are the fountainhead of European literary achievement. It was a modest and a just proposal ; but it was rejected by a considerable majority. Teachers of modern history voted against it because they wished to place no 'obstacle' in the path of their disciples. Teachers of science voted against it because the language of Aristotle and Galen was supposed to be in some way dangerous to scientific research. 'Liberals' voted against it because (with a noble disregard of the fact that they compel a knowledge of reading and writing) they disliked compulsion. Eventually it was decided that the students alluded to should offer either a Greek author *or a translation*. Now, when such is the example set by an ancient University which has been and should be, the asylum of Greek study, what can be expected elsewhere ? We may be on the verge of a reversal of one of the best and soundest of educational traditions. Those who voted in the majority against Greek apparently contemplate with approval the possibility of a severance between studies which depend for their value on continuity—a definite break between the

¹ 'It is worth saying' (the Prime Minister's Committee states on p. 19 of its Report) 'that if the proposals made at Oxford and Cambridge some thirty years ago to abolish compulsory Greek had been successful, Greek would in all probability have never attained even the precarious foothold that it has in the schools established after the Act of 1902.'

knowledge of antiquity and the knowledge of modern times ; for when Greek goes, Latin must eventually follow. It is, apparently, regarded as a thing natural and right that there should presently be teachers of English literature who know nothing (beyond translations) of Homer and Virgil, and teachers of modern history who cannot translate a sentence of Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus.

Many humanists have at various times opposed the support given to Greek by the older Universities. Their common argument was, that the intrinsic beauty of the Greek language will always recommend it to the public, and that artificial protection is therefore needless. If they really believed that, they must suffer a severe shock when they see what is actually happening ; when they read (as they may do in a report published by H.M.'s inspectors) that in one great and ancient school, once a stronghold of classical scholarship, out of 600 boys, one, and one only, was this year seriously studying Greek !¹ It is true that this is an extreme instance. Not all the Public Schools have so thoroughly bowed the knee to Baal. But things are bad enough everywhere. The Prime Minister's Committee finds itself justified by statistics in describing the state of Greek in Public and Secondary Schools as 'critical.' Latin is still fairly secure, though 'threatened.' And the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, addressing a Congress of Universities, speaks of the 'alarming decline of classical studies,' and the 'extraordinarily swift desertion of Greek,' even in the great Public Schools. If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry ? If this happens while our Headmasters are still Latinists and Grecians, what will be the fate of the classics under their successors, who may quite possibly, under present University regulations, know no Greek at all ? It is not a very cheerful outlook. The Committee sets out the present condition of Greek study as candidly and lucidly as they state the need for its retention in the best interests of politics, literature, and (more especially) journalism ; and a considerable part of their Report is devoted to the suggestion of remedies. With what arts is the average boy to be lured back by the learned to what the learned themselves have described as an intolerable burden ? The methods proposed in the Report are Government action and improved teaching. As to the first, it is the business of a Committee to believe in the high seriousness of those who have appointed it. But it remains still to be proved that encouragement of Greek study will either catch votes or multiply the staff of a department. Improved teaching means the improved ability of the teachers ; and in present circumstances

¹ It is fair to add, that in this particular instance there has recently been a change for the better—since the Report was published.

the brightest intellects are likely to be attracted to other fields than the teaching of Greek. It is a vicious circle. Make Greek unpopular, and its teachers will be worse ; and as the teachers are worse so will Greek be the more unpopular. That, at least, seems probable. However, it is always desirable that new ways of teaching should be ventilated. This is not the place for a detailed discussion of the improvement suggested in the Report ; roughly speaking, the recommendations favour more encouragement of ancient history, literary criticism, and archæology ; while rather less time is to be devoted to purely linguistic teaching. Not everyone will agree ; still, the Committee's views are doubtless those of many experienced teachers ; and, on the whole, they are sound and moderate. Some eminent scholars would say that the Report does not go far enough in the encouragement of acquaintance with the ' Realien ' of antiquity. Thus the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in the address already alluded to (on the ' Present and Future of Hellenism '), roundly asserts that ' we must train our Hellenic scholars on new lines.' ' The training in public schools and colleges has been for centuries too linguistic, grammatical, and rhetorical, stricken with formalism and pedantry. It has given us false idols and the narrow spirit of a mutually admiring *coterie* ' (well, certainly no one can accuse archæologists of admiring each other !) ' that wrote Greek and Latin verses to each other and to no one else.' It is true that the Vice-Chancellor's remarks are intended, in part, to apply to the ' working ' classes, whose hours of labour, even when curtailed by Trade Unions, may still interfere with instruction in a difficult language, and for whom some sort of acquaintance with any aspect of Greek civilisation is certainly much better than none at all. But Dr. Farnell is also speaking of the ' ordinary student ' when he says : ' The point I want to emphasise is that it is impossible to interpret the soul of Hellas by its literature.' ' We can jettison much of the reading of classical authors.' ' We can abolish verse-making.' There must be no more Butlers and Jebbs. The Greek language has become an intolerable burden, and students must be placated by courses which deal with Greek remains rather than with the minutiae of Greek expression ; there must be more about Mycenæ, and less about verbs in *mī*.

Dr. Farnell does not speak for himself alone ; even if he did, the opinions of so eminent a scholar would deserve all respect. But they are shared by a great many persons of experience and authority. Yet, is the remedy suggested a real one ? Is it anything but a counsel of despair ? Few studies, indeed, can be more fascinating than the study of the relation between extant remains and the poetry and history of Greece ; but it fascinates the scholar who knows Greek, and hardly anyone else. What are all

the remains of Hissarlik to us, apart from the 'Iliad' ? The value of Hellenic civilisation, for us, lies in its literature ; and the value of museums and lectures on their contents in the help that they give to the understanding of that literature. If anything is jettisoned, let it not be the Greek language. All knowledge is good ; but schoolboy life is short, and the essential should not be sacrificed to the non-essential ; archæology is a supplement and should not be turned into a substitute. Professed archæologists seem to forget that. Immersed in the vastly interesting researches and controversies of their mature age, they do not always remember that Greek literature was for themselves their 'schoolmaster, to bring them to' archæological study. No ; 'Realien' derive their interest from association with the great poetry and history and philosophy of Hellas, and cannot in general be studied apart from these with any real profit. That is, perhaps, not true as regards the highest forms of Greek art. But the profitable study of æsthetics is for the few ; for the majority, 'knowledge of Greek sculpture' is no more than a matter of idle staring at statues and the repetition of formulæ out of lectures and handbooks. There have been those who say : 'Give us Greek inscriptions, and the literature is a matter of less importance.' They would apparently be content that Gray's 'Elegy' should perish, provided that we had still the tombstones among which it was written. But at least they have the merit of suggesting what presupposes a knowledge of the Greek alphabet.

Further, it is apparently sometimes forgotten that the archæological teaching of the future may, unless Greek is protected now, be very different from that of the present. Our own guides in these subjects are Hellenists in the fullest sense, excellent Greek scholars, men who bring a knowledge of the language to their researches among material relics. It is thus that they make archæology attractive. But if the linguistic learning of Greek is to perish, where are we to find competent archæological teachers ? The Professor of the present day has a knowledge of the whole of his subject ; the Professor of the future, with a knowledge of Greek literature and history derived from translations (and as time goes on *our* translations will be lost or unreadable, and who is to make the new ones ?), will be a purblind leader of the blind ; and his subject will become so uninteresting and unprofitable that it will perish unlamented.

However, it is for a science doomed to so doubtful a future—for an acquaintance with the contents of museums and with the controversies arising therefrom—that we are to sacrifice linguistic teaching. Those who recommend that make a profound mistake ; they would sacrifice not only the real key to knowledge of antiquity, but that kind of training which most appeals to the natural

instincts of boys and girls of good average intelligence. They are sacrificing it already. When our pundits denounce the practice of 'composition' in Latin and Greek, they push at an open door; it is already becoming the fashion to give less time to linguistic training and more to lectures about antiquity. All our 'progressives' tend that way; and that is the kind of 'progress' that really *has* to be changed. Schoolmasters were guilty of grave errors, no doubt, in the past. If archæological study is not an end in itself to the average student, assuredly neither is the making of Greek and Latin prose and verse. That was what our fathers did not always realise; they exalted what should be a means into an end. They have paid for it since, in the hard words used about them and their soul-destroying methods! But the fact that they exaggerated the value of elegant versification ought not to blind us to the equally patent truth that exercises in composition do appeal to the constructive and competitive instincts of the average cleverish pupil. I do not say that boys will choose to learn Greek because they have the prospect of making iambics. Given absolute freedom of choice, they will not begin Greek at all; but I am supposing for the moment, perhaps in too Utopian a mood, that their choice is limited by what their master considers to be good for them, and that, therefore, they have to learn some Greek; which being granted, the question is, how they can learn it in the way which is least unattractive to themselves? They will not, in general, be attracted by elementary lessons in archæology. Some such lessons, no doubt, there must be everywhere, in order that the few who are to be the *savants* of the future may have their chance; but most cleverish pupils ought not to sacrifice linguistic training on that account; for the rank and file, not future professors, *réchauffés* of antiquarian controversies (which they are not in a position really to understand), have no particular interest and are no groundwork for anything in the future. Such would sooner follow the constructive instinct of youth and be making something for themselves in their 'teens, as they made sand castles at an earlier age. Jones Major's iambics and elegiacs may leave something to be desired, judged by the highest standards; yet perhaps he has pleased himself thereby; he has made something—a poor thing, but his own. Even though verse making be but a jig-saw puzzle, yet he cannot fail to learn in the process how to manipulate words, not only Latin and Greek, but English; and when others are playing the same game he has the incentive of competition—a vulgar and even immoral stimulus, but innate in poor humanity and of an undeniable efficacy. Perhaps in the end the versifier may become one of those narrow and ineffectual creatures who write Latin and Greek verses to

each other. That is an innocent business after all. There is no apparent reason in the nature of things why a man who corresponds in languages otherwise disused should be a bad citizen, or even a bad archæologist.

But the whole future of Greek lies on the knees of school-masters. If they decide that it is no good trying to teach the language to boys, the game is up; all research and all committees will avail nothing; it makes no difference whether new ways of teaching or old ones are advocated; if there are no patients, the method of treatment is not very important. But it may be hoped that our pastors and masters will pluck up a little moral courage, and not allow themselves to be intimidated by mere numerical majorities.

A. D. GODLEY.

PUNCTUATION IN SHAKESPEARE

It is with both surprise and disappointment that readers of Shakespeare's works have lately become aware that the many editions with which they have been so long familiar do not accurately represent the plays which Shakespeare wrote, and with the presentation of which he was for some twenty years intimately associated. Lovers of our great poet have discovered that in one respect at least—and that an all-important one—something has been kept from them which they were entitled to know, and that its suppression has virtually tainted the whole of the standard texts with a suggestion of unreality, not to say deception.

It is small wonder after wasting some two centuries in reading a series of defective texts of the national poet's works that a substantial section of our literary world has at last begun to show signs of a healthy revolt against the continuance of so illogical and disquieting a process. Through all those years no editor of Shakespeare paid even a passing attention to the original punctuation of the plays and poems. It never occurred to one of them that the pointing of a text might have some important bearing on the question of its correct interpretation. And yet conjectural emendations, as we know, came rushing all the time from the brains of Shakespearian students who were gravelled for want of power to explain the printed word or sentence, and the old text, as played in Shakespeare's time, was being quietly edited out of existence, while all this hideous 'improvement' was brought into being and perpetuated by utterly unscientific methods—for, naturally, no conjectural emendation can for a moment be satisfactory where the original punctuation had already been deleted as worthless and fantastical.

It is not, however, with textual amendment that this article is concerned, but with punctuation only, no matter how closely the two may be allied from a scholar's point of view.

We have the unpleasant fact staring us in the face on every page of every edition of Shakespeare produced in this country, from Rowe's in 1709 down to the great Cambridge edition in 1894-5 and the Arden in 1899-1911, that the punctuation of the text is so far from being what was published as Shakespeare's in

or about Shakespeare's own day as to be erroneous and misleading beyond all measure. Take up a standard edition of Shakespeare's works to-day and you will find that the changes made in the punctuation of the originals—hard as many modern readers will find it to believe—have run *into at least one thousand* in every one of the plays.

I do not suggest that such changes have been incorporated with our leading texts without some sort of a case being made in defence; but let us see to what that defence amounts. One cannot select better spokesmen for the standard edition than the Cambridge editors:—

We have now to state our practice of punctuation. The Folio and other editions, starting with very different principles from those that guide the punctuation of this day, have acted on those principles with exceeding incorrectness. Questions are marked and unnoticed almost at random; stops are inserted in the ends of lines fatal to the sense. In fact, in many places, we may almost say that a complete want of points would mislead us less than the punctuation of the Folios. The consequence is that our punctuation is very little dependent upon the Folios and Quartos, but generally follows the practice which has taken possession of the text of Shakespeare, under the arrangement of the best editors, from Pope to Dyce and Staunton. [Preface, p. xxi, 1894.]

The important statement here is: 'our punctuation is very little dependent upon the Folios and Quartos'—and it is against such an extraordinary editorial admission that the revolt of to-day is mainly directed.

Recent investigation of the punctuation of Shakespeare's time by some clear-sighted students has shown the rashness of some of the assertions put forward by the Cambridge editors in the passage quoted above. The protagonist of those who reject such ideas with scorn, Mr. Percy Simpson, published, some ten years ago, a small volume entitled *Shakespearian Punctuation*, an admirable and thoroughly convincing work which though the first of its kind has left the defenders of the old position in a sadly battered state. So overwhelming indeed is the succession of well-chosen examples from the first Folio and from many other works of contemporary writers which demonstrate the valuable nature of the system of punctuation commonly practised at the time as to leave no doubt whatever in the minds of very many Shakespearian students that the time has at last come—long though it has been in coming—for a complete scrapping of all our so-called standard texts of Shakespeare, so far at least as the punctuation of those texts is concerned. Those who have fallen into line with Mr. Simpson since the issue of his work have clearly seen why former editors went astray. As he puts it himself: 'They have been accustomed to treat the Folio as utterly devoid of value in anything that depends upon the printing. Instead of adopting a

critical attitude and asking, "Can this be kept? has it any meaning? are there parallels?" they merely follow the prompting of their fancy and, in nine passages out of ten, trifle with the text.'

Looked at from the standpoint of an observant foreign critic the position is, to say the least of it, somewhat ludicrous, but to the eyes of an average cultivated English-speaking layman and lover of Shakespeare's works, who from his reading of Elizabethan literature happens to be aware that the printed language of that time was universally punctuated in a way entirely different from the system practised in modern times, it must surely appear to be the outcome of some strange perversion to find the greatest writer of Elizabethan and Jacobean days now printed in a form undreamed of by any printer or reader of the period when these works first saw the light.

Before considering in detail the main differences between the old punctuation and that with which we are nowadays familiar, it is a matter of some moment to determine, as far as it is possible to do so, what is the early edition of the printed works the punctuation of which can be regarded as giving us Shakespeare's own view on the system he made use of.

As is well known, fourteen plays and three poetical works were first issued separately between 1594 and 1622 in quarto form. Next came the Folio of 1623—published seven years after the author's death, by Heminge and Condell—which contained all Shakespeare's plays, with the exception of *Pericles*, necessarily including the fourteen plays previously published in quarto, but omitting the poems.

Having determined, by a process of comparison, the most trustworthy text to adopt as a standard, a further preliminary to investigation is to bear in mind the all-important fact that so far as Shakespeare's plays are concerned (and their pointing is not so very different from that of the general literature of the time) they were, one and all, written for the stage, for actors, and for representation, and in no sense ever intended to be read for reading's sake—in other words, that the punctuation is in the main tantamount to a series of stage directions. With this fact thoroughly grasped, I maintain that any educated person to-day can read a Shakespearian play from beginning to end, as printed in the first Folio, with almost perfect satisfaction and—allowing for certain misprints which were in the early days of printing even more common than they are at the present hour—without often finding that the punctuation of that astounding volume causes him any grave difficulties as to the meaning of the printed text. Indeed one might go further, and say, with much truth, that in countless cases the interpretation of some very puzzling passages would be rendered more easily intelligible with the

assistance of the original punctuation than with the modernised representation of the same, which too frequently appears to be devised deliberately for the purpose of putting some special interpretation upon the *crux* in question. The main difference between English punctuation of to-day and that commonly found in the old editions of Shakespeare and other writers of his time, is well stated by Mr. P. Simpson in his Introduction to *Shakespearean Punctuation* (Clarendon Press, 1911) :

Modern punctuation is, or at any rate attempts to be, logical ; the earlier system was mainly rhythmical. There is a second important difference between the old and the new systems. Modern punctuation is uniform ; the old punctuation was quite the reverse. It was natural that in the earlier stages of printing usage should be less settled, and it was certainly convenient for the printer. For the poet it was something more : a flexible system of punctuation enabled him to express subtle differences of tone.¹

Mr. Cobden Sanderson, the well-known connoisseur in fine printing, puts a similar view forward when he describes the old printing as based, not on logical or grammatical structure, but on emphasis and literary gesture.²

But now to come to closer quarters with the chief differences which distinguish the pointing of the first Folio from that of more modern editions. I have adopted this famous edition of 1623 as the most accurate standard of reference on the subject in preference to the earlier printed Quartos for reasons too lengthy to be given here ; but chiefly for the reason that all the circumstances connected with the production of that remarkable volume persuade me that it must have embodied the then current texts of all the plays in the form in which they finally emerged after constant acting and with such alterations as had been, from time to time, added under the very eye of Shakespeare himself. The writer of an article in the *Times Literary Supplement* puts the matter well in saying :

All the available evidence points to the bulk, if not the whole, of the text having come to the printer in the form of playhouse copies, and there is thus a high probability that the long-derided punctuation of the First Folio gives us a very fair idea of how Shakespeare's lines were being spoken within a few years of his death by actors who had been, directly or indirectly, in close touch with him.³

In taking the course mentioned I am glad to find myself also in complete agreement with Mr. D. H. Madden, whose views are so clearly and convincingly set out in the well-known *Diary of Master William Silence*, though as a matter of fact he does not touch specially on the question of punctuation, a topic that had not come up for discussion at the date of the publication of his book.

¹ *Times Literary Supplement*, October 26, 1911.

² *Times Literary Supplement*, November 2, 1911.

But to deal with Shakespeare's stops in order ; the comma, we find, is very generously used—a fact that points to its introduction as not being the work of either printer or compositor—but, for all that generosity, it is more frequently omitted than used before a vocative. We use it invariably with the vocative to-day in print, but in actual conversation it has little or no validity as a stop. Sentences such as 'Look Hector how the sun begins to set' (*Troilus and Cressida*) ; 'I cannot conjure Trojan' (*ibid.*) ; 'Now infidel I have thee on the hip' (*Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 335) ; 'Letters my Lord from Hamlet,' are scattered broadcast through Shakespeare's pages, though there are a good many cases where the vocative *is* followed by a comma, as in 'Mark you this Bassanio,' 'Sir John, you loyter here too long,' 'Lay on Macduff,' and in some cases these commas precede and follow, as in 'Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night' (*Macb.*, III. ii. 2), 'How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone ?' (*Macb.*, III. ii. 8). The same effect is also produced by enclosing the vocative word in brackets, as 'News (friends) our wars are done,' (*Othello*), and 'I durst (my lord) to wager, she is honest' (*ibid.*).

Again, in the old days, when emphasis was called for, the comma after the stressed word effects what now is effected by underlining, *e.g.* 'In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe' (*Measure for Measure*, I. i. 43). Other Shakespearian uses of the comma are, in place of a dash ; to mark an interrupted speech ; to mark off the logical subject from the predicate, and many others, somewhat too numerous to be mentioned here. The comma with inversion, to give it Mr. Simpson's title, is however worth notice ; *e.g.* 'In rage, deafe as the sea ; hastie as fire' (*Rich. II.*, I. i. 19), and 'But in them, Nature's Coppie's not eterne' (*Macb.*, III. ii. 38). A puzzling passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* comes also under this heading, where the application of the rule at once clears away any difficulty. 'Grates me, the sum.' (I. i. 28), meaning 'the whole topic irritates me.' The usual reading here is, 'Grates me : the sum.', which leaves the verb without a subject. Sylvester has a good instance of the same comma :

'But as the sun, the same instant, makes
The mud to harden ; and to melt, the wax.'

(*Du Bartas*, 1621, p. 966.)

Touching the semicolon, the difference of its use in Shakespeare's time from that of modern days is not so marked. Compared with the other stops employed, it is less frequently made use of by Shakespeare. In short, it occurs (1) in cases where present-day writers would use a dash ; or (2) to mark an interrupted speech ; or (3) to lay an emphasis on the word it follows ; and (4) often where a comma would not suffice. In connexion

with the last-mentioned use, it should be remembered that all through Shakespeare's plays lighter stopping almost invariably means a more rapid delivery in speaking the lines. The heavier stopping—such as semicolons instead of commas, in cases where either form might be correct—is virtually a stage direction, indicating deliberation, uncertainty of mind, or hesitation.

Mr. Simpson suggests that the use of semicolons is extended to exclamations, quoting, 'Ah ; if thou issuesse shalt hap to die' (*Sonnet IX.*), and 'Deare Celia ; I show more mirth than I am mistress of,' (*As You Like It*, I. ii. 3-4), but its use in these passages seems to me to be merely indicative of a pause somewhat longer than a comma. The real exclamation note in Shakespeare is, in all ordinary cases, the colon ; and it is besides one of the most interesting of all the punctuation marks found in the plays.

It is in relation to this stop that the standard editors have gone most widely astray from the punctuation of the original texts ; and their doing so is all the more remarkable by reason of their absolute disregard of Shakespeare's own strongly expressed views on the use of exclamations. If there was any feature of declamation of which Shakespeare has shown himself a most determined opponent, it is that of ranting. The small number of notes of exclamation found in the whole of his works as originally set forth is one proof of this important fact, but there are others of a different kind that demonstrate his own feelings in quite as strong a way. He has told us very plainly what he thought of 'the groundlings' and their indifference to the higher forms of dramatic decorum ; and one need hardly recall the admirable instructions of Hamlet to the Players in confirmation of such views. Besides, we know that Shakespeare was himself an actor, and that, as such, he was in all probability desirous of leaving something to the individual player in the way of original interpretation of his most passionate speeches. Then again, there was open to him, at the time, a very splendid example of printing and punctuation, the leading feature of which was the almost complete absence of exclamation marks, namely, the Prayer Book. Here, surely, if anywhere, is the model on which Shakespeare should be printed to-day—although Mr. Simpson, amongst the many excellently chosen examples he gives us of contemporary punctuation, does not quote a sentence from that exquisite example of typography in support of Shakespeare's pointing. Here are some distinctly exclamatory phrases from the 'First Prayer Book of King Edward the Sixth' (the punctuation of which is still preserved in the Book of Common Prayer) which I fancy show a restful and old-world dignity of language that would be utterly marred by the introduction of the noisy fierceness of more modern punctuation :—

Son of God : we beseech thee to hear us.
 O lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.
 O Christ hear us.
 Lord have mercy upon us.
 Christ have mercy upon us.

The fact that so many of us have all our lives been familiar with the pointing of the Book of Common Prayer might at least have suggested to some of our leading editors to refrain from the unauthorised addition to Shakespeare's writings of a form of punctuation to which the author himself has shown a marked aversion. They might have remembered also that the other great contemporary example of English at its best, the Bible of 1611, was as free from the emphasis complained of as were Shakespeare's plays in their original printed form. It will, I am sure, astonish a large number of present-day Shakespeare readers to hear that there are on an average (even in the best editions) some 250 notes of admiration in each of the plays, which have no place in the original copies. Curious reasons have been suggested to account for the scarceness of notes of admiration in Shakespeare. The most usual of these is that the printers of the time were short of this particular form of type. Could anything more unbusinesslike be suggested? They were short of it for one, and for one reason only—they hardly ever had occasion to use it. Again, we know that notes of interrogation were occasionally used about Shakespeare's time in place of exclamation marks. In truth, it almost looks as if the two characters were frequently confounded when first employed, and that traces of the confusion survived even after the time when they came to be distinguished, as in Malvolio's 'I'll be revenged upon the whole pack of you?' (*Twelfth Night*); 'They cry choose we? Laertes shall be King' (*Hamlet*); and 'Oh that my wayes were directed to keepe thy statutes?' (Psalms cxix. 5 (*Breeches Bible*, 1599)). It should not be forgotten however that in the early days of printing a question mark was almost always employed where an exclamation took an interrogatory form, as for example 'Oh, what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?' (*Ham.*, II. ii.). 'How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester?' (2 *Hen.* IV., V. v.). 'What a sigh is there?' (*Macbeth*).

Here are some typical instances of Shakespeare's use of the colon in exclamatory phrases, the total number being so great as to be all but countless: 'Rest, rest perturbed spirit:' (*Hamlet*); 'Hard fate:' (*Timon of Athens*, III. v. 74); 'Madam:' (*Twelfth Night*, V. i. 108); 'Oh the heavens:' (*Tempest*, I. ii. 114); 'Oh royal knavery:' and 'but beshrew my jealousy:' (*Ham.*, V. ii. 19 and II. i. 113); 'Have mercie Jesu:' (*Rich.* III., Q. 1597; V. iii. 178); 'O place, and greatness:

millions of false eyes are stuck upon thee : ' (*Measure for Measure*, IV. i. 61) ; ' Help ho : murder, murder ' and ' Oh help ho : ' (Cassio in *Othello*) ; and ' Portia : What mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ? ' (*Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 234), where modern editions read ' Portia, what mean you ? ' thus missing the effect of a very delicate piece of suggestive punctuation. It is but fair to say that Mr. Simpson treats some of these examples as instances of the colon that marks an interrupted speech, e.g. Miranda's ' Oh the heavens : ' Hamlet's ' Oh royal knavery : ' Richard's ' Have mercy Jesu : ' and Viola's ' Madam : '—but an examination of the context in each case clearly shows that they are merely exclamations, and, as such, punctuated in a way that is characteristically Shakespearian. Shakespeare was by no means alone in using colons in exclamations ; the Bibles of the time contain many instances of a similar usage : ' But woe unto you that are rich : for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full : . . . Woe unto you that laugh now : . . . Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you : for so did their fathers to the false prophets ' (Luke vi. 24-26 : 1621 (Norton and Bell))—where the modern Authorised Version gives notes of admiration and not colons—' unto whom hee said, Ho, such a one : turne aside, sit downe here ' (Ruth iv. 1 (1621)), which modern Authorised Version prints, ' Ho, such a one ! ' ; ' Neither shall they say, Loe here, or loe there : ' (Luke xvii. 21), which in modern Authorised Version becomes, ' Lo here ! or, lo there ! ' Many other contemporary writers might be quoted in further support of Shakespeare's method, but I shall take only one, Sylvester, whose *Du Bartas : His Divine Weeks*, etc. (1620-1 : Humphrey Lownes) is a most accurately punctuated example of printing. The delivery of the Decalogue (p. 369) begins as follows :

Hark, Israel : O Iacob, hear my Law :
Hear it, to keep it (and thyself in aw).
I am Iehova, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of Egypt Land :

In the opening of *The Captaines* (p. 381) Joshua's address to the children of Abraham starts in this way :

Hail holy Jordan, and you blessed Torrents
Of the pure Waters, of whose crystall currents
So many Saints have sipt : O Walls, that rest
Fair Monuments of many a famous Guest :
O Hills, O Dales, O Fields so flowry sweet,
Where Angels oft have set their sacred feet :

Another use of the colon by Shakespeare was to mark an emphatic pause :

Cleopatra. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again :
My man of men. [*Antony & Cleopatra*, I. v. 70.]

Laertes. Thought, and affliction, passion, Hell itself :
She turns to favour, and to prettiness. [*Ham.*, IV. v. 187.]

many other examples of which use might be adduced. The colon is also often used by Shakespeare as the equivalent of the full stop of to-day—in which case it is not infrequently followed by a word beginning with a capital letter—and in like manner the full stop is many times employed where we should use a colon. A very striking example of this last usage is furnished in Macbeth's famous and rather difficult soliloquy :

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly : If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success : that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,
But here, upon this bank and school of time,
We'd jump the life to come.

[*I.*, vii. 1-7.]

Mr. Simpson describes the pause after 'end all' as the most powerful of which blank verse is capable : 'At that final monosyllable the rhythm gathers like a wave, plunges over the line beyond, and falls in all its weight and force on the repeated word.' The modern reading, 'Might be the be-all and the end-all here,' deprives the passage of its great dramatic force.

In the face of such examples of Shakespearian punctuation as I have quoted here, though but a few out of many, it is impossible to believe that he did not work on a very definite system. The reader must not however run away with the notion that his punctuation is on all occasions of so telling a kind, for unfortunately it is only too often that we find the first Folio exhibiting passages—not to say pages—of which the pointing is as careless as it well could be. Many of such deficiencies arise from misprints—which were naturally a good deal more frequent in the infancy of typography than they are to-day—and others of them are a result of the absence of the master-printer at the time when the particular sheet was being set up. There is however, in the plays themselves, some further evidence of another kind to show that Shakespeare was keenly appreciative of the value of correct punctuation.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Quince's efforts at elocution in playing the part of the Prologue are the subject of much merriment. So careless was he in pronouncing his speech, 'If we offend, it is with our good will,' etc., as to draw from the Duke the observation, 'This fellow doth not stand *upon points* ' ; and

this cutting remark is immediately capped by Lysander with 'He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt : he knows not *the stop*. A good moral my Lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true' [*i.e.* correctly]. Who but a master of both points and stops could have written such a delicately veiled satire? Some of our leading commentators do not seem to have noticed it. Then in *Love's Labour's Lost*, there is Holofernes' comment on Nathaniel's 'Canzonet,' 'You find not the apostrophas [*i.e.* apostrophes], and so miss the accent'; while Hamlet's puzzling phrase,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities, [V. ii. 42.]

can hardly be explained except by assuming that the writer knew that a comma, though indicating division, was in reality a link in a well-constructed sentence. Another favourite subject with Shakespeare for perversion of meaning by false punctuation is public Proclamations. The matter is touched on generally in Hamlet's 'I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines'; but a more particular instance occurs in *Othello* (II. ii. 1) where the Herald utters his proclamation quite in Quince's mispunctuated manner, but still in the manner prescribed by the first Folio, though modern editors have blundered into correcting the deliberately perverted pointing of the original!

Amongst those who strongly hold with the idea that the old pointing should as far as possible be preserved—'the ungrammatical punctuation which, hitherto neglected or despised by editors, is now recognised as of the highest dramatic importance'—are Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. John Dover Wilson. They have lately published the first two volumes of an edition of Shakespeare which purports to embody the results of the most recent discoveries in relation to the scientific betterment of Shakespeare's text, and more especially in the neglected field of Shakespearian punctuation. Mr. Wilson, in the textual Introduction to *The Tempest*,¹ tells us that within this last decade 'the study of Shakespearian texts has been given a new trend by three distinct though closely related discoveries.' Put shortly these three discoveries are as follows :

- (a) Mr. A. W. Pollard's demonstration on scientific bibliographical lines that dramatic manuscripts which reached the printer's hands were generally theatrical prompt-copy, many of which were probably in the author's autograph, and that, therefore, the first editions in particular possess a much higher authority than has been generally allowed to them.
- (b) Mr. P. Simpson's *Shakespearian Punctuation*, 1911, which

¹ *The Tempest* (Cambridge University Press, 1921).

shows that the stops used in the plays, so far from being 'the haphazard peppering of ignorant compositors,' were really 'but play-house punctuation directing the actors how to speak their lines.'

- (c) Sir E. M. Thompson's book, *Shakespeare's Handwriting*, which claims that one of the hands found in the partially revised manuscript play *Sir Thomas Moore* now in the British Museum was that of Shakespeare himself, so giving us three pages of authentic Shakespearian copy; and that, though all scholars may not accept this ascription without reserve, these pages are undoubtedly of a high value for an editor of Shakespeare.

These discoveries, they contend, lead the editors to believe that we now know how Shakespeare wrote, and have a definite clue to his system of punctuation—in other words, 'the door of Shakespeare's workshop stands ajar.'

It is impossible to deny that the editors meant well in making a strenuous effort to give the public something nearer to the true originals of Shakespeare's works. But let us consider a little whether they have achieved their purpose in the first revised text they have issued. The first 'discovery,' even if accepted, seems to me to prove nothing more than that the texts of the Quartos referred to were the nearest that one can get to what Shakespeare had put forth as his *at the respective dates of these pre-Folio publications*. This is very far from showing that no changes were made in them at later dates, and with the full concurrence of the author. Touching the second 'discovery' the new editors are on much surer ground, as Mr. Simpson has, as already mentioned, proved his case in favour of the First Folio punctuation up to the hilt. With regard to (c), there is a point of considerable importance on the punctuation question which, so far as I know, has not been noticed by either Sir E. M. Thompson or by any of his critics. A study of the three pages in facsimile shows clearly that the writer of them did not go out of his way to look after the pointing, for, to begin with, there are only five full stops in the 147 lines, and one of them should have been a note of interrogation. Next, we find that from line 26 to 62 there are but three stops of any kind—a comma, a full stop, and a semicolon; while capitals are rarely used, through the whole three pages, at the beginning of any of the sentences. The whole is in fact a thoroughly bad example of punctuation.

The third 'discovery,' therefore, lands the new editors in a serious difficulty: for if Shakespeare wrote these pages he must in this instance have abandoned his usual custom of attending closely to the punctuation; and if he did not write them, they are valueless to a Shakespearian editor so far as punctuation is concerned.

The foundation then on which the new Shakespeare is meant to be based is Mr. Simpson's volume and the strong case it makes for the accuracy of the first Folio punctuation ; but—*mirabile dictu*—when we examine the text of *The Tempest* we find that Mr. Simpson and the first Folio have been thrown overboard, and that a new-fangled system of stopping, never seen or heard of before in the history of the printing-press, has been set up in their stead. The editors have all through their introductory matter professed their attachment to the old texts ; but a comparison of their punctuation of the first scene of the play with that of the Folio shows that attachment to have been of a fickle nature. Their version of the scene of seventy-two lines makes no less than seventy-nine deviations from the original in the matter of stops, including nineteen exclamation marks—the most un-Shakespearian of all forms of punctuation—or an average of more than one change in every line ! And *The Tempest* is universally regarded as one of the most carefully printed of all Shakespeare's plays.

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

CHRISTMAS WITH SWINBURNE

IN this sketch I will endeavour to describe my first Christmas (that of 1905) at The Pines in the company of Algernon Swinburne, and as it resembles other equally joyous Christmases spent with him under the same roof, this one may be regarded as typical of all.

Alas ! my inability to use more than a tyro's skill in painting my picture demands that the reader shall use his own imagination to assist him to visualise a scene worthy of the pen of Dickens himself. In fact, it is in just such scenes that the fancy of the great novelist particularly revelled ; and, as it happens, my recollection of Christmas at The Pines mainly concerns the influence that 'the Master' exercised in our household at and about December 25.

We had a perfect glut of Dickens then. To me it was a revelation : the idolatry by two poets of a personage I only knew through the medium of two or three novels. To Swinburne and Walter, Dickens stood for the very spirit of Christmas itself, and everything they did, and a great deal they said, echoed the feelings with which he animated them.

Sometimes I ask myself which of the two friends did the most in bringing the Dickens atmosphere into the home. One thing is clear : Swinburne was mad—I can use no other term—about nearly everything that Dickens wrote. When he was regaling us with *Martin Chuzzlewit* it was apparent that he knew long passages of it by heart, so little did he seem to rely on the book open before him.

Walter, with less exuberance, shared Swinburne's admiration for Dickens, and it was chiefly owing to his desire at once to gratify his house-mate and to honour the famous dead that the Christmas anniversary at The Pines became a Dickens festival. Swinburne enjoyed it all ; but he was certainly not the magician who permeated our home with the 'Christmasy' atmosphere of revelry. I cannot picture *him* paying homage to Dickens by planning a Christmas programme according to the traditions of Boz. It was Walter who kept the torch of goodfellowship burning

and who—so it seemed to me—was symbolical of the genial Mr. Wardle of *Pickwick*.

To me it was all very new and wonderful, this idea of celebrating Christmas in the good old-fashioned manner, hitherto only known to me by what I had read in books or seen illustrated in the Christmas annuals. And this idea of bringing Dickens in—a genial ghost—as the presiding genius, seemed to me delightfully unique.

Strangely enough the zest of the two friends in Christmas was just as keen as when they first celebrated it at The Pines in precisely the same way twenty-six years before. Here, in 1879, as they stood together before the Christmas tree of little five-year-old Bertie Mason,¹ they both vowed that, whatever of good or ill fortune the passing year had brought to them, Christmas would always find them young in heart and spirit.

Walter wrote a sonnet to celebrate the occasion, and as it describes far more clearly than I can in what attitude of mind both Swinburne and he regarded the closing of the passing year, I quote it here :

Life still hath one romance that naught can bury—
Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances—
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry—
To kiss with lips more ruddy than the cherry—
To smile with eyes outshining by their glances
The Christmas tree—to dance with fairy dances
And crown his hoary head with leaf and berry.

And as for us, dear friend, the carols sung
Are fresh as ever. Bright is yonder bough
Of misletoe as that which shone and swung
When you and I and Friendship made a vow
That Childhood's Christmas still should seal each brow—
Friendships, and yours and mine—and keep us young.

This vow the poets had literally and spiritually kept, and, though Swinburne was by no means a disciple of Santa Claus, he was always eager to join in whatever fun was going. The festival was looked forward to by them with a joy resembling that of schoolboys home for the holidays. The delights of anticipation were apparent in their childlike demeanour, the years were rolled behind them, and many traits of the boy peeped out from them at this season. *They* were never too old for Santa Claus.

On his walks as the season advanced Swinburne would notice if the holly trees promised a good supply of red berries. If they did, he would remark with all the glee of a ten-year old youngster, 'I expect they'll be a lovely lot of berries on the holly this Christmas.'

¹ The hero of Swinburne's *Dark Month*.

One fact that made this particular Christmas stand out for me in bold and happy relief was that it was the Christmas after my marriage, which had only taken place in the preceding month. Oh! the delights of shopping with Walter in the late December afternoons! My mind, reverting to them, brings back a score of golden memories. It was at dusk when the shops are brilliantly lighted that he preferred to saunter with me in busy and crowded Oxford Street and Regent Street. Many a precious hour did we waste in gazing into shop windows at the temptations offered to our purse; but we voted the time well spent, and Walter considered it part of my education as a budding Dickensian to observe and take full advantage of the interesting scenes going on around us.

As we marched gaily along he regaled me with anecdotes of Old Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, so that I could mentally see these Christmas creations of the 'Master's' fancy. Walter amused himself by imagining from whence the people came whom we saw staring at the shops. These, he would say, were from the country; those from the East End: in each case the West End was their Paradise of sightseeing. When we came across a shabby man accompanied by a swarm of children whose noses were glued to a shop window he would nudge my arm and remark, 'Look, there goes the worthy Bob and the little Cratchits.'

There was fun, too, in returning home in the evening with our purchases, and finding Swinburne placidly ensconced in his cosy sitting-room, quite unaware that all the afternoon we had formed a part of London's jostling crowd of shoppers. To imagine him one of them was impossible. Nevertheless, he did do Christmas shopping, though not with crowds. He did it in his own leisurely way. For years he pursued the same course, going about it calmly and methodically in easy stages during his walks to Wimbledon.

As Christmas approached he selected with great care the gifts and cards he intended for his friends and relations. There was something rather charming about this proceeding on the part of one who so heartily detested writing letters or transacting business of any sort. Moreover, the Bard took a keen pleasure in his Christmas shopping, and gave himself a lot of trouble about it too. He never thought of adopting the modern habit of ordering so many dozens of the same card with the sender's name and address printed thereon. On the contrary, he made a distinct choice in the purchase of each individual card.

In his arduous task he invariably called upon Miss Frost, of the Wimbledon bookshop, to assist him. He would sally forth across the Common, the end he had in view imparting a spice of mystery and adventure to his walk. We were not supposed to

know what was going forward, and it was not until a few days before Christmas that anybody was initiated into the nature of his purchases. Then he would gleefully show what he had been at such pains to procure. He would show me first the Christmas card he had got for Walter, asking me meanwhile not to tell him. In a like manner he would tell Walter not to say a word that he had got one also for me 'hidden up his sleeve,' and kept in hiding until Christmas Day.

He always seemed quite pleased with everything he had bought. Nevertheless, he appeared uncertain as to what the recipient would think of the little gift. He would inquire anxiously, 'Do you think he [or she, as the case might be] will like it?' On being reassured on this head, he would give a little satisfied sigh, as if the question were momentous, and murmur with relief, 'Oh, I'm so glad you think so too!'

I remember once how excited he was about a card he had bought for Walter. No child could have looked more pleased at finding the toy he had sighed for in his 'Christmas stocking.' It was a tiny reproduction of Turner's *Fighting Téméraire tugged to her Last Berth to be Broken Up*. Swinburne's joy at having secured it was something to remember. He was as pleased as Punch. His amazement at seeing one of his favourite pictures beautifully printed on a fourpenny card was unbounded, and his exclamations of surprise were astonishing. He wanted to know how it could possibly be done for the money, and deemed himself fortunate in obtaining such a bargain. 'I wonder what Walter will say about it?' he exclaimed. 'I think it is a perfect little masterpiece. I do hope he will like it,' etc., etc. Such ecstatic phrases were repeated as he gazed at his prize. Even in the matter of choosing Christmas cards the Bard, as in the case of babies and 'the insuperable sea,' showed a curious tendency to believe that everybody's tastes must coincide with his own. Because he adored the sea he imagined all the universe must do likewise, and he rarely bought a card that did not bear witness to the fact. As Swinburne himself declared in a letter to Clarence Stedman, when speaking of this passion for the sea, 'Its salt *must* have been in my blood before I was born.'

At Christmas-time the little shop at Wimbledon was crowded with customers, so the poet would make straight for the owner's private parlour adjoining. Here, secure from interruption and offensive observation, he would sit at a table apart and leisurely turn over the cards on a tray set before him. 'Show me anything with ships on it,' he would say; and if by some lucky chance a ship in full sail ploughing the main revealed itself, it was seized upon with avidity and borne off in triumph. But he was not always successful in procuring just what he wanted; and when

the card-trays failed to yield the harvest he desired he would abruptly leave his seat and stalk out of the parlour, murmuring to Miss Frost as he passed through the shop, 'I don't see anything else I like.' Next day he would return and enthusiastically resume the search, hopeful, as his friend Micawber of immortal memory, of 'something turning up.'

But Swinburne's quest for cards was a small affair compared with the far more enthralling and important task of selecting Christmas presents. Those nearly always took the form of books, which, by the way, he was apt to bestow on his favourites at any time in the year. But at Christmas he let himself go with a lavish hand and always chose expensive books. If an attractive book was displayed on Miss Frost's counter it did not require much conjecture on the part of the bookseller as to who would be likely to buy it.

Directly the poet entered he was automatically attracted towards it. He would take it up, and after looking through it attentively for awhile he would say, 'This is very nice. I'll take it.' When it came to choosing anything for Walter, however, he was seriously perplexed. He had given that man of innumerable books almost every work he cared to add to such a collection, and it was really difficult to think of something for him which would not be like coals sent to Newcastle. For weeks before Christmas Swinburne would try to ascertain by all manner of ingenious little devices what book or books would be welcome to Walter. He would pore over catalogues in the hope of finding some treasure he thought might take his friend's fancy.

I can see him now, catalogue in hand, with his finger on the page containing the descriptions of the book he had in mind, his face lit up with the hope that his question 'What do you think of that?' would produce a response favourable to his meditative generosity. But one Christmas a surprise awaited Walter; his present was *not* a book this time!

On one of his pilgrimages Swinburne had espied a bust of his beloved Dickens modelled in wax hanging up in Miss Frost's shop. It was mounted on a background of blue in a circular black frame. Could he but succeed in obtaining it, a load would be taken off his mind, and the problem of what to buy Walter for a Christmas present would be at once removed. As he gazed with longing eyes towards the coveted object he became positively fidgety to buy it. If the proprietor would part with it, it must become his. Yes, it was for sale, he was told. 'How much?' inquired the poet, thinking that such a treasure ought to be procured regardless of cost. 'Four and sixpence' was the price demanded. 'I'll take it with me now,' eagerly replied the poet as he at once closed with the offer.

The eulogies exchanged between the giver and the receiver when the waxen Dickens was produced on Christmas Day fully repaid the poet for his trouble. Walter was delighted with it. If it had cost its weight in gold it could not have been more appreciated. I sometimes look at it now as a memento of never-to-be-forgotten days !

Whatever Christmas appeals came to Swinburne's notice none received more prompt attention than that of a certain society for aiding seamen. Forgetful and absent-minded as he was about mundane affairs—and he included the operation of filling in cheques among the curses that beset mankind—he never allowed this appeal to escape his memory. In fact, at Christmas it was uppermost in his mind. Whether from a sense of duty or pleasure I do not pretend to say, but the sending of his contribution for his 'Mariners,' as he used to call his beneficiaries, never irked him in the least. After he had written his cheque he would come downstairs and announce to Walter in a pleased and happy voice, 'Here's my cheque for the "Mariners"; I'm going to send it off now, so that it will get there in good time.' After Swinburne died this duty devolved on Walter, and although Isabel (Miss Swinburne) would write and remind either Walter or me not to forget 'Algernon's Mariners,' he was always the first to remember it, and however busy he might happen to be 'Algernon's cheque' was always despatched.

Towards December 25 almost every day brought bulky and interesting packages from friends of either Swinburne or Walter. These would often be opened by me, and sometimes the contents proved both surprising and amusing.

The turkey deserves a special notice, and a description of this prepossessing bird may divert the reader, for it stands out in the annals of 'Turkeydom' as a unique specimen. We always imagined our turkey differed from any other of its kind in one uncommon particular. It was a veritable plutocrat in appearance and half covered with gold ! Shorn of feathers and hanging up in a poulterer's shop in the cold staring immodesty of the 'altogether,' a turkey is by no means a pleasing or edifying-looking object to the artistic eye, although from a gastronomic point of view it makes quite a different appeal. But the 'gilded fowl' that annually came as a present from Lady Leighton Warren—the sister of the poet Lord de Tabley—was a very superior spectacle. When it came it was paraded round the house as a huge joke, and I christened it 'Midas.' Pinned to its breast were many 'orders'—rosettes of ribbon of divers hues—and the head and feet and the whole of that long hideous fleshy protuberance of mottled red and blue neck were discreetly covered by a thick layer of gold paint.

Lying in state in a box lined with pink and white paper, and decked out with all the finery of festoons of variegated holly and sprigs of mistletoe, the recumbent scion of a noble house looked almost too gorgeous to be eaten.

For the purpose of buying Swinburne's present Walter and I decided that a final rampage would prove an interesting wind-up to a busy week. We didn't know what to give the poet, and finally on Christmas Eve, when it was growing quite late, we happened to be passing Buszard's in Oxford Street, and, seeing a large printed card in the window bearing the inscription 'Partridge Pies,' we entered the shop and Walter asked if one could be obtained. Inside the place resembled a beehive, so crowded was it with late shoppers.

A harassed-looking assistant came forward and conducted us to a counter where wonderful erections—like miniature hay-stacks—were on view. We chose a medium-sized one for our joint present to Algernon, and while it was being packed up Walter walked to another part of the shop and came back to where I was sitting bearing in his hands a box of crackers. 'Who on earth have you bought those for?' I inquired, for I considered crackers quite a ridiculous institution and never intended buying any. 'Not for *you*,' he retorted with an amused chuckle and an accent on the pronoun. 'I know you are far too old for that sort of thing, so I've bought them for somebody who *will* appreciate them, and you'll see who *that* is—to-morrow!'

Our chief concern now was the safe transit of the pie. As it made decidedly a heavy parcel we carried it in turns; and while I was custodian of the crackers, Walter was responsible for the pie, and *vice versâ*. In this manner we arrived home, happy and hungry, to find that quite a transformation had been effected during our absence. The house was gay with decorations, and I must say that at The Pines we were not satisfied with half-hearted exhibitions of festivity. There was always a great piece of mistletoe hanging up in the hall, and even the staircase and passages were decorated. The 'Christmasy' look of the house on these occasions, with holly and mistletoe adorning the picture-frames and reaching nearly to the ceiling, gave our rooms such a festive appearance that the sight of it all delighted the Bard.

Whilst we were dining a loud peal at the front door bell resounded along the hall. It surely could not be the 'waits'! The two or three wretched urchins who call themselves 'carol-singers' would not ring until they had finished afflicting us with 'When shepherds watch their flocks by night' and similar dirges (for dirges they were, as tortured by these dreadful small boys). Our surmise was correct; the boys continued singing through the letter-box in their high treble voices, and the maid came in

presently with the announcement that Mr. MacIlvaine's butler had just left a big box with his master's compliments.

This friend, knowing the predilections of the housemates for anything savouring of Father Christmas, had always endeavoured to make his present appropriate to the occasion. He certainly achieved a *coup* this time. When the box was opened it revealed a Yule log! It was made of some kind of composition or *papier maché* and hollowed out so that it could be lighted up inside. I determined to use it as a table decoration on the morrow. This was a happy thought, for Swinburne was charmed with it.

Christmas Day, as is usual in this country of topsy-turvy climatic conditions, was muggy and warmish, the very opposite of a cold and frosty morning. This did not please Swinburne at all. He resented any whimsical vagaries on the part of the Clerk of the Weather. He declared at such times he was being cheated out of his rights. What would have pleased him was the 'Christmas card' Christmas of childhood's tradition—a landscape covered with snow, trees clothed in a frothy mantle, icicles hanging from the water-spouts, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of an old-fashioned winter. When it was 'blowing great guns' he was happy, and cold weather so exhilarated him that had there been a snowstorm, and he unable to be out in it, he would have suffered like Tantalus. It did not, however, really matter to the poet what the weather was on Christmas Day. At the best of times the Sabbath Day was by no means calculated to make *his* heart rejoice, for on that day he was deprived of his usual walk, and on that account alone he heartily detested it. Wimbledon Common, on weekdays so restful and unpopulated, was invariably thronged on Sundays and at holiday times. Swinburne never crossed the threshold then, but remained indoors, a very uneasy victim, until the crowds had disappeared and left him free to enjoy his walk in peace and quiet.

With Christmas Day and Boxing Day the prospect of 'half a week of Sundays' had to be faced with as much resolution as the poet could muster. So with the characteristic fortitude of a Mark Tapley he prepared to make the best of it and took credit in being jolly.

The arrival of the postman proved a diversion, and Swinburne's budget of cards never failed to amuse him. Naturally he got a goodly supply from strangers. What became of these latter I cannot say. They disappeared—and that is all one knew of them. But cards from relatives and intimate friends adorned his mantel-piece for days. These messages of goodwill always contained some allusion to his two pet subjects—the sea and the children; and Walter responded to Swinburne's gift of a pictured ship by

one at the New Year of a pictured baby. It is before me now as I write :

To the Child-lover A. C. S.

From T. WATTS-DUNTON, New Year's Day, 1906.

On this same occasion a great triumph was secured by the poet's sister Isabel, who had the happy thought of presenting her brother with a set of reproductions of the ten *Bambini* by Andrea Della Robbia, which ornaments the front of the Ospedale degli Innocenti (Foundling Hospital) at Florence.

These quaintly-swaddled little boys are not of equal attractiveness, though doubtless all are beautiful examples of skill in modelling. But Swinburne was enthusiastic about them *all*. He had seen the originals in Italy, and as he showed the little pictures one after another he could not make up his mind which baby bore off the palm for beauty. How small a thing can gladden the heart of a great man!—and for the time being the *Bambini* made him forget it was a sort of Sunday and that there was no going out for him. As it happened he managed to fill in his day quite comfortably. There were always his books—his solace and his delight—to browse on. Moreover, there were several chapters from *A Christmas Carol* to be rehearsed for the Dickens reading in the evening, so Swinburne devoted some time to getting as near word-perfect as possible. As I have mentioned, I was astonished, when I first heard him read *Martin Chuzzlewit*, to find he did not so much appear to be reading as speaking a part learned by rote. Walter told me that Swinburne seldom read anything aloud from Dickens without having previously made a careful study of the chapter or chapters. Here again was an instance of imitation being the sincerest form of flattery. Dickens must have done the same when reading his own works to crowded audiences.

As in most houses, our Christmas dinner was a family affair—a jolly and homely little gathering. Our only guest, outside the circle of relatives, was Mr. Mackenzie Bell, for whom my husband entertained a great regard. For myself, who had only been a month married, it seemed as if some magician's wand had touched me when I found myself presiding at this Dickensian dinner-table, and transformed my previous indifference into the eagerness of a disciple of Santa Claus. When the table was arranged—looking so pretty with the Yule log in the middle and little bundles of crackers scattered at intervals over the cloth, Swinburne slipped quietly down from his library, and having got the maid to show him where each member of the party was to sit, he placed an addressed envelope by the side of each cover. These contained the Christmas cards (duly inscribed) which he had been at such pains to select. In the performance of this ritual none of us was ever forgotten by the poet.

A chorus of amusing sallies greeted the entrance of the turkey, 'done and dished,' as we recalled the golden glories of the 'noble bird' guillotined and deprived of most of its splendours.

More fun came at the end when, the repast being over, there was a general pulling of Christmas crackers. Swinburne now appeared to be thoroughly in his element. The fine ceremoniousness with which he bowed across the table to his old friends Miss Watts and Mrs. Mason as he requested the honour of a 'tug-of-war' was a 'sight for sore eyes,' and great was the amusement we all derived from hearing the Bard read the doggerel bits from the mottoes. He kept the table in a roar with his witticisms, and eagerly retained his end of the cracker in the hope that it might contain a specimen of cracker poetry. Eventually everybody's mottoes were handed to him to read. This was a divine moment for such an elocutionist! He carefully unrolled each little slip of paper, and in as stirring tones as he could command—and the more stupid the lines the more pathos he contrived to put into his voice—he would 'pray silence' for the recital of some absurd morsel. At the conclusion he would cast up the whites of his eyes to the ceiling, and, after heaving a tremendous sigh, exclaim, 'A sublime line!—a truly poetic line! What would I not give to have written it!' When it came to the turn of Walter's young niece, Miss Aimée Watts—a charming girl hailing from Australia—or myself, Swinburne's eyes sparkled with mischief. He solicited us both in turn to be his cracker-partners, and the motto in each case of course contained some rubbish about love. He endeavoured to make the ridiculous verses more ridiculous still, and loud were the laughs when he read with emphasis and affected emotion such amorous stuff as :

You are so fair that Cupid's dart
Can n'er be pulled from my fond heart.

The motto tossed out by the 'explosion' caused by his 'pull' with me was more ambitious. Swinburne rendered the lines as fervently as though they had come straight from Sappho herself. Here they are :

O valorous knight, whose eyes are as blue
As the sky which is calm above tempests that grieve,
My heart is my Christmas present to you,
So take it and wear it—but not on your sleeve.

'Ah!' he said with the most profound gravity, 'that person, whoever he is, *deserves* to be Poet Laureate.'

* * * * *

When the guests had departed, and Walter and I were alone with the poet, he had quite thrown over the part of Master of the

Revels. He was now the serious Dickensian and read the selected passages from *A Christmas Carol*. The peacefulness of the closing hours of the day was in strange contrast to the mirth of the dinner, and I cannot say that I was sorry when the evening came to an end and Swinburne took leave of us with a courteous bow and a cheery 'Good-night.'

CLARA WATTS-DUNTON.

NORMAN MACCOLL AND HIS FRIENDS

NORMAN MACCOLL, the young Scotsman and Fellow of Downing, was still in his twenties when, in the year 1871, on the invitation of Sir Charles Dilke, he became the Editor of the *Athenæum*. He held the position until the close of the nineteenth century, retiring at the end of the year 1900. The influence of this weekly threepenny literary paper during those three decades is an almost incredible thing to-day. In the worlds of letters and art its published judgment could do much to strengthen or retard almost any reputation. Its reviewing was dreaded, for, if its censure could be severe, the reasons for it were generally given, and thus, in the deadliest and least refutable of fashions, was the nail driven home. On the other hand its praise could be as warm (or nearly as warm) as even the appetite of a poet could desire—and has not Mr. Maurice Hewlett lately confided to an audience at the Lyceum Club how huge that particular appetite can be? Its art-criticism was eminently informed and helpful; distinguished writers were eager to see their verse or prose in its columns, and the whole tone of the publication was unmistakeably sincere. It was not a witty and dazzling paper, such as the *National Observer* was during the famous five years of William Ernest Henley's editorship, but it was a great deal less partial, less prejudiced, and less 'personal.' The *Athenæum*, speaking generally, was trusted and kept as one keeps and trusts a good book or a tried friend. The other is lightly and joyously remembered as one remembers a brilliant piece of acting on the stage.

A glimpse of Norman Maccoll's 'daily round' during those thirty years has come to me through reading some of his private correspondence, kindly lent to me as material for the present article. One gets a charming impression of him from these letters of his friends, with their now yellowing pages and fading ink. He often met young writers at the houses of his large social circle, and would offer to help them—offers which (as several living and now well-known authors can testify) were faithfully and most friendly fulfilled. He would read their compositions and accept them if possible. If they were unsuitable to the *Athenæum*,

but suitable perhaps to some other journal, he would give the writer an indication to that effect, with, when circumstances permitted, a letter of introduction. At the same time, speaking broadly, no man ever held a sterner and more courageous view of the dignity and duty of his important office.

All this and much more is reflected in the letters of his friends. They write to him expansively, gratefully, on equal terms, and with a happy certainty of being *understood*, even to the last comicality of fancy or the furthest shade of thought. Part of the penalty of genius is its inevitable loneliness. In Norman Maccoll many men and women of genius found a perceptive and sympathetic ally. Here, for example, is surely a very charming as well as amusing letter from one of the most distinguished of his correspondents, A. C. Swinburne, on no less a subject than the worship of Babies, or, to use his own word, Babyolatry. It was sent to Maccoll with the MS. of a review of Victor Hugo's poem, *La Sieste de Jeanne*, which appeared in the *Athenæum* of February 24, 1877, and which contained not only a glowing account of the Frenchman's work, but also a beautiful allusion to and extract from Tennyson, 'the living leader of English poets,' and a quotation from Matthew Arnold in the lovely line, 'Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn,' from the poem, *Parting*, in the 'Marguerite' series. In the letter Swinburne describes Hugo as 'the high priest in art of that beneficent and incontrovertible creed' (*i.e.* the creed of Babyolatry), and boldly declares himself as 'equally prepared to go to the stake and to send thither any obdurate or blasphemous heretic who may question the coeternal godhead of all babies.' He then proceeds as follows :

I am delighted to hear that you are about to be the medium (in a quite other than the 'spiritualists' sense) of giving us any fresh verse of Miss Rossetti's, to whom now as ever I am only too glad to yield the due precedence, and have (as you will see, and as was indeed inevitable) seized the occasion in this little paper to pay a small instalment of the tribute due to her from all devout and faithful babyolaters. I don't know if you personally belong to that Church : if not, I can only pray for you—as the devout women say when they wish to be particularly vicious—and hope that by means of a revival *à la* Moody and Sankey, if not by a Pauline conversion on the road to Wellington Street¹ your eyes may be opened before it is too late ; but I really hope you may like this little study of mine, which I have been at some pains to make not wholly inadequate to its sacred subject, and confess to thinking perhaps about the prettiest bit of prose I ever wrote.

Dare one venture to say that, in spite of the poet's opinion, the review is not so pretty a piece of prose as the letter ? Like many of his articles, notably those on Shakespeare and Dickens, it is really overloaded with emphasis and elaboration. Like the prose

¹ The offices of the *Athenæum* were at that time at 20 Wellington Street, Strand.

of George Croly, the eloquent rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, whose novel, *Salatiel*, on the story of the Wandering Jew, was greatly admired in the middle of the nineteenth century, it is almost too splendid for 'human nature's daily food.'

There are other letters from Swinburne, and all sorts of whims and reservations and extravagances emerge from them. Here, for example, is the admission, written in 1877, that in spite of his almost idolatry for the author of *The Old Curiosity Shop* he is 'never moved to tears (like many of my betters) by Dickens' Little Nell, over which (or whom) Landor wept like a lion-hearted fountain.' To this opinion he remained faithful, and nearly thirty years after, in the famous article in the *Quarterly Review*, he went a great deal further, and expressed his disbelief in the whole character, save as a sort of monster rather than an actual human creature. In another letter we have him pouring forth at great length, and with his usual fiery eloquence, his detestation of Emile Zola's novel, *L'Assommoir*. And yet even here the critical faculty in him asserts itself finely :

As a matter of letters and of intellectual and imaginative force, there is one passage—perhaps the only one where I have been able to read two or three pages without stopping, sickening or skipping—which is really as fine if also as hideous as Dante's cantos of Malebolge. . . . The passage I mean in M. Zola's book . . . is that describing the last night walk, through a dismantled quarter of Paris in winter, of an old, starving, drunken, ex-beauty to beg one drop of comfort from an old lover. The whole picture really takes your breath away . . . and proves that the painter can once in a way be terrible instead of horrible and tragic instead of emetic.

In one letter a question of etymology engages him : 'Can you tell me,' he writes, 'if there is, as I think, good and sufficient authority for the word "entirety"?' No doubt Mr. Maccoll was able to reassure him with the contemporary sanction of Mr. Gladstone for the use of the word, and the older and still more illustrious authority of Francis Bacon. In other letters Swinburne writes of Charles and Mary Lamb, and joyously declares himself not only a Babyolater but a Lambolater, anathematises the post-office system of his native land with the free fervour of an enraged bard, makes handsome reference to Mazzini as the bravest man he had ever met, and says much of Villon, praising Rossetti's translation of the *Neiges d'antan* as an 'exquisite and incomparable' piece of work, and coupling with that poem *La Belle Heaulmyère* as 'the greatest of all this great poet's lyrics, and certainly the most Villonesque, in its unique fusion of tender and bitter pathos with bitter and tender mockery.'

Robert Browning was another of Maccoll's friends, and from him also there are a number of letters. His personal goodwill

towards the *Athenæum* dated back to the review of his first book, the now precious little volume, *Pauline*, which appeared in that journal. This article, though it contained only a few lines of the reviewer's prose with two long extracts from the poem, was so friendly and encouraging (and one may also add so isolated in the Press of its day) that the poet never forgot it, and in a letter written to Maccoll as long after as 1876 we find him thus expressing himself :

If you were to refer to the volume of the *Athenæum* for 1833 you would find a notice of my first poem which gratified me and my people far beyond what will ever be the fortune of criticism now. I never knew by whom the notice was written, but one remembers such things—or, rather, such a thing.

The five last words had—and still have—their pathetic significance. Indeed, not long after the writing of this identical letter, the *Pacchiarotto* volume appeared, and enjoyed, for the most part, a very poor Press. Browning showed his grateful friendliness for the *Athenæum* by confiding to its conductor all sorts of little odds and ends of news and views on literature and art, the value of which, coming from such a man, and one who moved so largely in the literary and artistic circles of his time, may easily enough be imagined. Sometimes he would write on behalf of some young friend in need of a helping hand. Once he condescends to refer to the question of the alleged unintelligibility of his work. Writing in January 1878, he informs his friend that 'a close and clever translation' of his long poem, *The Inn Album* (a very 'Browningesque' composition, by the way), had lately appeared in Germany, and that it was obtaining much notice in that country. He then adds :

You know the proverbial 'unintelligibility of the author,' and I was the more amused to find how exactly I had managed to become intelligible to a foreigner who (of course) never submitted the manuscript or 'proofs' to me for elucidation.

The version here referred to was '*Das Fremdenbuch*, von Robert Browning, aus dem Englischen, von E. Leo (Hamburg, 1877),' a little book bound in cardboard. There is a copy of it in the British Museum Library. It will be observed that in this letter he embeds the word proofs, as applied to a printer's trial impressions, in quotation marks. One wonders whether Maccoll, in reply, reminded him that this particular meaning of the word was at least as old as the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Similarly, in alluding in another letter to the 'efficient literary and editorial "staff" of the *Athenæum*,' he quotes the word staff—a kind of verbal preciousness (if one may be allowed so to say) in which Henry James in after years allowed himself to indulge copiously.

Another of these friends was Matthew Arnold, though the

graceful and touching letter from him which I am permitted to quote is not directly concerned with his poetry. In the *Athenæum* of March 8, 1879, his volume entitled (surely rather unhappily) *Mixed Essays* was cordially, yet discriminatingly, reviewed, and in the course of the article the writer refers in the warmest way to Arnold himself, as 'this high souled preacher, who has continually reminded us by his own example of the supreme value of noble conduct and high demeanour.' This, and more like it, was naturally pleasant reading to the poet and essayist, but we may feel pretty sure that what chiefly gratified Arnold in the article was the writer's shrewd endorsement of the book's conclusions and warnings. 'Mr. Arnold,' says the reviewer, 'insists with much gravity, and even with pathos, how democracy, instead of being, as it might be, the salvation of the race, may be the end of progress if in the new conditions the ideals of life and conduct are less high and less beautiful than the old.' In his gratitude, his delight, at finding his views (so widely at the time either ignored or jeered at) thus sympathetically interpreted, he writes :

It is worth while to have passed all one's youth 'out in the cold' so far as the public is concerned to be so kindly brought in and treated in one's old age. Nothing, too, could be more serviceable to the book than the line followed in the article.

It has of late been the fashion to rank Arnold the political thinker and literary critic above Arnold the poet. Even twenty years ago so distinguished a writer as Mr. W. H. Dawson foretold the growth of the 'cult' of Matthew Arnold as a sociologist rather than as a bard. At present, however, there are signs that his laurels as a poet are beginning to show at least as green as those crowning his well-merited fame as a critic and thinker. One thing is certain : the author of *Thyrsis* is by no means 'out in the cold' to-day. The many pilgrims who year in and year out stand bareheaded by the simple grave in the little churchyard of Laleham are certainly not drawn thither by the renown of a critic or a sociologist.

Among the letters from another poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, there is an amusing one dated April 1881 containing a belated acknowledgment of a cheque for seven guineas in payment for his sonnet on the Michael Angelo 'Holy Family' in the National Gallery. He had evidently been very agreeably surprised by the generous scale of the remuneration, though he has not, as he politely deplores, been in much of a hurry to acknowledge it. 'Such a liberal view,' he writes, 'of the value of a sonnet has seldom been taken in this world, I conceive.' But then, the commercial side of Art was always more of a joke than anything else to Rossetti and his friends. Art was Art and Business was Business, and the connexion of the two was more or less accidental and

generally a matter for mirth to those gay and gallant musqueteers of the brush and pen.

There are also several letters from George Meredith, in one of which his conviction (or assumed conviction) of the popular indifference towards his literary labours finds diverting expression. Maccoll had apparently asked him to allow his signature to appear on some public memorial, and in the course of his letter of refusal he says :

The opinion of an ex-practitioner in Light Literature is of small value, and my name counts for nothing with the public. So I withhold it as often as I can. Excuse me, if you find it possible.

At a later date Meredith was one of the many who wrote congratulating his friend on his English version, published in 1902, of a selection from the *Novalis Exemplares* of Cervantes. In this letter he says :

With an intimate knowledge of our Cervantes you have a command of the vernacular which enables you to run fluently and racily, while giving a *souçon* of the stately Spanish—as much as our short-legged English can compass.

And yet another bard swims into our ken as we sail along—Lord de Tabley, the friend of Tennyson, Browning and Gladstone, one of the most modest of the eminent Victorians, a very distinguished botanist, and at his best a true and fine poet. The biography of him by the late Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff which appeared as the Preface to the edition of his book on *The Flora of Cheshire* is one of the most attractive things of its kind in what we may call the literature of Letters. Lord de Tabley was a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum*, one of his articles being a review of Browning's *Agamemnon*, which gave great pleasure to the poet. In earlier years he had also been a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review* during the editorship of that paper by Mr. Douglas Cook, writing on all sorts of subjects from German Literature and contemporary poetry to Obtrusive Dilettantism and Damaged History. The inclusion of a selection from his poems in Mr. Alfred H. Miles' valuable anthology, *Poets and Poetry of the XIXth Century*, is now perhaps his best known monument as a bard.

Such are a few of the correspondents of this distinguished editor and man of letters. Others include Mrs. Oliphant, Leslie Stephen, Frederick Denison Maurice, Edmond About, E. J. Poynter, Francis Newman, John Dykes Campbell, and, of course, many men and women who are still with us and in the plenitude of their powers ; and all the letters to which I have been referring are addressed less to an editor than to a personal friend. Mr. Maccoll did not long survive his retirement from the editorial chair.

For four years he continued his own labours in Spanish literature, in which, at that time, he had a rich field almost entirely to himself, and his translations of Cervantes and Calderon are standard contributions to the popular knowledge of the Spanish masters in this country. But one feels that the most fruitful as well as the longest and most famous chapter in his life ended in the moment of his leaving the *Athenæum* office for the last time as Editor. The full history of that chapter has not been told, and probably never can be now. It would have made a most valuable book from many points of view, personal, literary and artistic, and perhaps not least from the point of view of the profession and practice of English journalism, particularly in regard to English literature. The times have formidably changed since then, and many manners have changed with them ; but it is impossible to believe that there is not to-day in England a far larger class of readers to whom the ideals of the *Athenæum* appeal just as vigorously as they did between 1871 and 1900. Success, however, in all such matters depends not only upon character and culture in the general sense of the terms, but also in a very large degree upon a quality which seems rarer to-day, and which we may call the historical sense. The most underrated virtue in England at the present moment is reverence for the past. We are far too much in love with new methods, which are by no means necessarily better than the deeply thought out and long and prosperously tried methods of the past.

H. M. WALBROOK.

‘*THE SOFT, ENAMOUR'D WOODLARK*’

WHAT a joy it is to hear a new bird song—to have one’s attention arrested by notes at once beautiful and strange! One’s first nightingale is a memorable experience—well I remember the wonderful tones pealing out one glorious April evening in Bagley Wood, near Oxford—and the enthusiastic listener is held entranced as in a spell. But one’s first Woodlark is, in its own way, quite as thrilling.

On my first visit some years ago to a woodlark district—a lovely part of south-east Devon—I was surprised and delighted to hear, one fine September morning, the notes of a bird quite unknown to me. For some time it was difficult to place the singer. He seemed to be now in one spot, now in another. The song appeared to vary as much as the singer’s position. At one time there were notes reminiscent of the greenfinch, at another of the great tit. Now it was a bit of skylark’s song, now a fragment of the song of the wood wren, the linnet, the lesser whitethroat, and even of the nightingale. The phrases were broken and constantly changing—the tone liquid and rich.

The song went on and on, and all at once I saw the little singer in the air, at no great height, flying round and round, rising and falling, but all the time pouring out his throbbing melody. He resembled a bat almost as much as a bird, the likeness as regards the undulating and rather jerky movements, as well as a noticeably short tail, being very suggestive of that small mammal. For at least half an hour I watched and listened to him, and the conviction gradually grew upon me that by most writers the woodlark as a singer has been much underrated: they are apt to tell us that the song lacks variety, and at all events that it is inferior to the skylark in this respect. To me the woodlark’s notes surpass those of the skylark both in variety and in richness of tone.

The song is more broken into phrases, it is true, but these are wonderfully varied and far more continuous. The skylark will sing at a stretch for some minutes, and then stop; the woodlark frequently goes on with hardly a pause for the best part of an hour.

It is a moot point whether the resemblance to the notes of other birds is the effect of conscious imitation, but I am inclined

to think that it is not so, but merely individual—the outpouring of the bird's own heart.

The song is by no means always uttered when the bird is on the wing. He sings from many points of vantage—a tree-top, a telegraph wire, or even a lowly hedge, and not infrequently on the ground. Except when aloft in the air, however, or perched on an eminence, he seldom prolongs his ditty for more than a few minutes at a time, and the call note—a soft and very liquid ‘lü-lü’ or ‘tlo-eet-lü’—usually takes its place.

Apart from its beauty, the woodlark's song may be heard in almost every month of the year. From February he sings at all times until about the end of July, when the moult begins and the song is no longer uttered. Six or seven weeks pass, and in the second week of September one may confidently expect to hear the beautiful notes once more. The song then continues regularly for a couple of months, but drops off a little during the winter, chiefly, no doubt, owing to unfavourable weather, though on fine days it rings out, welcome and doubly welcome, when most other birds are silent.

The woodlark's habit of singing at night was first noticed by Gilbert White, of Selborne, who described it as singing ‘suspended in mid-air . . . in hot summer nights all night long.’ Since his day most writers on birds appear to have taken this statement for granted, and to have copied one from another the vague fact that it is *said* to sing at night, or else they avoid the subject altogether. Bewick, however, in his *British Birds* says that it ‘sings during the night, so as sometimes to be mistaken for the nightingale.’

There is also a definite statement in D'Urban and Mathew's *Birds of Devon* (published in 1892) to the effect that ‘we once heard it singing throughout a cold March night. Every now and then there would be a squall of hail, when the little songster would be hushed, but directly the moonlight shone out again the clear notes rang once more through the night.’ Bellamy, too, in his *Natural History of South Devon* (published in 1839) says that ‘being abroad at 11 p.m. on Jan. 14, 1835, and the weather generally fine, I heard three woodlarks singing deliciously and continually while perched on trees within about a gunshot of each other.’

In this district of south-east Devon some woodlarks undoubtedly sing at night, but I believe that the habit is by no means universal in the species, because I have never heard the song at night in the immediate neighbourhood of my house, though at least two pairs nest quite near and sing most of the day. On the other hand, a bird that has its habitat near the house of a friend not more than half a mile away sings not infrequently during the night. Also, were it a constant habit, surely far more writers would have mentioned it.

The females sing as well as the males, though with less tone. In cases where the colour of both sexes is alike, or nearly so, there seems to be a tendency in many species for the female to sing, and in this instance there is no difference in plumage between male and female.

In size the woodlark is less than a skylark, and warmer in colouring. It reminds one of a minute quail with its rich brown striped crown (often raised like a crest), and beautifully mottled brown back and wings, spotted throat, pale breast, and conspicuous buff streak over the eye.

There is a distinct difference in the flight of woodlark and skylark. The former rises gently from the ground and ascends in spirals. When he has reached a sufficient height he flies in wide curves, pouring out his song without ceasing. The latter gets up abruptly and rises almost perpendicularly to a great height; indeed, he is sometimes quite lost to sight in the sky—the woodlark, in my experience, but rarely.

The skylark, too, generally frequents higher ground for nesting purposes, and, when a district contains both species, the woodlark will be found to occupy the lower station. This is not invariably the case, as in parts of Wales the woodlark nests at a considerable elevation.

The term 'woodlark' is rather a misnomer, for he is not specially a bird of the woodlands, but rather of open, undulating districts with scattered trees. He also seems to prefer a light sandy soil to heavy clay lands. We may find him then in his favourite spots—a railway cutting with banks not too steep, a sloping field or hillside with bracken here and there, or an open common with rough grass tufts and patches of wiry heath. Indeed, he is not too particular in his choice, always supposing that he is to be found at all, and he is local rather than common. There are many districts even in the south where he may be looked for in vain, and the bird lover in country whence the woodlark is absent is greatly to be pitied!

Like the nightingale, whose range is so curiously restricted, the woodlark, for some reason best known to himself, will avoid entirely what would appear to be eminently suitable country, and frequent a district which to the uninitiated is almost exactly similar in character. Here one may listen to three or four up aloft singing against one another in close proximity, perpetually changing their positions and weaving patterns in the sky.

As regards mankind the woodlark is by no means a timid bird. If one stands reasonably still it is quite possible to get the birds to approach within a few yards. They run about somewhat in the manner of a wagtail, and will dart into the air to seize a passing fly, now and then cocking an eye at one like a robin, as if won-

dering whether after all humankind is really to be trusted. It is at such times that, as I said before, the resemblance to a quail is rather noticeable.

If alarmed they instantly stop and cower low on the ground, where they harmonise singularly well with their surroundings. Indeed, the eye, once taken away, finds it difficult to pick them up again. In a little while the birds will rise, and, one by one, fly stealthily away.

When the brood has left the nest, the parents like to bring them into one's garden, there to run about and pick up insects or seeds in the most friendly manner, apparently as unconcerned by the presence of human beings as are their parents. One of the least migratory of birds, they usually stay in the neighbourhood of the nesting haunts—at least in this district—all the year round. There must, however, be slight local migration, as stray birds, and even small parties, are occasionally met with in winter away from their regular localities.

The young birds remain with their parents until the latter nest again, and, when the second brood have left the nest, I think in some cases the preceding young join the family party, which is more or less united during the winter. As a rule those that stray into other districts are members of the early broods. In severe weather one may notice fair-sized gatherings in the stubble fields, and on one occasion I saw as many as forty together, but this number may have consisted of about five pairs and their different broods of the preceding spring—all bred possibly within a radius of a mile or so.

There seems to be a probability that woodlarks pair for life, as the same spot is so often chosen as a nesting site year after year.

In very early spring they renew their courtship, chasing one another through the air and fluttering in their unsteady, bat-like manner, always to an accompaniment of soft call notes. This goes on, too, during the period of nest building, which is often in progress even when snow is still lying.

The nest is placed in a great variety of situations, and is almost always well concealed. I have found it in fields on a sloping bank in a tuft of grass or among sheltering bracken, cunningly tucked away in heather on a common, on a railway embankment within 12 feet of the line, and in a field of roots under the lee of a big turnip and well hidden by its leaves.

Once I was completely baffled in my efforts to find the nest, which I imagined to be in a field running down from a tract of heath-clad common, as the birds were constantly there, and moreover the field was dotted with tufts of grass and a good deal of dead bracken—altogether an ideal spot.

Not until the young were nearly ready to fly did I eventually

find the nest, which was not in the field at all, but up on the common, wonderfully concealed in heather and grass and not a foot from the edge of a narrow path along which I had passed dozens of times since the building of the nest. In this particular instance the birds had exhibited a wily deceitfulness equal to that of the stonechat in successfully hiding the position of their home, but, generally speaking, a little patience will reveal the woodlark's secret.

The nest is fairly well put together, and is usually so placed that grass meets over the top, the bird approaching by a winding track and entering at one side. The materials used in its construction are bents and moss, with finer grass and sometimes horsehair as lining.

The woodlark is a very close sitter, as are most ground-nesting birds, and will almost allow herself to be touched before she moves. When she does leave the nest, she runs a little way before rising on the wing. Even then she is loth to go far, and generally settles at some little distance, anxiously awaiting developments and plaintively calling to her mate, who soon responds by fluttering down beside her.

Should the eggs be much incubated, the intruder is hardly gone before the hen is back again on her nest.

The first clutch of eggs is usually laid by the fourth week in March, the young leaving the nest a month or so later. After a short interval the parents prepare for a second brood, but, in my experience, seldom if ever in the same nest.

Occasionally, if the first and second broods are brought off exceptionally early, even a third nest is built.

The first laying generally consists of three eggs, sometimes only two, while four is the usual number for the second clutch about the fourth week in May. The eggs are slightly smaller than those of the skylark, and the usual type is in colouring of a more ruddy brown on a paler ground.

The nestlings are most beautifully marked with chocolate-brown streaked and shaded with buff, and possess a quite noticeable crest, which they can erect in the presence of real or fancied danger. While still so young they display in a marked degree the instinct for concealment. This was well exemplified in the case of the nest found, as mentioned above, by the edge of the narrow path.

A herring gull on the prowl for anything in the shape of food, to whom a fledgling is by no means unacceptable, was flying slowly overhead at no great height. By this time the young woodlarks had just left the nest and were in the low scrubby heath close by, taking but little notice of my presence. But as soon as the gull's shadow fell near them they instantly squatted

close to the ground with half-spread wings, remaining motionless until the big gull had taken his departure.

The herring gull, being an omnivorous and most voracious feeder, makes a regular habit of quartering the moorlands near this coast like a harrier, and the toll that he takes of nestlings and small birds generally is enough to account for the comparative scarcity of certain species that should be far more abundant.

W. WALMESLEY WHITE.

THE MAKING OF 'ANTIQUÉ' FURNITURE

MUCH excitement was worked up of late concerning the impossibility of distinguishing, without destroying, pearls made by unassisted oysters from those in whose production human artifice had borne a part. Happily for the present owners of 'priceless' pearls, it is now known that many years must elapse before any specimens sufficiently large to be of great value can be produced by the newly-developed industry. In any case, the instances in which pearls possess any historic associations are comparatively few, and the enormous majority of pearl owners would be quite happy if their treasures were made yesterday so long as high money value and great rarity were attached to them.

The particular craft which, in common with very many other perhaps rather old-fashioned people, I specially deplore is likely, if left in perfect freedom, to be far more disastrous to our children's children than would be the production of stupendous pearls by every existing oyster, native or foreign. That craft is the manufacture of 'antique furniture,' already carried to such a point that the very words 'genuine antique' at once suggest humbug to those who, having been three times bitten, are twelve times shy.

Some time back I was shown a particularly beautiful piece of furniture, constructed of long-seasoned wood, cut and carved and joined exactly in the manner of the best cabinet-makers of a particular period more than two centuries ago. The maker of this piece is still living, but on several occasions its owner has been offered tempting prices by professional experts who were convinced, after careful examination, that, in spite of its perfect condition, it was an original production of the time whose taste it represents.

Reproduction such as this, defying the knowledge of experienced dealers, is still very rare, but I will assert 'without reserve' that there are hundreds upon hundreds of Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Queen Anne chairs, tables, cupboards and chests, valued by their possessors chiefly for their accepted association with the past, yet made in mills that at this moment, if you are reading during working hours, are turning out—the

words have a double sense here—pieces no more and no less genuine as examples of historical periods.

Most of the bogus 'antique' stuff, however easily it may impose on the ignorant, can be detected from several yards distance even by an amateur who has taken any trouble to acquire the needful knowledge. But such amateurs are few among many, and in fifty persons who 'love' Chippendale chairs there are not five who could safely be trusted to buy one at any price exceeding, let us say, 2*l.* 10*s.*

What is the poor amateur to do when, attracted by a 'Jacobean Bench' or an 'Elizabethan Bedstead,' he remembers that the pleasing object before him may, for all he knows to the contrary, be of this Bolshevik age? If he merely desires a piece of useful furniture of ancient appearance, the matter is simple enough. He can discover by examination whether the thing is strongly constructed, and he knows what he can afford to spend. Subject to those conditions, let him buy at once. But, if he wants to possess an authentic example of a given period, and has made no special study of old furniture, the business is very far from simple, and, unless he is offered such a piece by a dealer of well-known integrity, he had better leave it alone until he can take advice, or discover what knowing people think about it. An amateur may have read and heard much with regard to methods of faking, and yet fall an easy victim to the Ogre Sham. Less probably, he may be so fortunate as to possess something of that quickness of perception allied to experience which may, with tolerable accuracy, be called a *flair*.

Any observant person who has viewed furniture, alleged to be antique, on the day before a sale by auction, must have noticed keen, quiet men passing their fingers gently over various parts of the attractive pieces catalogued as 'Tudor,' 'Queen Anne,' 'Chippendale,' and so on. At such moments that dusky oaken cupboard, called 'Court' or 'Livery' as may happen, or that elegant walnut *escritoire* with the cabriole legs, is being subjected, in very truth, to the modern variety of Ordeal by Touch. An expert will pass his hand over the sides of the cupboard, and along its massive ornamental front, and afford an example of 'Touch-and-go,' moving on without another thought of bidding for what he now knows to be the work of a recent copiest. But over the writing-table he may stay for a few moments longer, feeling about the joinery, and the insides of the drawers, and then making a tick against that particular 'lot' in his catalogue. For it has come successfully through the ordeal, and he has no more doubt that it is genuine than he has that the condition of his island home is not quite as happy as it might have been if some of its inhabitants had been less selfish. That dealer has learnt by long practice the

difference in the feel of a bit of oak planed centuries ago from that of wood lately planed, and of carving executed by artistic men who laboured lovingly and with a more or less free hand from that of men working closely to pattern and without much pleasure in their occupation. Let it be added that the change wrought by time and wear on plane or smooth surfaces in general is much more easily imitated than the qualities of good carving, which very nearly defy the most accomplished faker.

Perhaps the making of gate-leg tables is the most extensive branch of the sham-antique manufacture. Scale-drawings are placed before some of the youngest workmen, often no more than boys, who mark out and cut the top boards and straight pieces of the underwork and turn the 'barley-sugar' or baluster legs as readily as you could carve a leg of mutton. When the boys' work is finished, the result, in many cases, is a strong, useful table of pleasing appearance, new, but of a good seventeenth century design. But, alas! The boys' work completed, the man's begins, and the 'faker' now comes upon the scene with his wire brush, his little chopper, and his stains. In the larger establishments the wire-brushing is frequently done by women. Its object ought, perhaps, to be explained, for the sake of those readers who are as yet almost defenceless in an encounter with the less scrupulous among vendors of the 'antique.' In newly-seasoned wood, and notably in oak, there is a great difference in the hardness of the grain, the narrow, uneven tissue edging the annual rings of growth being much softer than the intervening parts. In a freshly-cut section, at any period of the age of the wood the new surface is quite smooth, but within a few years the softer grain shrinks, with the result that, when the hand is passed over the surface, there is a distinct feeling of roughness. By briskly brushing the newly-cut surface with a brush of which the 'bristles' are made of stiff wire, enough of the softer grain is removed to produce this rough feeling. It is true that no expert worth anything from the cruets could fail to distinguish the artificially produced roughing from that due to lapse of time, but the people in whose disinterest the wire-brushing is done are of that sort whom the poet had in his mind when, in an age before 'faking' was much practised in furniture-making, he declared that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' It is true he was speaking of literary learning in particular, but his advice is good for any other kind.

So, then, our nice, clean-cut gate-leg table, having had its surfaces tormented with stiff wires, is next cruelly chipped here and there, with knowing discrimination as to the likeliest places to be damaged in everyday use. Next, the chemical staining needful to give the colouring proper to oak which was new, let us say, in the days of Nell Gwynne must be very carefully applied,

with special attention to the joints, so that, should these become loose, no bit of light oak should stare one in the face. Then, when the stain is perfectly dry, some beeswax dissolved in turpentine, rubbed evenly over the whole table, will provide a finish highly attractive to the eye of the small collector whose knowledge, compared with his enthusiasm, is as 'moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine.'

The making out of new wood of furniture produced specially for the antiquating process is, however, the crudest branch of the 'antique' fabrication business. The next grade upwards is the making of cupboards, tables, settles, chairs, dressers and what-not out of ancient timbers taken from destroyed houses or barns and restored churches. At this moment, in several parts of England, you may see, if you are curious in such matters, huge piles of oak beams and struts and studs which, after several centuries of service in supporting the habitations or granaries of men or the roofs of churches, are shortly to serve, after being sawn up and otherwise worked upon, as component parts of all sorts of furniture purporting to belong to the time when the wood was newly seasoned. Yet another grade up, and we have the furniture which is more or less what it is declared and supposed to be—that is to say, a table may have half its top and three of its legs new, while the remaining leg and half-top are of the seventeenth century; or, in a 'Cromwellian sideboard,' one of the front legs and the carved 'frieze' below the top were almost certainly made about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Then we have 'examples' which, while deceiving no one with much experience of old furniture, easily deceive persons who, while they can perhaps distinguish old wood and old carving from new, are not yet sufficiently appreciative of the phases and styles of construction and ornamentation. These 'examples' are the 'Court cupboards' and the 'Tudor sideboards' made up of doors, and sides, and legs and bars of several dates, the *dissecta membra* of many pieces that have long since fallen into ruin. The writer has in his possession a handsome mantelpiece-and-overmantel of carved oak which, from the other end of the room, might be regarded as Elizabethan, but which, as a fact, contains Flemish panels of about the year 1500, English panels of about a century later, English pilasters of the Stuart period, and some Georgian carved columns, the whole bound together by pieces of oak of early twentieth century working. Whether to let this newly-acquired 'example' remain intact or to use its panels apart from the rest is still an unsettled question.

There is a stock jest about the man who, when asked by a doctor what he did for a living, replied that he was a 'worm-hole maker.' The artificial worm-hole is so readily detected by any

kind of expert that it is now usually regarded as too dangerous to be worth boring. There are much safer ways of producing the signs of antiquity in wood, and without that suggestion of rottenness which the worm-hole naturally offers. Not only are new pieces made into 'old,' but genuinely old pieces are made 'older.' I will give one typical instance. A friend of mine, who knows a good deal about good furniture, was visiting the premises of a prosperous country dealer who, as a relaxation from business, amused himself by keeping rabbits. As a residence the little animals were making use of a carved coffer, after regarding which for a few moments the visitor remarked: 'You know more about such things than I do, but, unless I am strangely mistaken, that is an original sixteenth century coffer. How can you put it to such a use?' 'It will be fifteenth century when the rabbits have finished with it,' was the cool reply.

In a large country house not more than a hundred miles from the Marble Arch there has been for many years, except for a fortnight's interval, a piece of old carved furniture of exceptional quality which may be called a small cupboard. Some years ago repairs were needed to the oak panelling or parquet flooring of the room where this cupboard stands, and a craftsman of known ability was called in to put things right. Left alone at his work, his eye chanced to fall on the beautiful little cupboard, and, examining it with expert attention, he noticed that a corner-piece of the carved ornamentation was loose. He carefully pulled this piece off and put it in his pocket. During the morning the owner of the house came to see how the craftsman was getting on. After some interchange of remarks the man drew his employer's attention to the fact that a piece of the carving on the little cupboard was missing. The employer was surprised to see that this was so, but at once attributed the defect to the carelessness of servants, and asked the craftsman whether he could get a new corner-piece made and coloured to match the corresponding corner. The man said he could get it done, though of course it would be difficult to obtain carving quite as good as the original work. When he left the house, he took the cupboard away to be repaired, and in a fortnight's time brought it back again with the defect so perfectly rectified that the owner was delighted, declaring that he could not discover any sign of modern workmanship whatever. The fact was that the original corner had been restored to its place. But, in the time passed away from its old home, casts of every part of the cupboard had been taken, and in various houses in different parts of the country there are to-day people who are the happier in possessing beautiful 'antique' cupboards which, but for the inspiration of that inspired craftsman, they would never have been able to buy.

A collector of old furniture whom I once used frequently to see went the way of all flesh, collectors or otherwise, and, for the purposes of estate division, his treasures had to be dispersed. Among them was a seventeenth century piece of unusual design, which was bought at the sale by or for a brother collector. Later on, being offered rather a large sum for his purchase, he was induced to sell it to a dealer to whom, by request, he gave a receipt in which the character of the piece was clearly described. The buyer carried off his purchase, and turned it to such good business account that he sold several replicas of it, each at a larger price than he had given for the original piece, the receipt for which, being signed by the name of a well-known collector of great taste, in each case clinched the bargaining for what successive purchasers believed to be the original piece. As the replicas cost about a tenth of the price obtained and the dealer still had the model in his keeping, he may be said to have done very well for himself, and done his customers well at the same time.

The use made of the original receipt in this case recalls another where a receipt was turned to even more ingenious account. A clever replica sold as an original to a connoisseur who had been caught napping, as, in such matters, even connoisseurs sometimes are, was speedily sent back by the purchaser, with an emphatic demand for the return of the considerable sum paid for it. The tradesman, while declaring his own belief in the genuine character of the piece, agreed, 'rather than there should be any unpleasantness with a customer,' to take it back and repay the money, stipulating, however, for a specific receipt. On the strength of this receipt not only this particular replica, but several others of the same article, have been since disposed of, the fact that they appear to have been purchased by the tradesman from a collector of known discrimination being again a large inducement to amateurs!

It is known to all but the veriest tyros in collecting old furniture that unscrupulous dealers, having cleared many farm-houses and cottages of original pieces—at prices which, seeming high to the ignorant sellers, are almost negligible when compared with those at which they change hands later—put sham or made-up 'antiques' in such denuded homesteads to be sold on commission at an agreed price.

Wandering about the country in the neighbourhood of his home a certain man saw, through the open door of a cottage, an oak bench which appealed, even at several feet away, to his æsthetic taste. He entered, and delicately led the good woman of the house to admit that, in these hard times, she would like to find a purchaser for it. It passed such tests for antiquity as the

man possessed, and he bought it at what seemed a reasonable price for so old and handsome a thing. There was in the same room a dresser, also of apparent age, but the price at which the housewife would part with that family treasure was beyond the man's pocket at the time and he carried off his new-bought bench only in his pony cart. It so happened that a friend of similar taste, to whom he showed his purchase a few days later, was in want of a dresser for the display of his pewter plates and dishes, and the two friends went together to the cottage. There was the dresser still in its place, but what were the feelings of both men when they saw that the bench also was there again ! The explanation is scarcely necessary. Some maker-faker of 'antiques' kept the cottage supplied with a succession of replicas of some original dresser and bench, trusting partly to the improbability of a casual purchaser revisiting the place, and still more to the fact that, no guarantee being given by the cottagers, the law had no terrors in store for the deceivers, prime or secondary.

Here is another case in which the visit of a friend led to the shattering of a fond belief in the genuine character of a sham 'antique.' It was a fine piece, and externally as perfect a bit of 'seventeenth century' work as could be produced to-day. The friend, examining the inside in a sufficient light, quietly asked the owner if he could remember how long circular saws had been invented ? The reply, in a slightly startled tone, was, 'Not more than a century, I should think ; why ?' 'Well, look here !' And a series of curves, obviously scratched on the surface by an over-bent tooth in a circular saw, were offered for examination. Many such true tales could be told, but there is no need to multiply examples any further on this occasion.

I will conclude with two bits of advice which may save the amateur from some disappointments. The first is, that English furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is not very likely to depend for its stability on glue and nails, and the second is that to make furniture at once strong and beautiful costs a good deal of money in these times, however ancient the style and the models may be. The finest pieces of 'fake' are too expensive for any but the rich to buy, and it is over pieces for which something under 30*l.* is asked that the buyer who pays no super-tax must be most wary.

W. H. HELM.

THE FIRST CONQUEST OF PALESTINE

At the beginning of 1918 a number of us, who were on our way to rejoin our divisions in Palestine, were held up, owing to a breakdown of the railway, for over a fortnight at No. 2 Base Dépôt, Kantara. As a general lack of funds and the obduracy of the field cashier prevented more than an occasional visit to Port Said or Ismailia, time hung very heavily on our hands. In the course of a diligent search for 'literature,' a copy of Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* was unearthed. The charm and interest of a work, which dealt so intimately with the country in which we were destined to spend the next few months, could not fail to attract the more studiously inclined among us. The magnificent passage which describes Joshua's triumph at Gibeon invited comparison between ancient warfare and the campaign in which we hoped to take part shortly; and I conceived the idea of taking the Book of Joshua and following out step by step his operations, with the help of Dean Stanley's book and an excellent map which hung in our mess. The rough notes which were the result of these studies were published in the *Egyptian Gazette*. Since then the advent of peace has given me an opportunity for verifying and correcting the conclusions arrived at while I was still at Kantara, and the following essay is the result.

The Book of Joshua constitutes the earliest account that we have of a great campaign directed by a military genius of the first order. A critical study, therefore, of the events which led to the first conquest of Palestine may not only interest those who have themselves fought in that country, but all to whom the study of the great deeds of the men of the past is a constant source of pleasure. An examination of the question of authorship or date of our original authority or an ethnological discussion of the races of the Old Testament is out of place in an essay of this description. The narrative of the events as found in the Bible has been closely followed, and an attempt has been made to analyse them and deduce the reasons for the decisions taken.

After the hurried flight from Egypt the choice of two routes lay before Moses and the Israelite leaders. The first was the old trade route along the Mediterranean coast, which has been used

by nearly all the great conquerors of history including the Assyrians under Assurbanipal, the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar, the Persians of Cambyses and Artaxerxes Ochus, Alexander's Macedonians, Napoleon's Republicans, and last of all by the British Expeditionary Force in Egypt. The geographical advantages of such a route are obvious. There were, however, at the time of the Exodus serious disadvantages which influenced Moses very largely in making his decision. It was guarded by the great Egyptian fortress of Pelusium, which held out so long against Sennacherib, and which might prove a fatal obstacle to a flying host which feared pursuit. After this obstacle, there remained the waterless, sandy desert to be crossed. On reaching the plain of the Philistines, the Shephelah, the strong city of Gaza barred the way, to say nothing of the other four burghs of the Philistines and the fenced cities of the plain of Sharon. Apart from the fortresses, the Canaanites would have been able to use their war-chariots in the plains, and to these the Israelites could offer no effective reply. Lastly, the western passes into Palestine remained to be negotiated, and these passes have only once been successfully forced against opposition in the course of history, by the British troops in 1917. In fact, the passes of Bethhoron and Rephaim have witnessed some of the greatest victories in Hebrew history, that of Judas Maccabeus over the Macedonians of Syria, that of David over the Philistines, and, during the last days of the Jewish independence, the defeat of the Roman Cestius. Even the British Army was held up for several days before the position of El Jib (Gibeon) by the Turkish reinforcements and some rallied fugitives, and in the end the British commander was compelled to bring up the 60th Division by forced marches. His success was probably due to the fact that the Turks had already suffered a decisive defeat in the plain.

Apart from strategic reasons, we are told (Exodus xiii. 17) that "God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt." In other words, it was quite impossible to expect the martial qualities required for such an enterprise from a rabble born in slavery and only just freed from bondage. The approach of Pharaoh's army threw the Israelites into such a panic that a mutiny, followed by an abject surrender to the Egyptians, nearly occurred then and there. Fortunately, natural phenomena and miracles intervened to save the fugitives, and Moses succeeded in piloting them to Sinai without further danger from the Egyptians. We need only note one incident on the journey to Sinai. Some Amalekites, wild Bedouin raiders of the desert, appeared and Moses called on Joshua, now mentioned for the first time, to choose men and drive

them off. This was the future conqueror's first success. During the stay at Sinai and the subsequent wanderings to Kadesh, which lies between the head of the gulf of Akaba and the Dead Sea, the law was given and the disorderly rabble moulded into the nation which was to exercise such a great influence on the course of history ; and it was at Kadesh the Israelite leaders began to plan the conquest of the promised land. The near prospect of military operations naturally brought the fighting men into prominence.

We have hitherto had but very few mentions in the Bible of Joshua, the son of Nun, but even these are sufficient to give us a glimpse of his character and of his early career. We have already seen him chosen by Moses to command in the first military enterprise the Israelites had to undertake. Later on, Moses took with him up Mount Sinai ' his minister Joshua ' (Exodus xxiv. 13), and, on coming down, Joshua was the first to hear the ' noise of war ' in the camp of Israel, which he subsequently describes as ' not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome : but the noise of them that sing ' (Exodus xxxii. 18). His active service experience, possibly with the Egyptians, must have been considerable to enable him to distinguish at a distance what the hubbub meant. When Moses faced the mutineers (Exodus xxxiii. 12) ' his servant Joshua, a young man,' was the only one who was left on guard in the Tabernacle. When the elders Eldad and Redad prophesied, Joshua thought they were encroaching on his leader's prerogative and Moses had to restrain his zealous follower (Numbers xi. 28). By the time the halt at Kadesh took place, Joshua was already recognised as the soldier of his nation, and the passages just referred to show us that he had long been one of Moses' household, and that Moses regarded him as his chief associate and right-hand man. From Moses, with whose plans and intentions he must have been fully cognisant, he must have learned statecraft and that fervent devotion to the God of Israel of which he gave such signal proof later on and which carried him and his people through all difficulties. His position in the great Lawgiver's household also kept him free from all the entanglements of intertribal rivalry, in which he would have been involved had he been merely one of the princes of Ephraim, and enabled him to adopt a broad, national standpoint in all that followed.

As a first step towards invasion an exploring party was sent out, of whom Joshua was one. The future conqueror thus had an opportunity of gaining first-hand knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, which must have been invaluable to him.

The Jordan and the Dead Sea divided Palestine longitudinally into two portions. West of Jordan, the country near the sea consisted of the plains of Shephelah and Sharon. Towards the

interior the land became more hilly, culminating in the highlands of what became later Judæa, before falling again to the Jordan valley. Towards the north the hills were less rugged and the valleys broader, until the plain of Esdraelon was reached. Beyond that plain the country became mountainous once more. The hill ranges, on the whole, ran from east to west, forming a series of defensive positions against an enemy advancing from the south. East of Jordan the country, though mountainous, was well watered by two rivers, the Jabbok on the north, flowing into the Jordan, and the Arnon on the south, flowing into the Dead Sea. On the east lay the desert.

There is considerable difficulty in understanding the political conditions of the country, as the names of 'Canaanites, Hittites and Amorites' are often used to denote the whole of the inhabitants of Palestine, and it is almost impossible to fix the boundaries of the various tribes. One may say, however, with a certain degree of confidence, that a confederation of Amorites predominated in the southern highlands, another strong confederation, probably of Hittites, the north, the Philistines the Shephelah, and the Canaanites the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon. There were, in addition, minor tribes, like the Hivites in the centre and also in Mount Lebanon, and the Jebusites of Jerusalem.

One very important fact cannot have escaped Joshua's eye. The central *massif* of the country, to which all the chief passes from the west and from the east lead, viz., the mountainous region of Nebi Samwil and El Jib, which was then known as Gibeon, was held by neither Hittite nor Amorite, but by an isolated Hivite tribe, which probably feared both its powerful neighbours and was therefore likely to prove disaffected. How far this knowledge influenced the decision taken by the Israelite leaders to invade Palestine from the east we cannot tell in the absence of definite information.

East of the Jordan there were the Amorite kingdom of Heshbon and the kingdom of Og the Giant, who is often also called an Amorite. The Amorites of King Sihon of Heshbon had lately broken into the country of the Moabites, between the Jabbok and the Arnon, and driven them over the Arnon. 'There is a fire gone out of Heshbon, a flame from the city of Sihon: it hath consumed Ar of Moab, and the lords of the high places of Arnon. Woe to thee, Moab! thou art undone, O people of Chemosh.' Support, or at least neutrality, might therefore be expected from Moab. Further north, beyond the Jabbok, the Ammonites, like the Moabites a tribe kin to Israel, had a feud with Og, and therefore were potential allies.

An invasion by way of Philistia was undesirable for the reasons already stated. An *attaque brusquée* against the southern high-

lands, which Caleb of the tribe of Judah, one of the scouting party, suggested, might have met with success, but, as already explained, the ground offered a series of admirable positions for rearguard actions. The enemy would have been able to retire towards his allies and concentrate at leisure his whole force for the decisive battle, while the invader would have been compelled to advance against a defence which stiffened with every step forward, while his own communications grew longer and therefore more exposed to the Amalekite raiders from the desert. He would have been compelled to leave detachments behind, and his army would therefore have grown weaker and weaker.

The third possibility was to advance by the east side of the Dead Sea, roughly, along the track of the modern railway line. It is true that the unfriendly attitude of Edom necessitated a long *détour* to the south, round Mount Seir (now Shur), but this line of advance offered nevertheless great strategic advantages. In the first place, a rapid advance might enable the invader to overwhelm the Amorites east of the Jordan before their allies from Palestine proper could come to their help. In this operation, the help, or at any rate the neutrality, of the Moabites and Ammonites could be reckoned on, and the conquered territory would form an excellent base for further operations. After crossing the Jordan, the eastern passes would have to be forced, but these, though very rugged, are more difficult to defend than Bethhoron or Rephaim, as repeated successful invasions have proved. Further, an advance from this direction struck at the point of junction between the Northern and Southern confederacies. The two sections of the enemy would have to fight on a front parallel to their divergent lines of communication, and a success for Joshua meant the separation of their forces and their defeat in detail. The situation, in fact, is similar in certain respects to that which confronted Napoleon in 1815, and there is little doubt that the choice of this route, which was made eventually, was due to the influence of the future leader, who had explored the ground in person.

Other events, however, intervened before this decision could be given effect to. The remainder of the scouts told terrible tales of giants and fenced cities, which so frightened the people that a tumult took place. Moses and Aaron were powerless, and Caleb and Joshua were almost stoned for having tried to instil a little manliness into the mob. With such material nothing could be done, and the leaders decided to give up all idea of invasion and to continue the wanderings until the slave-born generation had died out and a fresh, free-born, virile race had grown up, that served Jehovah and lusted not after the fleshpots of Egypt.

It was quite sufficient that the leaders should take a decision

for the Israelites, in their perverse state of mind, to wish the contrary. A disorderly rabble chose to make an attack, against orders, on the southernmost Amorites (Deuteronomy i. 44). They found the enemy with some Amalekite auxiliaries strongly posted at Hormah, and were soundly beaten. The pursuing Amalekite horsemen completed the rout, and destroyed what remained of the *morale* of the Hebrews. This disaster fully confirmed the leaders' opinion of the worthlessness of the Israelite army.

Thirty-eight years the host wandered between Kadesh and the Red Sea, till Aaron and all the old generation had perished, except Joshua, Caleb, and Moses himself, and the new generation of hardy desert warriors had grown up, who knew no fear, who could endure want and privation and who knew the meaning of discipline. The change in the *morale* of the people can be gauged from the following incident. A raid by the self-same Amorites who had sent their fathers flying down from Hormah provoked a punitive expedition which was completely successful, and the word Hormah (utter destruction) acquired a new meaning for Israel. The time for action was indeed drawing near. The Lord said 'Ye have compassed this mountain long enough: turn you northward,' and the march for the Jordan was begun. Edom refused the army a passage through its territory, and this necessitated a long *détour*, as a policy of hacking one's way through would probably have meant serious losses and might possibly have wrecked the whole enterprise.

Joshua was already 85 years old, but still in the full vigour of his powers. He had succeeded in forming an efficient army, properly subdivided under subordinate officers and subject to sound regulations for the march and for war. The vanguard, consisting of a group of three tribes under the leadership of the tribe of Judah, was commanded by Caleb. He also was over 80 years old. Then followed another group under the leadership of the tribe of Reuben. Then came the flower of the army, Joshua's own tribe of Ephraim, its brother tribe Manasseh, and Benjamin, and in the rear came the tribes which settled in the north, under the leadership of the tribe of Dan. The rallying point for the whole people was the Ark. In the Book of Deuteronomy we find a whole series of regulations concerning discipline and sanitation, which testify to an efficient organisation. Of special interest are the regulations that the priests should come and stir up the religious enthusiasm of the soldiers before battle, and that the captains of hundreds and thousands should weed out all who were likely to prove half-hearted. Only Al₁ men were chosen for a fight.

The first operation was the destruction of Sihon and Og.

Had the enemy been properly led, Joshua's task would have been a very difficult one. The most obvious course would have been to unite all the forces of Palestine with those of Sihon and Og, and to fight on the borders of the desert, where a defeat, or even a drawn battle, would have meant destruction for the Israelites, who had the desert behind them. The nations west of Jordan, however, did not stir; Og remained quiescent north of the Jabbok, and Sihon was left to face the danger alone. He went out to meet the Israelites on his frontiers, but was overwhelmed and slain at Jahaz. Og now paid the penalty for his lethargy. He was assailed by the Israelites, reinforced by their Ammonite kinsmen, at Edrei, and destroyed. By these two victories the Israelites had accounted for a considerable fraction of their enemies and conquered a well-watered territory which could serve them as a base and leaping-off ground for their attack on Palestine proper. Still more important was the great increase in the *morale* of the army.

The conquest of land suitable for settlement, and contact with the inhabitants of Palestine, gave rise to fresh difficulties. The practice of religious prostitution was very prevalent in the East in ancient times, when a definite code of morals had not yet been set up; and this practice with its abominations proved to be the worst danger that the Israelites had to face for several centuries. Their desert life had made them hardy and fit, and the new danger threatened to undermine their physique. If they failed to keep themselves pure from contamination, they were bound to deteriorate physically and morally, and finally perish, like all the other Eastern nations of antiquity. The danger was all the greater because the practice wore the mask of religious worship.

The only way of safeguarding the nation was to make contamination a criminal and religious offence. The existence of Israel as a nation was bound up with the pure worship of Jehovah. They were the chosen people, the children of the promise, selected above all nations, as their circumcision testified. All contamination with the worship of idols, all falling away signified revolt from Jehovah and was punishable by very unpleasant forms of death. How real was this physical and moral danger is shown by the fact that a definite plot to seduce Israel from its God and its ideals was concocted at the suggestion of Balaam, the Midianite prophet, by the King of Moab and the princes of the desert Midianites, who could not but look with alarm on this new people lately arrived in their midst. This explains the extremely drastic measures taken by Moses and Joshua to prevent their people 'a-whoring after idols' and other abominations. The danger was averted by the extermination of the weak brethren who had sinned, and Balaam was slain.

This was not all, however. An internal danger, as well as an external one, had to be faced. The Reubenites and Gadites, whose inheritance consisted of the lands of Sihon and Og, showed themselves very reluctant to cross the Jordan and take their share in the conquest of Palestine proper. Such selfishness and faintheartedness could not be tolerated, especially as such a feeling, if allowed to spread, might cause the disruption of the nation. Moses eventually agreed to allow the women and children to stay behind, provided that the fighting men crossed with the main army.

As a set-off to this lack of public spirit, the Manassites carried out under their own tribal leaders Machir and Jair a very successful expedition, which completed the conquest of the territory east of Jordan. In order to chastise the Midianites, and to give the army some more active service experience, an expedition 10,000 strong was sent against the Midianites, which successfully accomplished its object and returned loaded with spoil. Looting, however, found little favour in Joshua's eyes. It led to quarrelling, and the plunder encumbered an army engaged on such a great enterprise. Strict orders were therefore issued that all spoil belonging to the polluted nations was to be destroyed, and only objects which could pass through fire were to be kept for the Treasury. No doubt sanitary reasons also influenced Joshua when he issued these regulations. A proof of the organisation which now existed is found in the following passage. On the return of the expeditionary force 'the officers which were over thousands of the hosts, the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, came near unto Moses: And they said unto Moses, Thy servants have taken the sum of the men of war which are under our charge, and there lacketh not one man of us.' Parade states evidently were already in use, and it was during this stay east of Jordan that the people were numbered and full stock taken of the fighting men available for the great enterprise.

It is now that the great statesman and lawgiver, Moses, who was 120 years old, laid down his office. The lawless rabble he had brought out of Egypt was a strong, young nation. A younger hand was needed to lead it, and a successor brought up in his traditions, who had proved his worth while the elder leader's guidance and advice were still available, was ready. The founder of the nation had done his work, the task of the soldier had already begun. Moses lived long enough to view from afar the land he was destined never to enter, and the leadership passed from him to Joshua, the son of Nun, of the tribe of Ephraim.

Joshua was ready. His army was concentrated within striking distance of an unprepared and divided enemy. In order to take full advantage of his position, he decided to strike up the passes

which led to Bethel in the north, Gibeon in the centre, and Jerusalem in the south. These, however, were guarded by the fortresses of Jericho and Ai. Joshua sent out two spies to obtain information which would enable him to act, and, in the meantime, gave orders for all preparations to be made to move in three days' time. To show how different was the spirit that animated the army now to that which was shown at Hormah thirty-eight years previously it is enough to quote the words with which the Reubenite and Gadite warriors, who were to cross with the rest of the people, received Joshua's orders. 'All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us, we will go. According as we hearkened unto Moses in all things, so will we hearken unto thee. . . . Whosoever he be that doth rebel against thy commandment, and will not hearken unto thy words in all that thou commandest him, he shall be put to death : only be strong and of a good courage.'

The spies succeeded in their mission and brought back much valuable information. Joshua's exclamation at the news clearly shows what he considered the most important portion of their report. 'Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land ; for even all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us.' Then, as now, *morale* came first. Next morning the Jordan was crossed, the first camp in Palestine proper formed at Gilgal, and Jericho blockaded.

The first act of the Israelites after the crossing was of a religious nature. The old circumcised generation had died out ; the new people who had grown up in the desert now performed the rite which vowed them to the service of Jehovah and symbolised their selection from all other nations. Once again both sanitary and religious reasons influenced Joshua. He is, of course, open to criticism for disabling his army at this particular moment, for the ceremony could have been performed before the crossing. He was not, however, in a hurry. No active operations were needed to secure his base at Gilgal or to maintain the blockade of Jericho. Moreover, he was fully aware of the difficulties he would have to meet once he became entangled in the hills ; and he probably hoped that by threatening Jericho he would induce the Amorites to offer battle in the valley of the Jordan. At any rate, the enemy did nothing, and Jericho was captured after a seven days' siege, possibly by mining operations. It seems fruitless to try to find out what really did happen at the crossing of the Jordan and at the fall of Jericho, and it really does not matter, from the military point of view, whether miracles did or did not occur.

The next move was to capture the other fortress, Ai. Scouts were sent forward who reported that 3000 men would suffice to take it. This detachment, however, when attacked by a sally

of the defenders, fell into a panic and fled, losing thirty-six men, and 'the hearts of the people melted and became as water.' This check, so similar to that at Hormah, evidently had a profound moral effect, and Joshua set out at once to repair the mischief. He had become aware of a gross breach of discipline in the army; Achan, one of his followers, had secreted some plunder from Jericho, contrary to orders. The disaster was attributed to this disobedience to Jehovah, and the culprit was tried and stoned to death. Discipline being re-established, Joshua proceeded to restore the *morale* of his army by a success.

No risks were taken this time. The whole army, not a mere detachment, moved out and Joshua himself was in command. The Hebrew general knew that the enemy's *morale* must be very high after his victory, and his dispositions were calculated to derive the fullest advantage for himself from this fact. A body of men, variously stated as 5000 and 30,000 strong, was sent by night to lie in ambush to the west of Ai. Joshua himself numbered the people and led the main body to the hills opposite the town on the north side of the valley. At daybreak the main army advanced, but, on nearing the enemy, who were drawn up in front of the city, recoiled in feigned flight. The men of Ai, who had been reinforced from Bethel, the stronghold at the head of the valley, pressed on in pursuit, imagining that this battle would be a repetition of the previous one. Joshua and his elders were posted on an eminence in full view both of the main body and of the ambush, whence he could direct operations without being involved in the fighting. When he judged that the men of Ai had been drawn sufficiently far from the town, he gave the signal by lifting up his spear. The ambush rushed the feebly guarded town, set it on fire and charged the enemy in the rear, while the main host turned on its pursuers. The victory was complete. The inhabitants were put to death and the King hanged, but in order, no doubt, to avoid a repetition of the incident of Achan, the army was allowed to keep the booty this time. Once more Joshua showed the soundness of his views by abolishing a regulation which was likely to become a dead letter and thus bring discipline into contempt.

After the battle the people were led to Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, and went through a solemn ceremony, which had been prescribed by Moses. The place was hallowed by Israelite tradition; and the reading of the law of Jehovah at that spot was calculated to stir the religious enthusiasm of the army to the uttermost and to complete the restoration of its *morale* after the regrettable incident of the first battle of Ai.

These delays on the part of Joshua at Gilgal, when the people were circumcised, and now at Gerizim, may appear ill-timed, if not

dangerous, and they may appear difficult to understand, in view of the swiftness of his later decisions and of the rapidity with which he carried them out. Knowing the unstable, excitable character of his people, Joshua was undoubtedly playing for moral effect. There is, in addition, reason to believe that he was deliberately holding his hand in order to allow political events to develop, which promised great advantages.

The victory of Ai had a result the importance of which it is difficult to underrate. It seemed very probable that Joshua's next move would be to attack Gibeon, whose territory lay at the summit of the passes which the fall of Jericho and Ai had laid open. The Hivites who held Gibeon were, as already explained, an isolated tribe among powerful neighbours; they probably felt that these neighbours would leave them in the lurch, if it were to their advantage to do so, and they therefore decided to make friends with the Israelites and avoid extermination. Joshua must have rejoiced indeed on the arrival of their envoys. His terms were hard, they meant slavery, but they guaranteed safety of life and property to the Hivites. By this defection unopposed access into the heart of the country was gained and communications between the two enemy confederations were severed. Possibly Joshua was tricked into the treaty; possibly the story of the trick was circulated in order to explain to the people, who 'murmured against the princes,' why in this particular instance Jehovah's command to exterminate all the inhabitants was not to be carried out; it does not really matter. The advantages of abiding by the terms arranged were so great that Joshua would not hear of repudiating them, for he was now able to act on interior lines against a divided enemy. The army moved up to Gibeon, probably on a reconnaissance in force, received the surrender of the Hivites, and then returned to Gilgal. No garrison was left, as far as we know.

This defection was a terrible blow for the enemy. Apart from the fact that their country now lay open, the north was cut off from the south, the rot had begun, and no one knew how far it would spread. Immediate action was imperative. The five kings of the Amorites gathered their forces and laid siege to Gibeon, in order to make an example of it, without waiting for the northern army. The Gibeonites, hard pressed, sent an urgent message to Joshua at Gilgal. The Israelite general realised that his great opportunity had come and that the enemy had at last been forced to come into the open and offer battle in an unfavourable position. All night long the 'mighty men of valour' and the main host streamed up the pass. The journey, which had previously taken three days, was now accomplished in one night; and at dawn Joshua fell like a thunderbolt on the

surprised foe in his leaguer. There cannot have been much resistance, as, otherwise, the day had been too short for the events that took place. The direction of the attack compelled the enemy to fly away from his base. The pursuit swept up to the summit of Bethhoron and down to the Shephelah. The solar eclipse which occurred, and Joshua's command to the sun to stop, which made him appear gifted with supernatural powers to his army, spurred the soldiers to the greatest efforts. The fleeing enemy was shattered by a landslide, but the pursuit ceased not : the five kings were caught up, but Joshua was too great a soldier to allow even this great prize to divert him from his true objective, the defeated army. The mouth of the cave in which the kings had taken refuge was blocked with large stones and guards set over it, but the army was ordered to 'pursue after your enemies ; suffer them not to enter into their cities.' The slaughter was great, and only a remnant escaped, as the direction of the flight had enabled Joshua to cut the fugitives off from their homes in the hills. The last acts of that wonderful day were the storming of the town of Makkedah in the plain and the execution of the five kings.

The victory was followed up immediately by the conquest of the south. We have two accounts of it, which agree in the main features, except that in the Book of Joshua the operation is ascribed to the whole army under the commander-in-chief, and in the Book of Judges to the tribe of Judah under Caleb. What probably happened was that Joshua kept his main army in hand at Gilgal to watch events in the north and allowed Caleb, with the tribes of Judah and Simeon, to reduce the southern highlands.

News came not long after that the northern kings, under Jabin of Hazor, were mustering their forces. Joshua again decided to strike first. Of this campaign, and of the battle that decided it, we are told very little beyond the fact that the order was given to burn the chariots and hough the horses of the Canaanites. These instruments of war were always a terror to the Israelites, who were infantry and therefore clung to the hills, where war chariots could not be used. Joshua's movements were again too swift for the enemy. He 'and all the people of war with him came against them suddenly ; and they fell upon them.' The chariots apparently never came into action at all and were burnt. The enemy was scattered in all directions. Again there was a fierce pursuit, followed by the destruction of all the open towns and the death of the defeated kings. Of the fortresses, however, only Hazor, the capital of Jabin, was taken. On the whole, the victory was far less decisive than Gibeon and the results less far-reaching.

Active operations were now over. The conquest was by no means complete, as many years of petty war were required before

the various tribes conquered their inheritance, and even then many of the towns of the original inhabitants remained untouched, but the back of the work was broken. The subsequent military operations are both unimportant and uninteresting, and it is unlikely that Joshua did anything beyond exercising a general control. The land was divided up and the tribes dismissed to their territories. The aged general retired to the estate his grateful followers had given him in Mount Ephraim and died peacefully after many years, aged 110.

There are few characters in history more attractive than that of the old Israelite hero. We know very little of him, but all that little is good. He never worked for himself, nor claimed any reward ; all his successes were always ascribed to ' your God which is among you,' and never to himself. Joshua's devotion to Moses and to the God of Israel has already been commented on ; no less great was his devotion to his people. A most pleasing trait is the fatherly, sympathetic way in which he speaks to his errant follower Achan, though discipline and obedience to Jehovah were enforced pitilessly. Such a chief must have been very much loved. No less pleasing is the tactful, half-humorous reply to the house of Joseph's demand for a greater lot : ' Thou art a great people, and hast great power. Thou shalt not have one lot only : but the mountain shall be thine ; for it is a wood, and thou shalt cut it down : and the outgoings of it shall be thine : for thou shalt drive out the Canaanites.' In other words : ' If you want a greater reward, earn it.'

It is, however, as a great soldier that Joshua will be remembered for all time. Every word or deed that has come down to us bespeaks the born leader. As a strategist he ranks among the highest. His choice of the route placed the enemy strategically at a disadvantage, for from the country east of Jordan he could attack whatever point he chose from Esdraelon to Jerusalem, and a victory must inevitably result in the separation of his two chief enemies and their defeat in detail, while a check only meant a retirement to his base, *pour mieux sauter*. Very noticeable is the care with which he reconnoitred the ground over which he had to operate. Twice he went to see for himself, and on the other two occasions, we are told, he sent scouts. The attack on Ai by a small detachment was a tactical error based on faulty information, and never again do we find Joshua fighting by small packets. The second battle of Ai gave proof of his ability to read the mind of the enemy, and if we knew more about Joshua's intentions before the battle of Gibeon we should probably find that he had deliberately left Gibeon ungarrisoned in order to induce the Amorites to concentrate and risk a battle in a thoroughly unfavourable position. To await his onset in their lines was, of course,

folly, but apart from this, the excellence of Joshua's initial disposition and the skilful advantage, which he took of the opening, which his statesmanship had given him, were mainly responsible for the greatness of his success.

His actions are characterised by decision and great rapidity of movement; he had evidently grasped the importance of fighting against time. It is, however, the care that he took to keep the *morale* of his men at a high level that stamps him more than anything else as a great genius, and it does not detract from his fame in any way that he learnt the secret thereof from Moses. It should not be forgotten that in Caleb he found a dour old fighter that would have rejoiced the heart of any commander-in-chief. 'Forty years old,' said this prototype of Marshal Ney, when he received his special reward, Hebron, 'was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-barnea to espy out the land . . . And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive . . . these forty and five years . . . and now, lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in.' Besides Caleb, several of the younger leaders, like Phineas the soldier-priest and the two Manassite chiefs, seem to have been capable of acting independently and winning successes, not to mention Caleb's younger brother Othniel, the victor of Debir and the hero of the only romantic incident of the Conquest (Joshua xv. 16-17), who became later the first Judge. Like most great commanders, Joshua gathered a brilliant and efficient staff round him.

Even after the army had been dismissed and the old chief had laid down his office, his influence over his people prevailed. To the end of his days he strove by example and advice to keep alive in the hearts of his people that pure faith in Jehovah which had carried him to victory and which formed the sheet-anchor of their salvation. 'Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua,' and the spirit, which their great soldier bequeathed them, helped them to surmount all trials as long as his memory remained fresh in their minds.

F. R. RADICE.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA

‘MIGRATION which is without a definite purpose, migration due to the triumph of hostile forces, hinders mental development and draws the individual from active to inactive life. With hatred in their hearts and with the constant desire of returning home, those who forsake their country become demoralised. Hope acts as a hindrance both to compromise and to work; bitterness is universal and acrimonious discussions circle for ever round the same questions, while memories of the past weigh the mind down with an inevitable and heavy burden.’

This judgment passed by Herzen on the widespread emigration of 1848, when *émigrés* from France, Germany, and Italy crowded into Switzerland, may now be repeated. The Russian Revolution seems to stand out as the gravest event in the last years of tragedy. It matters little whether we regard it, as many do, as a renewal of the grim struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman, or as the fulfilment of the prophecy of the arrival of Anti-Christ, or, lastly, as an effort on the part of revolutionary Marxists to apply Marxism to a people whose civilisation has hardly begun. The flow of emigration from Russia is tantamount to the migration of a whole civilisation. At the same time, the political divergences and economic distress of the *émigrés* have had a tendency to conceal from the observer the inner meaning of what has happened. Wherever fate has brought a community of Russians together, whether it be in London, Paris, Prague, Sofia, Berlin or Constantinople, an attempt has been made to explain to the outer world the ordeal through which Russia and Russian thought have passed, but Western Europe, impatient of the interminable dissensions of the *émigrés*, has neglected to look below the surface and follow the progress of their culture in evolution.

Among the *émigrés* there are first those who, holding tenets akin to those of Constantine Leontiev, the eminent retrograde censor of Moscow (*circa* 1880), are disenchanted by the life of Western Europe and pray that Russia may be preserved from it. Prince N. S. Trubetskoy, the most prominent exponent of this view, courageously defends this line of thought, declaring that the Latin-German civilisation of the West intends nothing

less than to conquer the whole world for itself. He warns Russia against the spell which this lust of power exercises over so many distinguished minds. In his arguments he simply carries on the old struggle between Slavism and Westernism, a struggle which has raged in Russia since the days of Peter the Great. His chief antagonist, Professor P. N. Milyukov, on the other hand, sets out to prove that Russian Bolshevism is an international danger. Neither view, however, is acceptable to a majority of the *émigrés*. Disillusioned by the attempt to introduce Western democratic institutions into Russia, and by the loss of their traditional faith in 'Holy Russia,' a large number regard Slavism as well as Westernism as revolutionary doctrines. It would seem, therefore, that Herzen was right when he said that misfortune and misery only produce intolerance, stubbornness, and irritation. For we see how the Russian *émigrés* have split up into small circles where names are bandied about, hatreds are cherished, and principles are lost sight of. The whole question of Russia's future is here involved. The elite of Russian thought have left the country, while the remnant at home is sunk in despair. There are, however, voices issuing out of the darkness which revive our hopes.

The first is the voice of a prophet, Serge Bulgakov, the author of *At the Feast of the Gods*. Bulgakov, whose intellectual career is in itself a spiritual romance, entered public life in the early 'nineties, when official Russia and its Church were under the guidance of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, that nineteenth century dominion C. Pobedonostsev. Alexander the Third had just died (1894). His successor Nicholas, a man of weak character, whose faith in the divine right of kings was shaken, was unable to cope with the approaching crisis. His petty reforms satisfied nobody and merely led to more trouble, while the inevitable reaction rallied to the ranks of the opposition all the young men who wanted to take part in the political life of their country. Bulgakov joined these, and, coming quickly to the front as an exponent of the philosophy of Marx, was hailed as the philosopher of the Social-Democratic Party. The study of the history of economic doctrines, however, soon raised doubts in his mind as to the value of Marx's philosophic system. He turned his attention to the idealists of the nineteenth century, and from them he drew a new inspiration. *From Marxism to Idealism* (1903), the fruit of this re-investigation, brought about the conversion of many prominent Russian Marxists, but the Socialists who remained true to their Jewish master became bitter in their hostility. For a time, however, there was no open breach; Bulgakov still remained their political ally. Differences were made a rupture by Bulgakov's conversion to religion. In two

essays, the first an analysis of Feuerbach's philosophy, and the second a study of Marx as a religious type, Bulgakov explained the conclusions to which criticism and reflection had brought him. He acknowledged that the true path to progress lay in Humanism, but the essential question to be answered was, Is it to be Humanism with Christ and in Christ's name, or Humanism *versus* Christ in man's own name? Bulgakov's choice was definite. The Humanism wherein he saw our hope was a distinctively Christian Humanism.

The Russian Revolution of 1905 had ended in a fiasco. In the literary world this failure was followed by a diversified criticism which tried variously to explain the failure. The most striking and sensational of these attempts was a collection of essays published under the title of *Vekhi* (Sign Posts) (1909). The writers, of whom Bulgakov was one, indicted the whole class of the intelligentsia as lacking spirituality and idealism. Bulgakov finds the real cause of the failure of the Revolution in the atheism and religious nihilism of the intelligentsia, and in the consequent estrangement of the people from the educated bourgeoisie. The text of his appeal is 'Seek humility, and return to Christ and orthodoxy.' The mystical faith of Soloviev and Dostoevsky had laid hold of him, and he was kept from returning to the Church only by the spectacle of the Church's subordination and subservience. For a time he retained his chair of economics. After the Bolshevik Revolution, however, when the Church became independent and spoke once more with a voice of its own, he summoned up courage and became a priest, thus identifying his fortunes with those of the Church.

The title of his book *At the Feast of the Gods* is taken from a poem by Tyuchev which describes the feelings of Cicero when the Roman Republic was tottering to its fall. 'To witness a great historical event,' said Tyuchev, 'is to be present at the feast of the Gods and to drink from the cup of immortality.' The deeds of the Bolshevik Revolution might easily have shaken the faith of an older son of the Church or of a more ardent admirer of Russian history, but Bulgakov, though deeply moved by the horrors he had seen, remains true to his new-found religion. More than ever is he convinced that 'Christ is the ideal of the Russian people, and that none other is known to them.' True, sin may overwhelm them. Then 'the ideal is forgotten and the people become brute beasts.' Yet even then 'an infinite longing is apparent,' and there is no trace of that self-reliance and self-satisfaction which characterise the petty bourgeois.

To Bulgakov, as to so many other Russians, the soul of the people, even at its lowest, seems a larger, profounder, more vital thing than the conventional soul of the Westernised bourgeois.

There can be no doubt about it, the typical Russian bourgeois is a Westerner. Bulgakov admits that his own lack of acquaintance with the West keeps him from a complete understanding of Western life. Nevertheless, he feels sure that the social principles of the West cannot bring about the resurrection of a people. Political organisation and the distribution of wealth, however these be regulated, cannot of themselves solve the tragic riddle of a people in search of social justice. Russia still living and Christ still the Saviour—these are the cardinal centres of Bulgakov's faith. 'Russian soil is still alive, and Christ is walking there as before, in the ragged garments of a slave! The Russian soul will soon re-echo with this cry, and will fall at the feet of its Rabbi in ecstasy. There is nothing left but this hope and this faith. Russia will be saved'—the thought is characteristic of Russian popular piety—'by the strength of Her who gave Christ to the world.' These fervent and mystical sentences recall the words of Soloviev: 'The idea of a nation is not what it thinks of itself in a definite historical period, but what God thinks of it in eternity.'

To discover the ethical meaning of contemporary events we must look at the matter *sub specie eternitatis*. If we do not, we shall be at the mercy of mere incidents, and, having no Ariadne's thread, will lose our way in a maze of mutually conflicting forces. We have an instance of this error in the spirited tragedy of one of the greatest of living Russian authors, Merejkovsky. But he also has turned his thoughts to religion. In his *14th of December*, which he wrote in Russia in 1918, there are clear indications of this. Even the style of the book, with its short and equally-balanced sentences, is borrowed from the language of religion. In this novel Merejkovsky describes the first clash between the autocratic tradition of Russia and the revolutionary ideas inspired by the West—the clash which led to the revolt of several Guard Regiments in Petrograd on December 14, 1825. The revolt was limited, and had none of the destructiveness which had marked the rebellions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries under Stenka Razin and Pugachev. The masses, though sympathising with the rebels, held aloof from them. Unshaken by the inquisitorial punishment of the conspirators, Merejkovsky's hero remains sure of the future. 'Russia will be saved by Christ and His Holy Mother.' 'Faith, self-sacrifice, and, above all, motherly love'—these are his parting words on the eve of his deportation to Siberia—'will heal the wounds inflicted by the autocrat, and will lead the country at last to freedom.' Western revolutionary ideas are blind, because of the irrational and destructive impulses of the Western masses. Russia, misled by these, has gone wrong, but that does not justify us in despairing of her and her people.

When we turn from these religious circles to those which are

pre-occupied with science, we find writers who have the same confidence and the same sincerity as their religious confrères. To some their standpoint may seem lower, yet their outlook is wider. Their characteristic effort is an attempt to ascertain the meaning of social justice. It is to this problem that Professor P. Novgorodtsev addresses himself in his work on *The Social Ideal* (3rd ed., Berlin 1921).

Like Bulgakov, Novgorodtsev began his scientific career when reaction was at its zenith in Russia. He specialised in politics and historical science. These studies, however, engrossing though they were, did not satisfy him, any more than Marxian materialism satisfied Bulgakov. He came to the conclusion that, although history can explain the facts of the past, it is unable to help us to form a judgment on contemporary events or to build up hopes for the future. For a way of escape from this negative conclusion he turned to ethical idealism. Like Herzen, he was stirred by the misery and lawlessness around him, and he tried to evolve a plan for the revival of his country. The lukewarmness of Liberalism in the West tantalised him. In the Russia of those days Liberalism had no tradition: Novgorodtsev set himself the task of creating one. He essayed to create in Russia a well-informed Liberal conviction which would be strong enough to bring about vital reforms. Its adherents accepted the Socialist ideal, but rejected the methods by which Socialists wished to achieve that ideal. Novgorodtsev gave the movement its philosophical basis, and when in 1906 a party was definitely formed to endorse the newly-given constitution on the understanding that it was but a first step towards democratic freedom, he became one of its foremost leaders. This constitutional-democratic party—the so-called Cadets—represented all that was best in the Russian Liberal movement, and the first Duma, that creation of a nation's enthusiasm, was in reality its child. The formation of this party was followed by a period of governmental reaction which sent Novgorodtsev back to his scientific studies and to his chair of jurisprudence in the University of Moscow. In a very short time, however (in 1912), he resigned his chair as a protest against the policy of the Government. He resumed his lectures after the Revolution, but the Bolsheviks regarded his activities unfavourably, and their persecutions compelled him to leave Russia.

The study of the history of political doctrines not only gave Novgorodtsev new insight into those predominant conceptions, the State and Law, but also led him to elaborate a reform in ethics. In 1908 he published his *Contemporary Conception of Law*. In this important and notable work he dealt with the various aspirations of the social and political thinkers of the day, and showed the inadequacy of the reforms undertaken by the State

in its attempts to cope with the evergrowing complexity of social life.

Before he decided in favour of Socialism he made a concentrated study of the doctrine of progress, and especially of the teachings of those who held out the promise of a definite solution and propounded a definite end. The result is apparent in his last book.

The evolution of Socialist thought in the last decades of the nineteenth century was given a definite form by the masterful pen of Karl Marx. Orthodox Marxism is at once realistic and Utopian: it is a blend of historical necessity and pragmatism. Social revolution appears on the one hand as the logical conclusion of the historical evolution of capitalism, and on the other as the social miracle which is destined to regenerate the world by destruction. At bottom the Marxian doctrine of the social revolution is a faith, and it imposes itself on the mind as a religion which aims at replacing all others. Hence its militant atheism. This conception of progress, this quasi-religious view of a revolution intended to free the world (it will be understood that I am only reproducing Novgorodtsev), would only have a chance of being generally accepted if it were feasible to settle the date of the promised change. But as time went on and the dawn of the salutary revolution was continually postponed men grew tired of waiting upon Fate and became eager to be up and doing. The masses desired to grasp at once what their leaders had promised them; the leaders themselves wished to act. Inevitable historical necessity gave place to pragmatism. The struggle between the two tendencies is best exemplified in the change which took place in the attitude of the revolutionists towards the State. Marxism represented politics as a superstructure upon economics. It proclaimed a class war for the destruction of the State, but *sub silentio* it postponed that war until a time indefinitely remote. A preparatory war was, indeed, commenced, but this was merely a fight for specific reforms, for the democratising of institutions, for the enfranchisement of the masses. Thus the idea of destroying the State was unconsciously replaced by the idea of participating in its life and of co-operating in its development. A schism was inevitable. Historical necessity was forgotten. The realistic Socialists became 'Reformists'; the others, the Utopians, desired only one reform—the Revolution.

Novgorodtsev points out that this bifurcating development took place not only in Germany, but also in France—in French Syndicalism. Scarcely fifteen years have elapsed since Georges Sorel wrote his *Reflexions sur la Violence*. In that short space of time French Syndicalism has grown up, has become formidable, has reached and has gone beyond the parting of the ways. Sorel,

who declared class war to be the one unalterable aim of orthodox Socialism, preached abstention from politics and a general strike as the sole panacea for all existing evil. His first followers made abstention from politics a prime principle. For them everything was economic, and they expected the 'direct action' of the workers to bring about an immediate and general improvement in the conditions of life. Nevertheless, the Syndicalist became a 'Reformist' *malgré lui*. Strikes took place, some of which were intended to be general, but they were always for specific practical ends—for shortening the hours of labour, for raising wages. Here also, as in Germany, the avowed goal—the Revolution—was tacitly and practically superseded by something else. And, just like the German Socialists, the French Syndicalists divided into two camps. In the one camp are those who see only one remedy and want but one reform—the Revolution; in the other are those for whom the general strike is primarily a means of obtaining particular reforms and a larger participation in the economical life of the country.

Turn now to Novgorodtsev's doctrine of progress. The studies which led to the writing of his book had disclosed to him a crisis in social philosophy—indeed, in the progressive movement. The high-sounding phrases which were the epiphany of democracy in the eighteenth century proved to be mere phrases, and the 'miracles de la République' which were expected by Mirabeau never occurred. In later days the new theories of Socialism and Syndicalism, at first so confidently proclaimed, have similarly falsified themselves. No faith has been left untouched, no method unchallenged.

Novgorodtsev comes to the conclusion that Utopias are Utopias, that an earthly millennium will not and cannot take place. Doctrines and institutions have been variously tested, and none have altogether stood the test. Novgorodtsev, however, does not infer from this that we should dismiss the social idea from our thoughts. Whatever has happened to particular doctrines and institutions, the ideal has remained untouched. History's mordant criticism has but shown that the ideal cannot be enforced upon humanity—it must be a free achievement. This means that progress must be a movement in the individual spirit as well as in the social whole. Progress has no term—no visible or conceivable goal is final. The idea of a final stage of progress must be done away with and replaced by the idea of constant and limitless improvement. When Columbus discovered the New World, says Novgorodtsev, the thought of a limiting and attainable horizon had to be abandoned and the notion of a limitless world substituted. The time has now arrived when the same decision ought to be taken in the moral world. It is

clear that this doctrine cuts at the very root of revolutionary millenarianism.

It should not be thought that Novgorodtsev's doctrine of 'termlessness' degrades progress to mere change. It merely removes the horizon of the moral hemisphere and opens up a boundless prospect. In effect it is a criticism and a rejection of proximate Utopias.

In prospect, an eternity of mere change would inhibit action, but there is nothing inhibitory in the prospect of infinite progress. At any rate, Novgorodtsev insists emphatically that his doctrine requires of men not merely expectation, but active, arduous work.

Novgorodtsev calls his doctrine 'Free Universalism.' The social ideal of Greece, he says, was to unite—by force, if necessary—groups of select people into the self-sufficient State.

The Middle Ages had the thought of gathering the world into a great indivisible Catholic Church. In these days of ours the notion of a free national State is evolving before our eyes into the idea of a free integration of a free humanity. Such an integration is the purpose and the hope of Novgorodtsev's 'Free Universalism.' In the formation of this new ideal Socialism, Syndicalism, and anarchy have severally had their part.

'The moral mission of a nation has to be worked out, but it depends on its citizens to accept it as a blessing or as a curse'—so writes Vladimir Soloviev. Men who have the faith of a Bulgakov, or the calm confidence of a Novgorodtsev, accept the fate of their country as a factor of social progress, and they feel that the future of a country which has produced Pushkin, Turgenyev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky is safe.

'The present moment,' wrote Novgorodtsev in 1919, 'when Western civilisation has brought forth five years of terrible butchery, calls us to re-investigate the significance of that civilisation. To-day, when Russia as a State, Russia in its Western aspect, has ceased to exist, we can see clearly that, behind the veil of pomp, and the outward brilliancy of institutions and culture, there is an urgent need for a profound and inner change in the human soul. When divorced from the life of the soul, culture is at the mercy of external events and is fore-doomed to perish by an accident. Furthermore, the tragedy of Russia has shown us that, besides the uncreative mechanical civilisation which subsists in external institutions, there is another attitude towards life—one which is grounded in love and resignation, and defines by these the normal relation between God and man. The Russian State may have been imperfect, its power grim. But no experiment of fanatics can destroy the faith which illumines the heart of the Russian people.'

Turn now to literature. Russian literature has been the

voice of Russia's suffering, yearning life, the organ of its criticism, the instrument of its diagnosis. That literature has not been insensitive to the modern tragedy of Russia.

It is impossible to define, in general terms, the extent to which a creative literature is influenced by contemporary events. A great writer usually gives to his protagonists something of a universal character and significance. True, he exhibits them as moving in, and informed by, a particular environment, but that specification is little more than a means of giving them actuality, and their meaning always passes out beyond it. Pierre, for instance, in *War and Peace* is a character of universal significance. Artistic creation has always a certain detachment, for in detachment universal meanings can only be discerned and universal values be appreciated. A tragedy like that of modern Russia, which wrecks a civilisation, devastates an empire, and throws a generation to the wolves, makes the present and the particular so overwhelming that the creative spirit of Art can scarcely help being crushed by them and bereft of insight. It is marvellous, therefore, to find that not a few Russian writers are still standing on their feet. Blok, in *The Twelve* and *The Scythes*, and Andrei Belyi, in *Christ is Risen*, are still able to hold out the hope of a better future here on earth. Their faith in that future is unshaken, and they show themselves convinced that the present miseries are but trials which should prepare the Russian people for it.

The poets who have succeeded in holding themselves aloof from the Revolution are less hopeful. *The Winter Sonnets* of Svanov, for instance, are full of wretchedness and gloom. In a prayer to God to give a home to the homeless there is a note of real despair. *A Gift to the Land*, by Constantine Balmont, is also very sad.

The fate of Russia has haunted Merejkovsky ever since he has worked at the history of Peter the Great. In his book on the Decembrists, already mentioned, he explains the collision between Russia and the West. Latterly he has condensed his romance *Peter and Alexis* into a poignant drama, *The Tsarevich Alexis*. The play is the story of a quarrel between a father and son, but in it Merejkovsky illustrates the same struggle. The powerful personality of Peter, who wishes to uplift Russia into Western civilisation, is brought face to face with the passive feminine resistance of his son, who personifies old Russia. When Peter is forced to sentence his son to death in order to save his kingdom for posterity, he prays to God that the blood of his son may fall on his own head alone, and that vengeance may not be visited on future generations. The prayer has not been answered, but Merejkovsky does not say this.

From the same point of view the critic Jury Nikolsky analyses

the personal enmity which kept Turgenev and Dostoievsky apart. Turgenev, the Westerner, who declared in *Smoke* that 'Russia might go to pieces without an atom being changed in the world,' is set over against the Slavophil Dostoievsky, who expected Russia to contribute a new chapter to the history of the world. Special emphasis is laid on their reconciliation in 1880 at the time of the commemoration of Pushkin's death, when Dostoievsky chose Lisa Kalitina, the heroine of Turgenev's *A Nest of Gentlefolk*, as an instance of the rôle the Russian woman had to play in the history of her country.

It were well worth while to work out the relation between recent events and the teaching of the great Russian writers. V. A. Maklakov, formerly one of the foremost leaders of the Cadet party, has dealt with it in a brilliant speech delivered on the anniversary of Tolstoy's death.

Maklakov points out how little the world understands of the spirit and the letter of Tolstoy's teaching, and he draws an effective parallel between the historical fate of the gospel of Christ and that of the moral teaching of Tolstoy. Those who claim to have accepted the doctrines of Tolstoy are, he contends, farther from comprehending it than are those who consciously reject it. The tribute paid by Bolsheviks to Tolstoy's memory resembles, he says, 'the wreath warriors might lay on the tomb of an enemy general, while thanking God that he is no longer alive to lead an army against them.'

I have said nothing about political plans, for these are outside the scope of my purpose. After all, a plan is an adjustment to circumstances rather than an expression of the spirit. In this paper I have dealt with the Russian spirit, and have tried to give evidence that it is not dead, but living.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

SERVICE EXPERTS AT WAR COUNCILS

IN his work *From Private to Field Marshal* Sir W. Robertson incidentally makes reference to a question which is of considerable importance to any nation that is engaged in war, and which is of particular importance to this country owing to the uncertainty that exists here on the subject. What exactly is the position, and what are the responsibilities, of professional advisers of the Government when they are taking part in the deliberations of the Cabinet, or of whatever body happens to be charged with deciding the naval or military policy to be followed by the fighting forces of the Crown? Some ruling may peradventure have been given in regard to the matter since the conclusion of the World War. The First Sea Lord, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and the Chief of the Air Staff may possibly have in their keeping, concealed in their respective safes, an authoritative and explicitly-worded document setting out exactly how they will stand in respect to the War Council should the United Kingdom become involved in serious hostilities during their term of office. But, in so far as the general public are aware, there appears to be nothing to prevent a recurrence in some national emergency of the future of just such misunderstandings as occurred on the occasion of the genesis of the Dardanelles campaign. It has been placed on official record that the naval experts present at the meetings of the War Council which committed the country to that venture did not give their opinion because it was not asked, whereas the members of the Council assumed concurrence on the part of the naval experts because these did not express dissent.

The passage in *From Private to Field Marshal* which touches on the point tells of an incident that occurred at Versailles early in 1918. A proposal to the effect that General Allenby should develop and continue his successes—he had captured Jerusalem, but was not in a position, with the troops and resources at his command, to prosecute a further resolute offensive—with the object of ‘putting the Turkish armies completely out of the war’ was before the Supreme War Council. The proposal involved the strengthening of the British forces in Palestine at a juncture when the General Staff desired, on the contrary, to reduce those

forces and to transfer some of them to France in view of the ominous situation on the Western Front. Sir W. Robertson, who was present at the meeting in the capacity of Chief of the Imperial General Staff and chief military adviser of H.M. Government, felt himself obliged to oppose the project in Council, although Mr. Lloyd George was advocating it. After the meeting was over the C.I.G.S. expressed regret to the Prime Minister at having felt obliged to differ from him in presence of foreign delegates ; but he pointed out that, had he not done so, the foreign delegates might have imagined that he regarded the adoption of the project as expedient. Sir William further reminded Mr. Lloyd George that naval and military officers had been publicly condemned in the past for neglecting to state their opinions on professional questions brought before conferences to which they had been summoned. Mr. Lloyd George did not, however, agree. He was displeased, and he pronounced it to be quite sufficient that he should be aware of what Sir William's opinion of the plan was ; he had been informed of this beforehand.

Now, we do not gather that, when he was expounding his views and pressing this precious scheme upon the Supreme War Council, Mr. Lloyd George mentioned the fact to those present that his principal professional adviser, who was present, was dead against it. It would not seem to have been a case of 'I feel bound to acquaint you at the same time, gentlemen, that my friend Sir William Robertson (whom we have here with us to-day) considers that any diversion of force to Palestine is greatly to be deprecated, holding on the contrary that some of the troops now operating in that theatre of war ought to be brought home without delay to strengthen our armies on the Western Front.' No. French, Italian, American, and Belgian representatives at the Council were to be left to assume that Sir William entirely approved of this expansion of the Palestine side-show ; for the impression which the silence of experts while projects were being debated in War Council made upon his own mind had been placed on record some months before by Mr. Lloyd George (as the Field Marshal, somewhat unkindly, mentions in his book).

Asked by the Dardanelles Commission the question 'If the experts present did not express dissent, did you assume that they assented to what was done ?' he had answered 'Certainly.' Circumstances do alter cases. Instability of convictions is at once the salvation and the label of politicians of a certain type. Face to face with the Dardanelles Commission, Mr. Lloyd George was in the uncomfortable position of a Minister of the Crown groaning under the burden of partial responsibility for having committed the fighting forces of the country to an undertaking which had turned out a disastrous failure ; but, could it be made apparent

that Ministers understood the experts to approve of that undertaking, a share of the burden might be held in some quarters to be shifted on to the shoulders of the experts. The situation at the time of the Versailles meeting was very different; Mr. Lloyd George did not then foresee that the fatuity of the plan which he was advocating, and which Sir W. Robertson had condemned in conference, was to be demonstrated with dire effect between St. Quentin and Amiens within a very few weeks. Still, one willingly acquits him of any deliberate and maleficent intention to deceive those present at this meeting of the Supreme War Council. His attitude is readily accounted for by his confidence in his mastery of the art of war. He had no use for professional opinion—unless it happened to coincide with his own—and he would naturally conclude that no foreign delegate at Versailles was in the least likely, once he had learnt the views of Mr. Lloyd George, to care one fig for the views of any British military expert.

The sequel, in so far as distribution of forces between Palestine and the Western Front was concerned, does not affect the general question of the position of Service experts at War Councils. And yet it is perhaps permissible to point out here that those very views, to the expression of which by Sir W. Robertson before the Supreme War Council Mr. Lloyd George had taken strong exception, were conclusively proved in practice to be absolutely correct. Within a very few weeks of that meeting at Versailles British troops were being transferred in hot haste from the Holy Land and Egypt to Picardy and Artois, sorely needed to assist in saving a situation which had become almost desperate largely owing to those mischievous dispersions of resources in which the British Prime Minister placed his trust as a means of winning the war. The rolling up of our Fifth Army in the latter part of March moreover followed so soon after the meeting at Versailles that General Allenby could not possibly in the interval have received the reinforcements necessary for him to start a fresh offensive nor to have exerted the slightest influence over the strategical situation as a whole. Strengthening him at the expense of Sir Douglas Haig could only, as the event proved, have rendered the situation on the Western Front even more desperate than it actually became at the end of March, and an irretrievable disaster might have been the result. Seldom have one servant of the State's soundness of judgment and the folly of another been made manifest so unmistakably and so dramatically.

The Dardanelles Commission examined very closely into the nature of the relations that had existed, or were supposed to have existed, between the experts who attended the meetings of the War Council and its members, at the stage when the ill-starred effort to secure possession of the Straits was decided upon and was

set in motion. The Commission declared in their Report that they regarded it as 'essential to ascertain with as great a degree of accuracy as possible, what was the precise position of the expert members of the Council,' and that they had 'devoted much attention to the subject.' Speaking of expert members of the Council was, it may be observed, an error in phraseology; the experts who took part in the deliberations of the Council were not, with the exception of Lord Kitchener, included amongst its members. The Commission elicited in evidence that the members of the Council were all in substantial agreement in having assumed that any expert present at a meeting who did not dissent from a statement made, or a decision arrived at, concurred in it, and in holding that the expert ought not to keep silence if he saw some objection to make. Their unanimity was wonderful. Mr. Balfour, who was not in the Government during the opening phases of the Dardanelles campaign, considered that the position of the experts depended upon the view which the chairman took of their duties, but added that 'it is the business of the chairman, and perhaps of other members, to see that nothing is passed over their heads on which they have an opinion until the opinion is extracted.' Few would be disposed to quarrel with the dictum that the chairman ought to make certain that the opinion of the expert has been given. Still, even when they are Prime Ministers, chairmen may, and sometimes do, neglect their duty in this respect. The writer, who enjoyed some experience of these kind of confabulations during the World War, feels a sneaking sympathy for the poor chairman. There is such a lot of chatter, so many people other than the expert are determined to express their views, it is so hard to confine discussion to the subject actually at issue—to keep the ship on its course, so to speak—that one can forgive his occasionally forgetting all about the expert, and can even imagine his offering up a thanksgiving that there is somebody in the room who can hold his tongue.

The Commission, on the other hand, ascertained that the two naval experts, Lord Fisher and Sir A. Wilson, had taken a totally different view of their responsibilities in presence of the War Council from that which the politicians supposed that they were taking. Those distinguished admirals considered that they were only entitled to express their opinions when they were asked for them. They did not regard it as incumbent upon themselves to express dissent supposing that they disagreed with statements made or decisions arrived at. 'We were the experts there to open our mouths when told to' was Lord Fisher's blunt definition of their position, and he pointed out that he was not a member of the War Council. Sir A. Wilson's reply to a question whether,

when the First Lord expounded the naval view and he did not concur, it would not have been his duty to say so, was, 'Probably not, unless I was asked. I was there to help the First Lord.' Nor can there be much doubt that a good many other sailors and a good many soldiers, placed in the same embarrassing position as were Lord Fisher and Sir A. Wilson, would have formed an analogous opinion as to their position and their duties.

Lord Cromer and his colleagues on the Commission thus found that the War Council and its professional advisers had been, in a sense, at cross purposes, that as a deliberative and executive assembly the War Council had been a chaotic institution, and that, largely owing to this very fact, the country had been let in for a campaign which proved to be a fiasco. In the 'Conclusions' appended to their Report the majority of the Commissioners expressed their view as to the position of the expert with no uncertain voice. In paragraph (g) of the Conclusions they intimated that in their opinion 'the naval advisers should have expressed their views whether asked to or not, if they considered that the project which the Council were about to adopt was impracticable from a naval point of view.' The Commissioners further, in paragraph (o), expressed themselves as 'unable to concur in the view set forth by Lord Fisher that it was his duty, if he differed from the chief of his Department, to maintain silence at the Council, or to resign'; and they went on to say: 'We think that the adoption of such a principle generally would impair the efficiency of the public service.' That ruling, for it may fairly be set down as a ruling, was perhaps the most valuable product of the labours of the Dardanelles Commission. Unfortunately, however, it did not represent the unanimous opinion of the members of that body. One of them, Mr. Walter Roch, in a lengthy Minority Report made no reference to the question. Two others, Mr. Fisher and Sir Thomas Mackenzie, who represented respectively Australia and New Zealand on the Commission, appended minutes in which they expressly dissented from paragraphs (g) and (o) of the Conclusions, although they signed the Report. Their observations merit attention in that they are indicative of the light in which the matter is regarded in some quarters, and in that they provide a basis for discussing certain aspects of the problem. They will therefore be given *in extenso*. Mr. Fisher wrote :

I dissent in the strongest terms from any suggestion that the Departmental advisers of a Minister in his company at a Council meeting should express any views at all other than to the Minister and through him, unless specifically invited to do so. I am of opinion it would seal the fate of responsible government if servants of the State were to share the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament and to the people on matters of public policy. The Minister has command of the opinions and views of all officers

of the Department he administers on matters of public policy. Good stewardship demands from Ministers of the Crown frank, fair, full statements of all opinions of trusted, experienced officials to colleagues when they have direct reference to matters of high policy.

That is an edifyingly definite and lucid pronouncement, but it none the less suggests certain reflections. In a case like this, do the Departmental advisers of a Minister share the responsibility of the Minister to Parliament and to the people supposing that they express views, without having been specifically invited to do so, that are not in accordance with those of their Minister at a War Council? Do they share the responsibility supposing they are specifically invited to give their adverse views? Do they share the responsibility supposing that they give their views when these accord with those of the Minister? Surely not. The advisers are there in a consultative position, whereas the Minister is there in an executive position. Whatever their views may be, they do not decide what is to be done; that is for the Minister and his Ministerial colleagues who form the War Council. Then again, although it is quite true, as remarked by Mr. Fisher, that the Minister has command of the opinions and views of all officers of the Department he administers, it does not necessarily follow that he always makes use of his powers. He may not have consulted his advisers at all, or he may arrive at a conclusion on some professional subject totally at variance with the conclusion which his advisers have formed. Supposing that the Minister has been thus guilty of bad stewardship, and has not provided his colleagues with fair, frank, full statements of the opinions of his trusted, experienced officials, are those trusted, experienced officials to sit mute at the Council table and not to warn the Ministers present, other than their own, that a policy which they believe to be dangerous is being advocated by their chief? The Dardanelles Commission was dealing with problems of war. In time of war the *amour propre* of politicians in high places is a matter of small account. When the enemy is in the gate, relations normally existing between heads of Departments of State and their professional advisers may have to be temporarily transformed to avoid a catastrophe.

Furthermore, as everybody who has been present at War Councils in this country has learnt by experience, questions affecting operations are often raised at these functions by Ministers other than those in charge of the Admiralty or the War Office. For one new hare that Lord Derby or Lord Milner, who were the Secretaries of State for War during 1917 and 1918, started in the Council Chamber of 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister probably started ten. It was not always practicable for the Ministers at the head of the naval and the military services to know what exactly the opinion of the First Sea Lord or the C.I.G.S. was

at the moment when the subject came up for discussion. Decisions were sometimes arrived at hurriedly. Any procedure that was calculated in certain eventualities to prevent the War Council¹ from knowing what the opinion of the experts was might well have proved harmful.

Sir T. Mackenzie expressed disagreement with the majority of the Commission in the following terms :

I also dissent from paragraphs (g) and (o) of the 'Conclusions.' I hold that if the Departmental adviser of a Minister states his opinion to his Minister, he has discharged what may reasonably be considered to be his official duty. And in such a case as we have under notice, where the Minister and his adviser were both present at a meeting of the War Council, I feel that the adviser had fulfilled all that was required of him, seeing that he was not asked to express his views to the meeting. The Minister, and not the adviser, must be regarded as responsible for representing the Departmental view, but in such circumstances the Minister should have stated his adviser's opinion fully to the assembly.

The Report shows that this view does not commend itself to the majority of the Commission, and as it is of importance that the opinions of such experts should at all times be readily available and given in connection with the deliberations of the War Committee, and to assist members in arriving at right conclusions, I am of opinion that the Chief of Staff and the First Sea Lord should be appointed members of the War Committee.

The second paragraph of this Minute is conceived in a very different spirit from the first. In the first paragraph Sir T. Mackenzie is merely considering the question of respective responsibilities, and he is assuming that the Minister of necessity plays the game. In the second paragraph he endeavours to provide for the case of the Minister who does not play the game, he strives to ensure that the Council shall always be made aware of what the views of experts are, and he suggests a means of preventing that very unsatisfactory state of things from arising which arose when the Dardanelles campaign was being initiated. But the very drastic solution of the problem which Sir T. Mackenzie here proposes would scarcely seem to be a desirable one, or even to be a practicable one. Once you raise the Chief of Staff and the First Sea Lord to be actual members of the War Council, as here suggested, you in effect place the principal professional advisers of the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord on the same pinnacle as themselves—you make Jack as good as his master, you set up a brace of Kings of Brentford on either side of Whitehall. Furthermore, the Chief of Staff and the First Sea Lord come automatically to share responsibility for prosecuting the war with the Cabinet, seeing that the War Council—assuming it to be a real War Council and not an imposture—is an executive body controlling naval and military policy. Such an arrangement would strike at the very root of constitutional principles which are accepted as a matter of course not only in the

¹ In 1917-18 it was a case of War Cabinet, not of War Council.

United Kingdom, but also in the Antipodes, and which are indeed accepted in every State where representative institutions are in force. Even if constitutional objections to the plan be brushed aside on the plea that when the State is in peril that kind of thing is of no account, the difficulty arising from the professional adviser being made equal with his chief remains.

But if the plan suggested by Sir T. Mackenzie must be set down as unworkable, the intention is beyond reproach. We see here a full realisation of the importance of the expert having his say. His opinions are always to 'be readily available and given' so as 'to assist members in arriving at right conclusions.' That this should be ensured is of infinitely greater consequence than is the question of how exactly the thing is to be done.

In endeavouring to arrive at a correct conclusion on this subject of the proper status of the expert at War Councils, the difficulties which the expert labours under when in such surroundings have to be borne in mind. The objections that exist to his being created an actual member of the Council have been indicated above. They appear to be virtually insuperable, and it has therefore to be assumed that when he is present at a meeting he is there as an outsider who has been especially instructed to attend. It was never, in so far as the writer is aware, the practice between 1914 and 1918 for a question involving military policy to be put directly to the vote when a difference of opinion over it arose at gatherings of the Dardanelles Commission, or of the War Council, or of the War Cabinet; supposing, however, that such a procedure were to become necessary, the expert or experts present would presumably be turned out of the room. Furthermore, the individual expert will only, in the ordinary course of things, be present occasionally at musterings of the Council, seeing that many of the matters which come before that body are bound to be outside his province. He is a stranger in a sense, a stranger who appears only at times and then on sufferance, whereas those with whom he finds himself for the moment associated are present by right at all meetings. It is in accordance with the fitness of things that he should be, and that he should also feel himself to be, on a totally different footing from that which is occupied by the members of the Council. But that very fact makes his position an especially delicate one when he perceives that the Council is getting off the rails, when he realises that it may in consequence arrive at some untoward decision, and when he has to make up his mind whether he will intervene or not. His position is awkward even if it be clearly understood that he is entitled to express his views without his being asked to do so. It becomes almost impossible if there is no understanding on the point.

In this country a War Council must also almost inevitably be composed of representatives of one or other House of Parliament,

that is to say of more or less practised debaters, and they are sure to include amongst their numbers a proportion of ornaments of the legal profession. Ministers of the Crown, indeed, generally owe the position that they have attained in the State very largely to their powers of self-expression and their aptitude in controversy. Now, the acknowledged naval or military expert will no doubt occasionally be a gifted individual who combines with an intimate knowledge of the requirements of the Service for which he stands spokesman, dialectical skill of no mean order and a volubility that is warranted to impress an assemblage of men of words. But such a galaxy of qualifications is unusual, and Admirable Crichtons of this kind are the exception, not the rule. The average Service expert does not shine in argument and is no master of *viva voce* exposition, even when he is talking a language which his hearers understand. But in practice the expert at a War Council meeting is talking a language which his hearers find great difficulty in understanding, owing to their ignorance of the subject that is in debate. He assumes that they have mastered principles which to him seem elementary and that they are cognisant of facts of which he was made aware when he was a cadet, whereas they do not appreciate the principles nor know the facts. Such conditions create an atmosphere of doubt at the Council table. The members of the Council think meanly of the capacity of the expert, because he cannot make his points clear to them and because when his statements are traversed or his opinions are disputed he becomes confused and inarticulate. The expert loses confidence owing to his being unable to handle the people whom he is dealing with.

As the ideal to be aimed at and to be kept in mind is that those who are responsible to the country for controlling the general conduct of the war shall at all times have professional opinion at their command, and shall invariably take full advantage of the professional knowledge which is at their disposal, it seems obvious that the procedure and practice at War Councils should be so directed as to make the position of the expert, labouring as he necessarily does under considerable difficulties, as easy as is practicable. He should be assured that the members of the War Council look to him with confidence to provide them with information and with counsel on professional points. It should be made clear to him that, in the event of his not being specifically asked for his views by the chairman or of his not being invited to give them by his Departmental chief, he is expected to intervene, unasked, should he be dissatisfied with the course which the discussion is taking. It should be laid down as a broad general rule that if he be in disagreement with his Departmental chief over some question of policy, and if the Departmental chief does not so inform the Council, the interests of the country take precedence

of the interests of Departmental discipline, and that it becomes his bounden duty to make the Council aware of the state of the case. Given a proper understanding, there ought indeed to be no uncertainty as to the position of the Service expert at a War Council in connection with matters of real importance. Difficulty is likely to arise rather in connection with minor points and details bearing on the prosecution of operations, such as will sometimes come up for discussion. Where it may be imperative in the interests of the State that a Departmental subordinate should express dissent from his chief over some problem of military policy of which the solution must have far-reaching consequences, it may, on the other hand, be undesirable that differences of opinion should be made known in connection with a matter of mere secondary importance. No hard and fast line can be drawn between what is vital and what is not, but there are obvious objections to the expert making himself heard too often.

Needless to say, the expert is not infallible when dealing with facts, still less is he infallible when he is expressing opinions, and this adds to his difficulties. For he may have been proved to be right a dozen times, and yet should he then prove to be wrong on one occasion the politicians who constitute the War Council are apt to lose all faith in him. It never seems to occur to such people that only in quite exceptional circumstances can the outcome of any naval or military operation be foreseen with absolute certainty. They appear to forget that there are two sides embattled when hostilities are in progress, both of which are striving equally hard to gain the upper hand, and that the plans of the enemy not being known these can generally only be a matter of inference. Their habit of mind was admirably illustrated during the course of the World War by the bent displayed by so many responsible Ministers in this country for lavishing resources upon any other theatre of war than the Western Front, simply because success was slow in crowning the efforts of the Allies in that quarter. But, be the explanation what it may, professional advisers of the Government do not in anxious times find that not being trusted lightens their task.

Views naturally differ as to the best method of ensuring that misunderstandings, such as clouded the issue when the effort to secure possession of the maritime route from the *Ægean* to the Black Sea was being launched in Downing Street at the beginning of 1915, shall not occur again. There can, however, be no question but that incidents of that sort ought to be rendered impossible. Nor is there any reason why they should not be rendered impossible, always provided that the work of a War Council is carried out with intelligence and with discretion by its chairman and its members.

CHAS. E. CALLWELL.

IS INVASION A MYTH?

To the NINETEENTH CENTURY of March 1896 Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton—a most able naval officer—contributed an article ‘Our Invasion Scares and Panics.’ In the light of history he pointed out how unreasonable they were as regards France, our nearest neighbour, and the country with whom at that time we were not on the best of terms, but without avail; and this obsession in the minds of even the most talented military officers has endured to this day.

The introduction of steam seems to have had considerable influence on many minds in believing it immensely facilitated invasion. Thus in the House of Commons in 1845 Lord Palmerston said: ‘The Channel is no longer a barrier—steam navigation has rendered that which was before impassable by a military force nothing more than a river passable by a steam bridge.’ The Duke of Wellington also considered steam had bridged the Channel and rendered blockade impossible. It did not occur to these alarmists that steam also facilitated naval concentration and defence against such a project. This did not deter our neighbours across the Channel from believing in the feasibility of an invasion. In Lord Malmesbury’s *Memoirs* is a letter from him to Lord Cowley in which he says: ‘A complete plan for the invasion of England by Admiral de la Gravière made in 1857, is in my possession. It is satisfactory to know they only meant to stay a week and to be nearly sure that not a man would have returned.’

Even so brilliant a soldier as the late Lord Wolseley could not resist the contagion. Speaking at Liverpool in December 1887 he said: ‘Everybody whose intelligence was above the ordinary intelligence of a schoolboy must know this country was open to an invasion. When the Channel was in the possession of a hostile navy then not only would it be possible but most certainly this country would be invaded.’

The naval view was that if we lost command of the sea our submission was more likely to be brought about by the stoppage of supplies than by invasion. As regards that, speaking at a Civil Service dinner in April 1890, his Lordship said: ‘This

starvation theory was one vast and complete humbug. There was always a considerable amount of provisions in this country, enough to last from three to eight months without any assistance, and to conceive the possibility of blockading these islands in such a way as to prevent our friends on the other side of the Atlantic from sending in the supplies we should require was as absurd a theory as ever was started.' Taking up the question, I contributed an article in the September 1890 number of *Murray's Magazine*, then edited by Mr. W. L. Courtney, entitled 'Invasion or Starvation,' in which I endeavoured to show that, though the starvation theory might not be free from humbug, the invasion hypothesis is one which on investigation claims the greatest effort of the imagination. But it seemed impossible to scotch the idea, and it has influenced military policy to a considerable extent. I have always endeavoured to ascertain the duties demanded of a British army from the utterances of statesmen entrusted with its provision: I have a note of a speech made by a Secretary of State for War at Edinburgh, I think, in December 1897. He said: '(1) We require in the first place a sufficient garrison for the defence of these islands; three army corps must be available to cover the ground which were any invasion to take place would be the probable scene of it. (2) Two army corps for offensive purposes outside these islands. This is probably contained in the greater requirement for resisting invasion. (3) Minor expeditions. (4) Indian and Colonial garrisons.' We find, therefore, home defence and resistance to invasion laid down as the primary duty of a British land force. Nothing is said of continental obligations, but I often pondered over the guarantee of Belgian neutrality and wondered whether it should or should not affect our military policy. It is often said that if our rulers had listened to the late Lord Roberts we should have been better prepared for the late war. I cannot find, however, in any of his speeches any indication that we might require to put an army of a million men on the Continent. He wanted a bigger army, but for a different purpose. In introducing a National Service (Training and Home Defence) Bill in the House of Lords, July 12, 1909, he said: 'Nor need I recapitulate the arguments which have convinced me, and have convinced others who have made a careful study of the subject, that an invasion of this country is not only possible, but that it is possible on a far larger scale than has usually been assumed.' He disclaimed any idea of forming our army on a continental model, quoting one paper which said such a force as he desired must be a conscript army on the European model, and that those who demand it are clearly thinking not merely of defence but of allied military operations abroad. He went on to say: 'There is not the slightest foundation for that statement.

The Territorial Army advocated by the Bill is meant for Home Defence and Home Defence alone, and no man belonging to that army will be under any obligation to serve abroad unless he volunteers to do so.' The possibility of invasion was thoroughly examined by the Defence Committee appointed by Mr. Balfour in 1902. It came to certain conclusions in 1905, but re-examined them in 1907 in view of representations made by Lord Roberts. The final conclusion arrived at, allowing certain favourable conditions to an enemy and the most unfavourable to ourselves, was that, so long as our naval supremacy was adequately assured, invasion on a large scale was an absolutely impracticable operation. This did not preclude the necessity of a home defence army strong enough to deal with raids, and to compel a would-be invader to come in such numbers that evasion of our fleet becomes a practical impossibility. It would be interesting to know the opinion of high military continental authorities as to the strength of an invading army. Lord Wolseley once said in the House of Lords: 'If a hostile force of 100,000 men were to land upon our shores there is no reason why that force, properly led, should not take possession of London.' On this another military authority, the late Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Clarke, said: 'Personally I dissent entirely from this proposition, and consider that the figures must at least be doubled.' It is interesting to recall that Napoleon in 1805 had 180,000 men distributed mainly on the northern French coast for this purpose. If only intended as a feint, why so great an army in view of our small population at that time? What do we learn from the last war on this subject? If Germany really contemplated invading England, her best chance of success was during the first three months when the bulk of our regular army was in France, and we had not then available a trained force capable of coping with an efficient German army if landed. The enemy also could then have afforded to divert 100,000 men for the purpose. In fact several reports reached us of troops practising embarkation. This was probably intended as a blind and to cause us to keep troops at home which were more wanted on the Western Front. It appears to have succeeded, for we maintained a large force on the East Coast, presumably to deal with a hostile enemy which had ventured to cross. Periodically an order arrived for the utmost vigilance to be observed, and an energetic brigadier would turn his men out towards daybreak, march them down to the beach, dig trenches, where with faces seawards they awaited the enemy. All they saw was the sun rise. So the farce went on. Month after month young fellows eager to join their comrades in France tried in vain to get drafted away. Commanding officers opposed their departure, being unwilling to lose an efficient soldier. They discussed among them-

selves the best way of meeting an invasion. One idea was to have as many troops as possible close up to the beach so as to get at the invader while attempting a landing in boats or barges. The other was to have only an outpost line along the sea front and our troops concentrated some distance inland ready to move to the point of landing as soon as they received information. As may be imagined in the circumstances, alarms and reports of signalling from the land to sea were frequent. These on investigation turned out to be baseless. On one occasion a reported signalling proved to be a shepherd visiting his lambing ewes at 1 a.m. with a lantern ! As time went on any chance of a successful invasion disappeared. Germany could not spare the men and our command of the sea was assured. The Grand Fleet had not been defeated or decoyed away from the North Sea—a frequent assumption of the alarmists—but we continued to maintain our East Coast defence force. Whether in the early days of 1918 it would not have been more useful on the Western Front is a question I would leave to the military authorities to answer. After the great German advance between March and June 1918, which caused us such heavy losses, our rulers took credit for the rapidity with which we despatched large reinforcements to reform our shattered line. So our Home Defence army came into play at last, but not on British soil. Then came the Armistice, and once more the invasion bogey sleeps. Will he be aroused again at some future time to furnish arguments for new defensive measures ? I have no doubt he will, notwithstanding the proof afforded by this war that our principal danger lies in another direction. Were not the distinguished Admirals in their Report on the Naval Manœuvres of 1888 justified in saying ‘The Command of the Sea once being lost, it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring England to an ignominious capitulation’ ?

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

IRELAND'S ALLEGIANCE TO THE CROWN

IN his recent reply ¹ to the Prime Minister's proposals as to the grounds of discussion for the historic conference still in progress Mr. De Valera committed himself to a statement of the historical position as between England and Ireland which deserves to be examined on its merits. His words were: 'If nations that have been forcibly annexed to empires lose thereby their title to independence, there can be for them no rebirth to freedom. In Ireland's case, to speak of her seceding from a partnership she has not accepted, or from an allegiance which she has not undertaken to render, is fundamentally false,' etc. That is, he challenges the claim of the British Crown to Irish allegiance on the ground that this allegiance was never voluntarily given, but has been wrested from her. He reiterates this statement in his letter to the Pope of October 20. This is the foundation of the Sinn Féin claim to complete separation from the historical point of view. But this proposition, to borrow Mr. De Valera's own words, appears 'fundamentally false.' The allegiance to the English Crown was not imposed by force; it was voluntarily offered and solemnly compacted, and its constancy through centuries of strain, misgovernment and trouble, is one of the surprises of Irish history, a test of endurance and fidelity of which the Irish people may justly be proud.

British interference in the affairs of Ireland did not come by way of conquest; it came as the result of the earnest solicitation of the Irish themselves. There was no Irish battle of Hastings. When Dermot MacMorrogh, King of Leinster, fresh from his 'great tyrannies and cruelties' upon the nobility of his own province, for which he was 'hated by his Leinstermen,' sought the help of Henry the Second against a neighbouring king whose wife had once been in his house, the English had no present intention of interfering in Irish affairs. Henry was in Aquitaine, deeply immersed in his French wars and, as always, 'much engaged in business.' When the sudden appearance of an Irish king, who had 'sought him up and down, backwards and forwards,' in the heart of France, recalled his thoughts in an unexpected way to Ireland,

¹ Dated August 24, 1921.

he was in no great hurry to accept the invitation made to him. No doubt the neighbouring island would at some time have engaged his attention, had indeed already done so ; geographical position does count for something in the world's affairs, though Mr. De Valera affects to ignore it ; but Henry was fully occupied, and all that he could do was to give a general permission to Dermot to get what help he could from his Norman barons in South Wales and Bristol, leaving him to pursue his French wars undisturbed. Dermot returned to Wales, and there held out liberal offers to any who would take over forces to Ireland : the hand of his daughter, with the succession to the kingdom of Leinster ; the town of Wexford with the adjoining lands. It was not in his right to bestow any of these things by gift ; his invitation was that they should come over and conquer them with his help and approval. It can hardly be said that the initiative came from England.

When Henry came in person two years later it was not for the purpose of fighting the Irish, but of checking the growing power of his own barons. ' All the Irish in Ireland ' had risen against the barons when they found Dermot giving away the tribal lands and the Normans conquering them, but they did not rise against Henry ; on the contrary, they looked on him, as the people of Ireland looked on the Crown for centuries afterwards, as their natural protector from the aggression of the nobles. Henry's stay in Ireland had the aspect of a triumphal progress. As far west as Limerick and as far north as the borders of Ulster, the Irish chiefs came in and submitted. Princes who had stoutly withstood his Norman knights submitted without a blow and without conquest, as though they recognised in the English King some natural right to the over-lordship. Dermot MacCarthy, King of Cork, Donal O'Brian, King of Limerick, who surrendered his capital into Henry's hands, MacGillapatrik, lord of Ossory (the ancestor of the present Lord Castletown), and Malachy O'Phelan, chief of the Decies, and after them the lesser chiefs of Munster, came in. They were courteously received and sent away with gifts. They were certainly not conquered. Neither was Tiernan O'Rourke or the chiefs who submitted in Dublin. Henry brought over a large army but he had no occasion to use it, nor did he spill one drop of Irish blood, for the kings made a voluntary submission.

The most important of the kings who submitted was Rory or Roderick O'Conor, Prince of Connaught and Aird-Rí, or High-King, of Ireland, whose herald took the oath of allegiance on behalf of his king on the borders of Meath, side by side with O'Brian, King of Thomond. For the festival of Christmas, 1171, these Irish princes gathered with their retainers to the King in Dublin and

were entertained by him in so sumptuous a style that food threatened to run short and provisions sold at excessive rates. Norman lords and Irish princes mingled in friendly union round an English sovereign. They felt no sense of conquest, nor do they appear to have looked upon their suzerain as their conqueror. Never was a more bloodless conquest or a more complete voluntary submission. In his new capacity, Henry, before he left Ireland, presided at the Synod of Cashel.

As soon as Henry departed to England, O'Brian and O'Conor, ignoring their recent oaths of obedience, joined forces and inflicted a heavy defeat on the invaders at Thurles, while in Meath they demolished the forts which Hugh de Lacy was erecting to secure his new grants. Yet in the next year they were ready to renew their allegiance in the most formal and solemn manner to the King of England. Rory had hesitated; he well understood what the submission of the Aird-Rí of Ireland to the English monarch involved. His was a definite decision, deliberately come to, and it was carried out with every circumstance of solemnity at the Council of Windsor in 1175, in the presence of the King, barons and bishops of England. As his representatives at this Council Rory sent three of the highest ecclesiastics in Ireland: the distinguished (St.) Laurence or Lorcan O'Toole, traveller, scholar and statesman, then Archbishop of Dublin and Chancellor; the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Abbot of St. Brendan. Through them the High-King of Ireland ratified his former treaty, promising 'to hold his lands well and peaceably of the English King as his liege lord' by payment of an annual tribute of a tenth of all choice skins of animals slain in Ireland, to be approved by dealers, and of birds of the chase and wolf-hounds. Thus, by the deliberate act of the High-King himself, the over-lordship of Ireland passed to the English sovereign. Roderick had no successor in the high-kingship of Ireland; he was the last of the historic line. The English kings, as Lords of Ireland, became the representatives of the ancient office of Aird-Rí, and Rory's successors paid homage to them as such, placing in their hands the hostages formerly given to the kings of Tara. Rory's hostage was his own son, and it was while conducting him to Normandy in November, 1180, to place him in Henry's hands, that Archbishop O'Toole died at the monastery of Eu, having been taken ill on the journey. The full import of the transference of the supreme authority from the Aird-Rí to the English King has been little appreciated by historians, but it is difficult to see in what other light it could have been regarded by the Irish chiefs. Cathal of the Red Hand, a successor of Rory as King of Connaught, fully recognised the English suzerainty, and offered King John large gifts in lands and tribute in return for his protection. He styles

Henry the Third 'his very dear lord, King of England, Lord of Ireland.'

The solemn compact of Windsor was renewed in 1177 at the Council of Waterford, presided over by the papal legate, Cardinal Vivianus, who 'openly showed the King's right to Ireland' and enforced it by a threat of the papal excommunication against all who refused obedience to Henry's authority. It was at the Council of Waterford that the famous Bull of Adrian the Fourth, bestowed in 1155 and handed to John of Salisbury for Henry the Second, was first brought forward, reinforced by three letters from the Pope, Alexander the Third, to the King and to the people and clergy of Ireland.¹ If we ask who in later times represented the old office of Aird-Rí, there can be only one answer: it lies in the hands and is one of the attributes of the Kings of England and Ireland.

In general, up to Elizabethan times, the attitude adopted towards the English throne at the Council of Waterford was not seriously called in question. Though the Irish chiefs were steadily pushing back the encroaching nobles towards the Pale, they seem to have regarded them as interlopers between themselves and the English monarch.

Their position is summed up in the melancholy memorial sent by Donal O'Neill in the year 1318 to Pope John the Twenty-second, complaining of the injuries received by them from the Norman barons, and especially from their monks and clergy, where it is said: 'It is these people who by their crafty, deceitful scheming have alienated us from the Kings of England, hindering us, to the great injury of the King and kingdom, from holding the lands rightfully ours *in capite* willingly from them, and sowing between ourselves and these monarchs undying discord in their unbridled lust for our territories.'² Yet the O'Neills had not then submitted to the King's suzerainty; it was not till Richard the Second visited Ireland in 1394, seventy-six years later, that an O'Neill came in and took the oath of fealty along with O'Connor of Connaught, Art MacMorrogh Kavanagh of Leinster and O'Brian of Thomond, as representing all the four provinces. Whenever an English king set foot in Ireland, the chiefs gathered round him; but these visits were so rare and fleeting that it is little wonder if they fell away when the mission was over. The Irish have always been expected to be loyal to kings they never saw, and who were frequently separated from them both by interest and religion, kings who remembered their Irish subjects when they needed men

¹ The Bull *Laudabiliter* is found in Giraldus Camb., *Expug. Hib.*, ii., 5. There is a very ancient copy in the *Book of Leinster*, fac. p. 342. For Alexander's letters, see Sweetman's *Cal.*, p. 7, No. 38, *seq.*

² Johannes de Fordun, *Scotichronicon*, iii., 908.

or money for their wars, but who troubled themselves little about them when their needs were satisfied.

But the possibility of something different, of a living union between the Crown and the Irish people, came out twice in the course of the long history of their connection. During the Wars of the Roses the Irish were strongly Yorkist, and during the wars between the Stuart and Puritan parties they espoused with fervour the Royalist cause. In both cases their loyalty arose from some natural sense of personal connection with the princes whose cause they espoused. The appointment of Duke Richard Plantagenet, head of the Yorkist or 'White Rose' party, as Viceroy, attached the Irish chiefs enthusiastically to the Yorkist cause. Desmond especially was, and remained, a devoted Yorkist. 'Kings, dukes, earls and barons' came to Duke Richard's standard, and the official reports declared that 'the wildest Irishman in Ireland would before twelve months be sworn English.'¹ A goodly train of Irish followers accompanied the Duke of York to the fatal battle of Wakefield. Such was the effect of the actual residence amongst the Irish 'whose hearts he had exceedingly tied to him' of a prince of the royal house, an experiment that, had it been more frequently tried, might have found the Irish people equally responsive. 'My masters of Ireland, you will crown apes at length,' said a Tudor king to a group of Irish lords, who saw in a young pretender a scion of the house they loved; and, as has been well remarked, 'In the absence of their kings, they will.'

Up to the time of the Reformation the Vatican strongly and consistently supported the claim of the Crown over the Irish people and endeavoured to enforce obedience. Alexander the Third had 'heard with joy that the princes of Ireland had taken Henry the Second as their king'; papal excommunications were launched against all who took up arms during the invasion of Edward Bruce against the Pope's 'most dear son Edward the Second, the illustrious King of England'; Pope Paul the Fourth 'erected into a kingdom the island Hibernia' and gave it to Philip and Mary, in the hope that future kings would hold the kingdom as a papal gift, as earlier kings had held it in part by the donation of Adrian.

But Henry the Eighth had already adopted the title of 'King,' instead of the older title of 'Lord (Dominus), of Ireland,' held by his predecessors; the Irish chiefs having come in and submitted all over the country, he might well feel that the title conferred upon him by the Irish Parliament of 1541 was justified by the facts. It was the first Parliament ever attended by native princes as well as by many Anglo-Irish lords who had never before attended its sittings. The result of Henry's conciliatory policy is well

¹ Sir John Gilbert's *Viceroy of Ireland*, pp. 354, 368.

summed up in Sir Thomas Cusack's report in May 1553¹: 'The policy that was devised for the sending of the Earls of Desmond, Thomond, Clanricarde and Tyrone, the Baron of Upper Ossory, O'Carroll, Magennis and others into England was a great help in bringing those countries into good order, for none of them who went into England committed harm upon the King's Majesty's subjects. The winning of the Earl of Desmond was the winning of the rest of Munster at small charges; the making of O'Brian an earl made all the country obedient; the making of MacWilliam Earl of Clanricarde made all the country during his time quiet and obedient; the making of MacGillapatrik Baron of Upper Ossory made his country obedient.' Cusack gives us the remarkable picture of 'the Earl of Desmond, Viscount Barry, Lord Roche, Lord FitzMorris, and divers others' sitting to hear causes along with the English justices of the peace. He reports Thomond and even Limerick and Tipperary quiet. When St. Leger and Sidney made progresses through the south, they were attended by a train of Irish chiefs and 'old English' lords of Norman descent; of the two, it was these old English who were the more hasty in flying into rebellion. During the Desmond wars, which reduced Munster to a desert, it was remarkable how large a proportion of the native Irish chiefs stood to the Queen's side or remained neutral until near the end of the fifteen years' war, although they were Catholics and constantly urged to take up the Catholic cause against the heretic Queen. The Catholic historian of the day gives a long list of these chiefs who offered their services to the Queen, or who stood aside from the contest.² Florence MacCarthy made a long stand for neutrality, and Tyrone himself tried all ways to come to a reasonable understanding with the Government before committing himself to the dangerous paths of open rebellion. The melancholy truth forces itself upon us in reading Irish history that here we have a people naturally loyal and prone to fidelity who were forced, often quite deliberately, into rebellion by those who hoped to reap profit from their downfall. The chief rebellions of the Irish people were directed, not against the Crown as such; from it they rather looked for relief. They arose against evils of another kind: the prohibition of their religion, the seizure of their lands and the cruelties perpetrated under the name of English law. Of the two, it was the sheriff rather than the soldier who rooted in the minds of the Irish an ingrained distrust of English rule.

The only authority on which they still relied for justice was that of the sovereign. In Elizabeth's reign the chiefs frequently

¹ Carew, *Cal.*, i., No. 200, pp. 235-247. The report was written just before the accession of Queen Mary.

² O'Sullivan Beare, *Hist. Cathol. Compendium*, iii., lib. i.

appealed to her directly, and seldom in vain. Florence MacCarthy, for example, though he defied Carew and fought the planters, 'could call to mind none but benefits received from the Queen.' She stayed the hands of Mountjoy and Carew in matters of religion. In the north, the Irish lords refused to believe that she had sanctioned the plantations; they 'were all desirous to write or send messages to Her Majesty' beseeching protection from the strangers who were settling down upon their lands. But Elizabeth was surrounded by needy and grasping courtiers, and there were the soldiers to be paid. Her coffers were empty; so the Irish got no help against the 'Undertakers.'

During the period of the Reformation a great strain was put on Irish allegiance. The new doctrines were sought to be imposed by methods of violence, and were represented by disreputable agents. Yet even in the reign of Edward the Sixth the Pope is said to have 'heard with grief' that some of the clergy, even by sermons and public utterances, were seeking to draw away the subjects of 'our dearest and illustrious son Edward, King of England, to impugn the King's laws and to incite them to rebellion.' The clergy were to warn all persons guilty of these acts and to excommunicate them. Thus the support of the Vatican was given even to a heretic king and was independent of his religious faith. The same view was taken by large bodies of the Irish clergy, who were sharply divided on this point, the more especially after the launching of the papal bull of excommunication against Elizabeth by Pope Pius the Fifth early in 1570, which absolved her subjects in both countries from their allegiance; thus for Catholics, and especially for the clergy, the question was placed in a new light. One of the most striking incidents in Irish history is the stern rebuke delivered in Armagh Cathedral by Richard Creagh, 'the Pope's Primate,' to Shane O'Neill, who, with his army of 600 men, attended the sermon in the expectation that his new archbishop, recently arrived with his papal commission, would 'encourage his men to fight against his enemies.' Instead, Creagh sharply called on him to forsake his disloyal courses and return to his allegiance. O'Donnell, who was present, was so much impressed with the sermon that he followed his advice and drew off from Shane; but Shane was so angry that he threatened to pull the church about the preacher's ears and swore that there were 'none that he did hate more than the Queen of England and his own archbishop,' certainly a singular combination of names.¹ Creagh's history is a very instructive one, because it brings out the extreme difficulties in which the Catholic clergy were placed between that tradition of duty to the Crown which was officially approved and upheld by the Roman Church and

¹ Moran's *Spic. Oss.*, i., pp. 46, *seq.*; *S. P. Eliz., Irel.*, vol. xlviii., No. 86 (1574).

their duty to and natural sympathies with the suffering members of their own communion. The case of Creagh does not stand alone. The position was one that constantly exercised the attention of ecclesiastics, especially after the formation of the 'Catholic League' organised by Hugh O'Neill, which received the papal approval. At this moment strong efforts were being made to secure the intervention of France, Spain, the Pope or any other who could be persuaded to send assistance, and the crown of Ireland was freely offered to any Catholic prince strong enough to take it from the head of the heretic Queen. Yet still the Catholic priests 'were far from exhorting their people to war,' and their opinion was not officially condemned till long afterwards, in the year 1603, 'when the war had been nearly finished.'¹ A strenuous effort was made to distinguish between Elizabeth as the representative of the sovereign authority and Elizabeth as supreme head of the Church, an anomalous position of which she herself felt the incongruity, saying that the title belonged to Christ alone.

The large bodies of Irish Catholics serving in the Queen's armies against O'Neill and the Catholic League raised the question in an acute form, and in March 1602 a council of ecclesiastical authorities sat at Salamanca to discuss their position. They recognise the right of the Queen to command the Irish soldiers' obedience in fighting the Queen's rebels, but they are not to use that obedience against the spread of the Catholic faith, a distinction that, however real in theory, was a perplexing one to translate into practice.² In the same year, a party of thirteen Irish Jesuit missionaries coming to labour in Ireland assured Her Majesty of their allegiance and their intention to defend their prince and country in spite of any excommunication, papal or otherwise, denounced against Her Majesty, upon any conspiracies, invasions or foreign attempts.³ This is a remarkable expression of opinion in the year following the descent of the Spaniards on the coast of Cork. Nor should it be forgotten that James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, the most formidable of all the leaders in the Desmond rebellion, had twice declared in his 'Proclamation to the prelates, princes and people of Ireland' in 1569 that they were fighting 'not against the legitimate sceptre and honourable throne of England,' but only against the usurper thereof,⁴ Elizabeth, 'the pretended Queen,' being by common belief illegitimate and incapable of inheriting the throne. In his Preface to *Pacata Hibernia* Thomas Stafford speaks of 'the loyal fidelity

¹ O'Sullivan Beare, *Hist. Cathol. Comp.*, iii., lib. i., c. 3.

² *Pacata Hibernia*, ii., pp. 511-515 (ed. 1810).

³ Curry's *Civil Wars*, app. xv., p. 649 (1810).

⁴ Carew, *Cal.*, i., 1569, Nos. 367, 368.

of the greater part of the Irish nation to their lawful prince' during the later Desmond rebellions.

Still more remarkable is it to find a complaint lodged by Hugh O'Donnell and Florence Conry in 1602 protesting against the strong loyalist teaching which was being imparted by the President of the Irish Catholic College at Salamanca to the students from Ireland. The President, Thomas White, came from the strongly loyalist town of Waterford, and he is said to be 'rearing up his pupils on such bad milk as obedience to the Queen and an affectionate love for her interests,' so that on their return 'they will do much more evil than if they had not studied at all, because they teach that it is permissible to obey the Queen and take arms against the King of Spain.' So difficult was it to secure a satisfactory spirit of disaffection even in the centre of Catholic influence, and from a highly placed Irish official of the Catholic Church.¹

The traditional loyalty of the Irish, depressed and strained during Elizabeth's reign, burst forth afresh under the Stuarts. Not all the infidelities of Charles the First and his vicegerent Wentworth could turn away this enthusiastic loyalty. During Charles's wars the Irish sent large voluntary contributions to his exchequer over and above the sums asked for, nine parts out of ten being subscribed by Catholics; large bodies of Irish fought in his armies, and Irish troops in Scotland changed Montrose's defeats into victories.

During the rebellion of 1641, which resulted from the perfidious policy of Wentworth, the leaders protest that 'they had been necessitated to take up arms to prevent the extirpation of their nation and religion . . . and to maintain the rights and prerogatives of His Majesty's crown and dignity and the interests of his royal issue, and for no other reason whatever.' This remonstrance was signed at Trim March 17, 1642, by Lord Gormanston, Sir R. Talbot and Sir L. Dillon on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.² They style themselves 'Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects.' Similar expressions of devotion came from all parts of the kingdom. They refuse to call the National Assembly of Kilkenny a Parliament, 'nor have they power so to call it,' 'the calling and dissolving of that great body being an inseparable incident to your Imperial crown.'

Perhaps the most impressive of these expressions of loyalty was that from the distinguished men of both sections of the Catholic party who attended the General Assembly of the Confederation of Kilkenny in October 1642, including eleven bishops, fourteen lay

¹ Meehan's *Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel*, app., pp. 351-354.

² Curry's *Civil Wars*, app., No. 5, p. 614; and Gilbert's *Hist. of the Irish Confederation*, 1641-43, ii., No. LX., p. 226.

lords and 226 commoners. After stating that their first aim is the restoration of freedom of religion, they declare 'that all and every person and persons within this kingdom shall bear faith and true allegiance unto our sovereign lord King Charles . . . and shall uphold and maintain his rights.' It was signed by the Earl of Castlehaven and Lord Gormanston as representing Leinster, and by Sir Phelim O'Neill for Ulster.¹ The seal of the Supreme Council of the Irish Confederation bore the cross in the centre and the crown and harp beneath its arms, a dove above and a flaming heart below. It bore the legend 'Pro Deo, Rege et Patria, Hibernia Unanimis.' The oath of association was signed by the Catholic gentry of the country, native and old English alike. It contains the signatures of Phelemy O'Neill, O'Rorke, O'Sullivan More, MacCarthy, O'Shaughnessy, O'Callaghan, etc.

There is no doubt that in taking up arms they believed that they were serving the King against the Parliamentary party, and they constantly professed themselves ready to aid him with their lives. Sir Phelim O'Neill, the chief organiser of the rebellion in the north, was on the scaffold and in prison offered a reprieve if he would inculcate the King as the inspirer of the rebellion; this would have sufficed to secure the King's condemnation, and every effort was being made by the Parliamentary party to get proof of it. Sir Phelim refused and died like a gentleman and a Cavalier.

Owen Roe's last words to Ormonde declare 'that my resolution, ways and intentions in these unhappy wars tended to no particular ambition or private interest of my own, . . . but truly and sincerely to the preservation of my religion, the advancement of His Majesty's service, and the just liberties of this nation.' Neither country has done justice to the courageous fidelity of these brave men, loyal, under much provocation, to their king and country. Equally noteworthy is the remarkable 'Remonstrance of the Catholic Nobility and Gentry' on the restoration of Charles the Second declaring Charles to be 'our true and lawful king, supreme lord and rightful sovereign of the realm of Ireland, . . . notwithstanding any power or pretensions of the Pope or see of Rome,' etc. The ninety-five signatures include those of Henry O'Neill, son of Sir Phelim, and Patrick Sarsfield, of Lucan. Ormonde suppressed this petition with a similar one from the clergy.²

It was to crush out this spirit of loyalty to the Stuarts and to destroy the garrisons of the towns holding for the King's side that Cromwell came over with his 'swords, scythes and Bibles,' and the Royalist towns felt the full weight of his heavy hand. But the

¹ Gilbert's *Hist. of the Irish Confederation*, 1641-43, ii., No. LX., p. 73, *seq.*; see also *ibid.*, i., pp. 246-253, etc.

² Curry's *Civil Wars*, app., No. 13, pp. 644-646, and see pp. 417-418 (1810).

tradition of loyalty to the Stuart cause lingered on in Ireland long after England had grown weary of it, and to Irish eyes the Stuart exile at St. Germain remained the chief centre of political interest. Irish verse bewailed the widowhood of a country from which its princes had departed, and looked for a new era with the coming of 'the fresh young branch,' the Young Pretender. After the downfall of the Stuart dynasty Irish loyalty received a natural check. Those who had for over a century centred their hopes and their affections on one house could not easily transfer their allegiance to another. It is therefore the more surprising to read the 'humble and most loyal address' of the Catholics of Ireland presented to King George the Third in 1775, when the penal laws, though relaxing, were still unrepealed, reiterating their assurances of unshaken loyalty, 'which all our sufferings have not been able to abate.'

Allegiance to the Crown is one of the oldest, the most tried and the most faithful traditions of Ireland. Even in later days, when the reverberations of the French Revolution were felt on Irish shores through the restless energies of Wolfe Tone, taking shape in various societies subscribed to as freely by the Presbyterians of the north as by the Catholics of the south, the leaders of greatest weight in the parliamentary struggle never disputed the sovereignty of the Crown.

The theory of Molyneux and Swift, of Grattan and O'Connell, of Parnell and Redmond, has been consistently that of the King and the free Parliament of Ireland. They did not seek separation.

That Ireland, as united to the Empire by the imperial link, will take a higher and a more dignified position than as a small and isolated independent State, is not to be doubted. The kingship remains as a link with the larger world and as a token of the friendly recognition on both sides of that co-operation for the common good which for both countries is the only sure ground of future prosperity.

English and Irish have alike for their own purposes delighted to call the Irish people 'rebel.' The patience shown in their history, their sufferings for the Crown, and the striking tone of moderation of the Irish national annals attest their strong inherent loyalty.

ELEANOR HULL.

THE WAY TO DEVELOP AGRICULTURE

IN an article ¹ published in the July issue of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER I dealt with the question of the nationalisation of the land, pointing out that we could not be certain that such a measure would bring the advantages claimed for it, and that it would certainly bring many evils which the advocates of nationalisation choose to ignore.

Since writing that article I have received several letters from communists, and I have also read Mr. Tawney's interesting book *The Acquisitive Society*.

One or two of my communist friends are evidently quite honest in their belief that they would like to cultivate the land in common and with no thought of profit beyond a living wage. Quite probably if they tried this method they would change their views after a few months' experience; though it may be that a certain number of persons are born communists, the majority are certainly still individualists.

Communism cannot kill individualism: we are born as individuals, we live more than less as individuals, and we die individuals.

Our present individualistic society is far from perfect because of the failure and imperfection of the individuals, but a communistic society would be composed of the same individuals.

At the present moment, *if* everyone 'loved his neighbour as himself' we should have an individualistic society as perfect as anything the communist can picture. Although this 'if' is a very large one, still it is possible to give an individualistic society a balance that is much needed at the present moment. Co-operation supplies that balance: co-operation must be the first step towards the sound development of our Land Industry; without co-operation it will be impossible to organise it as it should be organised.

Co-operation breeds good-will—for you have men working definitely together to secure the prosperity of the industry in which they are engaged.

Co-operation necessitates mutual assistance; it leads the

¹ *The Land and the Nation*.

individual to sink a certain measure of his individuality for the good of the group, and in so doing he reaps his reward, since, especially in the case of the small producer, his own individuality is secured by the united strength of the group. Through co-operation the voluntary organisation of the industry—*i.e., by the members of the industry themselves*—can be achieved far more effectively than by any action on the part of the Government officially to organise and control the industry.

Our Government devised a scheme for the organisation and development of agriculture, and ran away from it before it had cut its teeth. And yet there are people who still ask what ought the State to do to secure the development of the industry which above all others is essential to the well-being of the nation.

Denmark as a country has reached the highest point of rural organisation yet attained; it is voluntary, and not official, organisation. When a difficult problem arises the farmers do not ask the Government to solve it; they seek its solution by combined effort, working through their co-operative societies.

Let me give one or two examples.

During the war English coal, upon which the Danes were largely dependent, was dear and hard to get. Many of the agricultural co-operative societies overcame the difficulty by erecting large and up-to-date water-driven electric power plants; these give light and heat and motive power to the surrounding districts.

Mutual guarantee constitutes first-class security, and therefore the co-operative societies had no difficulty in raising the capital necessary to meet this large expenditure. Credit is the life-blood of industry—a trite saying, but we pay little heed to it; and our land is so badly under-capitalised that this is one of the causes of its under-production.

Our land must have more working capital per acre, and co-operative effort can secure the necessary capital.

My other example. Some years ago, in a certain district in Denmark—a small-holding district where few farmers owned more than fifty acres of land—a young agricultural labourer, realising that his district was behind others in educational advantages, determined to remedy the defect.

He first visited the heads of the different families, and induced them each to guarantee a small sum per annum and to send their children to the agricultural college when it should be erected.

Next he went to the bank manager with the list of signatures and said that he wanted to borrow sufficient money to build a well-equipped agricultural college.

The manager, on the mutual guarantee of interest, was quite

willing to advance the money, and the college was built and flourished from the outset.

Here we see co-operation working for advanced education as well as a means for securing credit.

These two examples show the spirit which renders voluntary development possible. Without that spirit we drift, and at the present moment there is grave danger that the drift will not even be in a forward direction. Co-operation, then, is essential to the organisation and development of agriculture, and landowner and farmer and labourer must stand side by side in the movement.

In Mr. Tawney's *Acquisitive Society* one of his chief charges against the present state of society is that wealth is divorced from function; that, generally, industry to a large extent is controlled by the votes of shareholders, who may not be producing wealth or taking any active part in the management of the industry. In the case of the rural landowner this charge has perhaps less force than in the case of other sections of the community.

In the first place, in these days most of our unfortunate landowners can hardly be described as wealthy; and in the second, although they may not function as much as their predecessors, still they do function.

Most of them do local public work of some description, and have responsibilities in regard to the management of their estates; indeed, the very fact that they provide capital, in the form of equipped and usable land, at a lower rate of interest than any ordinary business man would accept, is a public service. It certainly is not good investment from the personal point of view.

And here I would again lay stress on the fact that the rental of agricultural land is lower in England than in any developed country.

One hears of the millstone of rent weighing down the industry, one sees it referred to as a tax almost outweighing the present high rate of taxation—all imagination pure and simple.

The total annual income in the form of rent from all land and houses in the United Kingdom is 283,000,000*l.*, as can be seen by reference to 'Schedule A' taxation in the Somerset House returns.

But of this total only 50,000,000*l.* represents the rental of the 50,000,000 acres of land (grass and plough) under cultivation in the United Kingdom.

More than half of this 50,000,000*l.* goes back in the cost of upkeep of the farm buildings, etc., and in the management of the estates. What remains does not represent 'rental' for the land itself, or a tax of any description; it represents only a poor rate of interest on the capital expended in equipping the land (farm-houses and buildings, cottages, roads, etc.).

Under whatever ownership, this upkeep has to be paid for,

so that it is nonsense to talk of the net 'rental' received by landowners being a burden that throttles the industry—just as with our present national budget it is absurd to say that if the total rental, both urban and rural, were diverted to public use it would meet the needs of taxation.

But although I have submitted that the landowner does indeed function to a considerable extent, I think that it would be well if he functioned more.

There is no doubt that the landowner will as time goes on have to farm more land than he does at present, and if this comes about it should be up-to-date farming conducted as a commercial enterprise, and with really adequate working capital per acre.

Many landowners would find it difficult to provide the needed capital; but here again co-operation would come in—the co-operative credit society would provide the capital.

I go further than advocating the landowner's running his farm commercially: I would like to see the whole estate run on a commercial basis—this by turning the estate, where of sufficient size, into a limited private company with the landowner as the salaried manager.

Not only am I preaching this, I have actually put it into practice; but it is too early as yet to say what will be the result from my own experience.

In agriculture above all things we want *data* and accurate information, and landowners could do a great service by having costing accounts kept of the operations on their farms. Good costing accounts of course do not secure fine weather, or rain when it is wanted, but they can throw valuable light upon the relative economy of different methods and processes and of different types of machinery.

I am all with Mr. Tawney when he advocates the compulsory publication of the balance-sheets of all industrial undertakings; such publication would benefit the agriculturist.

It would show how ill-founded is the charge of profiteering, and the consumer would get some idea of the rate of commission charged by certain classes of middlemen, with the consequent high prices of food.

We have now dealt with two factors that would make for sound development of the farming industry: there are others.

Education first and foremost; but to be really effective there must be co-operation on the part of those engaged in the agricultural industry.

We have made strides, but we have still far to go, and we shall not get far until the agricultural population itself is determined to have the best educational facilities.

The Government is doing much for research, but I am not at

all sure that foreigners are not utilising the results of our splendid research stations quite as much as our own farmers. Knowledge is the basis of expansion : unless we know how much the soil can yield when the best methods are applied to it we have no goal to aim at ; that knowledge can only be acquired by study and research. We want to know that we are putting our agricultural man power to its best possible use : we should be certain that we are not using uneconomic implements and machines which lessen the potential usefulness of the worker. Instead of seeking that knowledge, too many of our agriculturists content themselves by asserting that our agriculture is the finest and most productive in the world.

That statement has been absolutely false for over forty years, but still it is repeated, and no attempt is made to study facts, which are easily obtainable. We should at this juncture greatly benefit from a commission sent to visit Denmark and Holland and Belgium and to report upon the facts that come to their notice. The commission should be voluntary and composed of agriculturists, and not of officials.

Though the cultivation of the land in Holland and Belgium is in some ways more remarkable, as it is more intensive, than in Denmark, the latter country best merits our study, for in race and conditions it is more similar to our own.

Then as to the formation of co-operative credit societies : if under our present system of joint-stock banks it is impossible to finance these societies—and the experience of the past ten years would seem to show that it is—then the Government should come to their assistance.

We also require a great development in rural transport, not necessarily light railways, which we do not know how to build—I mean we build railways, but they are not light, and cost five times as much per mile as the Belgian light railways. As to the organisation of a system of motor lorries, recent demonstration seems to prove that the most economical form of traction is a combination of the motor lorry and the light railroad, known as the road-rail system.

All sorts of subsidiary industries should be encouraged : we must industrialise the countryside in the widest sense.

So much is written nowadays about increasing the amenities of village life that I only mention it, because everything affecting the human side is important.

Thus we want to see the largest possible proportion of agricultural labourers cultivating a bit of land on their own and so adding to their cash wage.

But this is very different from the impracticable view put forward by some who cannot have really studied the economic situation, and who say that every citizen has a right to access to

land. In the first place, there is a large number of people who are quite incapable of handling land ; also in our complete civilisation there are many who would not have time to give to cultivation. In Denmark, I believe, some 70 per cent. of the agricultural labourers have a bit of land ; I fear our percentage is far lower. But not only agricultural labourers, urban labourers too should be given every opportunity for obtaining an allotment. At Antwerp over 70 per cent. of the dock labourers have some land to cultivate ; and we should endeavour to extend this dual occupation : it is health-giving, economic, and helps the urban worker to understand the problems of production from the land.

All these things many of us thought might have come about through the working of the Agriculture Act ; though we may not have liked Government interference, still we felt that an attempt to organise the industry by more or less official means was better than no attempt at all.

At any rate, we were adjusting our minds to it and, with our characteristic ability to make apparently unworkable measures more or less effective, a useful system would have evolved itself. We should, at all events, have possessed a system. Now it has all gone by the board.

There is now no hope of the Government which represents 34,000,000 townsmen attempting to organise rural life and industry which only affects about 8,000,000 souls ; and the argument that the whole nation is dependent upon the land and a flourishing agriculture carries no weight—there is no use shutting our eyes to that fact.

So it now rests with the 8,000,000 people themselves : will they or will they not co-operate and organise as their 3,000,000 fellow Danish agriculturists have done, and so raise the standard of production from our soil to a height not heretofore achieved ?

Or, will they go on—each man ploughing his own furrow—in their attitude of stubborn and unbalanced individualism ?

CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

THE ODISIOUS FIELD BOARD

'THE Lord Chancellor,' according to an admiring paragraphist, 'was in his merriest vein' when last summer, in the House of Lords, he 'chaffed to death' the motion of Lord Askwith for the second reading of the Advertisements Bill. Respect for the Woolsack deters me from assuming the airs of a connoisseur. But it may safely be said that Lord Birkenhead's deliverance on field boards did not err on the side of gravity. The passage is certain to be a *locus classicus* in the long controversy and calls for full and verbatim quotation.

If you take a journey by railway and examine, as many of us do, the pleasant pasture lands, through which the train proceeds, many subjects present themselves as to which opinions might reasonably differ. Occasionally, one sees an enormous bottle, which conveys to the world the advantage of some accompaniment of more familiar household joys. I will confess that I am so unæsthetic and so unexact in these matters that I reach the conclusion that, if the bottle gives me the information how many miles we have passed since London was left, or, conversely, how many miles remain before London is reached, I withdraw all my æsthetic objections, because I consider that the bottle has played its part. The bottle very soon disappears. I have seen three enormous elephants beside the line. I forgot what particular purpose they served, nor, even did I remember, would I advertise it further; but, after all, they were soon gone. This cannot really be represented as being a permanent or very serious cause of annoyance to a serene mind.

So much for the æsthetic merits of the case, judged from the subjective standpoint of the speaker. On the economic side the statements made were less amusing.

Consider the system of advertising by which the undoubted advantages of the various products supplied by Lord Leverhulme have been recommended in every capital of Europe, a fact with which I am personally familiar. Take another illustration; those tablets, the merits of which I confess are known only to me by hearsay, but which are popularly stated to be worth a guinea a box, and which I am told have realised an immense fortune to those who were fortunate enough to make that discovery in the first place. I do not remind your Lordships (lest it should be thought I am a shareholder in these various concerns) of the astonishing properties which are claimed for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I take them all for one purpose, and one purpose only—namely, to show that

many of the men who have undoubtedly developed British trade with foreign countries have been among the largest of our advertisers.

Accordingly, the Guardian of British Themis bows to the authority of the makers of proprietary articles who have made money by puffing them, and assumes that what is good or bad for a particular business is good or bad for national trade as a whole.

It is a more delicate matter to question the Lord Chancellor's knowledge of the law on the subject of advertising disfigurement. By the Advertisements Regulation Act of 1907 Local Authorities are empowered to frame by-laws 'for regulating restricting or preventing the exhibition of advertisements in such places and in such manner, or by such means, as to affect injuriously the amenities of a public park or pleasure promenade, or to disfigure the natural beauty of a landscape.' These powers have been very largely used; that is to say, the restrictions which the Lord Chancellor has allowed himself to believe are certain to cripple trade have been in force for sixteen years. And yet, trade survives the blow. It is a significant fact that Lord Southwark and Lord Riddell, who frankly appeared as advocates of the advertising interest, had no evidence to offer of any specific grievance. All that the amending Bill proposed was to simplify procedure and to extend to villages and places of an exceptional character in towns the principle of the original Act.

That is not all. Just the same prophecies of impending ruin were current when Parliament in the same year, 1907, authorised the prohibition of Sky Signs. There is hardly a city which has not adopted the provisions for this purpose—which, it must be noted, are adoptive and, like those of the new Bill, dispense with the cumbrous machinery of by-laws. In this case so little sense of injury now exists that Lords Southwark and Riddell seem to be unaware of the existence of a precedent fatal to their contention.

It would be tedious to enumerate other instances of the beneficial exercise of municipal control. Edinburgh and Dover are in the happy position in which Lord Askwith's measure would place other towns. Advertising vehicles are forbidden in the City of London though they are believed to be a singularly effective means of promoting the sale of wares.

All who travel with open eyes by rail or road can judge how far the *réclames* to which Lord Birkenhead confined his attention represent British industry. How many of the boards which deface the landscape have any connection with our export trade? It can make little difference whether the believer in patent medicines decides to patronise the Brown Bolus for Bilious Boys or a rival preparation with an equally alluring title. But in many cases the field boards do indeed affect the balance of trade—to the advantage

of the foreign producer. American preserved meats and fruits and vegetables are among the most common objects of the countryside. Meat essences and Californian wines are not, I suppose, manufactured in the British Isles. Inquiry would show that a very large proportion of the extensively advertised specialities were, before the war, of German origin.

How are we to explain the self-destructive character of the Lord Chancellor's illustrations? I do not think he was playing on the simplicity of such grave personages as his partners in opposition. Happily a more pleasing interpretation is suggested by the context. He had not heard Lord Askwith's speech, he confessed, but Lord Askwith was there to listen to his critic, and probably found abundant encouragement for the future in the *obiter dicta*. Here is another passage :

We must all agree generally with the formula laid down by the noble Earl, speaking on behalf of the Government, that in these matters advertisements *which are plainly objectionable*, not on moral grounds but on *æsthetic grounds*, should not receive encouragement, here or elsewhere. . . . Nothing will induce me, if I can help it, to be publicly labelled a Philistine, or allow it to be thought that I am in any way irreconcilably opposed—I am not—to the object of the Bill.

One of the entertaining objections advanced by the Lord Chancellor reveals on his part a sufficiently punctilious standard :

Your Lordships will recall the spectacle of a gentleman of a degree of obesity which, for the purpose of golf or any other athletic game, I should have considered inconvenient, who is depicted running at a very high rate of speed carrying a tennis racquet, a number of golf clubs, and the outward and visible signs of many athletic activities, in order to make it plain that the ozone of Clacton-on-Sea, or of some other place, is indisputably superior to that which can be offered by any of its rivals. I can only say that, although the longer one is condemned to London in the heat the more attractive it is to observe the highly-coloured pictures of the sea which are exhibited, the more I study them, the more hopeful I am that, whoever else is to be the judge of our advertisements, the task will not be committed to bodies which, if I may venture to say so, have hitherto wielded rather too lurid a brush for even my unexacting taste.

Here again I can supplement the series of elegant extracts with a fragment of dry fact. A Bill, permitting the Local Authorities of pleasure resorts to incur expenditure from the rates for the purpose of advertising the attractions of their districts, was introduced in the House of Lords at an earlier period of the Session. It was rejected on the express ground that these competing bids for patronage would neutralise each other and that the money spent would be sheer waste.

So, then, I reach the gratifying conclusion that Lord Birkenhead's object was only—I quote his very words—'to contribute to this debate the doubt whether the present is the

most happily chosen moment for further restrictions,' and that meanwhile he reserves, like Lord Beaconsfield, his right to be 'on the side of the angels.' The defacing interest must be curiously buoyant if it gleans any comfort from the ridicule heaped on its heroic efforts. The Lord Chancellor, as one of a brilliant group of Wadham scholars, is still young enough to remember his studies for the Oxford Schools, and his speech should be regarded as a fine exercise in Socratic irony.

It seems worth while, however, at the risk of spoiling a jest, to supply a prosaic correction of the notion, diligently propagated by the opponents of reform, that it is contemplated to make members of local representative bodies censors as to the artistic merits or demerits of individual *affiches*. The point they have to decide is whether the thing, be it good or bad, is, having regard to its surroundings, an intolerable defacement. Even if enlarged oleograph copies of a portrait by Mr. Shannon of the Lord Chancellor in his robes took the place of the black bottle and the elephants they would still be a deformity, for beauty in Art is not always congruous with beauty in Nature.

In practice, as our sixteen years' experience of the existing law shows, aldermen and councillors are by no means eager to use their powers. It puts the officers to some trouble and involves the risk of expense if a prosecution becomes necessary and the magistrates hold that there has been no breach of the by-law. The initiative comes, not from the Local Authority, but from a sufficiently influential body of aggrieved residents, while the final decision is that of a judicial bench. No allusion to these substantial safeguards was made by the opponents of the new Bill.

They did homage, however, to controversial usage by the conventional allegation that there was 'no demand' for the principle of control. Were this true it would demonstrate the baselessness of their fears. If only an inconsiderable number of abnormally sensitive people felt the need of protection, the Act of 1907 would be a dead letter. But as a matter of fact, in the first ten years after it was passed thirty-three counties and forty-three boroughs obtained sanction to by-laws made under it. Not all of these obtained powers as extensive as they could have secured, but generally the English counties have got all they could, and the Home Office has in recent years confirmed rules of a far better type than most of those that were framed in the earlier period. If the war had not interrupted the course of remedial action, the list of protected localities would by this time be many times longer. One of the most frequent obstacles to action on the part of Local Authorities was their well-founded conviction that the Act did not provide the means of relief in the cases where complaints were usual—that is to say, the disfigurements in

villages, in the semi-rural parts of towns, and the places of peculiar architectural or historic value.

The Municipal Authorities of Edinburgh and Dover took spontaneous action many years ago to obtain legal powers to 'remove' certain displays which their constituents resented as an outrage. The clauses of their Acts are substantially in accord with those of Lord Askwith's Bill. What followed? One Local Authority after another which had occasion to promote Bills in Parliament included in them provisions to the same effect. The process would have gone on indefinitely if the Home Office had not considered that the change should be effected by a public and not a private measure. Lord Riddell would not, I am sure, willingly repeat a palpably erroneous statement, and I trust the last has been heard of the empty cry of 'no demand.'

As an illustration of what has been done I may quote a form of by-law that is now frequently adopted: 'No advertisement shall be exhibited on any piece of rock, or cliff, or on any hoarding, stand, or other erection so as to be visible from any public highway (whether carriage-way, bridleway, or footway) or from any public waterway (whether river, river tributary, or canal) or from any railway, and so as to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape.' The expression 'land,' it is explained, includes buildings and other erections on land, rocks, and land covered with water.

Advertisements in the window of a shop or house, or relating to the trade or business carried on and so forth, are exempt, provided that the advertisement shall not contain letters, figures, or other advertising emblems exceeding six inches in height.

For the rest, there is nothing in the speeches to cause lasting concern to the promoters of the measure. Lord Askwith gave a lucid account alike of its carefully limited scope and of the urgent need of action within those limits to save open-air scenes from the creeping blight. Had he anticipated that discussion would be foreclosed by the intervention from the Woolsack he would have dwelt by anticipation with more emphasis upon the points susceptible of misconstruction. Lord Strachie and Lord Charnwood had little difficulty in placing the matters really in issue in just perspective, and Lord Onslow, speaking for the Home Office, was able to declare that 'the Government is sympathetic towards the proposal of the promoters to prevent advertisements which are a public eyesore.' 'The problem,' he went on to say in terms to which the framers of the Bill would subscribe, 'is to prevent disfigurement of the landscape and at the same time to reconcile this with preserving reasonable facilities for advertising.' The Marquis of Crewe, as Leader of the Opposition, observed that there was essentially more agreement in the House than had been

apparent in the speeches delivered. There would be a general agreement that in this matter of advertisement involving the disfigurement of natural beauties of landscape or beauties of buildings you have to draw the line somewhere. He then went on to offer a forecast that a still larger and more authoritative body may have to be placed in charge of such questions.

Of the President of the London Chamber of Commerce and of the representative of the British Press at the Peace Conference I desire to speak with all due respect. But I must be permitted to say that the case they put forward was not worthy of their reputation as clear-headed business men. It amounted only to this—that millions upon millions of money had been invested by a limited number of firms in a limited number of industries in contracts and arrangements for advertising; that the exercise of the discretion which it was proposed to bestow on Local Authorities might conceivably cause them some loss; that the curtailment of opportunities for advertising might affect their sales and that thus some of their employees might be thrown out of work. Those whose views I share on the subject would assuredly be unwilling to add in any appreciable degree to the present difficulties of the labour situation. The plea, so far as it rests on any sound foundation, would have been a proper matter for consideration in Committee. By the original Act, it may be remarked, five years' grace is allowed for all advertisements existing at the time of the making of the by-law. But it is fantastic to allege that the slight disturbance of existing methods of seeking publicity would have the effect suggested. It imputes to a class of persons who are euphemistically described as 'enterprising' a strange barrenness of resource. There is an infinite variety of ways in which they can solicit custom. Yet their friends would have us believe that they and their wares will shrink into obscurity unless they are allowed to spoil scenery—to assault the eyes of their fellow-citizens in places where all are entitled to enjoy immunity from affront. The passionate obsession for becoming a notorious nuisance is hardly an honourable trait. To be quite just, few of those who invite reproach are proud of their handiwork. 'I have to do it' is a common apology 'for if I did not, my competitors would have an advantage.' Thus the principle of control is in fact necessary to save the just from the unjust.

If it be admitted that the prohibition of new erections would release for some other purpose the labour now expended by carpenters and painters on boards and placards, this surely is a social gain at a time when the business of housebuilding cries aloud for hands.

Lord Southwark and Lord Riddell in support of their assertion that 'there was a very strong objection to the Bill on the part of

the commercial classes ' made much of a resolution passed on the previous day by the London Chamber of Commerce. Amongst the members of that body are many men of high intelligence and of public spirit. But, like most confraternities, they sometimes forget the larger outlook in their good-natured sense of *camaraderie*. In one of the sections the representatives of the advertising businesses and of the business of advertising form a dominant element, and it is intelligible how any expression of its feeling would be affirmed mechanically by their colleagues. If an opportunity had been allowed for hearing the other side, the Chamber, I believe, would not have committed itself to approval of practices which compromise the dignity of trade and commerce. Here I can only meet the appeal to authority by a citation of instances.

In the year 1893 the growing alarm at the march of disfigurement led to a meeting which was held in the Chapter House in St. Paul's Churchyard. During the proceedings it was announced that a deputation of London business men desired to make a statement. It was assumed that their object was hardly friendly to the intention of the gathering, but when they appeared the late Mr. John Cook, head of the well-known firm of Thomas Cook & Sons, said on behalf of his friends that they had come to wish us good luck. ' Save us,' he exclaimed, ' from this ruinous drain of advertising.' The outcome of the conference was the formation of the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, which has since pursued its aims by a patient appeal to the good sense and good feeling of the community. To one of its members it appeared from the very first that the title was not only cumbrous but misleading as it might be interpreted to imply concern with modes of publicity other than those which affect the amenities of out-of-door life, and that its function was to be preventive rather than constructive. The definition of its objects was for those who took the trouble to read them enough to avert misapprehension.

(1) To protect the picturesque simplicity of rural and river scenery and to promote a due regard for dignity and propriety of aspect in towns ; with especial reference, in each case, to the abuses of spectacular advertising.

(2) To assert generally the importance, as a great public interest, of maintaining the elements of interest and beauty in out-of-door life.

Later on the happy discovery was made that the initial letters formed a pronounceable word, ' Scapa,' and by this shortened title the Society is now known in many lands. At the time none of us was aware that there existed on the coast of Scotland the sheet of water with the same name which became famous in the war.

I return to the question of commercial opinion. In our early years the following were amongst our most interested members :— W. M. Acworth, Godfrey E. P. Arkwright, Walter Arkwright, Sir Lowthian Bell, E. Boulnois, M.P., George Cadbury, J. B.

Hilditch, Sir John Hutton, A. Lasenby Liberty, G. B. Longstaff, Ll. W. Longstaff, T. Rudd, Frederick J. Schwann, Henry Spain, Crewdson Waterhouse, Edwin Waterhouse, Cecil Wedgwood, Godfrey Wedgwood, Sir Alec Wilson, Sir Walter Hazell, the Right Hon. Charles Booth, and Edward Clodd.

Anyone familiar with the business world of the 'nineties can say whether they belonged to it. The late Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., who was the first President, as head of a great architectural firm was certainly in touch with industrial affairs. London architects generally may be accounted business men, and over one-half of them signed a memorial to the London County Council asking that body to obtain powers on the lines we advocate.

Lastly, I would name with grateful reverence the late Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Lord Southwark and Lord Riddell will not, I think, question his pre-eminent authority in business affairs. He introduced and carried through all its stages the existing Act, and would have taken charge of the Bill of the present Session if death had not deprived the nation of his services.

Lord Askwith, whose services to industry as a Conciliator in disputes between Capital and Labour will always be remembered, was, of necessity, conversant with the needs of trade.

Again, the Garden City Companies are deeply interested in promoting their manufacturing and commercial development. Yet it is an essential part of their policy to subject the appeal to the eye to rigid restraints. That is one of the attractions of the new as compared with the old centres of life. Men of affairs are not rare in either House of Parliament. The Act of 1907 was passed without opposition in the Peers, and was delayed in the Commons only by the obstruction of a handful of members. *It finally became law as a Government measure.* If it were worth while to add to these evidences of the drift of opinion at home, reference might be made to the far more drastic legislation in Germany, France, and Japan. The United States has gone some way on the same road. None of these countries, it will be acknowledged, is indifferent to the interest of its industries and commerce.

As another apt illustration may be cited a passage from an article in the *Advertisers Weekly*: 'Out in the fields and woods, on the river bank and mountain side, where the people go for rest and quiet and beauty, the advertisement obtrudes. It outsteps its legitimate bounds. It incurs resentment—the last thing any intelligent advertiser would wish.'

Against the cases of fortunes made may be adduced a far larger number of disasters brought on old and well-established firms by their attempt to imitate the tactics of their younger rivals. A striking instance in Scotland ended too tragically to

be recorded in full detail. I say nothing of the small undertakings that have been extinguished.

To prevent any misapprehension, it must be repeated with all possible emphasis that the Scapa Society is not concerned with the economic aspects of the practice. But when its pleas for the rights of the seeing eyes are met with the off-hand assertion that they threaten trade with ruin, it is necessary to face the accusers on their own ground. The two noble lords who claimed the right to speak for commerce could no doubt, had time and place permitted, have given an intelligible account of the faith that is in them. But they were content with oracular prophecies of impending catastrophe if any limit were set to the present anarchy. Not a word was dropped to explain how appeals for custom addressed to the home consumer could strengthen our commercial position in the foreign markets. 'These advertisements are absolutely necessary for the prosperity of the trade of our country.' Variants of this portentous presage were sprinkled through the two speeches. I can find as little substance in it as in a witch's 'drec.'

Let me try to state the very simple truth of the matter in terms to which, I trust, no exception can be taken. The object of industry is to supply the needs of the community in the most effective and economical way. In our country manufacture for export is the means of obtaining, in exchange for the commodities sent out, commodities produced in other lands. Incidentally the capitalists are rewarded for their services by profit, while their staff of workers in all grades, from managers to messenger boys, are rewarded by salaries and wages. But the condition and source of national prosperity is the output, material and immaterial—for services count as much as goods. The distributors play, of course, a most important part. They bring the wares to the quarters where they are needed. But it is as essential to prevent waste in distribution as to secure the maximum result in the processes of production. To imagine that advertising *per se* 'stimulates trade' is superstition. Prosperity depends upon having an abundant supply of useful things to interchange. No thoughtful person will dispute that announcements, whether in newspapers or on the hoardings, are in many cases of the highest utility. Competition, in the world as we know it, is the main incentive to fruitful exertion, and if in the matter of the ordinary appeals for custom it sometimes goes beyond the requirements of sound business, that is only one of many instances of economic waste in human relations. It is only when the effort to catch the eye in the interest of some particular enterprise is an infringement of the ordinary right of a citizen and his peaceful enjoyment of whatever is pleasant and engaging in open-air scenes that the case for interference arises.

Even if there were a considerable curtailment of the *annonces*, there would be no injury even to the trades affected. What each firm wants is to be conspicuous. Now conspicuousness is a relative term. When all are treated alike, their relative position remains the same. Advertising differs from other charges on industry in this, that it tends automatically to grow. For the effort made by each of the eager claimants of custom is to neutralise the display of his rivals. Those who served during the war on Recruiting or Savings Committees will agree that the impressions produced by the bills issued by the publicity experts at Whitehall would have been far greater if they had been displayed in less profusion.

It would be easy to show that the benefit reaped by some of the more ruthless operators in the field involves serious loss to interests more worthy of regard. There is, for example, the depreciation of residential property in the neighbourhood, there is the undoubted fact that the progressive degradation of our scenery in town and country drives many who seek rest to foreign spas and pleasure resorts.

But I should be sorry to base our plea on any narrow calculations of pecuniary advantage or detriment to individuals. The future of civilisation and the well-being of our people are at stake. Anyone who compares the face of England as it was even fifty years ago with what it is to-day can picture to himself what, at the present pace of defacement, it must be after the lapse of another half-century. The scenery of our land—I use the word in its widest sense—is one of our most precious possessions. Wealth consists, not only of things that it requires labour to produce and which for the most part are consumed from day to day, but of things which require no effort of ours to create, and which, if spared from wanton impairment, will endure without cost for ever. The distinction between æsthetic gratification and the enjoyment of material goods plays a large part in the apologies of our opponents. But it rests upon no basis of reason. The State and the Municipalities spend without reproach from the ‘practical man’ large sums in providing parks and pleasure grounds, picture galleries and museums, and buildings which are, or are intended to be, of architectural splendour. Can any inconsistency be greater than apathetic resignation to the process by which the loveliest spots in the national domain are being deformed? It is not merely out of regard to the physical health or amusement of the masses of our fellow-citizens that the acquisition or preservation of open spaces finds general favour. Moral and intellectual good, all experience shows, results, and that is no small part of the inducement. But meanwhile we allow the roadside and the river banks which are our unbought heritage to be deprived of their restful charm. Even on the Sabbath Day the steps of the traveller are

dogged by signs which shout in vivid colour 'Come, buy ! Come buy !' I have often wondered that the Lord's Day Observance Society has never come to our aid ; for surely the worship of God in green fields ought not to be disturbed. It is essentially a working man's question. Most of those who set up the eyesores have their jealously kept gardens or moorlands to retire to. But the wage-earner and the housewife must find their recreation in the open. The Lord Chancellor admonishes them to maintain ' a serene mind.' He sometimes finds relaxation from the cares of State in following the hounds. Would he preserve his philosophic equanimity if at every 100 yards a pack of yelping curs were released to cross his way ? If the signs were encountered in only a few places during the day's outing they might well be endured, but the series is becoming continuous. Above all, they cluster in greater profusion in spots of particular natural charm. One might be tempted to say that the agents who arrange these things have a finely discriminating sense of the picturesque. What is said of rural or river scenes applies in principle to the daily round of the citizen. If people have to live in towns they are entitled to expect surroundings worthy of an enlightened and self-respecting community. There is dignity and artistic worth, as Mr. Joseph Pennell has shown, in the aspect of the busiest seats of industry.

The world would be a beautiful world if man did but respect his dwelling-place.

RICHARDSON EVANS.

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY

CHRISTIANITY, remarks Börne, is the religion of all poor devils. What is its aim for the poor devils? The 'letting out of the angel,' certainly. But equality of opportunity seems to mean: All start fair, and plague take the hindmost—*occupet extremum scabies*.

Russell Wallace's phrase has caught on. 'All men,' says Bishop Gore, following Bishop Westcott, 'should, as far as possible, have an equal opportunity of making the best of themselves.' Another respected divine lays down that 'the Labour movement has for its ultimate object—though in its immediate aims it is perhaps materialistic—the securing for every man the opportunity to develop fully his whole nature, to live, as the Bible puts it, the abundant life.' Hence strikes, more paralysing to a nation's life than a papal interdict of old.

'The education of the masses,' declares the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, 'rests on the right of human beings to be considered as ends in themselves, and to be entitled to know and enjoy all the best that life can offer in the sphere of knowledge, emotion and hope.'

'The keynote of genuine democracy,' observes the *Spectator*, 'is not equality, but rather the liberty to develop freely the natural inequalities of human character, liberty for the poor to appreciate many of the advantages of leisure and refinement, liberty for talent and genius to develop itself freely, liberty for the raw and clownish to enter into the great inheritance of knowledge and history, of literature and art. Equality of opportunity cannot be achieved by ousting the lovers of beauty and culture from their inheritance, but only by teaching the pariahs of society to be pariahs no longer.'

More theologically, what is claimed has been described as 'the opportunity for each man of fulfilling his part in a Divine society, for developing a corresponding character, for attaining in his measure to the Divine likeness, an opportunity of doing that one thing which answers to his individuality and to his place.'

That Christianity was put into the world to bring this about in the short parenthesis between two eternities is the ideal of an ethical and humanitarian age which has largely ceased to believe in a better world to come, and which suspects the consolations of religion as 'post-dated cheques on the Bank of Futurity.' But the general sense is clear. There are millions so busy in keeping the wolf from the door that they have no time to let the angel in at the window. In many, even still, soul and sense are 'soaking and blackening in city slime.' In a 3 a.m. census taken by the London County Council on a winter's night in 1904 there were found awaiting daylight in doorways and arches as many as 1797 human beings. Every year in this country 62,000 infants die in their first year, and more than a million children are mentally deficient. About half the population is, physically, 'C3.' To look back a little, the hideous condition of the labouring class effected by that Industrial Revolution which, while speaking much of the dignity of humanity, bought flesh and blood in the cheapest to sell in the dearest market, is powerfully depicted in Disraeli's *Sybil* and Carlyle's *Past and Present*.¹ And, apart from demoralising conditions of life, what chances of a generous domesticity has the omnibus conductor who never sees his children except asleep in bed, or the father who is only known to his family as 'the bloke what takes dinner here Sundays'?

What place at the banquet of civilisation, or attainment to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, have the Etas of Japan, low-caste Hindoos, or all those who, in South's phrase, are damned into the world? Part of humanity, it was complained long ago, are born saddled and bridled, while others arrive booted and spurred. At Athens, the city of the violet crown, there were in 309 B.C. 21,000 free citizens, 10,000 'strangers,' and 400,000 bondmen. Would 'the glory that was Greece' have illuminated the world if the selfish oligarchy called the Athenian demos had shared its privileges with slave and outlander? Probably not; but the modern conviction is that, glory or no glory, it should have done so.

Nowhere is the rise from mean estate to greatness so easy as under a despotism. Tarquin lops off the heads of the taller poppies. Every drummer-boy in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack. In imperial China untiring effort was made to discover industry and talent by a lifelong series of competitive examinations. The slave-empress, the eunuch-pasha, the water-carrier made vizier, are familiar figures in the older Orient. The Ottoman line was founded by a blacksmith, whose leathern apron was long preserved. A Damascus date-

¹ See also a recent book by L. L. and Barbara Hammond, *The Town Labourer 1760-1832*, or Hodder's *George Smith of Coalville*.

seller might establish an empire, but hardly a Finsbury grocer. Many of the Eastern emperors, such as Basil I., Leo the Isaurian, or Michael IV., began as palace menials. In the West, Aurelianus was once a farm-boy and Julius Æmilianus a Moorish slave. In modern times Murat, King of Naples, had been a stable-lad. In Tsarist Russia a De Witte begins as a railway porter and ends as Imperial Chancellor. A number of peasants have developed into Popes, very few into Presidents—from log-cabin to White House is a rare transition.

But the nearer we get to modern conditions the rarer is the bursting of birth's invidious bar. 'The most worthy men,' wrote long ago Ben Jonson, 'have bin rock't in meane cradles.' He himself had been a bricklayer, or at any rate had laid bricks. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's son, Laud a linen draper's—the Puritans cast this in his teeth. Whitefield was a pot-boy. Prior, who became ambassador, was an ale-house drawer within a few yards of the spot in Cannon Row where till 1899 the examination rooms stood of the Civil Service Commissioners—would they have passed Matthew? Men who have swayed kingdoms, such as Wolsey—'an honest poor man's son'—or Mazarin, were 'non humili tantum loco sed etiam vili.' William of Wykeham and Chichele were yeomen's sons. For one who now struggles to the top—of course there are Carnegies and Lloyd Georges—through the complicated barriers and meshes of modern society twenty did so when life was simpler and advertisement less necessary.¹ And, apart from individual risings in the world, it is obvious that the Eastcheap mercer of Shakespeare's day, or the Florentine man-in-the-street of the Cinquecento, had immeasurably greater advantages around him of culture, beauty and imagination than the best council school and art gallery education can impart to the average inhabitant of our ugly modern world.

But, even as an ideal, 'equality of opportunity' proves on examination an unsatisfactory formula.

First, it is not clear whether everyone is to 'make the best of himself' for his own advancement ('rights of man') or for the good of the community. If he never 'gets his chance' in life, is it certain that the far-reaching designs of the Creator, for the man or for the world, have been frustrated? When genius has found its outlet—*e.g.*, Napoleon's—has it always been for the happiness of mankind? Mr. Wells protests that:

England alone in the last three centuries must have produced scores of Newtons who never learned to read, hundreds of Daltons, Darwins Bacons and Huxleys who died stunted in hovels. All the world over there

¹ But in the States Frank Woolworth, a barefooted farmer's lad, amassed sixty million dollars, and built a fifty-four storeyed sky-scraper, to perpetuate his name and glory.

must have been myriads of potential first-class investigators, splendid artists, creative minds, who never caught a gleam of inspiration or opportunity.

This is the theme of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. But nervous anxiety to make the most of every individual existence this side of the grave belongs to the unconscious atheism of our time. If this life were all, Providence is indeed wasteful, partial, and prodigally unmethodical. It seems to show in some directions no economy of resources.¹ A universe may exist for the flowering of one soul. Dean Church for thirty years followed the *fallentis semita vitae* in a Somerset village cure; Dr. Neale ended his days, amid persecution and ingratitude, as warden of a petty almshouse on 24*l.* a year. Yet perhaps to have comforted some one old bedesman, or to have saved the soul of some one rough lad or little servant or ignorant farmer's wife, was what God used these men for. Dean Inge, quoting the Stoic poet, observes that we have each to discover :

Quem te deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.

He adds : 'When our short lives are over we take our places in the eternal order, and our rank in the world of spirits is determined by the degree in which we have fulfilled or frustrated the will of our Creator.' Again : 'The infinite value of the human soul hardly expresses the kernel of the Christian revelation. What Christ revealed is rather a whole realm of eternal values, into which we are raised and transformed.'

Secondly, *equality* of opportunity is unthinkable. A universal handicap in which Verulam and 'poor parish wits,' the hare and the tortoise, the duke and the dustman, the supreme Caucasian mind and that of the woolly-haired, prognathous Papuan, are so placed and relatively favoured that, accidents apart, they may arrive at the goal together, neck and neck, is a ridiculous dream. By no arrangement of ours can all be made to start level, or be assigned more or fewer bisques or points or yards in proportion to native capacity. 'All start fair'; but, however fairly contested, life's race is to the swift and life's battle to the strong. It is not only the case of tiger and babe at feeding-time, nor of eagle and dove, but of David Copperfield and the waiter. "Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most." The waiter certainly got most.'

Equality of opportunity between Japanese and Indians in South America, Dr. Stoddard points out (*The Rising Tide of Color*), would reduce the latter to 'a cringing *sudra* caste, tilling the

¹ The conger-eel lays 15,000,000 eggs. If all developed and produced at the same rate the ocean in two years would become a wriggling mass of fish.

poorer lands and confined to the menial or repulsive occupations.' Nor does survival of the fittest mean survival of the best, or anything more than the survival of the fittest to survive. Chinese labour would quickly starve out and degrade the white. As for the black, 'his one New World field of triumph, Haiti, has resulted in an abysmal plunge to the jungle level. Low-standard men will drive out high-standard men, as bad money drives out good, in spite of shallow, cocksure, nineteenth century optimism.

But, thirdly, suppose that equality of opportunity does bring to the front what is most valuable in a man or in a race, enabling capacity to assert itself. What then becomes of incapacity? What of the 'poor devils'? If each human being is to be set free to do the work and fill the place he or she is best fitted for, mankind falls into natural castes. We get Plato's gold, brass and iron demarcations. 'Justice, not charity,' is now the cry, and the definition of justice is *sum cuique tribuere*. In More's communistic *Utopia* the cleansing of 'fylthenes and ordure' in the meat-markets, together with 'al vile service, al slavery and drudgerie, with al laboursome toyle and base-busines,' is left to the bond-servants: the Bolshevik Utopians assigned sewer and latrine work to delicate ladies, while their painted strumpets lolled in royal palaces. Bentham's greatest happiness of the greatest number—a phrase borrowed from Priestley—was to be secured by jettisoning weakness. The advancement of learning, in Bacon's view, involved it being confined to a few who showed signs of exceptional ability. A 'carrière ouverte aux talents,' *patens ingenio campus*, implies talent and *ingenium*. When Grostête, according to Fuller and Aubrey, was Bishop of Lincoln he 'told his brother, who asked him to make him a grate man: "Brother," said he, "If your plough is broken I'll pay the mending of it; or if an ox is dead I'll pay for another. But a plough-man I found you and a plough-man I'll leave you.' Grostête was the most learned ecclesiastic of the twelfth century and a prelate of ardent and active genius, such as the Church usually managed to pick out. Those lines in *In Memoriam* might pourtray him—'some divinely-gifted man' who has lived to grasp the golden keys or mould a mighty State's decrees, but amid his greatness thinks of his earliest village mate, who

in the furrow musing stands,
'Does my old friend remember nie?'

Liberty is the antithesis to equality. The two, observes Gustave de Romand, can never co-exist, for equality is an artificial condition while free competition is bound to manifest inequality of gifts. The old exhibition system was meant by pious founders to benefit the poor scholar—Eton and Winchester were founded

for 'scholares pauperes et indigentes'—but when reform came he was crushed out. One Oxford college said frankly to the Royal Commissioners of 1852, 'We do not want poor men but able men,' and the Commissioners remarked in their report that the State does not want them either. The 'rewards of merit' go to those who have enough cleverness or money to be meritorious. Given equal opportunity, but not equal natural advantage, and the weak necessarily go to the wall.¹

It is true that rickety 'ladders of learning' favour in practice mediocrity rather than talent or need. Clive, Scott and Darwin, when at school, were at the bottom of the form. The Brontës' genius would hardly have survived Girton. Would Nelson have passed a Navy Examination Board? Wolfe and Moore obtained commissions in the army through the interest of the Duchess of Hamilton (Miss Gunning). One cannot imagine Dickens, who began by pasting labels on bottles in Hungerford Market, taking a First at Oxford, or Sam Weller being benefited by an academic course. Taine, in his *Journey through France*, observes :

A community is like a large garden ; it is planned for peaches and oranges or for carrots and cabbages. Ours is now planned entirely for cabbages and carrots. The ideal is that a peasant may eat meat and that my shoemaker may send his son to the Law School. But men who 'distinguish themselves' never rise to real eminence. . . . I am convinced of the downward tendency of our democracy ; its atmosphere is fatal to men of high standing and wide culture.

Village Hampdens and mute inglorious Miltons may just possibly sleep among the rude forefathers of the hamlet in Stoke Poges churchyard, but it is doubtful whether an early sifting of the rustic population of Buckinghamshire by smart inspectors, school board tests, prizes and competitive examinations would have discovered them. Shakespeare, Burns, Carlyle, and many another came into the sunlight of fame without any parchment certificates. The neglecting of dull boys in order to bring on the prize gooseberries commonly fails.

Be that, however, as it may, a fair field and no favour, a race in which all alike toe the line, is not the ideal of Christianity, which knows only the daily stage of duty run and the ghostly fight of faith. Inasmuch as someone must scrub and hew and plough, someone must sell fried fish or half-hose, must run the tramcars and skin rabbits, while some must be leaders of thought

¹ A writer in the *Pilgrim* of October 1920 on 'The Universities and Social Progress' demands : 'We must nationalize our universities and establish free university education. We must open them to educational promise *and nothing else*. Money shall not buy education for boys not fit to profit by it. All places at Oxford and Cambridge shall be filled by open competition, and every student successful in the competition shall be guaranteed whatever income is necessary to see him through the university course. The cost is a mere detail'

and action, some paint the pictures and write the books and design buildings and edit newspapers, and be admirals and bishops and kings, some must black boots and some reputations, equality of opportunity can only mean a universal scrambling and elbowing and jostling, like marbles on a solitaire board running about to find their holes and getting in one another's way. In the end hopeless acquiescence of the dull and plebeian spirits in their rank of permanent inferiority, doing the jobs they 'are fitted for,' and on the other side the coronation of success. When we have done our utmost to see that square pegs are in square holes and round pegs in round ones, what have we accomplished? A static sorting of society into upper and lower classes, *corresponding to capacity* and therefore far more galling than the accidental hereditary inequalities which are confessedly based on no intrinsic differentiation.

Plowmen, shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still
could find,

Sons of God and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind.

But, with equal opportunity established, earing the ground and tending sheep will be taken from kings of men and left to bucolic and Bœotian spirits. Still less will 'sons of God' be content to be waiters and cabmen and billposters.

Yet, when we have rearranged and graded mankind to the uttermost, when ability has been everywhere disinterred from obscuring hindrances of circumstance, when eugenics and hygiene and education and legislation have done all they can to counteract defectiveness of body and mind, the handicap of Heaven still remains. Whether ascribed to a wise and loving Providence or to Fate's bony fingers, misfits abound in earthly existence, and to few, if any, is the 'full human life' granted. If the world is 'l'injustice même,' to a great extent, we must boldly say, it is the way God made it. He has imposed endless ineluctable disabilities of aptitude, health, circumstances, inheritance on the children of men. It is absurd to say that a lovely and lovable girl starts on the same level as a plain and peevish one, or that Simple Simon has, or can be given, equal opportunity with a youth of rich natural endowments. I may say it is unjust that another should be stronger or cleverer or comelier or more likeable than myself; but it is my Maker with whom I hold controversy, saying, Why hast thou made me thus? Why should there be diversities of gifts? When Job asks, Shall mortal man be more just than God? many now will eagerly answer, Yes. But the question is how, beyond a certain point, they propose to rectify the Divine mistakes, the Divine injustice? The power to make straight what God has made crooked is extremely limited.

This is not fatalism, but a recognition of the fallaciousness of the belief that the short span of men's and women's lives is given them in order that they may 'develop their whole nature' or 'live the abundant life.' Christianity, which speaks of self-sacrifice rather than self-realisation, will do its utmost to prevent the weak from being exploited or pushed to the wall, striving to lift up the hands that hang down and strengthen the feeble knees. But it is the inflicting of disability, not, as our age considers, the suffering it, which is against the spirit of the Gospel. When we have done all that a sensitive conscience can suggest to remove artificial impediments to happiness and usefulness, when we have abolished sordid and degrading conditions of existence and given a helping hand to promise and industry wherever we see it, there will be an immense range of inequalities and disabilities left against which the modern spirit will lift hands of fierce repining and rebellion, but which may be necessary for the intellectual and moral progress of the world. Even if this were the only world to grade it according to capacity might not answer, and would certainly be hard on the incapables. 'Everyone according to his need' is surely more humanitarian than St. Simon's 'everyone according to his ability.' So far from it being even an ideal that everyone should do the task he or she is naturally fitted for, uncongenial work is often an appointed discipline of character. The irritable student-priest may have to keep clothing-club accounts and visit old women; the born soldier may be put to study literature; and so forth. Every organism must die that it may live. Aristotle's *βίος τέλειος*, or rounded career, is the pagan ideal of those who have 'hope in this life only.'

In another life the last may be first, and first last. In Rabelais' nether world eminent pontiffs cry 'hot pies' or scour pots, Hector bastes the toast, Xerxes sells mustard, Alexander cobbles old breeches, and Hannibal tinkers kettles. The merry, free-thinking parson of Meudon died, however, in much doubt about any hereafter,¹ in which the poor will be taken out of the mire and set with the princes of the people. It needs some courage to-day to incur the angry ridicule which awaits any exhortation to patience, to belief that God has set the members in the Body as it hath pleased Him, and to the doing by each and all of their duty in their state of life. The resignation of the souls in Dante's poem to 'His will which is our peace' is just the opposite to the duty of discontent which is now inculcated, even at Church Congresses.² It is held a wrong to society to pray, with Avancini, 'O Deus, quantumcumque vis pone me hic a sinistris ut ibi

¹ 'Je vais quérir un grand Peutêtre.'

² But not by that very advanced Liberal, Canon Barnett, who wrote: 'Humility is the acceptance of the place appointed by God, whether it be in the front or in the rear.' (*Life*, I., p. 342.)

colloca ad dexteram.' We say, rather, with old Appius Claudius—or was it Dr. Smiles?—'unusquisque faber sit fortunæ suæ.' Yet, when the slow rise of worth is speeded up and chill penury no longer represses any noble rage, when justice to all is dispensed by some Government machine, where will be loving helpfulness and compassion, where 'bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind'? Derided 'other-worldliness' has at least this advantage over 'social reconstruction,' that it whispers hope to the irrecoverably maimed, halt and blind, and to those defectives whom the maxim 'to each according to his worth' leaves to sink into chawbacons, clodpoles, scallywags and guttersnipes. For it alone teaches:

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

A more Christian motto than 'equality of opportunity' is 'equality of consideration.' That a charwoman should have a fair chance of becoming Empress of China, or a knife-boy a Lord Kitchener, is less absorbingly essential than the inculcation of the spirit in which Queen Victoria wrote: 'As a child I was taught to beg my maid's pardon for any naughtiness or rudeness towards her—a feeling I have ever retained.'

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

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